Democratic Watchman.

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Bellefonte, November 26-48 tf

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EXCHANGE ON THE EAST CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

Original Poetry.

[For the Democratic Watchman.]

Impromptu.

Scrap from my Note Book, written on finding the following couplet in my husband's hand

"Gentle lady, loving wife
Here I read thy inner life"

Husband, thou'rt mistaken there,
Inner life I no'er lay bare
God alone can read that Book—
He, of omnipresent look

Pen and ink may truly trace
Works we do in life's fleet chase,
Sometimes tell our thinking too—
What we *love* and what we woo

But the surging waves that rise
From the heart and blind the eyes—
Love's warm traces on the sand—
Conscience's silent, potent hand—
How the travails in its birth—
How hope often trails on earth—
How the good we gently woo
And with steady aim pursue
Lies on distant sun-lit shores
Still *before* our hurrying oars,
How we rise and sink and glide
Sailing o'er this changeful tide
We must FEEL each trough and *swell*
Pen and tongue can never TELL

Here I write external things—
How the kind air bears my wings,
Tell what birds I daily meet,
How they look, and what they greet,
What low bush or giant tree
For a moment shelters me

Common daily sights and sounds,
Daily deeds, monotonous rounds,
These alone *can* noted be,
Inner life is mystery

These alone I seek to bind
Just to aid my surcharged mind
For the life within is deep
And did I no record keep
Of the duties claiming me
They would all forgotten be
Sailing on the fathomless sea—
Inner life's grand mystery

J. L. P.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

Miscellaneous.

Sut Lovegood Blown Up.

BY S——, L. OF TENN.

Sut's hide has healed—the wounds received in his sudden separation from his new shirt have ceased to pain, and true to his instincts, or rather a "family dispersition," as he calls it, he "pitches in" again and gets awfully blown up by a wild mountain girl. Hear him, poor fellow:

"George, did you ever see Sicily Burns? Her dad lives at the Ratil Snaik Springs, nigh tu the Georgia line?"

"Yes, a very handsome girl."

"Handsome! that ward don't kiver the case; it sounds like callin good whisky warter when ye are at a big spring on the still house ten miles off, an hit a rainin, an yer flask only half fill. She shows amung wimin like a sunflower as cumpared to dog fennel an smart-weed an jimsin. Oh, sich a buzum! but ther aint no use tryin to describe her. She needs adzactly fifteen inches of garter clar of the knot, stands sixteen hands an a half high, an weighs one hundred and twenty-six, in her peticoats. Oudens crawl thru a whisky barrid with both heds stove out, if it wur hilt stedy fur hir, an good-foot holt at that. She never sot in an arm-cheer in her life, an you cud lock the top hoop of a churn ur a big dog coller round her waist. Her har is as black as a crow's wing at midnite, ur a nigger haulin charcoal when he's had no brekfus. 'Tis as slick as this here bottil, an ni onto as long as a hoss tail. I've seed her jump over the top of a spit bottom cheer an never show her ankils ur kedh her dress on to it. She cud cry and laf at the same time, an either love you all over, ur hate you till yo felt like you'd been whipped with a pizen vine ur a bunch of nettles when yer briches an' shut wur both in the wash tub. She kerried devil enuf about her tu fill a four hoss waggin bed, with a skin as white as the inside of a frogstool, cheeks and lips as red as a pearch's gills in dogwood blossom time, an sich a smile! When her smile struck ye fair and squar, it felt like a big horn of onrectified Monungehely ur ole Burburn, after ye'd been sober fur a munth, tendin a hoss prayer-meetin twice a day, an occasional in the nite. Three of her smiles, when she tried herself, fifteen minits apart, wud a made the gran captain of the temperince society so drunk he wudn't know his briches frum a par of bellowses, ur a temperince plege frum a—a—water pot. Oh, I be drated ef its enyuse talkin. That gal cud make me murder old Bishop Soul hisself, ur kill mam, not to speak of dad, ef she just hinted that she wanted sich a thing dun. Sich a 'oman cud do more devilment than a loose hoss at a gineral muster ground ef she only know'd it; an I'm feared she knows herself adzactly. She acts mightily liks she dus, enyhow. Her ank ils wur as round as the rist of a rifil gun, an not much bigger, an when she wut a dancin ur a-cutin up shines, ur a makin of a bed—Oh, durn sich wimen! why aint they all made on the hemp break principil, like Mam, ur Betts Carr, ur Harriet Beecher Stowe, so they wudn't bother a feller at all. George, this world's all rong, anyhow; more temptation than preventity, ef it wur ckel I wudn't mind it. What kin the old prechers an the ugly wimen expect of us, exposed as we ar. Oh, its no use talkin. (Here Sut's voice trembled, and a large sparkling tear splashed on his shoe, and he was silent for a space.)

