THE SUSQUEHANNA REGISTER.

"THE WILL OF THE PEOPLE IS THE LEGITIMATE SOURCE, AND THE HAPPINESS OF THE PEOPLE THE TRUE END OF GOVERNMENT."

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"Poet's Corner."

Queries.

Is it anybody's business
If a gentleman should choose
To wait upon a lady,
If the lady don't refuse?
Or, to speak a little plainer,
That the meaning all may know,
Is it any body's business
If the Lady has a beau?

Is it anybody's business
When that gentleman does call;
Or when he leaves the lady,
Or if he leaves at all?
Or is it necessary
That the curtain should be drawn,
To save from further trouble
The outside looker on?

Is it anybody's business
But the lady's, if her beau
Rides out with other ladies,
And doesn't let her know?
Is it anybody's business
But the gentleman's, if she
Should accept another escort,
Where he doesn't chance to be?

Is a person on the sidewalk,
Whether great or whether small,
Is it anybody's business
Where that person means to call?
Or if you see a person,
As he's calling anywhere,
Is it any of your business
What his business may be there?

The substance of our query,
Simply stated, would be this—
Is it anybody's business
What another's business is?
If it is, or if it isn't,
We would really like to know,
For we're certain, if it isn't,
There are some who make it so.

If it is, we'll join the rabble,
And act the noble part
Of the tattlers and defamers
Who throng the public mart;
But if not, we'll act the teacher,
Until each meddler learns
It were better in the future
To mind his own concerns.

The Maine Law,

Appeal for the Maine Law.

FELLOW CITIZENS:—At a meeting of the Clergy of the various denominations residing in the city and county of Philadelphia, convened by public notice, on the 30th ultimo, at the first Presbyterian Church, Washington Square, the present aspect of the *Temperance Reformation* was freely and fully discussed. The fearful ravages of *Intemperance*, blighting and desolating so many habitations, the victims of this vice reeling in our streets or confined as vagrants in our prison, and especially the numerous dram-shops and more respectable drinking establishments, with all the accommodations and appliances to perpetuate and extend the evil which weighs so heavily upon the community, were pondered with deep and painful solicitude. The inquiry was raised, whether the Clergy without entering the arena of politics, or stepping aside from their appropriate vocation, may not, as citizens equally interested with others, in a public Address, exert some influence in combining and concentrating the efforts of those who see with deep concern the havoc of this ruthless destroyer. The unanimous decision of this question in the affirmative, is our apology and justification in soliciting your earnest attention and serious consideration to the facts, suggestions, and arguments, which we shall present.

The Temperance Reformation in this country, assuming a definite and organized form some thirty years since, was urgently and imperatively demanded by the necessities of a suffering people. Alcoholic drinks, as a beverage, were common and nearly universal. The effect at length startled and alarmed all classes, save those who were habituated to their use, and an effort was made to stay the tide of woe. A great work was accomplished. Tens of thousands were saved from a life of shame and a grave of infamy. All praise to the pioneers in this beneficent and noble cause. Fond anticipations were cherished that the reign of intemperance would soon be at an end, that when the victims of this vice had passed away, there would be few to fill their places. We need not say how sad was this delusion. The ranks of intemperance were scarcely thinned in consequence of the new recruits daily furnished from tippling shops and the more genteel resorts of fashionable drinking. Relentless avarice, deaf to all entreaty, and in spite of the remonstrances and tears of widows and orphans, tempted to their ruin the ignorant, the inconsiderate and the young. The venders of ardent spirits were appealed to with earnest importunity, to desist from their demoralizing, ruinous work. In many cases the appeal was successful; in others, it was met with taunts and sneers, and a defiant obstinacy. In this emergency, it was determined to invoke legislative aid, to correct and suppress an abuse which was regarded too grievous to be longer endured. To the State of Maine the first honor is due for legislative enactments, which put under the ban of proscription the sale of ardent spirits as a beverage. The effect of this enlightened policy has been marked and marvellous. Order has taken the place of feuds and petty bickerings, industry of indolence, and cheerful competence of pinching poverty and want. Children clothed in rags and scantily fed are suitably clad and sent daily to school. Wives who have been martyrs to drunken brutal husbands, rejoice in domestic peace and plenty and comfort, jails and poor houses, under the auspicious influence of the "Maine Law," are becoming tenantless. The jail at Augusta, the capitol of the State, was a few weeks without an inmate. The jail in Portland, a city of twenty-two thousand inhabitants, contained but *nine persons*, and *five* of these were imprisoned for violating the prohibitory law. Massachusetts, Vermont and Rhode Island, have enacted prohibitory laws similar to that of Maine. In regard to the practical working of the law in Vermont, the St. Albans Messenger says:

