"The Democrat."

O. G. HEMPSTEAD, Editor and Proprietor.

TERMS—ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS a year, cash in advance, or two dollars if not paid until the end of the year or time of subscription.

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One Square, (twelve lines, or less,) 3 insertions,	$1 00
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One Square, 3 months,	2 50
" " 6 months,	4 00
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☞ All kinds of JOB WORK neatly and expeditiously done on favorable terms.

Poetry.

Extract from the "Night Reverie."

BY ALTADA THE SOLITAIRE.

* * * E'er circling Night! propitious hour,
Thy dusky shadows perched on hill and tower,
Imperious, summon Nature to repose,
And soothe in sleep remembrance of her woes.
Sweet hours of rest! lost in thy lov'd delights,
All spectres vanish, hateful to the sight;
In dreamy consciousness aloft we fly,
Thro'realms and realms unpierc'd by mortal eye;
Converse with gods, unearthly visits make,
Till waking hours the glorious visions break,
Wildly we start, amaz'd, reality it seems,
Alas! too sadly true, tis all a dream.
Thus passes fitful, feverish life away:
Visions of hope illuminate the day:
In fairest dreams we hail immortal joy,
Quaff deep the cup unmingled with alloy,
The bubble bursts, the fitful dream is o'er:
The main is passed, high looms the cliffy shore!

* * * * * *

Horrific Night! e'er light, or earth, or sea,
Sprang from the depths of dark immensity,
Ascendant then thy reign, unpierc'd thy gloom,
As drear thy shades as chaos of the tomb.
The hour arrived, the auspicious moment nigh,
Peals the loud summons from His throne, the sky,
Subservient, darken'd elements obey,
Then roll o er all the glorious light of day.
He spake, twas done! forth sprang this earthly sphere,
And rolling time proclaimed the first-born year.
Then pleas'd, the all-seeing Eye survey'd
Earth wheeling thro' the solitary shade,
Nor plant, nor shrub, nor being flower illum'd,
The barren space nor freshen'd nor perfum'd.
He spake! the imperious fiat hurled,
And parted waters tumbled round the world.
The sea its bounds, in wildest grandeur waves,
The rolling tide its rocky rampart lave,
Its farthest limit reached, backw and it rolls,
Almighty power the weltering deep controls.
Now solid earth appears, the mountains high
Rear their proud peaks and pierce the distant sky,
Forth from their deepest bowels gushing fountains leap,
And murmuring rivlets down the gorges sweep,
Impetuous, mingling waters ceaseless glide,
And swell tumultuous ocean's wavy tide.
He speaks! and earth in living green array'd:
Transcendent beauty lights the dusky shade—
Fairest of flowers all deck'd in gorgeous hue,
Bloom to the wild and feast the enraptur'd view:
Sweetest of incense floating breezes swell,
And circling zephyrs fan each lonely dell;
Primeval life, assume thy bright array,
Nature rejoice, all hail the new-born day!
Supernal Light, He speaks—'tis done!
Forth from dark chaos leaps the dazzling sun.
Mounts his bright car, his fiery courses wheel
High up the sky, the flashing light reveals,
Earth, sea, and flowers rejoicing in his rays,
And answering hill and dale resounding praise.
Far golden orb on swifter pin on flies,
Measures the blue expanse of arched skies,
Then sinking downward, wearied journey run,
Premature ends he bobbis the setting sun
Resplendent light still more resplendent glows,
Calmly it sinks as to a night's repose.
Now gathering shades a deepening, fill,
And midnight darkness veils terrestrial hall.
Not long thy reign, see yonder streaming light,
Foretells her coming, Crescent Queen of Night,
Amazement all the vaporing darkness flies,
Forth walks pale Luna herald of the skies,
Bright o'er the earth her silvery lightning streams
And silent Nature hails her mellow beams.

* * * * * *

Montrose, March 12

THE WIDOW'S STRATAGEM:

OR

HOW TO ENTRAP A HUSBAND.

BY PAUL CRAYTON

Mr. Benjamin McArthur had been dead two years. Mrs. Benjamin McArthur had put off her mourning and was once more in the market. Mrs. Benjamin McArthur had undoubtedly loved her late husband as it becomes good and faithful wives to love their lords, but like a sensible woman she had not allowed grief to kill her, nor to destroy her beauty, nor to embitter her life with melancholy. On the other hand, she consoled herself with the pleasant reflection that there were single men left, as handsome, manly and devoted, as the late Mr. McArthur; and in two years time, dating from his death, she appeared as fair, buxom, and bewitching, as at the period when she was first made a bride.