"I've hearn in the mountains a fust rate fourth proof smash of thunder cum one expected an shake the yearth, bringin with it a string of litnin as long as a quarter track a racin down a big pine tree, tarin it into broom splints and tuth pickers, an a rasin of a cloud of dust an bark an army of limbs, with a smell sorter like the devil wur about, and its long darnin-needil lookin leaves a fallin on me, an roun me, with a tif—tif—shamed sort of sound, and then a powerin on the yearth as little snakes die, an I felt quar sort half scare-an half cumfort. I've seen the ratil snaik squair hisself on his own dunghil tu cum at me, a sayin z-e-e-e-e-e' with that noisy tail of his'n, all beauty, an glitter, an vim, an I felt quar agin. I've seed the Ocooe river jumpin mad frum rock tu rock, with its clear, cool water, white foam an music"

"What, Sut?"

"Music; the rushin water dus make music; so du the wind, an the fire in the mountaihs, an it made me feel sorter oncasy agin; but every time I looked onto that gal, Sicily Burns, I had all the feelings mixed up of the litnin, the river, an' the snaik.

"Well, tu tell it at onst, she was a gal all over, from the pint of her toe nails tu the end of the longest har on the highest knob of her hed—gal all the time, everywhar—an that of the excitimst kind. Of course I leaned up tu her as clost as I dar tu, an in spite of my long legs, appetite fur whisky, my shurt scrape an dad's acun hoss, she sorter leaned tu me, an I was beginin tu think I wur jist the greatest and cumfortablest man on yearth, not exceptin Old Buck, ur Brigham Young with all his saddil collered, wrinkled wimen, cradles full of babies an his big Salt Lake throwd in.

"Well, winn day a cussed, deceivin, palaverin, stinkin Yankee pedlar, all jack knife an jaw, cum tu old man Burns's with a load of appil parins, callicker ribbins, jewsharps an sody-powder. Now mind; I'd never hearn tell of that truck before, an I be durned ef I don't want it to be the last—was nor riffil powder, wuns nor percussion, three times as smart, and hurts wuns heap wus. Durn him, durn all Yankee pedlars, and durn thar principils an practises, I say. I wish I had all the sody-powder they made, in his cussed pauch, an a slow match fixed tu him, an I had a chuck of fire—the fellow what found a piece of him big enuf to feed a cockroach, ought tu be King of the Sultun's harem fur a thousand years, fer his luck. They aint human, no how. The mint at Filadelfy is thar Heaven, they think thar God eats half dimes fur brekfus, hashes the leavins fur dinner, an swallers a cert an a dried appil fur supper, sits on a stampin machine fur a throne, sleeps on a crib full of half dollars, an measures men like money, by count.—Thar haint wun of em got a soul but what cud dance a jig in a kabbage seed an leave rume fur the fidler, an perhaps a Yankee gal or two of the usual stripe throwed in.

"Well, Sicily she bought a tin box of the sody frum him and hid it away from her folks, a savin it fur me"