"On the eighth day of March, the Law which is the expression of the public judgment and will, declared the sale of liquor as a beverage, to be a crime. After four months experience, what is the result? It has fulfilled the predictions of its friends, and has not fulfilled the prophecies and wishes of its enemies.—Not all, but more than two thirds of the selling of liquor has been stopped. An intoxicated man is rarely seen in public. A drunken man in the streets is a curiosity. Quarrelling, mobs, riots, and street revelry have nearly ceased. Public assemblies are quiet, and large crowds meet without disorder or confusion. Three jails which confine the rascals of a population of more than thirty-nine thousand inhabitants, have been emptied of inmates. The sale of liquor and the drinking of liquor have fallen below rum-mark, and have received a stamp of infamy unknown before.

"The law has accomplished its end thus far so well, that its early friends are greatly encouraged, and those who honestly feared that it might work badly are now its firm supporters. Few are the respectable men who dare speak against it. It has wrought a great and manifest good, and it stands much stronger in the affections of the people than at any previous day. No newspaper in this State which favored the law at the first has ceased to favor it. Some that were neutral now openly support it, and all (with one or two exceptions) that formerly opposed it have been studiously silent. The Maine Liquor Law in this State is an 'institution'—a fixed fact; and we believe that a blessing attends, one and all, the people who try to live up to its spirit and letter."

The presentments of Grand Juries are regarded as a reliable source of information in respect to prevailing evils which demand correction and removal. We present, fellow citizens, for your serious consideration the following statements of several successive Grand Juries, in which the blighting effects of intemperance are so honestly and truthfully portrayed. At the June Term of the Court of Quarter Sessions for the city and county of Philadelphia, 1851, the Grand Jury speaking of the large number committed at a very great cost to the County Prison, under the head of "Vagrancy says:

"Upon an examination we are of the opinion that the primary cause of these commitments is mainly attributable to the tippling houses, Lager Beer saloons, and oyster cellars, which have increased and are still increasing upon us with fearful rapidity."

In another presentment, at a subsequent session of the Court, they use the following impressive language:

"The Grand Jury have no doubt whatever, that the disorderly and riotous spirit manifested everywhere in the city and county is owing mainly to the sale of intoxicating drinks; and that much of the poverty which eats like a cancer on the vitals of society is attributable to this nefarious traffic. Not only the licensed houses which probably amount to thousands, but the unlicensed which are greater in number, must be supported by the profits made by the trade. The whole of the licensed and unlicensed, number, at least three or four thousand. To any one who will take the trouble to estimate the amount of money which it takes to support these establishments it will be made manifest, that upon an average they must sell to the amount of eighteen hundred dollars each in a year, one third of which is profit, or say six hundred dollars a year for each house, and they can scarcely pay house rent and live upon less. This appalling account makes the figures rise to five millions four hundred thousand dollars paid yearly in the city and county of Philadelphia, for intoxicating drinks.—The loss of time by the unfortunate inebriates, must be more than equal the cost of liquor to them, and the whole is a dead loss to the community."

Another Grand Jury speaks as follows:

"The Grand Inquest cannot close their labors, without reference to a matter which at this time is properly exciting the public attention. The effects resulting from the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors, are most terrifying in the city and county. And to remedy this frowning and fatal evil we earnestly recommend that our next Legislature pass such a law as will eventually eradicate the evil it produces."