Mrs. McArthur, then, was once more in the market. She had a snug little property—just enough for comfort; and not being blessed with children, it was quite natural that she should cherish the very benevolent wish that some kind soul might enjoy her competency with her. But nobody seemed disposed to take upon himself the responsibility of filling the place lately occupied by the lamented Mr. McArthur, and Mrs. McArthur, in consequence, still remained a widow.

"It's a little strange," said Mrs. McArthur to herself one day, resting her arms on a table and her chin on her palms—"it's a little strange that nothing turns up; and it's now going on three years since Mr. McArthur departed this life. I could get married now with all the propriety in the world, if anybody would propose. I wish I could think of some way to bring the man out!"

After long and serious deliberation, the wife of the lamented Mr. McArthur thought of a wise expedient. She resolved to advertise! Do not imagine that it was her intention to give notice to all men in general, and to single ones in particular, that she wanted a husband, for she was too shrewd and modest to commit such an indiscretion. She resolved to have recourse to an innocent bit of stratagem, to entrap a husband, and on the following morning this announcement appeared in one of the morning papers:

A Single Gentleman, in want of a home, may hear of a desirable situation in a small family, where there are no boarders, by applying at 16 Dedham Place.

Little did the bachelors who glanced their eyes carelessly over this announcement, suspect that it was a man-trap, set by a buxom widow! Had they known the full meaning of this notice, how eagerly would the anti-shirt button, anti-domestic and anti-comfort societies have rushed to the abode of the widow of the late lamented Mr. McArthur, at No. 18 Dedham Place! As it was, the individuals who called during the course of the day to look at the accommodations for single gentlemen, were far from numerous, and not exactly of the right sort to please the widow.

Those only who have set man-traps and watched for their victims, can have any idea of Mrs. McArthur's anxiety during all that day, and the perturbation of her heart whenever she heard the door-bell ring

The first uncon-cious candidate for the place formerly occupied by the lamented Mr. McArthur, was a dapper fellow, at least ten years younger than the widow, and altogether too gay to suit the fancy of so sober and quiet a lady Therefore, when the youthful candidate demanded the price for rent or board, our shrewd heroine mentioned an exorbitant sum, which she knew the dapper young man would not be foolish enough to pay.

"Whew!" whistled the young man, smiling contemptuously; "I can't go any such nonsense as that Twelve dollars a week! I didn't suppose you would ask more than six at the most"

"Very well," said the widow of the late lamented Mr. McArthur, "you are not obliged to take the room."

"But I like it—and like the locality," pursued the candidate; "and if you would say eight dollars—"

"Couldn't think of anything less than twelve, sir," interrupted the widow, firmly. And she made haste to show the stranger to the door

Scarce had the dapper young man gone, when the door-bell rattled again, and the widow's heart was thrown into a state of perturbation. A second candidate was admitted, and you may well imagine that Mrs. McArthur was not a little eager to behold his countenance and judge of his eligibility. What was her horror at seeing a short, sharp-featured, ill-dressed, miserly-looking individual with but one arm, and eyes that "looked two ways for Sunday" Of course, the dignity of the relict of the late lamented Mr. Benjamin McArthur would not allow her to think of making her husband's memory, by taking to fill his place, such a looking object as the second candidate we have just described The widow actpted the same alternative for getting rid of him which had been so successful with the dapper youth, and found even less difficulty in effecting her object The sharp-featured individual seemed actually frightened at the mere mention of twelve dollars a week, and took himself away in haste, as if he feared lest the widow's charms might seduce him to make the sacrifice.

After his departure several applicants called, none of whom suited the widow's idea of what the man ought to be who was to fill the place of the late lamented Mr McArthur. Some were too old, some were too young, some were too slabby, some too genteel, some too handsome, some too plain; some she felt sure she could never love, and others, she was equally certain, could never love her. Hence the relict of the late Mr. McArthur was beginning to despair.

