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July 16, 1856.

Cambridge Democrat.

A Family Newspaper—Devoted to Domestic & Foreign Intelligence, Agriculture, Literature, Religion, Science, Amusements, Politics, & Advertising.

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Choice Poetry

Scene in a Vermont Winter.

BY CHARLES G. EASTMAN.

'Tis a fearful night in the winter time,
As cold as it ever can be;
The roar of the storm is heard like the chime
Of the waves on an angry sea.
The moon is full, but her silver light
The storm dashes out with his wings of night;
And over the sky from south to north,
Not a star is seen as the winds come forth
In the strength of a mighty glee.

All day the snow came down - all day—
As it never came down before,
And over the earth at night there lay
Some two or three feet or more.
The fence was lost, and the wall of stone;
The windows block'd, and the well curb gone;
The haystack grown to a mountain lift;
And the woodpile looked like a monster drift
As it lay at the farmer's door.

As the night set in, came hail and snow,
And the air grew sharp and chill,
And the warning roar of a sullen blow
Was heard on the distant hill;
And the Norther! see! on the mountain peak,
In his breath how the old trees writhe and shriek!
He shouts along the plain, Ho! Ho!
He drives from his nostrils the blinding snow,
And growls with a savage will!

Such a night as this to be found abroad
In the snow and the stinging air.
A shivering dog, in the field by the road,
When the hail through his shaggy hair
The wind drives hard, doth couch and growl,
And shut his eyes with a dismal howl;
Then to shield himself from the cutting sleet,
His nose is pressed on his quivering feet,
Pray, what does the dog do there?

His master came from the town to-night,
And lost the traveled way;
And for hours he trod with main and might
A path for his horse and sleigh;
But deeper still the snow-drifts grew,
And colder still the fierce wind blew;
And his mare, a beautiful Morgan brown,
That deep in a huge drift lay.

Many a plunge with a frenzied snort,
She made in the heavy snow;
And her master stove till his breath grew short.
With a word and a gentle blow;
But the snow was deep, and the tugs were tight,
His hands were numb'd and had lost their might;
So he struggled back to his sleight again,
And strove to shelter himself in vain,
With his coat and his buffalo.

He has given the last faint jerk of the rein
To rouse up his dying steed;
And the poor dog howls to the blast in vain
For help in his master's need.
He strives for awhile with a wistful cry
To catch but a glance from his heavy eye,
And wags his tail if the rude wind flap
The skirt of his coat across his lap,
And whines that he takes no heed.

The wind goes down; the storm is o'er;
'Tis the hour of midnight past;
The forest writhes and bends no more
In the rush of the mighty blast.
The moon looks out with a silver light
On the high old hills, with the snow all white;
And the giant shadow of Camel's Hump,
Of ledge, and tree, and ghostly stump,
On the silent plain are cast.

But there are they—by the hihden log—
Who came that night from the town—
All dead! the man and his faithful dog,
And his beautiful Morgan blown!
He sits in his sleigh—his face is bland—
With his cap on his head, and the reins in his hand;
The dog with his head on his master's feet,
And the horse half seen through the crusted sleet,
Where she lay when she floundered down!

A Story for the Ladies.

A HOOP STORY.

CHAPTER I.

I waited in the drawing-room till I thought my hair would grow grey before she would appear. The carriage was at the door; it was a bitter cold night; I could hear the coachman swinging and slapping his arms to keep his hands warm. I wound up the musical box for excitement, and I listened to its soulless jingle for occupation; I had made the little King Charles spaniel stand on his hind legs till he began to think that was normal position. I tried with my right hand to coax "Uncle Ned" out of the piano -much to the chagrin of that instrument, whose mission was classical music. I beat a retreat from the realm of sweet sounds to that of sweet feelings—my patent leather boots were awfully tight. In blissful agony I heard, at last, the opening of a door, a musical laugh, the rustling of silks, and there, before me, just giving the last tightening to her glove lace, was Blanche Berceau. Such a seraphic smile—such a cooling voice.

