



CHOICE POETRY.

A POETIC GEM.

The Mantle of Buried Years.

There are gems that rest in the silent caves  
Of the deep and boundless sea,  
And the riches of earth on its bounding waves  
Is tossed by the breezes free;  
But I'd give them all for the smiles and tears  
That lie with the wealth of buried years.

There are sands that glitter away in the West,  
Where ages the rivers have rolled  
Their clear cold floods to the ocean's breast,  
O'er beds star-sprinkled with gold;  
But what is the wealth of their golden tide  
To the treasure of years that have vanished away!

There are sounds of voices that ever steal back  
From the depth of by-gone years,  
And memory bestrewn the oft-trodden track  
With its sunshine, its shadow and tears:  
O, doubly dear are the gems that lie  
In the golden years that have flitted by!

As the light fades out from the evening cloud,  
That days have glided away,  
And the heart is still 'neath the chilly shroud  
That beats high in life's happy day:  
O! where is the treasure the wide world bears  
That is worth one smile from the buried years!

Vague realm of the past! how joyous a band  
Have you called from the home of men,  
To the silent vales of that shadowy land  
Whence they come not back again!  
Ye gathered years, what treasures ye bear!  
For the loved and lost to earth are there!

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE DRUNKARD'S RESCUE.

A SURGEON'S STORY.

Knock! knock! knock! It was again  
The familiar night warning. A season of  
disease, especially fatal to the working  
people of the town, kept me constantly  
at work; and, well or ill, willing or not,  
I must be ready at their call. I sprung  
from my warm bed, and lifting up the  
window sash, called out, "Who's there?"  
"You must come directly, sir, to No.  
6 Smith's Yard, and see a child that lies  
very ill; it's a neighbor's bairn, sir."  
"Very well; I shall be there present-  
ly," was my reply, and I shut down the  
window.

Throwing on my clothes hastily, and  
a cloak over all, I hastened out, and pro-  
ceeded to the house indicated. It was  
a cold winter's morning, about 5 o'clock.  
The bitter wind, laden with sleet, caught  
me at the street corner, and made me  
draw my cloak closer around me. The  
factory bells were already ringing, and  
here and there the huge castles of facto-  
ries were lit up, and poured a thousand  
streams of light into the darkness. The  
streets were astir with the factory work-  
ers—men, women, and little girls, who  
clung along in patters through the wet  
snow which sprinkled the ground. Poor  
children thus early inured to the hard  
lot of toil! what a piteous fate was theirs!  
But tinkling through the air went the  
importunate bells of the factories, and  
away they must go. Were they vainly  
clad? Were they fed? Were they  
rested—thus early astir, and exposed to  
the elements? But I stifled my tho'ts  
and hastened on.

I found the house without difficulty.  
It was situated in a yard where I had  
often before been in the course of the  
last three months called hither by the  
duties of my profession. Typhus fever  
in its worst forms had recently been a  
constant visitor there. It was in the  
heart of an ill-drained, filthy neighbor-  
hood, exclusively inhabited by working  
people. The gutters lay close by the  
doors; they did not run, but were stag-  
nant for months together. In such a  
place the remedies provided by medicine  
have but little avail. The poison held  
in solution by the surrounding air baffles  
the most skilful treatment, and death is  
almost invariably the victor in the con-  
test. Half the children born in this dis-  
trict, I was assured by men of long ex-  
perience, perished under four years old;  
and the lives of those who survived were  
sickly, joyless, and miserable. Life with  
them was only a long and painful dying.

I found my little patient in the death  
throes. It was a case of croup of the  
worst kind. The house was comfortless  
in the extreme. A few red cinders in  
the grate struggled for life—a cold fire,  
more cheerless even than none at all.—  
The furniture of the room into which I  
was ushered, consisted of drawers sadly  
out of repair, a deal-safe, three or four  
rickety chairs, and the miserable truck-  
le on which the dying child lay. A  
wooden flight of stairs led to a sleeping  
apartment above—of the furniture of  
which one might form an idea from this,  
the "best" apartment. The mother of  
the child held an infant of a few weeks  
old at her breast; she was crying bit-  
terly, for the sad truth was not to be  
concealed from her. She was dressed  
in a poor garment, patched in many pla-

ces, yet she was clean; the few articles  
in the apartment, however miserable in  
other respects, being also as clean as  
water and scouring could make them.—  
The floor too, was clean and fresh sand-  
ed. By whatever means, then, misery  
had fallen upon this humble household,  
it did not, at first sight, appear to be  
the woman's fault; the evidences of her do-  
mestic industry were obvious. There  
was a dismal poverty; that was only too  
apparent.