"I happined tu pass next day, and of course stopped to enjoy a look at the temter, an she wur mity luvin tu me; put wun arm roun my neck, an tuther wun whar the carsingil goes roun a hoss, tuck the in turn on me with her left foot, an gin me a kiss.—Says she, 'Sutty, love, I've got sumthin fur ye, a new sensashun'—an I believed in it, for I begin to feel it a 'ready. My toes felt like little minners wur a nibin at em—a cold streak run up an down my back like a lizzard with a turky hen arter him in sittin time my heart felt hot an onsatisfied like, and then I'd a cut old Soul's throat in a munt ef she'd hinted a needsecity fur sich a operashun. Then she poured ten or twelve blue papers of the sody inter a big tumbler, an about the same number of white wuns inter tother tumbler, an put ni onto a pint of water on both of em, an stirred em both up with a case nife, lookin as solemn as a snow storm when the fodder's gin out. She hilt wun while she told me tu drink tuther I swallered it at wun run—tasted salty like, but I thot it wur a part of the sensashun. But I wur mistakened; all of the cussed infurnel sensashun wur yet tu cum, an it wurnt long at it, hoss, you'd better believe me. Then she gin me tuther tumbler, an I sent it arter the fust wun, rale hoss fashun. In about wun moment an a half I thot I'd swallered a thrashin machine in full blast, ur a cupple of bull dogs and they had sot in tu fitin. I seed that I wur cotched agin—same family dispersition tu make onsassed fools of themselves every chance—so I broke fur my hoss. I stole a look back, an thar Sicily lay on her back in the porch, a screamin with laffin, her heels up in the air, a kickin of them tuguther like she wur a tryin tu kick her slippers off. But I had no time tu look then, an ther wur a road of foam frum the hous tu the hoss two feet wide an four inches deep—looked like it had been snowin—a poppin, an a hissin, an a bilin like a tub of hot soap suds. I hed gethered a cherry tree limb as I run, an I lit astraddle of my hoss, a whippin an a kicken like mad. This, with the scaty noise I made (fur I wur a whistlin, an a hissin, an a sputterin outer mouth nose an eyes, like a steam engine,) got him a reatin and cavort in like he war skerred out of his senses.—Well, he went. The foam roiled and the old black horse flew. He jist muzzled, skeered ni tu deth, an so wur I. So we agreed on the pint, of greatest distance in the smallest time. I aimed fur Doctor Goodman's, at the Hiwassee Copper Mine, tu git sumthin to stop the exploshun in my inards. I meet a sarcuit rider on his travels towards a fried chicken an a hat full of ball biskets. As I cum a tarin along he hilt up his hands like he wanted tu pray fur me, but as I preferred phsic tu prayer in my pecooliar situwashun at that time, I jist rolled along. He tuck a skeer as I cum ni onto him, his faith gin out, and he dodged, hoss, saddil-bags an overcoat, inter a thicket, jist like you've seen a turkle take water off a log when a tarin big steamboat came along. As he passed old man Burns's, Sicily hailed him an axed him ef he had met enybody in a hurry gwine up the road The poor man thot perhaps he did, an perhaps he didn't, but he'd seen a site uv a spook, uv a ghost, uv old Beelzebub himself, ur the devil, he didn't exactly know which, but takin all things tuguther, as the short time he had fur preparation, he thot he met a crazy, long-legged, shakin Quaker, a fleem frum the wrath tu cum, an a black an white spotted hoss, a whippin of him with a big brush, an he had a white beard, what cuin frum ni onto his eyes tu the pummil of the saddil, an then forked an went tu his knees, an then sumtimes drapped in bunches as big as a crow's nest, tu the ground, an he hearn a sound like the rushin of mity waters, an he wur mitily exercised about it, enyhow. Well, I guess he war, an so wur his fat hoss, and so wur old blackey, an wust exercised of all of em wur I, myself. I afterwards hearn that when he had cumposed hisself he writ his konklushins about it to Sicily, that it wur a new steam invention to kerry the Katholic doctrine an the Pope's measels over the yearth, made outen sheet iron, Inginrubber tanned leather, ice cream an fat pine, an that the hosses tail wur made of iron wire, red hot at the pints, an a stream of sparks as long as the steerin oar of a flat boat follered in his trail, an takin it altugether, it wusn't a safe thing tu meet in a lane of a dark nite; an he thot he hed a call over the mountains tu another sarcuit.

"Now, George, all this hard, an spots on hoss, an steam, an fire, an snow, an wire tails, is oudaccous humbug. It all cum outen my inards, without any vomitin ur effurt; an ef it hadn't, I'd a busted inter more pieces than thar is ags in a big cat fish"

"The Lovegoods are a confounded fools, and Dad aint the wust wun of em. Jim the in drinkin success tu the family, fur I don't think they'll ever git it any uther way, own tu thar dispersition"

The bottom of Sut's flask flashed in the sun-light, and the gurgling sound proclaimed the toast duly drunk

Where They Learn It.

"I don't see where my children learn such things," is one of the most common phrases in a mother's vocabulary. A little incident which we happened to witness may, perhaps, help to solve the enigma. We smiled a little at the time, but we have thought a good deal of it since, and we trust not without profit

"Bob," screamed out a bright eyed little girl, somewhat under six years of age, to a youngster who was seated on the curb-stone, making hasty pudding of the mud in the gutter "Bob, you good for-nothing little scamp, you come right into the house this minute, or I'll beat you till the skin comes off!