"And did I keep him waiting?—the dear little Arthur! And did he grow fretful?"

"In the lexicon of politeness which fate has ordained for a bright man of the world, there is no such word as fretful," I answered.

I had been studying this answer for two hours—Bulwer gave the lesson. As I replied, my eye fell on the ball costume of Blanche. The pyramids of Egypt were evidently intended to be represented by that dress, her head the apex, and the bottom of her skirt the base. I had to open my eyes wide to take in the full circumference—there was no *end* to that lower hoop!

"Can she get out of the front door?" tho't I. "Granted; yet can she get into the carriage? Had'nt I better ride outside with the driver?" I mildly asked her this last thought.

"Never, dear Arthur, on such a night as this. Ride inside; only put your feet up on the cushion; then I can stand up."

"Kind hearted Blanche," thought I; "what sacrifices you make for one you love."

I entered the carriage first; it was not gallant, but then, she insisted upon it! Then she came in—*how*, I can't tell; but she did. Then, standing up like a hippodrome girl in her chariot, and, holding on the straps, we started off to attend Madame Ravencourt's grand ball.

CHAPTER II.

It was a full house; how would it have gladdened the heart of a prima donna at a dollar a head! Through the crush of human beings I swept onward with Blanche; once only I tho't it was all up with the whalebones, but we got through, a little bent but still elastic. Occasionally a passer by would sweep the skirts round till I saw those daintily *chaste* tiny feet, and her figure looked like a dinner-bell cut in two; but the wave swept on and the pyramid was a pyramid.

"Will you waltz?" I said to her, as the music sounded.

"Oh, no! I never waltz now."

But we "did" a quadrille—very easily. Only two steps, and the figure was complete; an awkward step from the gentleman *vis a-vis*, and rip went the lady's skirts, hoops, &c., then came apologies, retreat to the dressing-room; repairs impossible; had to send home for the carriage; and, instead of a splendid evening—Blanche and I—she sat down on the seat now, and I took her dear little gloved hand in mine, and poured consolation in her heart—rode home before 11 o'clock. Oh, horrors!

CHAPTER III.

In a few days Blanche and I will be married. Hoop, hurrah! The wedding ring—I wish it was some other shape, it reminds me so much of hoops—now lies on the table. And that cartload of whalebone I saw going into her house one day last week—"Blanche," said I, "is there an umbrella factory near you?"—reminds me that bridal dresses are being built.

Blanche has'nt been to church for three months, owing to the narrowness of the pews and the width of her hoops.

CHAPTER IV.

I sit down in my arm chair, and wonder if such things can be possible, and if what was right; and I've come to the conclusion that everything is that is.

My wedding day! "Now, old boy," I soliliquized, "you can only go through this operation once in your life—three or four times at the outside." Just raise the window and see if there are any unusual operations going on in the heavens above or in the garden below, or over in the neighbors' houses the other side of the street. Nothing. Then nature is inauspicious. There will be row to-day somewhere!

Prophetic words! We were to be married in church, *en grande tenue*, at 10 o'clock in the morning. The hour came, carriages, friends, &c., along with it. We went up to the church. We descended, walked up to the door—side door—very narrow—bride could'nt get thro'—could'nt get into church. Hoops too large—door too narrow. I grew red in the face as a boiled lobster.

"Put her through," I gasped, confused, agitated and vulgar.

"Sir-r-r!" said Blanche, "such language at such a time?"

We re-entered the carriage, ditto the friends theirs, returned to the bride's house, and then I, Arthur O'Bandyleggs, received a formal dismissal. I got the sack.

Select Miscellany.

If it ain't Right I'll make it all Right in the Morning.

