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TERMS.

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MY FIRST PROPOSAL.

BY J. B. HAMILTON, Twas at the age when little boys, Though scarcely broken from their nurses, Begin to taste forbidden joys, To smoke cigars and write love-verses, That I, a schoolboy, first began
To scorn my little schoolboy's jacket;
And feeling every inch a man,
Fell deep in love with Lucy Hackett.

I see her now, so sweet and shy,
Just as she looked in that blue bounet,
When first, in church, I caught her eye,
And caught, too, by gazing on it;
Oh! to some harren wilderness
I longed the little duck to carry!
I knew that I must die, nuless
She would, at once, consent to marry.

One day I met her near a stile, With no one but her little sister:
I soon told all my love, and while
The younger turned its head, I kissed her!
We vowed we nevermore would part;
I vowed to her that I would rather Brave death itself than lose her heart, And that I meant to ask her father Brave death itself than lose

Soon after that I went and saw
My Lucy's pa, and had no doubt he
Would think me a good son-in-law;
(Old Hackett was both rich and gouty!)
But when, at his command. I cat But when, at his command, I sat,
And he said, plumply: "What's your business?
I felt my heart go pira-pat,
And my whole head was seized with dizz'ness.

"Respected sir! I came to claim
Your gentle daughter's hand in marriage;
And it shall be my noblest aim
To let her have a splendid carriage;
Ah! two such deeply-loving hearts
Not even death itself could sever;
And, spite of Fate's relentless darts,
In love our souls will glide for ever!"

All that, and more, I meant to say— Had learnt it all by heart, like water; But, somehow, my pluck cozed away, Like bullies when they catch a tartar; That old man's looks caused such a stir, And put my heart in such a flutter! "Please may I—marry—Lucy, sir?" Was really all that I did stutter.

"Humph!—mary Lucy!" and a twitch Seemed to be playing o'er each feature; (From fun or gout, I don't know which, But he did look like the queerest creature "Marriage, my lad, is no child's play; It isn't so, upon my honor;
Now, if my child I give away,
Pray, how much could you settle on her?

"Father is rich," I said, "and I've
Only two sisters and four brothers,
And, though the youngest now alive,
I'll get my share like all the others. I'll try, sir, as each husband tries, keep my wife from all misfortune ut then I know, when father dies, That I shall have a pretty fortune."

Oh! I remember it so well,
The way he tugged at that bell-handle!
How the tall footman he did tell,
(While my face turned white as a candle,)
"John, show this youth the door!" and, then,
Turning to me, (my deep love scorning,)
Said: "Youngster, try and call again—
When your papa is dead! Good morning!"

"AND ONE PRIVATE KILLED."

Cold words to tell a mother's doting love That her old age was desolate indeed; That the proud staff of her declining years Was taken from her, at her utmost need. Brief words—yet it was terrible to feel,

Small joy, it seemed, in that sad hour to know The field was taken and the fee was quelled Mas it for this they sent him forth in pride, A mother's blossing on his boyish head, A sister's kisses on his beardless lips, Thus to receive him, voiceless, cold and dead?

He was their all, perchance; they loved him so !

He went—and now—0, breaking hearts be still Columbia's blessing on her bravest sons Hollows the grave his precious form shall fill. God bless him! no delusive hope of gain, No glittering glory lured his youthful eye Loved his country with a boy's proud love, Counting it little e'en for her to die.

And so he went-and thus they bear him home, The orimson stain upon his golden hair, The hush of death upon his hero-heart, The heart so eager then to do and dare.

And though on earth no trumpet sounds his fame. Royally angel harps in heaven shall tell How, with his young heart full of holy zeal, The brave boy-patriot for his country fell.

PETTICOAT GOVERNMENT: Or, The Way to Rule a Husband.

'Theophilus, my love, you will not go ? said Mrs. Tims, speaking to her husband as he announced to her his intention of going that day to a dinner party at the house of his friend Ralph Rattle.