In view of these facts and remonstrances, touching evils rampant and abounding in our midst, who will deny the necessity of vigorous and combined efforts to arrest the burning tide of intemperance? Who will insist that a farther delay is wise or expedient, in drying up these bitter fountains of sin and woe?—Two methods only are presented, which hold out the promise of relief. The first which rallies in its support a large number of intelligent, respectable, conscientious men, proposes to modify the license laws, and make them so stringent, that most of the evils now prevalent from the sale of intoxicating drinks shall be removed. This method is specious, and we are not surprised that it should have many advocates. But what are the facts connected with the sad history of intemperance? For two hundred years the license laws in this country have been tried under every modification, and yet the victims of intemperance are multiplied, and fifty thousand at least of our countrymen annually fill a drunkard's grave.

Stringent license laws, faithfully enforced, would indeed be an inconceivable gain over the present demoralizing iniquitous system of the rum traffic. Almost anything is better than the existing legislative provision, by which on the payment of a paltry tax, every hovel may be opened for the sale of 'liquid fire,' at three cents per glass. If rum must be sold let it be done under as many restrictions as legislative wisdom can impose.—But no stringency of legislative enactments will remove the terrible evils of intemperance which press with mountain weight upon us. Two hundred years assuredly, is long enough for a fair experiment. At the close of this long period, we find ourselves in a far worse condition than were those for whose protection and safety license laws were first enacted. So long as the law lends its sanction to rum selling, the rapacity of avarice will find out methods to gratify the depraved appetites of rum drinkers.

The only alternative, then, as it seems to us—the only sure protection against the appalling evils of intemperance, is a law prohibiting the sale of intoxicating drinks as a beverage. We are aware that this ground will be fiercely assailed by many as unconstitutional, untenable, and the climax of fanaticism. It will be urged that this measure is coercive, and that coercion is incompatible with free, republican institutions. It will also be urged that the capital invested in the manufacture and sale of ardent spirits, is a valid objection against all legislative enactment, such as we have suggested.

In respect to the constitutionality of a prohibitory law, we are fortified in our position by the highest judicial authority, to wit: the opinion of the Supreme Court of the United States.

The opinion of all the Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States, on the several points of this law, may be found in the fifth volume of Howard's Reports of decisions in the United States Courts—page 504.

Chief Justice Taney said:

"If any State deems the retail and internal traffic in ardent spirits injurious to its citizens, and calculated to produce idleness, vice, and debauchery, I see nothing in the Constitution of the United States to prevent it from regulating and restraining the traffic, or from *prohibiting it altogether, if it thinks proper.*

"Every State, therefore, may regulate its own internal traffic, according to its own judgment, and upon its own views of the interest and well being of its citizens."—5 Howard 537.

Mr. Justice McLean said:

"If the foreign article be injurious to health or the morals of the community, a State may, in the exercise of that great and comprehensive police power, which lies at the foundation of its prosperity, *prohibit the sale of it.*"—5 Howard, 592.

And in regard to the destruction of property, he said:

"The acknowledged police power of a State extends often to the destruction of property. A nuisance may be abated. Everything prejudicial to the health or morals of a city may be removed. Merchandise from a port where a contagious disease prevails, being liable to communicate disease, may be excluded, and in extreme cases it may be thrown into the sea."

Mr. Justice Catron said:

"I admit as inevitable, that if the State has the power of restraint by licenses to any extent, she has the discretionary power to judge of its limit, and may go the length of prohibiting it altogether, if such be its policy."

This is a sufficient reply to those who object to a prohibitory law on constitutional grounds.

In regard to coercion, we recommend no measures which can be fairly interpreted as having a bearing of this kind. If a prohibitory law is not demanded and sanctioned by a majority of the people, we have no desire to see its enactment.—What we ask is, that this question shall be fairly tested, by referring it to the people, as was recently done in the State of Michigan. Ten thousand majority there proved that a prohibitory law was loudly called for. We believe that a popular vote would show that a majority of twenty thousand in this State demand the same thing.