My interest in the poor woman's for-  
tunes was excited by what I saw; and,  
after administering some medicine, I en-  
quired how she lived.

"We live but poorly, sir," she said;  
"no wages have come into the house this  
week; and you see," glancing at the in-  
fant in her arms, "that we have just had  
another little mouth to fill."  
"Then your husband—" I hesita-  
ted, and seeing my doubt—  
"Alas!" she said, "I have a husband,  
and yet he is not a husband," and she  
hung down her head and wept.

"Is he in work?" I enquired.  
"Work enough, and well paid, for that  
part of it; but, sir, you see he has sadly  
fallen off in his ways since we were  
married. He has become unsteady—  
careless of his home and family—and in  
short, sir, a drunkard."

The confession cost her a painful ef-  
fort; and I was almost sorry for hav-  
ing extracted it; but she proceeded with  
her story:

"When we were married, I thought  
myself the happiest of women. He was  
kind, affectionate, and steady. I did my  
best to make things comfortable, and I  
think I succeeded. We were not always  
in the poor house you see now, sir; we  
had as snug and tidy a little home as is  
to be found in all —; but every bit of  
furniture has gone now, except what you  
see. He has taken away one thing after  
another, and sold them for drink; and I,  
for I could not help it, had to pawn my  
clothes for bread for my children. Mine  
has become a hard and bitter lot; and  
what can a poor woman do, when tied to  
a man who has ceased to love her, ceas-  
ed to think of her, and cares only to  
gratify his craving for drink? Former-  
ly, when he came home from work,  
the house was made comfortable for him  
and oh! how I rejoiced at the sound of  
his coming step! There was very mu-  
sic in it! But now the sound of his  
tread makes me shudder; I listen for it  
as before, but it is in dread. I hear the  
unsteady step, and my soul sinks within  
me. That dear little boy, how he loved  
his father! He clambered about him,  
and romped and played with him, and  
the father felt a proud joy in his young  
son. But that joy, too, was poisoned  
by the growth of the new craving for  
drink which set in upon him, and I even  
feared that the father began to grudge  
the food that was necessary to nourish  
the little thing, as it limited the means  
of self-indulgence. All is a dreary blank  
now!"

I found that the poor child had been  
called up one cold, raw night, to let the  
father in, while the mother, unable to  
rise, was confined to bed with her new  
born infant. A severe cold was caught,  
which soon assumed the form of croup,  
and death fixed his relentless talons on  
the doomed child. That father! how  
much had he to answer for! and, did a  
spark of fatherly feeling yet remain in  
him, how horror-stricken must he be,  
when finding the shocking result of his  
own sinful conduct!

I left the house, giving the poor wo-  
man such comfort as the circumstances  
would permit; and, truth to say, they  
were extremely slender. But I resolved  
in my own mind to have an interview  
with the man himself, and to point out  
to him the consequences of his conduct.  
A few hours after, when the morning  
light had dawned, I returned to the  
house. The child had breathed its last  
a few minutes before I entered. The  
mother, almost heart-broken, was stunn-  
ed with grief, and tears were all her ut-  
terance. A man, bowed down and hagg-  
ard, sat by the fire, the very picture of  
wretchedness. He started up when I  
entered, and made to the door, but I  
stood before him and said, "I should  
like to have a word with you before you  
go. You are, I presume, the father of  
that child?"

"I am, sir," he replied.  
"And you are aware of the cause of its  
death?" He hung down his head and  
sobbed.