At length an encouraging circumstance caused her to hope. Just as she was on the point of making up her mind to honor the memory of her late lamented husband by remaining single during the rest of her life, a new candidate appeared, who struck the widow so favorably at first sight, that she determined to make choice of him to the successor of the worthy Mr McArthur.

The last applicant was one of the best-natured looking men the widow had ever seen, and she know at a glance that he would make a kind husband. He was about forty years of age, quite corpulent, and not exceedingly bad-looking, in spite of a shady beard, which was the first to attract the widow's notice. He had a full, highly colored face, eyes of a most mild and benign expression, and teeth which bore no marks of tobacco! The stranger was plainly dressed in black, and he carried a formidable cane, which the widow thought was just the thing for so heavy a man, and fancied to be a great source of terror to all the dogs in the neighborhood where it was most seen.

"You have apartments for a single gentleman, I believe," said the new comer very politely.

The widow replied in the affirmative, accompanying her words with one of her sweetest smiles, and invited the stranger to look at the apartments. As she glanced at his portly form, and observed his dignified carriage as he proceeded up stairs, she thought how worthy a successor he would make to the late lamented Mr. McArthur, and inwardly resolved that he should not depart from her house without first engaging board and lodgings under her hospitable roof.

The portly individual examined the aspect of the room with a look of satisfaction, and drummed with his fingers on the ivory head of his heavy cane abstractedly. It was quite a large room, and furnished in excellent style for comfort, and the portly individual was not the man to despise such promising appearances.

"Well," said he, thoughtfully, "I can't find any fault with the room—in fact, I think it's just what would suit me; and now, if you and I can agree—"

"Oh, there is no doubt about that, I assure you," interrupted the widow, with a most bewitching smile. "If the room pleases you, I think we can easily adjust the terms"

"Hum—possibly," said the candidate. "I shall want you to find fuel and lights, and serve me my dinners at two o'clock, at my own room. Breakfast and tea I will take with the family. I want a sort of home to go to—a place where I can find comfort. You know what I mean."

"I think I understand you," said the widow; "and I think you will have no reason to regret trying *me* for your housekeeper."

"No doubt—no doubt. I like the appearance of things. Now, then, the terms."

"Eight dollars a week, sir."

"Eight dollars! hem—eight!" muttered the candidate, with an ominous shake of the head. "Rather high, that, seems to me."

"If I find fuel and lights, and serve your dinner in your own room," suggested the widow.

"Oh, there is something in that I know. But eight, ma'am, I must confess, appears to me as rather too much, after all. I don't think I could afford to pay so much, altho' you may find twenty others who could pay it easily."

"Perhaps," said the widow; "but I want a permanent lodger, and one I can depend upon If you will take the room for any length of time, sir, I wouldn't mind about putting it to you as low as seven dollars a week. Them that pay the highest ain't always the surest, you know; and a bird in the hand's worth two in the bush. I'd rather be sure of seven than have the promise of fourteen."

"Just so," said the last candidate, looking benignly at the widow—"just so. Now I shall probably remain with you a year or two, at least—if we both like—as we shall of course—"

"Of course," repeated the widow blushing.

"And if you think you could afford to take me on trial at six dollars a week, why I'll have my trunks sent up here immediately."

The widow hesitated, but not long: six dollars a week was very low—too low; but the prospect of getting a husband, by making a little sacrifice overcame all her scruples. What was two dollars a week, when a worthy successor to the late lamented Mr. McArthur was in question?

So the bargain was made, and on the following day, Major Sipley—such was the candidate's name—arrived with bag and baggage at the house occupied by the buxom widow.

It was a cold day in autumn, and the venerable Major—for Major he was—making a cheerful fire blazing in his apartment, had every thing put in order for his reception. The widow herself was there to wait on him, and she pulled the rocking-chair to the fire for him, and took his hat and cane, talking and smiling all the time in her most captivating style. Oh, the happy Major! he had just then every reason to consider himself the luckiest dog alive.

In half an hour, the Major felt himself perfectly at home Sitting down before a cheerful fire, with his slippered feet upon a warm, soft rug, and with his newspaper in his hand, he could not help repeating to himself with unbounded satisfaction—

"Most desirable accommodations—comforts in abundance—an agreeable and kind-hearted widow—*and all for six dollars a week!*"

And chuckling audibly the delighted Major lighted a cigar, and throwing himself back lazily in his chair, puffed away with fresh energy and resolution. Oh, the happy, fortunate Major!