As to the capital in the manufacture and sale of ardent spirits, we have only to reply, that the *effects* of these sales taken from the wealth of the community, every year, fifty times the amount that is invested in the rum traffic. On the score of dollars and cents, the people could well afford to make a bonfire of every distillery and dram shop in the land, and maintain in elegant opulence those who derive their support from them, if they might have the privilege of forever closing these sources of agony and woe. But what right we ask have any class of men to flourish and fatten upon the vices of their neighbors? What right have rumsellers to clothe their daughters in satin and silk, while the families of those whom they stealthily rob are clothed in rags? What right have they to make paupers, and throw them upon the public to support? What right have they to fill our prisons and almshouses with miserable inebriates, who are a stain and a curse upon the body politic? Talk of their rights! The robber who takes your purse by violence and threats has an equal right to your estate, for his forbearance in saving your life.

The fearful pestilence which has raged with such appalling violence in New Orleans, has awakened a profound sympathy throughout the length and breadth of the land. The sudden and untimely death of seven thousands of its victims, has sent a thrill of anguish to every feeling heart. But more than seven times this number are every year immolated on the shrine of intemperance. *That* was a visitation of God—*this* comes, not by his ordinance, but by man's infatuation and madness. That scourge carried no moral contagion in its devastating track. Intemperance brings upon the soil deep stains of guilt, and makes its victims brutes and demons. And shall this enemy be suffered longer to stalk forth, scattering like the angel in Apocalyptic vision hailstones and fire, and tormenting men?

In your decision, fellow citizens, the answer to this question will be found.—If men of enlarged, comprehensive, correct views, shall be selected and sent to the next Legislature—men who regard the sorrows of suffering humanity more than party and political ties—men who are willing to bear reproach for the public good—the triumph of the cause we advocate is certain. We recommend no unlawful policy; we urge no fanatical measures. But so thorough is our conviction that truth and righteousness, and the public demand a prohibitory liquor law, that we earnestly appeal to our fellow citizens to lend their influence and personal efforts to secure it. We do not enter the arena of politics. We are satisfied with any class of men, whatever may be their party predilection, who will pledge themselves to sustain and carry through a prohibitory law. They shall be esteemed public benefactors, and if no monuments perpetuate their fame, their names shall be lisped with gratitude by smiling infancy, and upon their heads perpetual blessings shall be invoked by thousands who are restored to happiness and domestic quiet by their beneficent agency.

We are aware that the great obstacle to the success of the enterprise we advocate arises from the strength of political attachments and alliances. But what is the value of *any* or of *all* political organizations compared with staying the burning tide which scathes so many habitations and blights so many hopes? It is time that party predilections gave way to the cries and tears and beseeching appeals of suffering humanity. It is time that the sanction of the law should no longer be afforded to those who prosecute a business whose legitimate fruits are poverty, insanity, domestic misery, decrepitude and premature death. The statistics of crime prove how powerful are the incentives of intoxicating drinks to the perpetration of those outrages which appal us by their frequency and dreadful enormity. A distinguished jurists in the State of New York said, some time since: "Eighteen persons have been brought to the bar of this court charged with the crime of murder. Every case, said he, had its origin, directly or indirectly, in intemperance." Other jurists bear similar testimony. In the city of Syracuse there were 1799 arrests during the year 1852. Twelve hundred and forty-five of these arrests were occasioned by intemperance. In the State of New York, thirty-six thousand one hundred and fourteen persons in 1849 were consigned to the various prisons for crimes committed under the influence of intoxication. The people were taxed for the support of sixty-nine thousand two hundred and sixty paupers, made such by this vice.

