

# Rafferty's Journal.

BY S. B. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 2, 1856.

VOL. 2.—NO. 34.

## FROM THE KNICKERBOCKER.

**STANZAS.**  
I gaze upon the stars, yet see them not:  
As stars, I see them not, although the skies  
Are brilliant with their light, all are forgot.  
And fancy in them sees alone thine eyes—  
Dark globes of beauty, floating bright and clear,  
Amid their pure and liquid atmosphere.  
The sound of waters and the song of birds,  
In youth and spring were joys to my ear,  
For now I hear in them alone thy words.  
Soft as that music, to my heart more dear;  
In thee I feel again my youth and spring,  
And in thy whisper hear the May-birds sing.  
Oh! tell me not how sweet the breath of kine,  
How fresh the rose, how fair the lily's bloom;  
No mortal's cheek is fresh or fair like thine.  
Thy breath is sweeter than the boy's perfume;  
In these no bliss I find, no beauty see,  
Save what they borrow from my thoughts of thee.

## MAJOR JONES.

**TO MR. THOMPSON.**—Dear Sir—Ever since you was down to Pineville, it's been on my mind to write you a letter, but the boys 'lowed I'd better not, 'cause you might take me off 'bout my spellin' and dictionary. But something happened to me 'tween night, so monstrous provokin', that I can't help tellin' you about it, so you can put other young chaps on their guard. It all cum of chewin' so much tobacco, and I reckon I've wished there was no such play stuff, more'n five hundred times since it happened.

You know the Stallions lives on the plantation in the summer and goes to town in the winter. Well, Miss Mary Stallins, who you know is the darlinest gal in the county, cum home 't'other day to see her folks. You know she's been to the Female College, down to Macon, for most a year now. Before she went, she used to go fishin' and huckleberryin' with us, with nothin' but a calico sun-bonnet on, and was the wildest thing you ever saw. Well, I always used to have a sort of a sneakin' notion of Mary Stallins, and so when she cum, I brushed up, and was 'termed to have a rite serious talk with her 'bout old matters; 'not knowin' but she might be captivated by some of them Macon fellers.

So, sure enough, off I started, unbeknowin' to anybody, and rode rite over to the plantation (you know ours is rite joinin' the widdler Stallins). Well, when I got there, I felt a little sort of sheepish; but I soon got over that, when Miss Caroline said, (but she didn't mean to hear her,) "There Pinner, (that's Miss Mary's nickname, you know,) there's your boy come."

Miss Mary looked mighty sort of redish when I shuck her hand and told her howdy; and she made a sort of a stoop over and a dodge back, like the little gals does to the school-marm, and said "Good evenin', Mr. Jones," (she used to always call me jest Joe.)

"Take a chair, Joseph," said Miss Caroline; and we set down in the parlor, and I begun to talk to Miss Mary 'bout Macon, and the long ride she had, and the bad roads, and the monstrous hot weather, and the like.

She didn't say much, but was in a mighty good humor and laughed a heap. I told her I never seen such a change in anybody. Nor never I did. Why, she didn't look like the same gal—good gracious! she looked so nice and trim—jest like some of them pictures in Mr. Graham's Magazine with her hair all komed down longside her face, as slick and shiny as a mahogany burrow. When she laughed she didn't open her mouth like she used to; and set up straight and still in her chair, and looked so different, but so monstrous pretty! I ax'd her a heap of questions, 'bout how she liked Macon, and the Female College, and so forth; and she told me a heap 'bout 'em. But old Miss Stallins and Miss Caroline and Miss Kestah, and all 'em, kep all the time interfeerin' us, axin' 'bout mother—if she was well, and if she was gwine to the Spring Church next Sunday, and what luck she had with her soap, and all such stuff—and I do believe I told the old woman's old turkey-hen was settin on four feeteggs.

Well, I wasn't to be backed out in that way—so I kep 'em goin' the best I could, 'till missin' old Miss Stallins let her knuffin' fall three or four times, and then begun to nod and snip back like a fishin-pole that was all the time gittin bites. I seed the gals lookin' at one another and pinchin one another's elbows, and Miss Mary said she wondered what time it was, and said the College disciplines, or somethin' like that, didn't 'low late hours. I seed how the game was gwine—but howsumever, I kep talkin' to her like a cotton gin in packin' time, as I could clip it, 'till bimby the old lady went to bed, and arter a bit the gals all cleared, and left Miss Mary to herself. That was jest the thing I wanted.