It was not for a day, only, that these comforts lasted; but every afternoon, as the Major came home from his place of business, he found some new manifestation of the widow's astonishing and unaccountable kindness, and of his unexpected and unmerited good luck His dinners were made up of choice bits which no man could help but relish, and plum puddings, of which the Major was particularly fond, smoked every day upon his table His coffee in the morning was always hot and palateable, and he never needed good sugar and pure milk to season it withal In short, he lived like a retired nabob. But the luxuries of the table were the least of the luxuries he enjoyed. Every day he found that some kind soul—(who could it be?)—had kindly placed a dish of apples and choice nuts upon his table, and prepared a sort of surprise for him by covering them with a napkin. Once he perceived that the paper of pins he had fastened upon the wall had been taken down, and that all the pins had been stuck in a beautiful pin-cushion, which he saw for the first time as it lay upon his dressing table. If ever he happened to drop a handkerchief anywhere in his room, he was sure to find it, on his return home, washed, ironed and neatly done up lying on the bureau. More than once, the lucky Major observed that his shirts had found buttons in a most mysterious manner, and that divers old garments, he had stowed away in his wardrobe, had been mended nicely and secretly, as if by fairy hands. His clothes were always brushed during his absence, and often the Major found his boots and shoes polished. Pictures were hung about his room gratuitously, and any quantity of natural curiosities and ornaments of art deporated the mantel-piece. Moreover, the bed clothes, the room, and the furniture in it, were kept scrupulously clean, not even a speck of dust could the lucky fellow rub off of articles even in the most obscure corners. His tooth brush and nail brush the Major found one day hung in loop holes manufactured out of pink ribbon, and erected directly over the wash-stand. He never came after dark, without finding a lamp burning in his room, and he never returned at any hour without being greeted with the bright blaze of a cheerful fire. So the Major had good reason to rub his hands occasionally, and chuckle—

"All these comforts—and a kind-hearted and agreeable widow into the bargain—*all for six dollars a w ek!*"

Once upon a time, however, there was a great change. The Major was startled.—He came home and found no fire in his room. It was dark, cold and dreary as a barn. The rocking-chair was not drawn near the hearth, as usual, and his slippers had not been placed upon the rug. There was not an apple, nor a nut, nor anything of the sort on the table; but everything was dusty, disordered and out of place. In short, the aspect of his room was so different from what the Major had been accustomed to, that he could scarcely believe that he had not entered the wrong apartment.

"Ah, ah!" muttered the Major, rapping the furniture with his cane in a manner which betokened great disappointment and irritation; "what can be the meaning of this! Hem!—suppose that my kind and intelligent landlady has discovered that keeping such lodgers don't pay. H-i-o!—It's just as I expected! I knew such a delightful state of things could not last—*all for six dollars a week!* I thought I couldn't be such a lucky dog long!"

But the Major was mistaken. He discovered how wrongly he had judged of the kind-hearted widow, when a servant girl came to apologize to him for the disorder of his room, saying that her mistress had gone away, and that she didn't know anything about making the Major's apartment comfortable. The Major was delighted to find that was all, and calling the widow an inestimable jewel, patiently went to work to make his own fire. But the fuel would not burn. Everything seemed to go wrong. Then it was he thought of the widow, and thought how he should miss her, and tho't how hard it would be even to live away from her again. The Major even wondered as he recalled to mind her many acts of kindness towards him—how he had been blind to her inestimable worth so long.

"Then what a wife she'd make!" sho't the Major.

Ah, the sagacious woman! How rightly had she judged of the salutary effect her absence for one evening would have upon the prospective successor to the late lamented McArthur!

Soon the widow returned: and then it was astonishing to see how soon the Major's apartments assumed a different aspect The fire seemed bright and warm, and comfort smiled on all

"Oh!" sighed the Major, what a lucky fellow the late McArthur must have been! Such a wife's a jewel to any man."

From that day an intimacy of the most encouraging and satisfactory nature grew up between the Major and the widow. She dined with him in his room every day, at his request, and every thing passed off as smoothly, and comfortably as one could desire.