And who does not know that everywhere, the petty feuds, personal assaults and breaches of the peace in various ways, may be traced, almost without exception, to the maddening influence of intoxicating drinks? Who does not know that we should be relieved, at once, of two-thirds of our oppressive poor tax, if ardent spirits were put beyond the reach of miserable inebriates? Shall it not be done? Shall the traffic which has not one redeeming feature to save it from universal reprobation, be longer tolerated? Shall our youth be longer exposed to the fatal snares which encircle their path? Shall a class of men, unmoved by the sorrows and the anguish with which they fill so many habitations, any longer be protected in their nefarious business by the action of the law?

We appeal to professing Christians, by whatever name they may be called, to give their hearty co-operation in securing the enactment of a prohibiting law which has proved so beneficent in its influences, and so glorious in its issues in several sister States. The spirit and the precepts of our holy religion make the obligation imperative on them to sacrifice party predilections to the public good. They have been taught by unerring wisdom, "that it is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby their brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak.' They know that temperance is one of the cardinal Christian virtues, and that "no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God."—May we not, then, confidently expect that Christian men will be found, with strong hands and united hearts, on the side of this great reform, so urgently and imperatively required.

We appeal to patriots and philanthropists for their countenance and aid.—Among all the important enterprises which characterize the present age, we are sure there is not one where patriotism and philanthropy can find a wider scope for their beneficent agency than that of interdicting, by legislative authority, the rum-traffic. Proscribe this, and seven-tenths of the evils which weigh so heavily upon us, will at once be cured. Our jails, and penitentiaries, and almshouses, will soon show how subtle and powerful an enemy we have conquered.

We make our appeal to tax-payers.—Full well we know the burdens you are compelled to bear in supporting the victims of intemperance. You pray for relief. We point you to the means of securing it. The remedy we propose is speedy and infallible, and has this special recommendation, that it has been tried and has proved entirely efficacious.

"The Hon. Edward Everett, late Secretary of State, computes that the use of alcoholic beverages costs the United States, directly, in ten years, one million two hundred thousand dollars; has burned, or otherwise destroyed, 300,000 lives; sent one hundred and fifty thousand to prisons, and one hundred thousand children to the poor-house; caused fifteen hundred murders; two thousand suicides, and has bequeathed to the country one million orphan children."

The pauper tax of one small town in Maine, was one year eleven hundred dollars. The next year, it was three hundred. The annual saving to Portland, through the influence of a prohibitory law, is estimated at three hundred and twenty-eight thousand dollars. Vermont has advertised three of her principal jails to rent. Now why should your hard earnings be wrested from you to support a traffic which has always been a bane and a curse wherever tolerated? Why should you toil to maintain, in elegant indolence, rum sellers and their victims? Let your purpose be unalterably fixed, that this glaring injustice, with your consent, shall no longer exist.

Finally, we appeal to wives, mothers, and sisters. Here we know our appeal will not be in vain. If legislative authority were committed to your hands, a month would not pass before the fires of every distillery in the State were put out; every dram-shop closed, and the nefarious business of drunkard-making forever at an end. You have felt the maddening effects of rum, in brutal assaults, pinching poverty, midnight brawls, bitter curses, and fiendish spite. In the anguish of your spirits you have often cried, "O, Lord, how long?" If others urge that a prohibitory liquor law is fanaticism, your response is, fanaticism is better than curses and bruises, and a living death.—Give us anything but besotted, drunken husbands, fathers and sons. We are sure, then, of your earnest, persevering aid. Implore these husbands, fathers and sons, when free from the influence of the maddening cup, for your sakes, for the sake of their suffering wives and children, to cast their votes for those who will remove temptation out of their way, and to restore them to sobriety and happiness, and domestic peace.

Fellow citizens, *we have done our duty—we trust you will do yours.*

Philadelphia, Sept. 20, 1853.

A. ROOD, (N. S.) Presbyterian.
FRANCES HODGSON, Methodist.
THEOPHILUS STORK, Lutheran.
WM. NEILL, (O. S.) Presbyterian.
RICHARD NEWTON, EPISCOPAL.
JOSEPH KENNARD, Baptist.
A. WILLETS, Dutch Reformed.
Committee.

Miscellaneous Selections.

A Dog Story.

