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TO GROCERS AND CONFECTIONERS. I have your goods from first hands and more at low prices.

FARMERS TAKE NOTICE. 100 bushels Flaxseed wanted immediately at the Cheap Store of E. V. Bright.

Select Poetry.

THE HEDGE FEAST.

Where the bees and butterflies Skim the meadow down, Five merry little children, Gathered from the town,

They have roamed the meadow, They have roamed the wood, Seeking nuts and blackberries, For their pleasant food.

Plump white lambs are gathered 'Neath its cloven stem, And the happy children Nestled close by them;

I watched unseen, oft sighing, To think what simple joy Appears to that earthly riches Might seek in vain to buy.

Plump white lambs are gathered 'Neath its cloven stem, And the happy children Nestled close by them;

My little Jim, Merry little Jim, Crooked little Barney— How sweet the fields to him!

Drinking from the brooklet, 'Neath the hawthorn tree, Clear it runs as innocence— Fresh and bright and free.

They have roamed the meadow, They have roamed the wood, Seeking nuts and blackberries, For their pleasant food.

Select Tale.

THE REWARD OF MERIT.

ANNE had arrived at the mature age of (do not start, reader) twenty-seven, and yet in a state of single blessedness.

One dark, rainy morning in November, as our old friend was looking comely at the cheerful fire in the grate of his counting-room,

"I say—why don't you get a wife?"—knew just the thing for you—prime article—poor enough to be sure—what of that?

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OFFICE BEGGING.

SOME years ago, a young man presented himself to Mr. Corwin, then a Cabinet officer, for a clerkship.

At eight o'clock precisely, the door bell of Mr. Bremen's mansion rung.

"I say—why don't you get a wife?"—knew just the thing for you—prime article—poor enough to be sure—what of that?

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COOL IMPULSION.

A German paper, published in New York city, called the Staats Zeitung, contains the following, and having been recently adopted by the Government of Wurttemberg.

Whereas, it has repeatedly occurred that German emigrants to America, and among them natives of Wurttemberg, who desired to return home on account of sickness or incapacity to labor,

Whereas, it is desirable that those who have emigrated to America, and especially those who have been transported thither or at the expense of the state or the communes, and are unable, whether or not it be from any fault of their own,

Whereas, it is much less the business of the German emigration Society of New York to promote the return of such individuals;

Resolved, That necessary steps are to be taken to prevent their transportation back to their country.

The Staats Zeitung treats the matter very gravely, so that it cannot be a joke, as the reader might at first suppose.

It is understood that Mrs. Gore, the celebrated novelist, is low in funds.

A Frenchman, who was recently arrested, was found with a pocket containing a large quantity of gold.

POETRY.

GAITER BOOTS.

TO MY FRIEND BATTLEBRAIN, A. M. O dainty foot!

The testing theme Of dainty feet, The very soul of song;

Man wants you little Here below, And never wants you long.

By Plato never Sent strapping here; By Plato rather given, To lead poor man (An easy plan) To any place but Heaven.

Yet still I wail About a woman's foot! And cunning was The wizard hand That made a gaiter boot.

For while the knave The gaiters gave To mortals to ensnare them; Mankind he hoaxed And even ceased The angels down to wear them.

MISS SWISSHELM. In noticing the publication of a new love story, says: "All that stuff about woman's love has been said over and over again a hundred thousand times, to the great detriment of the best interests of humanity."

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DID JACKSON WRITE HIS MESSAGE?

The New York Literary correspondent of the Boston Traveller gives the following interesting particulars in regard to this subject. He says:

A literary item has recently been going the rounds of the press, which I am satisfied conveys a very erroneous impression. In the announcement of the memoirs and confessions of Amos Kendall, which it is said will be a posthumous work from this somewhat extraordinary man, it is stated that it is susceptible of proof that with but a single exception every message or other public paper bearing General Jackson's signature, while he was President, was written by Mr. Kendall.

Indeed, he represents that Jackson was peculiarly sensitive on this point, and would not allow even his secretary, Mr. Donaghy, to alter his manuscript in the most trifling manner. On one occasion, at the time of his message in regard to the French difficulties, Major Donelson had, at the suggestion of some members of the cabinet, modified the sense and made it less strong and severe than it was.

Another correspondent of the Traveller, in a subsequent number of that paper, settles the question as follows: In your paper of Tuesday, a correspondent has undertaken to prove the testimony of Mr. John C. Rives that General Jackson was the writer of his own admirable State papers, and not Mr. Amos Kendall, to whom they were commonly attributed.

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