"I'm afraid," said the widow, one day, as she sat opposite the Major at his table—"I'm afraid you find but poor accommodations here"—and she looked at her lodger compassionately——"for I'm sure you've been used to better fare and more substantial comforts."

"My dear Mrs. McArthur," said the Major, with enthusiasm, "I have nothing to desire here. You take excellent care of me—better than I deserve—far better, I assure you. Mrs. McArthur, believe me when I say that I appreciate you."

"Dear me," said the widow, blushing, "how you flatter me! But I wish you wouldn't—it seems to me that you are making fun of me."

"Mrs. McArthur," exclaimed the Major, warmly, "how you talk! You hurt my feelings, indeed you do. Don't say any thing about my insincerity again, if you've any regard for me—which I don't know as you have."

"Ah, dear me! you know I have," said the widow.

"Then believe me sincere, my dear Mrs. McArthur; I do appreciate your kindness; and I sometimes think what an enviable fellow Mr. McArthur must have been. You are a prize to the lucky man who marries you, Mrs McArthur."

"Dear me! now I know your's flattering me, Major!" said the blushing widow.

"I assure you not," pursued the Major, smiling blandly, and leaning over the table till his face almost touched the widow's; "I assure you not. I speak from my heart when I say I think you a prize. Mrs. McArthur, you *are* a prize: a prize to the extremely lucky fellow who marries you."

"I'm afraid you are the only one who thinks *so*," faltered the widow; "but—I—" she stammered—"why should I care for others?"

"Ma'am!" said the Major, with a start.

"I say," murmured the widow, "I've nobody to care for but you—and why should I——"

The Major, from some unaccountable cause, began to feel embarrassed, and made a mighty effort to change the conversation. This he did to the inexpressible regret of the widow, who thought it very interesting indeed.

But Mrs. McArthur could not complain. Hope smiled upon The Major, she felt assured, was deliberately and affectionately putting his foot into it. Already she considered him the successor of the late lamented McArthur, and she congratulated herself on the fact that every day was strengthening the ties which bound her to the Major.

One day, however, a startling circumstance occurred. A middle-aged lady called at Mrs. McArthur's house for the Major. She was a sharp-featured, uncomfortable-looking woman, and her voice struck the widow as being indicative of any thing rather than an amiable disposition. The lady demanded the Major in such an imperative manner, that Mrs. McArthur, although she knew he was in, thought fit to inquire of him whether it was his desire to see his visitor.

What could ail the Major? He turned pale, and seemed agitated on hearing the intelligence the widow imparted. He stammered, got up, sat down again, and writhed in his easy-chair in a most unaccountable manner. But at length his speech came to him and he requested the widow to show the lady to his room. "My washerwoman!" he said, observing the widow's consternation.—"a little debt I've neglected to pay till I'm a most ashamed to see her."

"His washerwoman," thought the kind-hearted widow, as she returned down stairs—"poor man, to think that he should be troubled with such people, when a wife—when I could see to having his washing done without his having care about it at all."

This interview between the Major and his laundress was of rather long duration, and the anxious widow began to fear that they found some difficulty in arranging their accounts. But at length, to her great relief, she saw the woman go away, and heard the Major close his door after her as she went out.

From that time forward a great change was observed in the appearance of the Major. He seemed troubled with melancholy reflections, and he did not smile so sweetly upon the widow as was his wont. Mrs. McArthur thought there was good reason for this, for the strange woman haunted the Major continually, repeating her visits nearly every day. Of course the widow was much concerned, for the Major did not appear to appreciate her efforts to please him as he once did, and the many comforts she showered upon him seemed now untasted.

What could be the matter with the Major?

One afternoon the Major intimated that he wished to have a little business conversation with the widow, and she accordingly called on him in his room. He was very serious, but he pressed the widow's hand more tenderly than was his wont, and regarded her with his peculiar look of kindness.

"I've been thinking" said the Major, "about—hem—you comprehend me, Mrs. McArthur—about domestic felicity."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, ma'am; I've been thinking seriously on the subject. I think I could live full as happy—hem—with a wife—hem—as without one—perhaps happier."

The widow felt the critical hour had come, and fearing to break the spell, and ruin her hopes of a successor to her lamented husband, wisely kept silent while the Major went on.