Well, she set on one side of the fire-place and I set on 't'other, so I could spit on the hearth, war ther was nothin' but a lightered chunk burnin' to give light. Well, we talked and talked, and I know you would like to hear all we talked about, but that would be too long. When I'm very interested in any thing, or git bother'd about any thing, I can't help chawin a heap of tobacco, and then I spit unaccountable, 'specially if I'm talkin'. Well, we set ther and talked, and the way I spit, was larned to the crickets; I axed her if she had any bees down to Macon.

"Oh, yes," she said, and then she went on and named over Matthew Matk, Nat. Folsom, Al. Guber, Retric Stronomy, and a whole heap of fellers, that she'd been keepin' company with most all her time.

"Well," sez I, "I s'pose they're mazin popular with you, 'tint they, Miss Mary?" for I felt mighty uneasy, and begin to spit a great deal worse.

"Yes," sez she, "they're the most interesting companions I ever had, and I am anxious to resume their pleasant society."

I tell you what, that sort of stumped me, and I spit rite slap on the chunk and made it 'flicker and flare' like the mischief; it was a good thing it did, for I blushed as blue as a Ginney squash.

I turned my tobacco round in my mouth, and spit two or three times, and the old chunk kep up a most bominable fryin.

"Then I s'pose your gwine to forget old acquaintances," sez I, "sense you've been to Macon, 'mong them lawyers and doctors; is you Miss Mary? You thinks more of them than you does of anybody else, I s'pose."

"Oh," sez she, "I'm devoted to them—I think of them day and night!"

That was too much—k shot me rite up, and I sot as still, as could be for mor'n a minute. I never felt so warm behind the ears afore in all my life. Thunder! how my blood-did bile up all over me, and I felt like I could knock Matthew Matk into a greas-spot, if he'd only been ther. Miss Mary sot with her hankkercher up to her face, and I looked rite into the fire place. The blue blazes was runnin round over the old chunk, ketchin hold here and lettin go ther, sometimes gwine most out, and then blazin up a little—I couldn't speak—I was makin up my mind for tellin her the situation of my hart—I was jest gwine to tell her my feelins, but my mouth was full of tobacco, so I had to spit, and slap it went, rite on the light-wood chunk, and out it went, spang!

I swear, I never did feel so in all my born days. I didn't know what to do.

"My Lord, Miss Mary," sez I, "I didn't go to do it—jest tell me the way to the kitchen, and I'll go and git a light."

But she never said nothin, so I sot down agin, thinkin she'd gone to get one herself, for it was pitch dark, and I couldn't see my hand afore my face.

Well, I sot ther and ruminated, and waited a long time, but she didn't come, so I begun to think maybe she wasn't gone. I couldn't hear nothin, nor I couldn't see nothin; so I may sez I, very low, for I didn't want to wake up the family—sez I.

"Miss Mary! Miss Mary!" but nobody answered.

Thinks I, what's to be done? I tried agin. "Miss Mary! Miss Mary!" sez I; but it was no use.

Then I heard the gals snickerin and laughin in the next room, and I begun to see 'em; it was Miss Mary was gone and left me ther alone.

"What's my hat?" sez I, pretty loud, so somebody might tell me; but they only laughed worse.

I begun to feel about the room, and the fust thing I knew, spang! goes my head, rite agin the edge of a door that was standin open. The fire flew, and I couldn't help but swear a little, "d—n the dore," sez I, "what's my hat?" But nobody said nothin, so I begun to think it was best for me to leave, and never mind my hat. Well, I got through the parlor dore after rakin my shins three or four times agin the chairs, and was feelin along through the entry for the front dore; but somehow I was so frustrated that I tack the rong way, and bimby kerslash I went, rite over old Miss Stallins spin-wheel, onto the floor! I hurt myself a good deal; but that didn't make me half so mad as to hear them confounded gals a gigglin and laughin at me.

"Oh," said one of 'em (it was Miss Keshah, for I knowed her voice,) "there goes mother's wheel 'my Lord!"

I tried to set the cased thing up, but it seemed to have more'n twenty legs, and wouldn't stand up no how—maybe it was broke, I went out of the dore, but hadn't more'n got down the steps, when how! wow! wow! comes four or five infernal grate big con-dogs, rite at me. "Git out! git out! bellow, Cato! call off your dogs!" sez I, as loud as I could. But Cato was sound asleep, and if I hadn't run back into the hall, and got out the front way as quick as I could, them devils would o'chawed my bones for true.