A keen, well dressed, gentlemanly man "put up" at Beltzhoover's hotel, in Baltimore, one day some years ago, and after dining very sumptuously every day, drinking his Otard, Margieux and Heisdsic, and smoking his "Tras," "Byrons," and "Cassadoras," until the landlord began to surmise the "bill" getting voluminous, he made the clerk foot it up and present it to our modern Cæsar de Bazan, who casting his eyes over the long lines of perpendicular arranged figures, discovered—which in no way alarmed him, however, he was in for a cool C!

"Ah! yes, I see, I see; *well* I presume it's all right, all correct, sir, no doubt about it," says Don Cæsar.

"No doubt at all, sir," said the polite clerk—"we seldom present a bill, sir, until the gentleman are about to leave, sir; but when the bills are unusually large, sir—"

"Large, sir? Large, my dear fellow," said the Don, "bless your soul, you don't call *that* large? Why, sir; a—a—that is, when I was in Washington, at Gadsby's sir, bless you, I frequently had my friends of the Senate and the Ministers to dine at my rooms, and what do you suppose my bills averaged a week, there, sir?"

"I can't possibly say, sir, must have counted up very *heavy*, I think," responded the clerk.

"Heavy! ha! ha! you may well say that they were *heavy*, my dear fellow—*five and eight hundred dollars a week*," says the Don, with a nonchalance that would win the admiration of a flash prince of the realm.

"Oh, no doubt of it, sir; it is very expensive to keep company, and entertain the government at Washington, sir, I think," replied the clerk.

"You're right, my dear fellow; you're right. But let me see," and here the Don stuck a little glass in the corner of his eye, and glanced at the bill; "ah, yes, I see, $102.51—a—a something—all right, I presume; if it ain't right, *we'll make it all right in the morning*."

"Very good, sir; that will answer, sir," said the clerk, about to bow himself out of the room.

"One moment, if you please, my dear fellow; that Marteux of yours is really superb.—A friend dined here yesterday with me—he is a—a gentleman who imports—a—a great deal of wine; he a—a pronounces your Schreider an elegant article. I shall entertain some friends to-night here, and do you see that we have sufficient of that "Marteux" and "Schreider" cooling for us; my friends are judges of a pure article, and a—a I wish them to have a—a good opinion of your house. "Understand?"

"Ah, yes, sir, that'll be all right," says the clerk.

"Of course; if it ain't, I'll make it right in the morning!" said the Don Cæsar, as the official vanished.

"Well, Charles, did you present that gentleman's bill?" asks the host of the clerk, as they met at the office.

"Yes, sir; he says its all right, or he'll make it all right in the morning, sir," replied the clerk.

"Very well," says the anxious host; "*see that he does it.*"

That evening a Captain Jones called on Don Cæsar—a servant carried up the message, and he was requested to walk up. Lieutenant Smith, U. S. N., next called—"walk up."—Dr. Brown called—"walk up." Col. Green, his card—"walk up;" and so on, until some six or eight distinguished persons were walked up to Don Cæsar's private parlor; and pretty soon the silver necks were brought up, corks were popping, glasses were clinking, jests and laughter rose above the wine and cigars, and Don Cæsar was putting his friends through in the most approved style!

Time flew, as it always does. Capt. Jones gave the party a bit of salt water song. Dr. Brown pitched in a sentiment, while Colonel Green and Lieutenant Smith talked largely of the "last session," what *their* friend Benton said to Webster, and Webster to Benton, and what Bill Allen said to 'em both. And Miss Corsica, the French Minister's daughter, what she had privately intimated to Lieut. Smith in regard to American ladies, and what the Hon. so and so offered to do and say for Col. Green, and so and so and so. Still the corks "popped," and the glasses jingled, and the merry jest, and the jocund, and the rich sentiment, and the richer fumes of the cigars filled the room.

Don Cæsar kept on hurrying up the wine, and as each bottle was uncorked, he assured the servants—"All right; if it ain't all right, *we'll make it all right in the morning!*"

And so Don Cæsar and his *bon vivant* friends went it, until some two dozon bottles of Schreider, Hock and Sherry had decanted, and the whole entire party were getting as merry as grigs, and so noisy and riproarious, that the clerk of the institution came up, and standing outside the door, sent a servant to Don Cæsar, to politely request that gentleman to step out into the hall one moment.