"Why, Angelina, Angelina, dear, what do you mean? where do you learn such talk!" exclaimed her mother, in a wondering tone, as she stood on the steps, courtesying to a friend.

Angelina looked up innocently, and answered:

"Why, mother you see we are playing, and he's my little boy, and I am scolding him just as you did me this morning, that is all!"

Snarling.

Don't snarl, my good fellow, who ever gained a friend by a snarl? What if things do not go according to your mind, will fretting and snarling make it all right? You know better. You never yet suffered yourself to be made a fool of without regretting it. What has the multitude to do with your private feelings, that they should suffer by poor misfortune or your lack of good judgment? Every face you front partakes in some small degree of your folly, and a score are made less happy by the snarl that is natured on your countenance. Out upon such folly. From this moment resolve to indulge no more in those feelings which make you and others wretched; instead of snarls and frowns, let the smiles of joy play upon your face, and a single day will not pass before you are led to exclaim, "I am a Happy man"

A TEAM OF PIGS.—Gov. Cumming testifies to having observed a wagon on the road from Salt Lake City to Provo, which was drawn by pigs harnessed to the tongue by an ingenious combination of straps and cords. In it was seated a fat man, who excited his team even into a trot, by the aid of a black-snake whip.

A Military Pig

During the war of 1812, with Great Britain, a very remarkable circumstance occurred in connection with the invasion of Canada. A company of Kentucky volunteers, destined for Gen. Shelby's army, had their rendezvous at Harrisburg, in Kentucky, and formed as a sort of nucleus or rallying point for the military recruits of that part of the country. When they marched from Harrisburg towards the Ohio river, having got a mile or two on their way, they noticed two pigs fighting, and delayed their march to see it out. After they had resumed their march, the pig which had been the victor in the fierce contest, was observed to follow them

At night, when they encamped, the pig found a shelter near, and halted. The next day the pig accompanied the troops as before; and thus it marched every day and halted every night with the soldiers, or near them When they came opposite Cincinnati, at which place the troops were to cross the Ohio in a ferry boat, the pig, on getting to the water's edge, plunged promptly in and swam across, and then [illegible] on the other side [illegible] was over then resumed its position on one side of the moving column. Thus the animal kept up with the troops until they crossed the Ohio, and reached Lake Erie.

On the journey, as the men grew familiar with their comrade, it became a pet receiving a share of the rations issued to the soldiers, and destitute of provisions as the troops found themselves at times, no one thought of putting the knife to the throat of their fellow soldier. What they had was shared and if the pig fared as scantily as the rest sometimes, it still grunted on, and manifested as much patriotism in his own line, as the bipeds it accompanied did in theirs At the margin of the lake, he embarked with the troops, and went as far as Bass Island But when offered a passage over into Canada, he obstinately refused to embark a second time Some of the men attributed his conduct to constitutional scrupples, and observed that he knew it was contrary to the Constitution to force a military pig over the U. S line He therefore had have to remain

After the campaign had closed, the troops re crossed the lake, having left some of their horses on the American shore. As soon as the line was formed, to the great surprise of the troops, there was the pig on the right of the line, ready to resume his march home with the rest. By this time the winter frosts had set in, and the animal suffered greatly on his march He made out however, to reach Maysville, where the troops re crossed the Ohio river. There he gave out, and was placed in trusty hands by Gov Shelby, and finally taken to the Governor's own home, where he passed the rest of his days in ease, indolence and plenty.

There are many in Kentucky who can attest the truth of this strange and remarkable story.

A Strange Story.

The Marksville (La.) Central Organ of the 29th ult has the following

Some two nights since, a death occurred in a certain portion of the parish, which was brought in a strange manner. A gentleman, living unhappily with his wife, some few months since committed suicide. This so effected her that she often of a morning declared that the ghost of the deceased had haunted her during the night Finally, one day she affirmed the devil had appeared to her, and after upbraiding her, stated that hereafter when she should attempt to eat or drink, her food and water would choke her. And strange to say, whenever she took any nourishment or drank anything, she was invariably choked This continued for 27 days, when she died from pure starvation These facts we have from a gentleman of undoubted veracity.

Fat Pork as Human Food.

"A fat hog is the very quintessence of scrofula and carbonic acid gas, and he who eats it must not expect thereby to build up a sound physical organism. While it contributes heat, not the twentieth part of it is nitrogen, the base of muscle."