When I got to my horse, I felt like a feller jest out of a hornet's nest; and I reckon I went home a little of the quickest. Next mornin old Miss Stallins sent my hat by a little nigger; but I haint seed Mary Stallins sense. Now you folks see what comes of chawin tobacco! No more from your friend, till deeth, JOS. JONES.

P. S. I blame Miss Mary's gone to the Female College agin. If you see her, I wish you would say a good word to her for me, and tell her I forgive her all, and I hope she will do the same by me. Don't you think I'd better rite her a letter, and explain matters to her? NOTABENY.—This letter was rit to my pertickler friend Mr. Thompson, when he was editin the Family Companion Magazine, down in Macon. I had no notion of turnin author then; but when it come out with my name to it, and ther want no use denyin it, and especially as he rit me a letter beggin I would go on and rite for the Miscellany, I felt a obligation restin on me to continue my correspondence to that paper. All my other letters was rit to Mr. Thompson, in Madison. J. J.

## EDUCATION.

Read before the Cumberland Co. Teachers' Institute, BY JENNIE BEISTLINE.

It will not be expected that I will present anything new or novel upon the subject of my choice, which is Education, as that field has been again and again explored, so that at this time, I suppose that not one stone has been unturned, or one fountain untested. But as the sweet waters of the perennial fount are always pleasant to the taste and invigorating to the body, so the subject of education is always one of interest to those in pursuit of its rich and enduring blessings.

Its happy influences have been seen and felt in every station of life. Under its genial rays have been awakened, developed and brought into active exercise, principles the noblest, purest and most promotive of the highest welfare of the whole human race. It has brought forth latent energies of vigorous minds, and rendered them in the highest degree useful to themselves, their fellow-men and their God. It has corrected the false teachings of prejudice, broken down and destroyed the strongholds of superstition and transformed absurd principles of morality into morals and devotion, whose Heaven-born precepts tame the savage mind, disperse the deep, dark shades of Paganism and Mahomedanism and control the actions of all men, in a manner, and to such an extent, as to subserve and fulfill the design of their creation. It has reclaimed many from the slough of shame and utter contempt and assigned them stations of honor and profit, by enlightening their darkened understandings, and calling into action the talent which heretofore lay concealed in the unexplored recesses of their minds. By its persuasive and convincing teachings, it has checked the dissolute in the indulgence of wicked and depraved propensities and vicious practices. It proclaims the position of a wise man to the world to be one of honor and stability, whilst that of a fool is one of hazard, rocking to and fro, while beneath, tempestuous billows of indignation and contempt are constantly rolling, ever ready to swallow up the victim of blind desire and groundless hopes, and consign him to regions of obvious forgetfulness.

It is universally believed that this is an age of utility, and of all utilitarians the American seems to be the most ultra. It is a principle bequeathed from father to son, from mother to daughter, and being once generally diffused, of necessity makes itself known in every action.

In proof of the universality of this principle in this country, we need but refer you to the extensive internal improvements of all the States—to the railroads and canals which like the actions and views of a healthy man, convey the fluid of life to every part of the system and render the actions of the whole harmonious. Nor has less utility been evinced in the happy turn of late years given to science, in its adaptation to agriculture and the other useful arts.

Education, once only known in the halls of science and literature, has now become the handmaid of the arts, and equally adorns the mind of the peasant and prince.

It is a subject especially dear to every truly American heart. Around it cluster some of the most romantic and beautiful reflections connected with our free and liberal institutions. These are America's boasts. To them can American freemen exultingly point and say—"There, behold the palladium of our freedom, the guarantee of its permanence!"—These are the offspring of minds enlightened and refined by the two-fold influence of experience and education.

The great superiority of our system of education over that of other lands manifests itself, when a comparison is made between the free institutions of our country, and those of other men and times. The limited advantages of education under governments either ancient or modern, which are not established upon the same principles, and administered with reference to the highest good of the governed alone, are here extended so as to be accessible to all desirous of attaining a respectable position, in a land overflowing with books and opportunities for the acquirement of that knowledge indispensable to our success in investigating the multitudinous and enchanting works of God's creation.

So far as civilization has kept pace with the progress of education, so far have the mists of superstition been driven away, and the voices of tyranny and despotism hushed. True, the ancient Greeks, may boast, and justly, too, of a Socrates, a Plato, a Pythagoras and a Demosthenes—the Romans of a Tacitus, a Livy, a Horace and a Cicero; but we blush not in their presence, when we call to mind the names of a Franklin, an Adams, a Clay, a Calhoun, a Webster, and a host of others, equally brilliant in the galaxy of our philosophers, statesmen and orators.