"What's that?" said the Don; "speak loud, I've got a buzzing in my ears, aud can't hear whispers."

"Mr. Thompkins, sir, the clerk of the house, sir," replied the servant in a sharp key.

"Well, what the deuce of Tompkins—hic—what does he—hic—does he want? Tell—hic—tell him it's—hic—all right, or we'll make it all right—hic—*in the morning*.

Mr. Tompkins then took the liberty of stepping inside, and slipping up to Don Cæsar, assuring him that himself and friends were a *little too merry*, but Don Cæsar assured Tompson—

"It's all—hic—right, my boy, all—hic—right; these gentlemen—hic—are all *gentlemen*, my—hic—personal friends—hic—and it's all right—hic—all perfectly—hic—right, or we'll make it all right in the morning."

"That we do not question, sir," said the clerk, "but there are many persons in the adjoining rooms whom you'll disturb, sir; I speak for the credit of the house."

"O—hic—certainly—certainly, my boy; I'll speak to the gentlemen," says the Don, rising in the chair, and assuming a very solemn gravenes, peculiar to men in the fifth stage of libation deep; "Gentleman—hic—*gentle*-man, I'm requested to state—hic—that—hic—a very *serious* piece of intelligence—hic—has met my ear This *gentle* man—hic—says somebody's dead in the next—hic—room."

"Not at all, sir; I did not say that, sir;" said the clerk.

"Beg—hic—your pardon, sir—hic - it's all right; if it ain't all right, I'll make it all—hic—*all right in the morning!* Gentlemen, let's—hic—us all adjourn; let's change the see—hic—no, call a coach—hic—somebody, let's take a ride—hic—and return and go to—hic—our pious—hic—rest."

Having delivered this order and exhortation, Don Cæsar arose on his pins, and marshalling, his party, after a general swap of hats all around, in which big heads got smallest hats, and small heads got largest hats, by aid of the staircase and the servants, they all got to the street, and lumbered into a large hack, they started off on a midnight aizing, noisy, and riproarious as so many sailors on a land cruise. The last words uttered by Don Cæsar, there, as the coach drove off were—"All right—hic—my boy, if it ain't *we'll make it all right in the morning!*"

"Yes, that we will," said the landlord, "and if I don't stick you into a bill of costs '*in the* morning,' rot me. You'll have a nice time," he continued, "out carousing till daylight; lucy I've got his wallet in the fire-proof, the jackass would be robbed before he got back, *and I'd lose my bill!*"

Don Cæsar did not return to make good his promise *in the morning*, and so the landlord took the liberty of investigating the wallet, deposited for safe keeping in the fire-proof of the office, by the Don; and lo! it contained old checks, unreceipted bills, and a few samples of Brandon bank notes, with this emphatic remark: "All right, if it ain' all right, *we'll make it all right in the morning!*"

THE FUR SEASON.

VALUE OF FANCY FURS.

Furs are decidedly *the* fashion this season, and every lady seems determined to obtain the handsomest her means can command. Formerly the state of the thermometer had some effect upon the business of a furrier—but that is no matter now. With the thermometer at eighty the work would still go bravely on—for Fashion has issued her commands, and her devotees are too well trained to obey.

It is said that the trade in furs, fancy furs, especially, has been double this season that of any previous year. Extravagant prices are paid for the more rare and costly kinds, such as black fox, Russian crown sable and real ermine, by the *elite* of our metropolis, while others content themselves with Canadian or Hudson Bay sable, and the majority are happy to possess a "set" of stone martin or handsome minx. Of late years ermine has lost somewhat of the *prestige* which formerly distinguished it in the world of Fashion. It used to be considered the *ne plus ultra* of eleganae, the type and emblem of royalty, and the impetus which the immense increase in the sale of furs has given the different departments, seems likely to operate in restoring our old favorite to something of its former position. Its extreme delicacy renders it unfit for promenade, but it is greatly admired for its fine effect at the opera and in the concert room.