Mr. Tims had received the invitation some daya before, and he had fully made up his mind that he would go, though he kept both the invitation and the determination a secret from his young wife until the very day he was about to fulfil it, and then he only mentioned it in order that Mrs. Tims might not expect him, and keep her own dinner waiting on his account.
'Why, my dear, I must go,' replied Mr.

he assumed a resolute look and placed his hat upon the centre table, though there was a certain nervousness about the workings of Mr. Tims' eyes as he said this, enchantress, and the air was fragrant with freedom as for the influence he possessed from which one might have inferred that the use of the imperative mood cost him no had not actually and deliberately intended end to this acquaintance,' Mrs. Tims would

which meekness and reproach were equally blended, and she sighed—a soft, suppressed sigh-though it was uttered quite loud enough for Mr. Tims to hear.
'You see, my love,' said Mr. Tims, in a

deprecatory tone, as the aforesaid sight fell upon his ear and was transported from thence to his heart, that I really cannot that might be applied, and which might or was the most determined. do otherwise without offending one of my might not be introductory to further tender oldest friends. It is so long since I have negotiation. Miss Louisa Jennings, howpaid Ralph Rattle a social visit, and I ever, had heard something about the frailty been changed, his boots had been varpromised him so faithfully that I would of young gentlemen, and she was not dis- nished, and his hair had been brushed off

'Now, Louisa,' said Mr. Tims, as he stood with the knob of the parlor door in his hand, ready to go up stairs and make | no misunderstanding him. his toilet, 'why will you be looking so miserable? You know it is not often that first, soon gathered up resolution, and he time Mr. Tims dared to look at his wife. he picked up his all and left the country.

Tims, with a ghastly smile, that almost the indications he had had, he thought a kerchief in her hand. Her eyes were red

'Indeed you are,' he replied—' so miserable that any one would imagine, if they saw you, that I am about committing a murder, instead of merely dining with an old acquaintance.

I am happy, quite happy, I assure you, not love me—' and, as he said this, mr. and as she said this the tears started to her eyes. Mr. Tims felt his resolution gradually giving way, but he made a to a low, murmuring, half-breathed sigh.

In the love me—' and, as he said this, mr. Tims, nysterically, and in a moment while Miss Louisa Jennings gave utterance to a low, murmuring, half-breathed sigh.

Tims, in a low, plaintive voice, which the local description of the local description. room. Mrs. Tims listened a moment and her face (which had been the fac-simile of ted his affection.

woe) was brightened by an arch smile.

pretty little wife; but even in that short by avoiding the confession of the fact. intensely, with a love that could never be himself-a change which he never had but it is better that I should suffer pain anticipated, and the realization of which he than that you should. Farewell, Miss could scarcely credit. Not that Mr. Jennings—may you ever be happy!' sive Theophilus Tims was a man to be in bodily Saying this, Mr. Tims seized his hat in a ly.

lords of the creation, and would have induced him, for the mere support of the dignity of his sex, to have resisted and now delighted Mr. Tims.

quelled that authority.
'I never was created to be hen-pecked?' was an observation that Mr. Tims had made to himself many a time, and oft both before and since his marriage, and he sincerely believed it. But Mr. Tims was a this feeling, and to regard you only as a wife never finds fault with him.' sensitive man, a very sensitive man, and he friend.' had a holy horror of saying or doing any-Mr. Tims anxiously desired to be happy himself, and he ardently wished every one | nings, 'have you looked into your own with whom he was connected to be happy heart, and have you studied mine, and can also, and he had a nervous dread of being you still ask the question? a rock on which the happiness of some one fear had made Mr. Tims oscillate for a could still ask the question. long time on the bachelor's list, and it was sion that he should not marry. 'For,' nothing but boundless devotion could so acoustomed to my jovial bachelor's life that, to be regular and methodical, will be absolutely unendurable to me; and to be otherwise might cause a wife to be wretch-

ed, which would be something not to be thought of. If I could only find,' Mr. Tims would observe, 'an agreeable young lady who would be satisfied to take me as be tempting; or if she had a spice of the the pleasure of connubial felicity.