"I don't see why I should enjoy all these comforts here by myself—indeed, my dear Mrs. McArthur, it isn't right. I'm sure I should be a happier man, if I had a wife sitting where you sit now, while I sit here—don't you think so?"

"Oh, don't ask me, Major," exclaimed the blushing widow.

"But what do you think, though?"

"Well, if you want my opinion—hem—I should say—a wife is a good thing, sometimes I know Mr. McArthur used to think so."

"Mr. McArthur was probably right," said the Major. "Well now, to come to the point, my dear madam, it would be better for me—and perhaps for you—"

"Oh, Major!"

"You comprehend—you would still take care of my apartment as well—"

"Oh, better, Major, better!" exclaimed the enthusiastic relict of McArthur.

"I don't doubt it," said the Major—"You're a true woman—a prize, Mrs McArthur. But, as I was saying, if I can only get your consent, which I flatter myself I am sure of, and you will correct me, if I am wrong—"

"Oh, Major, you are *so* insinuating!" murmured the widow. "How could I say no?"

"Ah, I'm delighted!" cried the Major. "I have your consent!"

"You have! you have!"

And the widow sank half unconsciously into his arms! The Major seemed a little surprised, but continued:

"I was afraid you would not consent—"

"Oh, how could I refuse?"

"But since you are willing, *I'll bring my wife here to-morrow!*"

YOUR WIFE!" screamed the widow; and she sprang from his arms with a frantic gesture; "*your wife!*"

"To be sure," replied the Major, not a little astonished at the widow's actions—"*my* wife, of course; for I would not think of bringing any one's else here."

"But—oh, Major! oh, *you never told me you were married!*" sobbed the widow hysterically.

"Oh! oh!"

"Dear me, I thought you understood it!" exclaimed the Major. "That's my wife who has been here to see me so often lately."

"*That your wife!*"

"Yes, madam."

The Major has been heard to remark that he never saw a woman disappear so quickly as the widow did at that particular moment. Poor fellow! then he understood it all! The widow had thought he was proposing to her for her hand, when he was merely making a bargain for the accommodation of another woman. And then he saw her motives from the beginning of their acquaintance in their true light. It had all been a *man-trap*.

"Luckily," said the facetious Major to himself, "I was caught long ago, or I certainly should have been caught now. I married five years ago—have parted from my wife five times—thought I'd escaped her at last—but she found me here—and now my peace is broken, and the widow's hopes are raised! I knew these comforts couldn't last—*all for six dollars a week!*"

This time the Major was not mistaken. That very evening the widow sent in his bill, with a notice to quit.

Alas! for the disconsolate relict of the amatured Mr. McArthur, her last hope was crushed—she felt that she was destined to honor the memory of her late husband, by remaining single during the rest of her natural life. It was provoking to think every thing had failed, after she had been so kind to the Major, and kept him so well, for the mere nominal pay of six dollars a week!

And the Major—he, too, was to be pitied! He went to live with his wife once more, who was not the most pleasant woman in the world, and a life of continual turmoil and strife served forcibly to remind him, every day and every night, of the good old times of peace and comfort, when he engaged the widow McArthur's hospitality, kindness and love, for the bare consideration of only six dollars a week!

JENNY LIND—Jenny is about twenty-nine years of age. She is a native of Stockholm, and the only child of poor parents, both of whom are alive, and living in ease and independence in Switzerland. She is about five feet six inches high, of fair complexion light hair, fine figure, not beautiful, but very interesting. Her demeanor and manners are natural and graceful, and free from affectation. She has already accumulated a large fortune. Her vocal powers were full developed about twelve years ago, but she was the pride or Stockholm, even as a child. She made her first appearance at Berlin, as Agatha, in Der Freischutz, was eminently successful, and from that time, her career has been most brilliant. She will leave for the United States in September next, and will sing one hundred and fifty nights in this country and at Havana. Her first concert in the United States will be given in New York Her private secretary is now in Philadelphia on business connected with her engagement.—*Sat Post.*

Obadiah Dobson's Valentine.

SLOOP POLLY ANN, East River, Feb. 27.