In Russia the black fox and crown sable are prohibited to all but royalty, and it is only by a species of smuggling that we are enabled to gratify the sovereign tastes of the lofty dames of our American Courts. Yet even thus, their facilities are greater than many noble Russian ladies can boast of, they being obliged to content themselves principally with the skins of the red fox and raccoons, the variety of costly furs which they are permitted to wear being almost beyond price.

The general increase in the sale of fancy furs greatly enhances the value of native American productions. The demand for sable, and the comparatively small amount imported from Russia has greatly increased the price of the Hudson Bay sables, from which they can scarcely be distinguished, except by a *connoisseur*, while American minx, which ten years ago could hardly be seen in the street, is now sold for five times as much as other native fur in the market.

STYLE AND PRICE OF FURS.

The cape, or *Fichou Russe*, is worn the same as last year, slightly pointed at the back, and sloping gracefully over the arm to the front, which ends in long tabs. It is lined and quilted with silk as near the color of the fur as possible, and has a small collar, which with a cord and tassels complete it at the throat.—Muffs also preserve the moderate dimensions of last season, are finished in the same manner, with silk lining drawn with rich cord and tassels. Victorines are still worn, but tippets are taking their place somewhat among persons who do not wear the large cape, these being deeper than the victorine, and susceptible of a greater variety of uses. Cuffs are longer than they were last year, reaching nearly to the elbow; they are narrow and pointed at the top.

A whole "set" comprises capes, cuffs, victorine and muff, but an ordinary set means only cuffs and victorine.

A whole set of Russian brown sable is worth $2,000; ordinary Russian or Hudson Bay sable, from $300 to $1,000. A set of very fine ermine can be obtained for $200, and very handsome stone martin or minx for $120. Siberian squirrel is also growing more into favor, and is greatly increasing in value. A set which can be brought now for $30 or $40, will probably be worth one-third more next year. The common furs, such as German Fitch, Mountain Marten, Opposum and Rabbit, can be brought for almost any price which the conscience of the dealers will permit, few of the buyers being able to determine the actual value, because of the changes to which the furs are subjected in the process of dyeing.—*N. Y. Times.*

MR. BUCHANAN'S INJUNCTION TO YOUNG MEN.

Mr. Buchanau, the President elect, made a speech to the students of Franklin and Marshall College, a few days ago, in which he uses the following language. Every young man should heed this advice here given.

Mr. Buchanan said he had been a College boy himself, and none of the best of boys either, being fond of fun like themselves. There were many little eccentricities in the life of a College student that might be pardoned or overlooked; but there was one habit which, if formed at College or in early youth, would cling to them through after life and blight the fairest prospects. He referred to the use of intoxicating liquors, and declared that it would be better for that youth who contracted an appetite for strong drink, that he were dead or had never been born, for, when he saw a young man entering upon such a career, a fondness of liquor becoming with him a governing passion, he could see nothing before him but a life of sorrow and a dishonored grave in his old age. Many lads, he was aware, considered this practice a mark of smartness, but he regarded it as an offence that cannot be pardoned, especially in a student at College; and he concluded this earnest appeal by expressing the hope and belief that none of the young men of Franklin and Marshall were indicted to this dangerous practice.

The speaker then alluded to the course and habits of study necessary to insure success in a student's life. Many young men prided themselves in running over a great many books and gaining a superficial knowledge of many branches of science. This was of no practical use. He would urge them to learn *thoroughly* all they undertook to learn—to acquire knowledge distinctly—and then they would be able to use it to some practical advantage in after life. They should apply themselves with diligence to their allotted studies by day, reflect at night upon what they had thus acquired, and appropriate it as their best capital with which to engage in the struggles of life.

Agricultural.

FEEDING STOCK.