The following incident is said to have occurred many years ago, in the State of Virginia, west of the Blue Ridge, and bears a close resemblance to the deeds of that wily and ferocious animial, the wolf:

A storekeeper in a village in that part of the country, possessed a remarkably intelligent dog, of the mixed poodle and Newfoundland stock. He was a service to his master in guarding his property, and had been taught to do many useful things, which had been the talk of the country side. He would convey parcels home to a customer, carry his master's boots to the shoemaker, search diligently for anything that had been lost in the fields or by the road-side, patiently watch an article to which his attention had been directed, and really seemed to comprehend any command which was given him.

Having been well cared for, in spite of the cross he had attained an extraordinary size, and was possessed of great activity for so heavy an animal. His coat was coarse and heavy; and in allusion to his looks, he was called Lion. Of a mild, peaceful disposition, though brave as his royal namesake, he was a favorite with all visitors to the store, and only an object of terror and dislike to thieves and marauders. His master had refused large offers for him; and at the period to which we particularly refer, he was in the very prime of his days.

About five miles north-west of the village, and three from the main road, there was a tract of hilly land, known in the township as the Hampton Farm—a large portion of which was devoted to the rearing of sheep.

The Hampton farm had, at different periods, suffered, as was supposed, from the depredations of wolves, which, though becoming scarce in the forests of the vicinity, were occasionally to be met with.

For more than a year not a wolf had been shot in the township; nevertheless, sheep were still worried from time to time, and suspicion at last fell upon the dogs of the neighborhood. But the strictest scrutiny failed to detect a single plague spot; and accordingly the whole corporation of curs was pronounced to be sound.

The charge then reverted to the wolves, but, though traps were set on the hills, and a watch continually kept, no signs of a wolf could be perceived.

A few nights after vigilance had relaxed, a sheepcot was broken into, and a number of the flock either slain outright or so mangled as to render it necessary to put the knife to their throats.

The grazier and his men were greatly enraged at this, and a price of twenty dollars—a large sum for the neighborhood—was forwith set upon the depredator's head.

From the circumstance of there being no snow upon the ground at the time, it was of course impossible to track him but a close inspection of the premises established the fact, that the animal was alone, and of unusual size. From this the conclusion was arrived at that it was a wolf, which had its den at a distance, most probably in the mountains, at the foot of which the farm was located.

Several good hunters turned out with their dogs, but utterly failed to strike the trail, although the search was continued for several days. At last, however, it so happened that as one of these men was crossing a piece of land between the sheep-hills and the main road, an hour or two before dawn, he saw by the waning light of the moon, an animal, which he immediately conjectured to be a wolf, rising an elevation on his left at a long loping pace, making, it appeared, for a run about 200 yards distance.

The man stopped and cocked his rifle, but having no dog with him—his own having been worn out by the previous day's run—prudently forbore to fire so long as there existed a doubt of his being able to sight a mortal part. The creature passed him at full speed, directing its course for the run, whither the hunter cautiously followed. He soon perceived that it had broken the ice, and halted in the water, and under cover of inequalities in the ground, he was able to steal unperceived, within good distance. Taking good aim he pulled the trigger, and the brute leaping up with a loud yell, dropped dead upon the bank. The hunter reloaded his rifle, loosened his knife in his sheath, and with his finger on the guard of his piece slowly advanced to the spot; when lo! instead of a grey wolf, to his utter amazement he immediately recognized even by the impertect light, the lifeless but still quivering carcass of the storekeeper's favorite dog.

After his astonishment had a little subsided he took off the scalp, and leaving the body where it fell, made the best of his way to the glazier's house.

The body of the recreant, suspended by the neck in a wagon, was driven in triumph down to the village, and subsequent inquiries left not a lingering doubt that Lion with all his remarkable qualities was, after all, but a wolf in dog's habiliments.

It was remembered that at certain periods he had refused his food and appeared sleepy and cross; and upon comparing dates, the parties concerned discovered that these were the very days after the havoc had been committed.