Miss Jennings walked like a sylph and sung like a nightingale, and was, moreover, sipated friends. He gave up his card acquiesce in any arrangement. a very sensible and intelligent girl. She had always thought that, as a matter of clubs, his gunning excursions, and all the so before her, and her father-good, easy decided him. man-had been all the better for it, and, indeed, had never suspected that he was entirely ruled by his wife.

ness and acquiscence, it is not to be won- complying. dered that Mr. Tims thought he had found his having entirely his own way.

bachelor's life her lover had been leading, thority on the part of his wife. and she studied his disposition pretty closely: the result of her investigations. nowever, did not discourage her with the own feelings, and act as I please, without prospect the future presented. She had regard to consequences. I have neglected suffered the credulous Mr. Tims to believe all my old friends-all fine fellows, too !everything he chose, while she deliberately except Ralph Rattle, and I never mention made up her own mind in regard to the his name but Louisa looks as if I was about tactics it would be necessary to pursue in to plant a dagger in her heart. 'Tis true, order to cool down his ardent spirits, he is a little wild for a married man, as he temper his wild notions of matrimonial is, but still his wife loves him and takes liberty, and render him a bearable, reason- no notice of his slight eccentricities .-

nable, and obedient husband. Until the question was actually ever, was not brought about until after himself, and, as a commencement, he dewas a delightful evening in the month of bachelor dinner party, to be given the May when Mr. Tims asked the important following week by his friend, Ralph Rattle. question that was to decide his fate. moon was beaming brightly in the little parlor, in which he sat all alone with his Mrs. Tims looked at him with a glance in but there was something in the atmosphere, with Mr. Tims, and I need not be alarmed to put the direct question on that occasion; something perhaps in the position he oc- for the future.' This was the state of cupied, that was irresistible. He hesitated a moment as the dialogue took such a turn as dialogues between young ladies engagement to dinner. After the prelimand young gentlemen will sometimes take, inary scene we have witnessed, Mr. Tims and then out it came! Not a positive 'will had gone up stairs to dress. Both parties you have me? but a supposititious case, had made up their minds, but Mrs. Tims blank to the mark, and he asked the

offered himself with considerable noncha-Am I looking miserable? asked Mrs. who has no idea of being refused; for, from stead Mrs. Tims held her cambric handrefusal out of the question. He was, therefore, not a little staggered when his proposition was received with considerable hesitation.

'I thought—I thought—' stammered for the door. 'I will be back early, my Mr. Tims, as he observed these signs and love, said he, by way of a consoling fare-I am not miserable, Theophilus, said listened to sundry ominous words; and well. Mrs. Tims; 'I am slightly indisposed, but then he added, abruptly, 'But if you do not love me—' and, as he said this, Mr.

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Mrs. Tims, 'Y and 'Y a

What a vain coxcomb I have been! thought Mr. Time, and then he asked her heard him go up stairs, and the next instant aloud if he dared hope that she reciproca-Really,' said Miss Jennings, 'the idea

Mr. Theophilus Tims had been married Tims, as the lady hesitated; 'you cannot Mrs. Tims, wildly; 'or if I must love, why but a very few months to his young and love me, and you would spare my feelings was I doomed to love so passionately, so time he had discovered a great change in This discovery is painful to me, Louisa; returned? fear of a woman! Not he, indeed; for very malicious manner, and looked at the there was no individual who would more top of it as if he had serious intentions of rigorously have resisted direct attempt to knocking the crown in. He then glanced my happiness! assume that masculine article of dress, a second time at the lovely fair, and prevulgarly called breeches; and a word of pared to make a real tragic exit; but a ness is affected by my going or staying, authority from a woman would have aroused tender, half-dttered 'Oh Theophilus!' plead Mr. Tims, apologetically. every recollection of his being one of the brought him immediately to the feet of the beautiful Louisa again.

'Only too well!' sighed Louisa. ' And why, dearest, would you not say was an observation that Mr. Tims had so ?' asked the transported Theophilus.