Considerable judgment is required to feed out the different articles comprising the winter's stock of food, to the best advantage.—When animals first come to the barn, they should not at once be put on the poorest fodder—it would make too sudden a change in their diet—they should have that which they will readily eat, and the poorer kinds should be reserved for the keener appetites which cold weather will give. If root crops are to be fed out, the flat or common English turnip should be used first, because it will not keep long. The carrot will keep later, and the rutabaga, or Swedish turnip still later.

In regard to the flat turnip, we may mention, in passing, that it is of more value, considering its cost of production, than is generally allowed. In a late visit to the farm of Mr. H. H. Peters, of Southboro', Massachusetts, we were surprised at the quantity of this root grown in his cornfield. Just before the last hoeing of the corn, the turnip seed was sown broadcast over the ground. The earth was stirred enough in cultivating the corn to bury the turnip seed, and no further attention was given the crop till it was taken up. The field produced 200 to 300 bushels of turnips to the acre—not a remarkably large crop, to be sure, but it cost nothing but the sowing and gathering. We have seen other instances where it has been produced in the same way. It should be remarked, that it is necessary to *top* the corn—that is cut the top stalk—to let in the sun and produce good-sized bulbs.

We have seen cattle and sheep fattened, and *well* fattened, on flat turnips Mr. Webster, on his Marshfield farm, was in the habit of making excellent beef with turnips and salt hay. His neighbor, Hon. Seth Sprague, has done the same thing, and with advantage, too. Salt hay alone will barely keep animals in store condition.

We are indebted to Mr. Peters for some interesting facts in regard to the practice of Mr. Samuel Chamberlain, of Westboro', in feeding stock with turnips. In 1855, Mr. C. raised 2,500 bushels of turnips, among eleven acres of corn, in the manner above described. He fatted fifteen furrow cows on turnips, commencing when the cows were first tied up in the barn, about the 10th of November. The cows were then in quite low condition They were fed with two bushels of turnips a day—one in the morning and one in the evening. They were fed eleven weeks—had no grain of any kind, and consumed but very little hay—and were then sold for $7 per hundred, dressed, which was as much as meal-fed animals sold for in his neighborhood at the same time The cows were of the ordinary stock, and weighed from 450 to 650 pounds, dressed.

It is true that this trial lacks many of the points necessary to exact demonstration, but with all due allowances, is it not more than probable that the turnips furnished the cheapest food in this case that could have been produced?—*Boston Cultivator.*

CISTERNS—HOW TO MAKE THEM.

We have had several inquiries relative to the art of making cisterns. Where bricks are to be had they are easily constructed with the aid of water-lime. The mortar should be composed of one part water-lime to two parts of good sharp sand, and made in such quantities only as can be immediately used Good cisterns of a moderate size can be made easily from inch and a half plank, well joined together, hooped like a barrel, overlaying the bottom with coatings of the cement until it is water-tight. Where the soil is loose, and the plank would be liable to leakage, a coating of the mortar if rightly put on, will render the cistern thoroughly tight. In building cisterns with filters, it is necessary to have a water-tight division in the cistern, on one side of which the supply of water is received. At the bottom of this division, is a thick layer of clear sand through which the water has to pass to get to that division from which the water is drawn. The art of making these filtering cisterns is simple, and they can be easily constructed by any good mechanic.—*Michigan Farmer.*

☞ A farmer in California states that he ploughed seventy-five acres this year with a yoke of cows. He says they are faster walkers than oxen—that they give milk, and save the expense of keeping another team.

Odds and Ends

—A man who who cheats in small measure, is a measureless rouge.

If he gives short measure in wheat, then he is a rogue in grain.

If in whiskey, then he is a rogue in spirit.

If he gives a bad title to land, then he is a rogue in deed.

And if he cheats whenever he can, he is in deed, in spirit, in grain, a measureless scoundrel.