Our facilities of acquiring an education are undoubtedly superior to theirs. Their labor, their experience and researches have in a great measure been handed down to us, and furnished us with material upon which to enlarge and improve. The government itself has almost infinitely multiplied the advantages for the instruction of all classes; and whilst it has nobly and liberally encouraged our academies, colleges and other seminaries of learning, it has by no means neglected the Free Schools

of our country, which, when considered with reference to the enlightenment of our mass, and the good order and intelligence likely to prevail in all classes of society, as the result of their universal diffusion and very liberal encouragement, cannot be too highly estimated. They exist in delightful union with our other republican institutions, and reflect their true character. In no other land are the springs so abundant whence flow copious streams of political, social and personal happiness.

Then, permit me, not only to recommend, but to urge you to engage with earnestness and assiduity in the noble and worthy enterprise which you have commenced. Drink deep at the crystal fount. Let not your present privileges pass unimproved. The season which you now call your own will soon have passed forever. The wheel of time will shortly carry you and it into the shades and realms of departed glory. Upon you will soon devolve the anxieties and cares belonging to and inseparable from the duties of administering the affairs of your country. The liberties purchased by the blood of your ancestors will be entrusted to your guardianship and protection. The ranks of philosophers, statesmen and divines will soon have to be supplied from your number. Prepare yourselves, then, now, for these anticipated duties and responsibilities. Let no morality be neglected, but let every effort be sanctified by the influence of strictly religious principles, and conscience approving, gather laurels upon the mount of virtue and intelligence, and yours will be a pleasant life and a happy death.

## THE LADY IN GRAY SILK.

The New York correspondent of the Philadelphia Sunday Mercury, in referring to the fact that the Hon. James Quiggle, formerly a member of the Pennsylvania Senate from Clinton and Centre counties, had taken up his residence in the "Quaker City," relates the following amusing anecdote:—

Some years since, on the road from Lancaster to Philadelphia, on a blazing hot summer day, Judge Jim Pollock, your present Governor, Hon. Jim Quiggle, (then plain Lawyer Quiggle,) and your correspondent, who knew the former well, but not the latter, were seated in the rear-most car of the train. Jim Pollock was looking out of the car window, at a place where the train stopped to water, when suddenly he drew his white handkerchief from his pocket, and began vigorously, waving it in the air, at the same time bobbing his head out of the window in a very vigorous manner.

"What are you about, Judge?" asked Mr. Q., without rising from his seat.

"Why, don't you see yonder? There's a lady waving a white handkerchief, and I'm returning the salute—some acquaintance I made formerly, I suppose?"

Judge P., ceased, but in a few moments he again looked out and resumed the operation with his cambric.

"Who is she, Judge?" asked Mr. Q., as he lounged in one corner of the car, with his netter extremities curled up like a gigantic capital Z.

"Well, the fact is, I don't exactly know; I'm quite near sighted, and can't recognize her, but she is dressed in grey silk, and stands yonder, under a big maple tree, near my friend John B.'s house."

By-and-by the locomotive gave a snort, and the train began to move. Judge Pollock again flung his cambric to the lady in a final salute, and this time Jim Quiggle thought he would have a peep at her. So he crossed over to the Judge, and poking out his head, took a view, but didn't see the lady. Nevertheless, the Judge kept on waving his handkerchief, the perspiration rolling down his face with the effort.

"Where is she? I don't see anybody," said Mr. Q., after scanning the landscape, without observing any female.

"There!" was the rather petulant reply; "don't you see that lady in the grey silk dress, standing under that maple tree, waving a white handkerchief?"

There was a suppressed snorting sound, and Jim Quiggle rolled over on the seat, red in the face as a boiled lobster, while your correspondent picked him up in a state of virulent paroxysm of laughter, and laid him out upon the seat. After sacrificing all the buttons on his vest and waistbands, he explained to the Judge the occasion of the exclamation spasm. The Judge had been exchanging salutes for twenty minutes with an old iron-grey mare, whose long white tail, as it flapped away the flies, had been taken by him for a white handkerchief, waved by a lady in a grey silk dress! The Judge didn't swear, but he changed the subject to sawmills, the only portion of which was intelligible, being the frequent repetition of the word "dam."