'Oh! Theophilus,' exclaimed Miss Jen-

Mr. Tims intimated that he had done was doomed to be wrecked. This nervous both, and he modestly declared that he

'I have feared your constancy,' a matter of considerable surprise to him when he found himself seriously paying ophilus, that I should be exquisitely attention to a young lady. He had re- wretched if I did not meet with an equal peately argued the matter with himself, return for my affection. My nature canand almost invariably came to the conclu- not be contented with ordinary love;

said Mr. Tims, solioquizing, 'I have been gratify me -a devotion as limitless as my own would be to you, and which I have feared you could not render.' Her views were further explained on the subject, and, what is a little surprising, Mr. Tims appeared to be perfectly delighted with them, and was as ready with protestations as she was with suggestions that called for them. The engagement was,

they were both perfectly contented and clined, and the more she insisted the more termagant in her nature, and would under-take to control me in such a manner that 1 might think opposition a virtue, even interfered mightily with his bachelor hab- never more visit Ralph Rattle. then I might be happy; but to give pain its and his bachelor parties; for whenever to a loving heart, it is horrible—it is really too horrible! No,' Mr. Tims would contoo horrible! No,' Mr. Tims would conto horrible! No,' Mr. Tims would contoo horribl clude, as he would drop into a brown anywhere he should not have been-in as he demurely sat by her side, instead of clude, as he would drop into a brown anywhere he should not have been—in study, it is too great a risk to run, and any place which an embryo married man rattling away, as he anticipated, with the all in debt, and as soon as successful beg-I fear I must, therefore, deprive myself of should not be—he was sure to meet with champagne at his friend Rattle's. It is such glances of wo, such looks of tearful needless to quote Mr. Tims' reply; suffice But Mr. Tims was not destined to re- sorrow, that he invariably concluded in it to say that he did not dine with Mr. main a single man. It was his fate to fall his own mind that he must be a monster, Rattle that day, nor did he ever again pay wretches stretch themselves on the floor, most violently in love with Miss Louisa and he would promise amendment, not him a premeditated visit. He had been

One by one he dropped his gay and dis- did not love her was sufficient to make him course, she would some day be married; little masculine amusements he had been happy. She is conscious (without hinting and she had made up her mind that, when- wont to delight in. He did all this, however such a consummation was brought ever, not without a great struggle; but a everything, while he thinks that, in yieldabout, she would keep her husband in word of reproachful sorrow from Louisa, proper discipline. Her mother had done and a glance of her tearful eyes, always

'Never mind,' he would say to himself sometimes, 'we shall soon be married, and Petticoat Government. then it will be different; Louisa will not As Miss Jennings was all smiles, mild- be so exacting, and I shall hardly feel so

They were married soon afterwards, but just the lady to suit him-one who would the performance of the ceremony and lapse love him devotedly, but who had such an of the honey-moon did not alter either him elevated opinion of man's prerogative, that or Mrs. Tims. At length he began to she would not find fault with or grieve at grow restive when he found himself sobered down into a respectable and dutiful hus-Miss Jennings had heard of the wild band, and without any assumption of au-

'It won't do,' said Mr. Tims to himself

- 'it won't do at all! I must consult my

Would to heaven Louisa was like her! and Mr. Tims sighed as he fell into a re-'popped,' Mr. Tims had matters and things | flective mood, the result of which was that It so happened that of all his friends, Mr. Rattle was the one most feared by say, 'I shall be able to do what I please feeling between the young married couple when Mr. Tims announced to his wife his

Mr. Tims came down into the parlor with his party suit on. His linen had come, that really he would consider my posed to understand parables. She affected from his brow, as of yore he had been not to know at what the young man was accustomed to brush it. Mr. Tims held Mrs. Tims sighed again, and louder than aiming, and at length, by her bewitching his gloves in the same hand with his neat simplicity, she brought him finally point little whalebone cane, while with his other hand he prepared to seize his hat, which question in such a manner that there was still lay upon the table where he had left

it. The hat was smoothed and properly lance-very much with the air of a man before he came down stairs, and in its Mr. Tims glanced at her.

'I suppose I am a brute!' murmured Mr. Tims, as he prepared to make a dash

seemed to indicate that her life depended upon the answer.

'I really must go this time, my love, replied Mr. Tims, who looked quite un-equal to the task before him; but if it He shall not go, that's flat!' said Mrs. has been presented so suddenly, so unex- causes you so much pain, I will not again Time, as she took up an annual and amused pectedly, that—that—that—that—the country, so unex—causes you so much pant. Bask you, and then the thing would herself by looking over the sugravings, at I see how it is, Louisa, exclaimed Mr. Why, oh I why did I ever love? oried her mind; that was all she said!