"I do not wish to speak severely to  
you, my friend, at such a time; but you  
must take this as a special and solemn  
warning to yourself—one sent, I hope,  
by Providence, to withdraw you from  
the guilty course you are now pursuing,  
which must inevitably end in utter ruin  
and misery to yourself, your wife, and  
your children."

"I know it, sir, he gasped, "I know it!  
But I have been infatuated—mad—and  
cruel to my family in the extreme. I feel

it all now; I see the horrid guiltiness of  
my course, and I have vowed never to  
drink again. I have sworn it over the  
body of my poor child, whose love I had  
begun to forget, whose comfort I had  
lately altogether neglected; and you  
will see, sir, I shall persevere in my de-  
termination."

"I am glad to hear it," I said; "aban-  
don wholly this habit you have given  
yourself up to. Do not even taste, for  
the first drop does the mischief; and I  
shall be glad to learn that you have be-  
come restored to usefulness as a mem-  
ber of society, and to the renewed love  
and respect of your family."

"I faithfully promise," he said, and  
seized my hand and pressed it; I shall  
swear, if that be necessary."

Several months passed, and, being  
much occupied, the circumstance had  
almost passed from my mind, until one  
morning a visitor called to inquire for  
his account, and gave his name, which I  
at once remembered as the occupant of  
the cottage of Smith's Yard. I had some  
difficulty in recognizing him again; he  
was clean, healthy-looking, and well  
dressed; a change seemed to have come  
over the entire man.

"I have kept my promise, sir," were  
his first words. I have not tasted one  
drop of intoxicating drink since that sad  
morning, and with God's help shall ne-  
ver taste another drop while I live. I  
have found the good consequences in  
my restored self-respect, in the restored  
enjoyment of my home and family. I  
have taken a cottage in a clean and health-  
y part of the town; for do you know,  
sir, my craving for stimulants stuck by  
me so long as I breathed the air of that  
filthy court. Who knows how many  
drunkards these unwholesome courts  
and yards of our town annually make?  
I am now a tee-totaller, and already a  
member of an association, just formed,  
for improving the health of the town.—  
None can join so zealously in such good  
causes as those who have suffered from  
the evils they are intended to cure; and  
I trust I am not the least zealous among  
the members of these movements."

I expressed my cordial delight at learn-  
ing the radical cure that had been ef-  
fected in his case, encouraged him to  
proceed, and settled the business about  
which he had called.

I afterwards watched his progress,  
and had frequent occasions to meet him  
as a fellow-laborer in the excellent move-  
ments in which he had so heartily joined;  
and to this day, I believe, he is at  
work—a useful, industrious, and gener-  
ally respected member of the society  
amidst which he lives.

Thus Providence sent its warning in  
time. Would that all the dispensations  
of God were thus turned to profit, and  
made as fruitful in good consequences.

Oh! Love, Young Love.

Jonathan Dunbutter saw Prudence  
Festall at meeting. Jonathan kind o'  
sidled up to Prudence after meeting, and  
she a kind o' sidled off. He went clo-  
ser, and axed her if she would accept  
the crook of his elbow. She resolved  
she would, and plumed her arm right  
around his. Jonathan felt all overish,  
and said he liked the text—"Seek and ye  
shall find"—was purely good readin.—  
Prudence hinted that "Ask and you shall  
receive" was better. Jonathan thought  
so too, but this axing was a puzzle. A  
fellow was apt to get into a snarl when  
he axed, and snarling was no fun. Pru-  
dence guessed strawberries and cream  
were sick. Jonathan guessed they want  
so sick as Prue's lips. "Now, don't,"  
said Prue, and she gav Jonathan's arm  
an involuntary hug. He was a leetle  
startled, but think his farm wanted  
some female help, to look arter his house.  
Prue knew how to make rale good bread.  
'Don't,' said Prue. 'If I should,' said  
Jonathan. 'Don't,' said Prue. 'Maybe  
you wouldn't,' and shuk all over. Pru-  
dence replied, 'if you be coming that  
game, you had better tell fayther.'—  
'That's just what I want,' said Jonathan.  
And in three weeks Jonathan and Pru-  
dence were 'my old man,' and 'my old  
woman.'