He was actually engaged in washing the blood of six sheep from his body when the hunter shot him; and, upon being satisfied of this, the whole village with the bereaved storekeeper at their head, while they could not help deploring the end of so fine an animal, sung Te Deum, over the fall of so accomplished a villain.

The honest hunter received his reward, and was ever afterwards known by the sobriquet of 'Samson,' inasmuch as it was he who slew the Lion.—[Krider's Sporting Anedotes.

Angling.

"Oh! what are the prizes we cherish 'e win,
To the first little shiner we caught with a pin."

Didst thou never, when a child, tie mother's lost apron string to a willow rod, attach to the string a crooked pin, and then sally forth with pompous dignity to "catch big fish in the river," and sit patiently long hours watching and wondering why the fish don't come and bite!

When the kind sister came with the enquiry what luck? "not one fish" replies the tearful engineer, "they won't bite." No they wont bite the bare hook, you must have some bait, a grasshopper will do, if worms are not to be found; then, how, in childish innocence you pitied the poor worm, and turned your head aside while it was being fastened up on the pin hook, and again you cast in the line. What is your reward? not the perch, or the speckled trout that you dreamed of, but you return triumphantly with a little shiner poised on a string.

Did'st thou never think in after years, how like life was thy first essay in angling, "fishing with a pin." When school days came, and you mingled with the little world of miniature men and women, where many were striving for precedence, yet unwilling to take the necessary steps to gain the desired end, fancying that by some rare fortune they should become wise and great without mental exertion, did'st never think they were fishing with a pin and without bait?

Did'st never see a student aiming for distinction, pilfering from Shakspeare, Byron, Milton, and Tom Moore, to embellish his essay and furnish gassy perorations? Well you may laugh, for he has stolen his bait, and is fishing with a pin.

See that merchant handling his goods, adroitly piling up sugared words the while to win customers, who are better pleased with simple truth, and honesty; he, too is fishing with a pin.

Mark the politician bowing and smiling, and trying to win favors by pretending friendship from those whom, after election, he would not recognize. Ah! crafty but short sighted seeker for office, you are fishing with a pin and unsavory bait.

Look at that aspiring youth, with a large stock of impudence, and a small stock of brains, whose greatest strength is like Sampson's, in his hair, upon his upper lip and chin, whose greatest force is a liberal display of cash, earned no matter how. See him swell and strut, smoke cigars in people's faces, drink brandy cobblers, and utter loud oaths, and yet expect to win favors from all who know him. Poor silly ape! he is fishing for whales with a pin.

Dost see that nice young man, fresh from the tailor and barber, his fashionably curled hair, sleek and shining, his hat and cane a la mode, resplendent with the glory of new beaver and patent leather elaborately coining honied words and soft sentences to pour into the ear of fashionable Miss Blank.

Hast marked that young lady, all dress and jewelry, a mantua maker and milliners walking advertisement, tripping the streets bowing and smiling, lending a willing ear to the flatteries of her dandy beau, peeping from under her eyelids, to see what she has affected by her manœuvres and flirtations? This charming pair are both anglers in the sea of matrimony. They will be equally successful, for they will catch a shiner and nothing else.

☞ His Satanic Majesty, of the Hopkinsville Whig, makes the following capital announcement in that paper for the present week:

If our paper is any better this week than usual, it may be attributed to the absence of the editor, who has gone a gallivanting.

The Danger of Musical Titles;

OR, "ONE KISS AT PARTING."

A lady of fashion (the well known Marchioness of Finsbury) had been loitering for nearly an hour in a fashionable music shop. She had purchased a copy of nearly every piece of music that had a sentimental title. She had sent into her carriage a whole Canterbury full, of songs going through every mood of the feelings, past, present, or future, and was following their example, when she paused upon the step, as if meditating whether she should take it, or some other step that was evidently turning itself over in her mind.—The shopman, who had been somewhat moved by the tender tone of voice in which she had asked him, 'Will thou love me then as now?' watched her with an anxiety that betrayed itself too plainly in the adjustment of his shirt collar and the arrangement of his hair. Suddenly the marchioness pale, her auburn ringlets fluttering in the wind, stood before the admiring shopman.