'You are unjust, Louisa,' said Mr. Tims, who, as usual, found himself on the defen-'You know I love you, and sinceresive. 'And yet,' said Mrs. Tims, sobbing,

'you refuse to sacrifice a dinner party to 'I don't see, my love, how your happi-

'That is because you will not, Theophilus,' replied Mrs. Tims-' because you will 'Then you do love me?' exclaimed the not believe that my happiness is interwoven with yours, and I fell that your hap-

piness is threatened.' 'Everything I do causes you unhappi-

And would you be satisfied, Theophi 'And why have you done this?' asked lus,' said Mrs. Tims, 'if I could look with thing that might remotely or immediately Mr. Tims, giving way to all the astonish-indifference at your every action? Could be wounding to the feelings of another. ment he felt. you believe that I loved you if I could uncomplainingly see you pursue a course I knew would render you unhappy? Oh! Theophilus, I have thought that you appreciated the fond affection of this throbbing heart, but I find you do not, and I am

pouring the treasures of my best love upon desert soil. Mr. Tims endeavored in vain to exculpate himself.

'Go, Theophilus, go!' exclaimed Mrs. Tims, in an agony of grief, seek Mr. Rattle and be happy with him. I will never again interfere with your pleasures. Henceforth I will conceal my feelings from you. I will suffer without a murmur, nor shall you ever again have cause to feel that my love is tiresome, is an annoyance

to you.'
Before his wife had finished, Mr. Time had almost forgotten Ralph Rattle and his party, and, as she concluded, he took off his hat, he put down his gloves, and he placed his cane quietly in one corner of I am-to love me, but to be indifferent therefore, entered into, to their mutual the room. Still Mrs. Tims urged him to dirty, fat, and bloated. At times as high about my habits—then matrimony might satisfaction, and for that night, at least, fulfil his engagement, but he positively deresolute he became, until at length he declared unequivocally that he would

'Am I not a foolish creature to be so Jennings, a pretty, little, sentimental only to the lady, but also internally to thoroughly broken, and ever afterward the mere insinuation from Mrs. Tims that he are abroad going from door to door, been here so much longer than I have can't

> Notwithstanding all that has been related, Mr. and Mrs. Tims live together very at the fact) that she has her own way in ing to her notions, he is paying only a slight tribute to her intense affection for buried. him, and he has not the most remote idea that he is one of the humblest subjects of

MALICE OUTWITTED.

The owner of a saw-mill in the country, having a little enmity against a neighboring farmer, laid no less a plan of revenge than to get him arraigned as a thief, convicted, and sent to the penitentiary. But as the honesty of his neighbor afforded him some of his own property upon the other's premises; so that, it being found there, it might be proof of his guilt. For this having his own mark on, and at dead of night dumped them into the field near his happen to be as fast asleep as his enemy supposed. He heard a noise, or thought he heard one; and getting up pretty soon after to satisfy himself on the subject, by the help of a lantern he found a load of boards, with his neighbor's mark upon them. How they came there and why entirely his own way. This crisis, how- he thought it behooved him to disenthral His course was promptly taken. Allowing they came there, flashed upon him at once. some months' preliminary courtship. It termined to accept an invitation to a into bed, so that the light of the burning pile might not be detected, he set fire to the boards, which being well seasoned, were in a few minutes entirely consumed. Early in the morning, as the farmer had

anticipated, the sawyer came with a constable and search warrant, to look for his property. You are suspected, said the officer,

of having taken a thousand of boards from this man, and by virtue of this warrant I hold in my hand, I must search your premises.' 'Very well,' replied the farmer, 'you

are at liberty to search as much as you please. But if you find the boards, I'll engage to eat them for my breakfast.' You'll have something harder to digest than that, I fancy,' said the sawyer with a

He then triumphantly led the way to where he had dumped the boards, where he confidently expected to find them, and lo! there was nothing but a heap of ashes! His disappointment, chagrin and mortification may be judged of. He sneaked away home; and the secret of his foul plot getting wind in the neighborhood, the ghost from the ashes of the load of boards never ceased to annoy him; until taking advantage of the darkness of another night,

Dirt makes corn, corn makes bread and meat, and that makes a very sweet young lady that I saw one of you kissing last night. So, after all, you were kissing dirt—particularly if she whitens her skin with chalk or fuller's earth.— There is no telling, young gentlemen, what is dirt. Though I must say that rubbing such stuff upon the beautiful skin of a young lady is a dirty practice. 'Pearl powder,' I think, is made of bismuthnothing but dirt.'