The Scientific American cordially endorses the above sentimentas being sound practical truth, says:

Fat pork was never designed for human food. It is material for breath, and nothing more. See Liebig and other organic chemists and physiologists. Pork makes no red meat or muscle. The prize fighter is not allowed to eat it. All that is not consumed by the lungs remains to clog the body with fat."

WHAT HAS GOT INTO THE BARBERS?—At Chicago, a few weeks ago, a jealous barber hanged his mistress, quartered her, packed her up in a barrel, and consigned her to New York. At St. Louis, three barbers strangled a customer, and after robbing him, threw his body into a cellar-way. In Philadelphia another jealous hair-dresser shot a "false one" and then committed suicide. At Green Island, opposite Troy, N. Y., last Saturday night, another barber killed his wife, and then killed himself.

"Rot Gut" Whiskey—This popular beverage is made of strychnine, cock-roaches, tobacco juice, fish, berries, log-wood; and divers other ingredients, of equal merit.

A Marriage or a Duel.

There is a deal of talk in the Parisian world about a marriage which has just taken place. It is the denouncement of rather a romantic adventure.

Sir Edward S——, a baronet, 28 years of age, of an agreeable appearance, fine family, with an income of 25,000 livres, was terribly afflicted with ennui, and with that English malady, the spleen. Nothing surprising in that. Byron would have had the spleen, and would have blown out his brains, had he remained in England. Happily for him, he could live in Italy, die in Greece, and he was saved by the Mediterranean, that smiling and poetic sea, which saw the birth of Venus, and to the dangerous enchantments of which Othello compares the perfidious graces of his wife. That sea was needed for the sumptuous vessel of Lara.

Sir Edward, then, was dying of ennui. The blondes of England had no attraction for him. All the marriageable young ladies and their mothers addressed their most provoked smiles to him but without effect Sir Edward decided to fly from England. He went on board the first steamer he saw, without even inquiring her destination The steamer sailed, and some hours afterwards entered the port of Ostend. He walked along a wharf where every day assembled bathers from all countries. There he met the Viscountess de V——, a young widow, and of a charming and perfectly Parisian beauty. He saw her, and immediately loved her. Too essentially English to dare to speak to her, he contented himself with following her. He stopped at the same hotel with her. He followed her everywhere: every where she perceived him, almost her shadow. This dumb homage fatigued her. All her efforts to escape it were in vain. At last she determined to fly from her impassioned adorer. She warned no one of her resolution, rose at five in the morning, had her trunks put in a coach, and started for the railroad which would take her to Brussels. She found Sir Edward in the same coach

At Brussels instead of going to Paris, she had herself driven about the city, and then took the cars for Cologne There she again found Sir Edward, who still maintained the most respectful silence—he had not been introduced.

At Cologne the Viscountess stopped with a lady friend, who possessed a charming residence. She passed two days, departed in the middle of the night, and took the train for Strasburg. She this time did not see Sir Edward; doubtless he had lost all traces of her. At Strasburg she had a brother, the young Count de P——, a sub lieutenant in the hussars, whose regiment was garrisoned there He could deliver her from the indiscreet Englishman.

At Strasburg, however, she learned that her brother had obtained leave of absence, and had quitted the city. So she went to the Hotel d'Angleterre, and in order not to risk the arrival of Sir Edward, she engaged all the rooms until the next day, up to the very moment of her departure. She had hardly entered her room, after having made this agreement with the landlord when Sir Edward arrived, and asked for a room.

"Impossible! I have not one vacant!"

"How! not one even?"

"Not one."

"But this vestibule it has not been let?"

"No, sir."

"Very well, I'll take it I'll pay you ten guineas a day. This is my first day."

"Well," said the landlord, incapable of resisting this argument, "if the lady has leased all my rooms, she has not leased all my entries. It is a bargain"

Left alone, Sir Edward walked up and down before the room of the Viscountess.—Suddenly the door opened and she appeared. She was thunderstruck on perceiving him, but, carried away by impatience, asked, "Once for all, sir, will you tell me why you are so obstinately bent upon following me?"

The Englishman very respectfully thanked the Viscountess for having deigned to commence a conversation with him who never would have dared to begin, and by his reserved and impressive replies so much embarrassed the lady, that she finally told him that she was married, and, to rid herself of his presence, presented to him a fellow traveler, stopping at the hotel, as her husband.

Sir Edward when she left him was in despair, but then consoled himself by thinking, "I will kill her husband."

And so he sought a quarrel with the pretended husband, who, being something of a coward, gave up his martial rights at the sight of two pistols politely offered him.