'I had nearly forgotten,' she said, in a voice that seemed to veil her blushing words—'Dear! dear! I cannot tell where my head is to-day. I have come back to ask you if by chance'—here she paused, as if to take new courage, while the trembling shopman placed his two thumbs elegantly on the mahogany counter, and leant his body inquiringly forward, 'to ask you to be kind enough to give me one kiss before parting?'

'Ma-a-a-a-d-a-m!' exclaimed the astonished shopman.

'I want you,' repeated the marchioness, 'to let me have one kiss at parting'; one will do, if you please.'

She raised her beautiful blue eyes full upon his, and met them boldly, unblushingly. She then, without betraying any emotion, repeated her question, adding, as calmly as possible, 'If you cannot give me it now I will call some other time.'

He could doubt no longer. Springing over the counter, he seized hold of the marchioness's fair form, and then and there, gave her the kiss she so earnestly begged for, previous to departure. To his great astonishment, the only return the marchioness made was to give him a tremendous box on the ears. This was followed by a volley of blows dealt with her parasol over his head, which was accompanied with an equal number of shrieks that never terminated till the police came into the shop. The affair was carried into Bow street, but was soon dismissed, upon its being explained that 'One Kiss Before Parting' was the title of a song, which the unsophisticated shopman, blissfully green from his native hills, had never heard of before.

A Sharp Darkey!

Two gentlemen, in one of the Southern States owned a slave together. He was a valuable servant, smart, industrious, and withall, a genuine darkey.

One of the owners, becoming in straitened circumstances, was obliged to sell his share in the aforesaid individual, whose name was Tom. He was accordingly set up at auction, and after some attempts to sell him, Tom made a bid on his own book, and the auctioneer knocked him off or rather half of him, to himself. Tom, evidently well pleased with his bargain, stepped down from the auction block, when one of the bystanders accosted him.—

'Tom, what did you buy half of yourself for. The other half belongs to somebody else, and you'll be just as much a slave as ever.'

'Ki, massa John,' was the reply with a grin, 'wen I see such a splendid nigger for sale, I thought anyhow I'd like to hab a intrest in um.'

A short time afterwards, while Tom was sailing in a dory, the boat capsized and sunk, leaving him in a critical condition. Being a strong fellow, he struck out for shore, a long distance off, and after a hard struggle reached it almost exhausted. He had scarcely gained a foothold on terra firma, when he met the same person who questioned him at the sale. The first salutation was—

'Come, Tom, now tell me how you came to bid off half of yourself the other day!'

'Well, Massa John,' answered Tom, 'I was just a thinkin' when I was kickin' out dar in de ribber, what a fool dis chile was to go and lay out his money on such *unsartin property as niggers!*'

WESTERN MUSIC.—A western chap went to New York to purchase goods, and was invited to one of those fashionable parties so common in large cities.—He was clearly a western original, but said very little until he saw that the party was not to close without an attempt to corner him. At length a bevy of laughing girls, by the merest accident in the world, found themselves grouped about the western green one, in a most animated discourse upon music and city playing.

When all this had progressed just far enough, one of the damsels with a head more adorned without than within, and with that peculiar parlor drawl, which fortunately no type can represent, accosted the observed of all with—

'Do the ladies play music at the west, sir?'

Original saw the game, and resolved to win.

'Oh, very universally, miss,' was the cool reply.

'Indeed, I was not aware of that; pray, do they use the piano mostly?'

'Never, miss; the instrument, these we have out our way, is the *summerset*, and the girls all play it.'

'Oh, dear, I am sure, positively, that I never heard of that before. Do tell me what it is, and how they play.'

'Well, the instrument is a small one, and each girl takes one of these under her arm, and *shoves* the end of the instrument that brings the music!'

The preconcerted [illegible] their progress; and for the [illegible] evening western [illegible] the show.