To Children and fools, says the old adage, always tell the truth. 'Mother sent me,' said a little girl to a neighbor, 'to ask you to come and take tea with her this evening.'
Did she say at what time, my dear?'

No, ma'am; she only said she would one inquired 'What is it?'

"THE BUMMER."

The word 'Bummer' is a late acquisition to our language. Neither Webster nor Worcester, in their respective lexicons, have noticed the term. Nevertheless, it is one of much significance, and is comprehensive in its meaning. It is used by those who are adepts in slang terms to denote a wretched, forsaken, dissipated man. Whenever a man has become lost to a sense of shame, destitute of the means of living, is an object of derision to the thoughtless, and of pity to the compassionate, he is styled a 'Bummer.' While the 'Bummer' may occasionally be found in the country village, he is peculiarly indigenous to the city, where he and his confreres abound in great variety and perfection. His haunts are the lowest and young lady, struck with the idea, and being vilest localities, where his bestial appetites naturally fond of bathing, especially in are gratified to excess, and where the low- warm weather, as it then was, took the est depths of degradation are reached in advice of the captain, who had a boat ready the easiest possible manner. Hundreds manned, in case of accident. Accordingly, infest this city, and can be daily seen creeping along the streets, pleading for alms in the most importunate manner, or sneakingly on the lookout for some article which they may steal without the probability of arrest. The Bummer thrives best near a market house, and there are several localities near the Centre market I to do with them now, they are so wet? where numbers of them rendezvous. No Says the captain, Take the dry one! description can adequately convey a cor- And the young lady did, and married him. rect idea of the Bummer. It is necessary to visit his haunt to fully appreciate him. weather-boarded shanty, that has withstood it has been necessary to repair the build-

Mrs. C. keeps a groggery in a little the storms of nearly a century. Of course ing occasionally, and this has been done in the most homely manner. Externally the shanty looks as though a gust of wind would tumble it to the ground, and internally the walls, and ceilings, and partitions have the appearance of a bed quilt, being the following method: that some time when rooms are dingy in the extreme, and the floors black with dirt. The front room is snaped like a comm, and love in class street set apart as a bar-room. One or two sciousness restored. benches afford the sitting accommodaas fifteen or twenty Bummers are congregated in the small apartment. Those who have been fortunate or unfortunate enough to secure during the day a sufficient amount of poisonous whisky to stupify them, are ging secures a few pennies they are handed over to her, and credit is given to the

persons on the streets for money. Frequently they return to the groggery with pockets filled with cold meat and bread, and after satisfying their appetites, if any food is left, it is secreted in some crevice, and in some cases, when fears are entertained that it will be stolen, it is

If by accident or otherwise a respectably dressed person enters, the Bummers throng around him, claim an acquaintance, and insist on being treated. Mrs. C. is sure to put in a word, and in a sympathetic tone assures the stranger that the "poor creatures have not had a drop during the morning.' The Bummer knows no refusal. If the stranger attempts to leave, he is seized by some portion of his garments, and finds at last that to treat is the cheapest and no fair grounds of accusation, he resorted easiest way to get clear. Many of these to the foul expedient of secretly conveying poor creatures once occupied respectable positions in society, and not unfrequently revert to their former condition as a palliation for misconduct. Not a day passes but purpose he took a thousand of boards, a number of Bummers are arraigned before the magistrates at the several stationhouses. They make their appearance at neighbor's house. But the farmer did not the bar wearing an air of injured dignity, and in a consequential tone demand the cause of their arrest. Habituated to seeking the station-house as a lodging-place, they are under the impression that they went there the night previous of choice, and indignantly repel the charge of being found drunk and asleep on a cellar-door. They listen attentively, to the testimony of the officer who arrested them, at the conclusion of which they look into the officer's face, and remark, 'you're a perjured man,' or perhaps, in less chaste language, assure the witness that he has sworn to a lie. To the magistrate, in indignant words, the Bummer protests his innocence, but on finding that it is the determination of the Justice to send him over the falls for a fortnight, his demeanor changes, he acknowledges the justness of the charge, and beseechingly begs for mercy. Over he goes, however. The cells of the third and fourth corridors of the prison are set spart for the accommodation of Bummers, and generally they are well filled. Not