—A man on the horse railroad, the other day, who was going on very fast, asked us if we could tell him why Cowper was so hard up in pecuniary matters. We assured him that we did not know that he was thus short, and asked him to explain. "Why," said he, "did'nt he 'Oh for a lodge?' " There was a ring of the bell, a stopping of the cars, a frantic shriek, and a passenger a moment afterwards disappearing down a distant alley.

—A man with a red face, and looking rather shabby, called at a house in the country, on Sunday, and asked for a drink of cider. The good lady of the house refused, telling him that she would not. He urged, telling her that she had better, for some persons had entertained angels unawares. "Yes," said she, "I know that; but angels don't go about drinking cider on Sunday."

—The name of the writer of that remarkable story in the London Times about the duel on a Georgia Railroad is Arrowsmith. We presume that his ancestors were fabricators of Arrows for the Long Bow. They are not disgraced in their son—who not only makes good arrows of this sort, but shoots them himself.—*N. Y. Picayune.*

—So frequent have been the cases lately of the trustees of savings banks absconding with the deposits, that it has been thought advisable to alter the name of the establishments in question, and instead of considering them as *banks*, call them *cuttings*.

—"How much do you pay your waiters at this saloon?" asked an irascible gent of the proprietor of a restaurant. "One dollar, per diem, sir." "Well. then, credit me with thirty cents, for I waited two hours for my steak and one hour for my muffins."

—A stupid fellow being seen one day in a singular attitude, stooping down, with his head between his legs, was asked the reason; to which he replied that he wished to see how the pain at the back of his head looked.

—It is beautiful to behold at a wedding, the sorrow-stricken air of the parent as he "gives the bride away," when you know that for the last ten years he has been trying his best to get her off his hands.

—In youth the appetite for fame is strongest. It is cruel and inhuman to withhold the sustenance which is necessary to the growth, if not the existence of genius, sympathy, encouragement and commendation.

—An enthusiastic admirer of the Czar was repeatedly saying to a stranger "the Czar is great." "Yes," was the reply, "but God is greater." "Ah," exclaimed the Russian, "but the Czar is young yet!"

—An exchange paper, under the head of "Good Advice," advises young men to "wrap themselves up in their virtue." A cotemporary well says: "Many of them would freeze to death if they had no warmer covering."

—The bachelors of Gloucester are an ungallant, musty, fusty set of fellows. At their annual supper, some nights since, the following was one of the toasts: "Our Future Wives - Distance lends enchantment to the view."

"FEED MY LAMBS."—There was point in the quaint remark of a plain farmer to a somewhat transcental preacher, "Take care, sir, you do not put the hay so high in the rack the lambs cannot reach it."

A SLANDER.

Two lovely ladies dwell at ——,
And each a churching goes;
Emma goes there *to close her eyes*,
And Jane *to eye her clothes*.

—The tendency of the London Times just now is to high toryism. The recent amnesty to political offenders in England is styled by the Times, "more clemency for rebels."

—Mrs. Opie, talking of Byron, said: "His voice was such a voice as the devil tempted Eve with; you feared its fascinations the moment you heard it."

—"What time is it, Tom?" "Just time to pay that little account you owe me." "Oh, indeed! Well, I did'nt think it was half so late."

—A well known wit says: "No Yankee is satisfied with the truth unless you can satisfy him that it is worth eight or ten per cent."

—"Thou rain'st in this bosom," as the chap said, when a basin of water was thrown over him by the lady he was serenading.

—Died, on the 3rd inst., Mr. W. P. Hale's left whisker, to a deep black. It has left behind it a red whisker, inconsolable for its loss.

—A Southern editor has purchased a race horse at a cost of $2,000 for the purpose of catching his runaway subscribers.

—Say what you will, a marriage by advertisement must, after all, be the union of two corresponding minds.—*Punch.*

—To square a circle—settle up your wife's bill for *hoops* at the dry goods store or milliner's.

—A man never forgets an insult to his pride or purse; a woman to her beauty or love.

—To morrow—the day on which idle men work, and fools reform.

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