AN IRISH WILL.—I will and bequeath to my beloved wife Bridget, all my property (not reserve; and to my eldest son, Patrick, one half of the remainder, and to Dennis, my youngest son, the rest. If anything is left it may go to Terrence McCarthy.

THE EDITOR of the New York Dutchman, speaking of a drink he once had occasion to indulge in, says he couldn't tell whether it was brandy or a torchlight procession going down his throat.

## THOMAS JEFFERSON.

While this distinguished statesman and patriot was Vice President of the United States, it was customary for the individual holding the said high office to attend to business more in person than the refinements of more modern times will allow. It happened on one occasion that some important matter required his attention in Philadelphia, and some other places distant from the capitol. In these days a journey to Philadelphia was not to be performed in a few hours—it was two or three days travel, and not of the most pleasant sort either. On his return he stopped in Baltimore. It was four or five in the afternoon when the Vice President rode up, suitless and unattended, to the tavern. A scotchman by the name of Boyden kept the hotel, of late so much improved and now so handsomely sustained by our worthy townsman Beltzhoover. The bucks of the town were assembled in the large hall, singing, snuffing, cracking jokes, and otherwise engaged in the et ceteras of the day. Boyden was at the bar examining the books, and doubtless making calculations respecting his future prospects. Jefferson had delivered his horse into the hands of the ostler, and walked into the tavern in order to make arrangements in regard to his fare.—Some one touched Boyden upon the elbow, and directed his attention to the stranger, who stood with his whip in his hand, striking it occasionally upon his muddy leggings. Boyden turned around and surveyed him from head to foot, and concluding him to be an old farmer from the country, whose company would add no credit to his house, he said abruptly:—

"We have no room for you, sir."

Jefferson did not hear the remark, and asked if he could be accommodated with a room.—His voice which was commanding and attractive, occasioned another survey of his person by the honest proprietor of the house, whose only care was for its reputation. He could not find, however, in his plain dress pretty well covered with mud, anything indicating either wealth or distinction and in his usual rough style he said:—

"A room?"

Jefferson replied, "Yes, sir, I should like to have a room to myself, if I can get it?"

"No, no—we have no room—there's not a spare room in the house—all full—all occupied—can't accommodate you."

The Vice President turned upon his heel, called for his horse, which by this time was snug in the stable, mounted and rode off. In a few minutes one of the most wealthy and distinguished men of the town came in and asked for the gentleman who rode up to the door a few minutes before.

"Gentleman?" said Boyden. "There has been no gentleman here on horseback this afternoon, and no stranger at all, but one common looking country fellow, who came in and asked if he could have a whole room; but I asked him out of that mighty quick, I tell you. I told him I had no room for such chaps as him?"

"No room for such chaps as him?"

"No, by the pipers, no room for anybody that don't look respectable," said the landlord.

"Why, what are you talking about, man? He's the Vice President of the U. States."

"Vice President of the United States?" exclaimed Boyden, almost breathless with astonishment.

"Why, yes sir. Thomas Jefferson, the Vice President of the United States, and the greatest man alive."

"Murder, what have I done?" cried Boyden. "Here Tom, Jim, Jerry, Dick, Jake—where are you all? Here, fly, you villains—fly and tell that gentleman we've forty rooms at his service! By George! Vice President, Thomas Jefferson! Tell him to come back and he shall have my wife's parlor—my own room! Jupiter! what have I done? Here Harriet, Mary, Julie, clear out the family! he shall have the best room—and all of the rooms if he wants them! Off, you hussies, put clean sheets on the bed! Bill, take up this mirror! George, hurry up with the boot-jack! By George, what a mistake!"

For fifteen minutes Boyden raved like a madman, and went fifty times to the door, to see if his wished for guest was returning.—The Vice President rode up to Market street, where he was recognized by many of his acquaintances, and by them directed to the Globe tavern, which stood somewhere near the corner of Market and Charles sts. Here Boyden's servants came up, and told him their master had provided rooms for him.

"Tell him I have engaged rooms," said Jefferson.

Poor Boyden's mortification can better be imagined than described; the chaps who were loitering about the bar and the large hall, and had laughed heartily at the disappointment of the muddy farmer, had recovered from their astonishment, and were preparing to laugh at their downcast landlord. After some time he prevailed upon some friend to wait on Mr. Jefferson with his apology, and requested that he should return and take lodgings at his house, promising the best room and all the attention that could be given him.