unfrequently more than half the prisoners confined are of this class. A visitor to the jail, in passing along these corridors, is stopped at every cell door by the occupant, who begs a chew of tobacco, and if the visitor is not addicted to the use of the weed, he is blessed with a curse, and told to 'get out of this.' Unless committed as a vagrant, the Bummer's term of imprisonment is over in two weeks. As rapid as his feet will carry

| CREAT WESTERN INSURANCE AND TRUST COMPANY OF PHILADRIPHIA. THE CHAPATTER PERPETUAL.

| Fire Insurance on Stores, Dwellings, Public Buildings, and Merchandise generally, limited or Perpetual. Prime Insurance on Houses, Berns and Contents, Sock, Prime Insurance on Stores, Dwellings, Public Buildings, and Prime Insurance on Houses, Berns and Contents, Sock, Prime Insurance on Stores, Dwellings, Public Buildings, and Prime Insurance on Houses, Berns and Contents, Sock, Prime Insurance on Stores, Dwellings, Public Buildings, and Prime Insurance on Houses, Berns and Contents, Sock, Prime Insurance on Houses, Berns and Contents, S where a few more days are spent in wretched and woeful dissipation, and he again finds quarters in prison. This life is continued, with occasional, but brief, lapses into sobriety by the survivors, when the coroner checks their downward career for a few days by holding an inquest over the body of one who did not wake from his drunken sleep, or who, staggering along in the darkness of night, stepped into the dock and found death in an element which he had scrupulously avoided the use of for vears .- Baltimore News Sheet

The following notice was found asted on the bulletin of a Western Post Office, up Nick Whiffles' way : Lost-a red kaf. He had a white spot

on 1 of his legs. He was a she kaf. I will give thre dolers to everybudi wut will bring hym hum.' Boys, said Uncle Peter, as he examined the points of the animal, 'I don't

see but one reason why that mare can't trot her mile in three minutes." They gathered round to hear this oracular opinion, and Why,' he ask you, and then the thing would be off replied, the distance is too great for so short a time.

A SHORT STORY BY DICKENS. Dickens COMETHING FOR THE TIMES! tell the following story of an American sea

captain: On his last vayage home, the captain had on board a young lady of remarkable personal attractions-a phrase I use as one being entirely new, and one you never meet with in the newspapers. This young lady was loved intensely by five young gentlemen, passengers, and, in turn, she was in love with them all very ardently, but without any particular preference for either. Not knowing how to make up her determination in this dilemma, she consulted my friend, the captain. The captain, being a man of an original turn of mind says to the lady, Jump overboard, and marry the man who jumps after you.' The the next morning, the five lovers being on deck, and looking very devotedly at the young lady, she plunged into the sea headforemost. Four of the lovers immediately jumped in after her. When the young lady and her four lovers were got out again, she says to the captain : What am

A CONFIRMED CASE. - A gentleman of excellent habits and very amiable disposition, was so unfortunate as to have a wife of a very different character; in short, one that would get beastly drunk. Being in company with a few intimates one evening, one of them remarked to him, that if she was his wife-since all other things had failed-he dead drunk, she should be laid in a box

A few evenings after, the dame being in a proper state, the plan was put into execution; and after the box lid was properly secured, the party before alluded to watched, each in turn, to witness the result .-About daylight next morning the watch heard a movement, laid himself down by the box, when her ladyship, after bumping her head a few times, was heard to say :

'Bless me! where am I?' The outsider answered, in a sepulchral tone: ' Madam, you are dead and in the other world. A pause ensued, after which the lady inquired again: 'Where are you?' 'Oh! I am dead, too,' said he. 'Can you tell amount paid. At night the miserable wretches stretch themselves on the floor, or, driven from the house, seek lodgings in the relies station. At early down they mere insinuation from Mrs. Tims that he are abroad, going from door to door, begyou tell me where I can get a little gin

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