"I thought that I was dealing with a false husband," said Sir Edward.

"Do not rejoice so much at it," remarked an unknown person, who intruded upon the conversation at that moment.

"And why?" asked Sir Edward.

"Because you are now dealing with a true brother," was the answer.

The unknown man was in fact the brother of our heroine. Detained at the moment of his departure, he had returned to dine at the hotel, when the landlord told him the story of the Viscountess pursued by the Englishman.

"Sir," asked the hussar, "is this story true?"

The Englishman confessed that it was.

"Can you offer any excuse for such conduct?"

"Yes, sir my excuse is in the purity of my intentions. I am called Sir Edward S. I have wealth and family. I have the honor to ask of you your sister's hand."

"My dear sir, I can only transmit to her your proposition. But I make you judge of one point. if my sister does not accept of your proposal, does not your conduct to her entitle me to seek satisfaction?"

"Certainly, sir. In five minutes I will return to know your sister's answer, and if she refuse my offer, I place myself at your disposal"

"Very well, sir, you are a gentleman," said the officer, extending his hand to Sir Edward. "I will speak of your offer to my sister, and desire her to accept it."

In fact the officer proposed to his sister to marry Sir Edward. The Viscountess, having only the bad impression of the young baronet caused by his persecution, avowed that he was young, good-looking, a desirable match but she refused him.

The officer informed Sir Edward of the fact.

"I am at your orders. You have the choice of arms"

"Pistols! In a quarter of an hour I will come to you with seconds."

But the Viscountess, who doubted the issue of a business in which her brother had interested himself, heard these words, and came to them, very decided to prevent a duel.

On perceiving her, Sir Edward said that he was about to depart on a long journey, and that he should no longer have the pleasure of seeing her. He begged her to pardon the impetuosity of his conduct, and trusted she would not preserve a disagreeable remembrance of him.

The Viscountess reassured him in that respect. Then she spoke to him of the duel—she had heard everything—she did not wish a duel, and there should not be a duel.

"Why not?" said sir Edward. "Calm yourself, madame. In a duel between two men who love you, there is only danger for him whom you do not love."

The lady did not understand this, because she did not wish the duel to take place. She feared for her brother, [illegible] because the death of Sir Edward, however indifferent he was to her. But Sir Edward declared that he would rather die than decline a duel, which would be a baseness on his part. So that finally the Countess cried:

"Well, since there is no other means to stop this duel, learn, cruel man, that—that—that—I love you!"

Sir Edward fell on his knees, and the hussar discharged his two pistols in the air, exclaiming, "The family honor is satisfied!"

Accordingly the marriage took place last week. There was a rumor that Alexandre Dumas was about to dramatise the incident. Perhaps he has already done so.—*Boston Gazette.*

Couldn't Subscribe.

A pair of those interesting entertaining ladies, who of late seem to carry on so large a business in our down-town offices and stores in the way of procuring subscriptions for new works, selling engravings of "The Father of his Country," and other notabilities, and who (the ladies) are so fascinating in manner, so delightfully importunate, so sweetly un-get-rid-able, called a morning or two since at the office of a young lawyer, to induce him, as the younger of the two expressed it, with a charming smile, "To subscribe to a most elegant work just published, to be got up in elegant style, with illustrations, &c."

"Indeed, ladies," said our friend, "I cannot, I have no doubt of the excellence of your work, but I am not in want of anything of that kind. In fact, I do not feel able at present to subscribe for any new works of any description.

The partnership of which I am a member, has lately been so imprudent as to issue a new work of their own, and the enormous expense attending its issue, not to speak of the illustrations, embellishments, and ornamental adornings with which they have seen fit to clothe the production—such unwonted outlay has really, for the present—in fact crippled me—sorry—but a fact—every word of it."

"But—ah," interposed our enterprising agentees, "perhaps we could procure you some subscribers for your work; our terms are quite reasonable. What do you call your work sir?"

"Well, we have not fully determined as yet, but I guess I shall let Mrs. S—— have her own way, and call it after myself—Charles Henry."

The ladies concluded that they had an engagement in the next block.

A new style of railroad car has been introduced on the Central Road, Massachusetts. The engine and cars are attached, separated only by a partition three feet thick. The size of the engine-room is nine by eight feet, and the extreme length of the train 46½ feet. The boiler can be heated with cold water in thirty minutes, to eighty pounds steam. The seats in the car are arranged in cabin style, which affords increased standing room.