To the Editors: GENTLEMEN—I'm in town again. The Polly Ann made her second trip down in good order; and arter we'd docked our traps and got things put to rights, I started out on a short cruise 'bout the city. Plenty of human natur here for observations, of a man has a reflectin turn of mind and a feelin for sermonizin. Shouldn't wonder of I took a notion to write a book some day 'bout these things. That's the best way, arter all, to get one's name up. Ef the public swallers down your work, all right. Ef it sticks in the public's throat, like a flounder-bone it causes a sort of chokin, and your sure of creatin a noise. Let the papers praise you up or blow you down, it's all the same—your name is *there*, like a sheep-skin on the gable end of a barn.

When I'd got intu Chatham street, my tention was taken by a winder chock full of little sheets of paper, with all sorts of picterfied notions on 'em. A feller standin in the door, seein as I was considerably interested, sez tu me—

"Valentines very cheap, sir. Walk in and take a look at 'em"

"Don't keer of I do," sez I, "ef you've got 'em handy."

Now, I'd read in the papers all 'bout the natur of the valentine business, and I'd made up my mind tu go in a few for the sake of Nancy Miller. Nancy is a leetle the cutest piece of gal-flesh as ever mortal set eyes on—none of your slab-footed, unyun-eaters I'bominate a gal as eats unyuns. It's kinder soft, I know, for a MAN tu be talkin 'bout sich stuff, but when I once launch out on the subject of Nancy Miller, as the sayin is, "I'm engaged for the evenin." I adore that gal. I seed her fust 'bout three years ago at an apple-parin at Deacon Spragues, but she didn't cause any pertickler sensashuns in me, tho' half a dozen other follers were dead in love with her. Arter that, I went rollickin and coastin about all long shore, down tu Maine, and fetched along side of many a fair craft in the feminin line, but never felt any of the *tender*.

'Bout two years arter I'd seen Nancy Miller, I was hangin out over the bowsprit one night, when we was out arter mackral. It was dead calm, the air was warm and still, the moon shone soft and bright on the surface of the sea as it lay smooth and quiet as sleepin innocence—and all that sort of thing. I felt tu thinkin 'bout matters in general, and Obadiah Dobson's prospects in partickler. I felt like gittin a wife, and it was the fust time I'd ever 'sperienced such feelins. Then I began to overhaul the logbook of memory, make observations on the feminines I'd met with in my ramblins, and see what could be done in the wife line.—I thought fust of two or three cousins, and then all of a sudden I hit kerplump on Nancy Miller. It was no use tryin tu think of any more. I hadn't seen nor thot of that gal for two years, and all at onst I discovered that the bow-an-stern cables of my heart was hove out, and both was fastened tu her. I could recall her in all her bewitchin sweetness, and I fairly trembled with joy tu think of her. There I'd bin for two years chock full of luv for Nancy Miller, and never knowed it. I've often seen the gal since—"all right"

Well, as I was sayin, I'd concluded tu do somethin for Nancy Miller in the way of the valentine line, just tu set her in green sin. I bought one of the feller's fanciest once—all kivered with harts, stuck thru with arrers, and a lot of fat babies dancin round the outside. At fust I didn't like the idea of havin on the little innocents; but the chap told me they was only cherubs, so I 'spozed 'twas all right.

Arter goin hom tu the sloop, I wanted some poetry for the valentine; but there was a sticker—bover'd writ the fust word of the stuff in my life. Our cook is a fellor of 'steemable edikashun, and I axed him if he knowed how tu make poetry. He told me tu take his dictionary, pick out words as would match, and then arterwards do the fillin up. But it was no go; I could make no hoodoup, so I concluded tu jest let natur have her own way, and I busted out as follows:

To Miss Nancy Miller.

You delightful little kroeter,
When you read these words I write,
How ig chains of luv you've bound me,
Most abominabem tight.
Don't close up your heart's hatches
Unless I'm first stowed under;
And then, my sweet pertater,
Shet 'em—shet 'em quicker'n thunder!

I hev tumbled on the waters,
And I've traveled on the shore;
I hev met with many a fair one,
And may meet with many more;
But I never yet hev seed her
As could tech the spot like you,
And make a feller feel as
Ef he was shot thru and thru.

That last look what you gin me
Was what did the business up,
For it fixed me like a fly as
In molasses stuck
Shouldn't be so pleasy pasty
Ef you don't want folks luv—
But your'n everlastin sweet,
Provokin kinder little duv.