Mr. Jefferson returned the following answer: "Tell Mr. Boyden," said he, "that I appreciate his kind attentions, but if he had no room for the muddy farmer, he shall have none for the Vice President."—Baltimore, 27th Decr.

ON BREEDING HORSES.—There is probably a greater amount of carelessness and indifference about securing a good or an improved breed of horses than there is about cows, cattle and sheep. There are probably too a greater number of imperfect or third rate animals of this species than of any other. At all events, we think that in the course of one day's calling on our neighbors—or the farmers of any neighborhood—we could find ten cows or oxen which would suit us, or fifty sheep, for one horse which we would wish to own. One reason of this may be that we kill off or sell off poor calves and poor lambs, while we never dispose of a colt in the same summary way. Another reason, probably, is that farmers generally seem to consider any shape or sort of an animal, on the female side, good enough to breed from. Accordingly, old, broken-down, injured and diseased mares are frequently employed for this purpose. For this traditional notion, and the practice founded upon it, it would perplex any of its votaries to render a good and valid reason. It seems to require no great amount of proof to make it credible, on the other hand, that the value of the progeny depends fully as much, if not more, on the dam than on the sire. If there be any truth in the established axiom that "like produces like," there should be more care than there usually is, in selecting the female.—Country Gentleman.

POPULAR LIES.—In a lecture upon "Practical Life," by Rev. E. H. Chapin, he hits off one of the popular vices of society in a very effective manner. The reverend satirist says: "Lies of action are blood relations to lies of speech, and oral lies constitute a small share of the falsehoods in the world. There are lies of custom and lies of fashion; lies of padding and lies of whalebone; lies of the first water in Timonids of paste, and unblushing blushes of lies to which a shower would give a different complexion; the politician's lies, who, like a circus rider, strikes two horses at once; the coquette's lies, who like a professor of legerdemain, keeps six plates dancing at a time; lies sandwiched between bargains; lies in fiery held republican coaches, in all the pomp of gold band and buttons; lies of red tape and sealing wax; lies from the cannon's mouth; lies in the name of glorious principles that might wake dead heroes clatter in their graves; Malakoffs of lies, standing upon sacred soil, and lifting their audacious pinnacles in the light of the eternal Heaven!"

COL. FREMONT is thought to be the richest man in the world, at this time. The President has signed the patent confirming his title to his great Mariposa claims in California. This nice little estate contains upwards of seventy square miles, situated about two hundred and fifty miles easterly from San Francisco. Messrs. Palmer, Cook, &c., the California bankers, own one undivided half of the tract, and Col. J. C. Fremont the other, which, many persons believe, makes him the richest man in the world. Colonel Fremont bought this immense gold region in 1846, for the sum of \$3,000, and was laughed at for the recklessness of his investment. It has already yielded some thirty-five millions of dollars, and its resources, both mineral and agricultural, are said to be inexhaustible.

A FRIEND of Cuvier's once took the horns and hoofs of an ox, and approaching the bedside of the great naturalist, and waking him from a sound sleep, announced himself as the devil, who had come to eat him. Cuvier rubbed his eyes, and glanced at the nondescript from hoof to horns, when he lay down and quietly returned:—"Horns—hoofs—grainy—crusts—eat grass—can't come it—go away!"

"Once on a time," says history, "a Scotch pedestrian was attacked by three thieves. He defended himself well, but was overcome; when the thieves much to their astonishment, found that he owned only the small sum of a sixpence. 'The devil's in the fellow,' said one, 'to fight thus for sixpence. Why, if he'd had a shilling, he'd have killed us all!'"

LITTLE GIRLS.—There is something inexpressibly sweet about little girls. Lovely, pure, innocent, unsuspecting, full of kindness to brothers, and babies, and everything.—They are sweet little human flowers; diamond dew drops in the breath of morn. What a pity they ever become women—firts and heartless coquettes.

In olden time, unmarried women used to wear a scarlet petticoat during leap-year. If they exhibited the edge of this garment to any man, he was bound to marry them, but could buy himself off by presenting the lady with a new gown—a cheap alternative.

DR. HALE, being present when the plurality of worlds formed the subject of conversation, is said to have shed many tears "because he hadn't a living in each."

THERE is a man in Connecticut who has such a hatred for everything appertaining to a monarchy that he won't wear a crown on his hat!

A BLOWING MACHINE has just been patented. It is got up on the principle of a newly elected Alderman. It will doubtless succeed.

A YANKEE EDITOR says that the girls complain that the times are so hard that young men can't pay their "distresses."