I've got some rusty shiners
Stowed away in the old chest;
I've got a handsome dress coat
And I've got a fancy vest;
A gal called me good lookin
When she didn't think me near;
I go to meetin Sundays,
And I'm six feet in the clear.

Now, my sweet darlin Nancy,
When these touchin lines you see,
Your heart within your bussum
Will say, thats the chap for me
Then I'll get you some nice kaliker
To make a weddin gown,
And we'll be the darndest happiest
Two as is in all the town.

VALENTINE.

Arter completin the verses to my satisfacshun, I read 'em tu the cook. He pronounced 'em very affectin, and said I ought to be reckoned as one of the poets of Amerika. Yours; with everlastin affecshun.

[*Sunday Times.*] OBADIAH DOBSON.

A GRACELESS SCAMP.—A scamp, who used to raise particular purgatory about Middlebury College, had "taken a shine" to the daughter of a staid old deacon, who used frequently to invite him to dinner.—The deacon called upon him one day to ask the customary blessing, and not wishing to have it understood that there was any one thing that he could not do, he made the offer. Hastily recollecting all he could of the usual form, he began and made an excellent start of it, but for his life he could not tell how to close it off. It was easier to go on than to stop. Finally making a desperate dash after a period, he closed off thus: "In conclusion, my dear sir, I remain very respectfully and truly your obedient servant!" He has not dined with *that* deacon since.

A BASE IMPOSTER.—A man calling himself Dr. Wm. Booth, and pretending to be a dentist, recently left Loudon county, Va. in a hurry on a borrowed horse, after contracting several debts, and courting a lady whom he promised to marry. The horse he sold at Georgetown, since which time he has not been heard from. His trunk which he left behind, was opened, and found to contain nothing but billets of wood!—The Leesburg Chronicle says it has since been ascertained that under the name of Dr. Frederick Preston, he married a lady in Wisconsin, in Oct. 1847; left her in May following; subsequently appeared in Howard county, Mo., as Dr. Jas. L. Dunn, in November 1848, married another lady at Indianapolis, Ind., converted all her property into money, and in March last deserted her at Fayette, Mo. He next appeared in Philadelphia, as Dr. Bunn, and came to Waterford in May last. He is about 40 years of age. These facts are obtained from a letter written by the lady he married in Indiana.

THE RIGHT GRIT.—Some of the southern members of Congress mis-represent and exaggerate the state of feeling at the south. The mass of the people are sound to the core. By way of illustrating the correctness of this opinion, we will relate an anecdote which is familiar to the political circles, from the character and position of the person to whom it refers. As the story goes, Gen. Jackson, President of Texas, in whose hands the sword which became famous from its association with the battle of New Orleans, was discussing the objects of the proposed southern convention, and animadverting upon the policy as premature and injurious. It was suggested that disunion was the real motive of its projectors; upon which he declared, that if such measures were adopted looking to such a result, he would draw the sword of Jackson, and head a gathering of the people, to drive the convention from Nashville.

A new telegraphic discovery has been made by Mr. Wm S. Thomas, of Norwich, New York, called the Electro-Thermic Telegraph. This instrument is said to possess all the advantages of Morse and Bains', and in some respects is far superior. Mr. Thomas does not use the magnet which is the basis of Morse's electric magnetic telegraphs, but works on an entirely new principle, never before applied in telegraphing, and is placed beyond all litigation. The principle of this invention is caloric, generated and controlled by the galvanic battery; and with the new manipulator the operator is enabled, it is asserted, to transmit twice the amount of business in the same time as any telegraph now in use.

There has been great excitement in Reading, Pa. The facts are briefly as follows: While crossing the Atlantic, one Hungarian refugee fell in love with another refugee's wife. As soon as they reached New York, the wife eloped with her six-footed, mustachoed lover—they were traced to Reading by the wronged husband, who then and there tore her from the arms of her bewhiskered paramour. That's another chapter in the romance of real life.

☞ A new religious sect, called "The Church of God," has started up in Westminster, Maryland, and the proselytes appear to be numerous. It is said to differ materially from Protestants and Catholics.

The Queen of Portugal owns a lot of ground in Washington City, on the President's square, embracing 80,000 square feet.

A new regiment of volunteers has been organized, and attached to General Sandford's Division.

In the Supreme Court at Boston, 48 suits for divorce are now pending.