A 'MANIFEST DESTINY' MAN.—Walter  
Savage Landor publishes an article in  
the London Examiner, in which he pre-  
dicts that the United States will proceed  
in annexing foreign States and establish-  
ing in them the English language and  
laws, till the Union will embrace all fra-  
ternities and climates!

Great minds are charitable to  
their bitterest enemies, and can sympa-  
thize with the failings of their fellow  
creatures. It is only the narrow-mind-  
ed who make no allowance for the faults  
of others.

TO PARENTS.—Boys that have been  
properly reared are men in point of use-  
fulness at sixteen, whilst those that have  
been brought up in idle habits are nu-  
sances at twenty-one.

The Flower that Looks Upwards.

A BEAUTIFUL SKETCH.

A group of young and light-hearted  
girls sat together in the twilight, busily  
arranging the flowers they had been  
gathering in the pleasant woods and  
fields.

"What beautiful things flowers are!"  
said one. "And what a pleasant amuse-  
ment it would be now that we are all  
sitting here so quietly, if each were to  
choose what flower she would rather be  
like."

Just as if there could be any choice,"  
exclaimed Laura Bennet, a little proud-  
ly—and holding up a moss rose as she  
spoke.—"Among all the flowers that  
grow, there is none to vie in beauty with  
the rose. Let me be the queen of flow-  
ers or none!"

"For my part," observed her sister  
Helen, "I should like to resemble the  
luxuriant rhododendron, so beautifully  
described in our book of flowers. When  
any one, in passing, shakes it roughly,  
it scatters, as we are told, a "shower of  
honey dew from its roseate cups, and  
immediately begins to fill its chalice  
anew with transparent ambrosia;" teach-  
ing us to shiver sweetly even upon  
the hands that disturb us, and to fill  
again with pure honey drops the chalices  
of our inward thoughts. Oh! who  
would not wish to be meek and forgiv-  
ing like the rhododendron, if they could?  
But it is very difficult," added poor He-  
len, with tears in her eyes.

"It is indeed," said Lucy Neville, gen-  
tly, "if we trust only to our strength.—  
It is only when my father looks at me  
in his grave, kind manner, that I have  
the slightest control over myself. What  
a pity it is," said Lucy simply, "that we  
cannot always remember that the eye of  
our Heavenly Father is upon us!"  
"I wish I could," replied Helen.

"I have heard my mother say," ob-  
served Lucy, "that praying is better than  
wishing."

"Now Clara!" interrupted Laura Ben-  
net, turning impatiently toward a fair,  
gentle looking girl by her side, "we are  
waiting for you."

Clara smiled, and immediately chose  
the pale convolvulus, or bindweed, wind-  
ing so carelessly in and out among the  
bushes, flinging over them a graceful  
covering, an emblem of meek beauty  
and loving tenderness. "The only pity  
is," said she, "that it should so soon  
close up and fade."

"But what says our dear Lucy," ex-  
claimed Helen.

"I think that I can guess," said Clara  
Seymour, "either a violet or heart's ease  
—am I right?"

"Not quite," replied Lucy with a  
deep blush, "although both the flowers  
that you have mentioned are great favor-  
ites of mine. But I should like to resem-  
ble the daisy most, because it is always  
LOOKING UPWARDS."

"Do tell me," said Helen, as they  
walked home together, carrying the  
flowers which they had gathered to adorn  
their several dwellings; do tell me why  
you wished, just now, to be always look-  
ing upward like the daisy?"

"O, Helen, can you ask? What more  
do we require for happiness than to be  
able, let the cloud be ever so dark, to  
look upward with the eye of faith, and  
say, 'It is the Lord's will and therefore  
it is best?'"

"Do you always think thus?" asked  
Helen.

"Alas no!" replied poor Lucy, while  
the tears fell fast, "but I am trying and  
praying to God to teach me."

Kiss Cotillions.

The editor of the Windsor Journal—  
an obstinate sort of a bachelor—learns  
that "Professors of Dancing" in New  
York, have recently introduced a new  
style of cotillion called the kiss cotillion,  
the peculiar feature of which is, that  
you kiss the ladies as you swing corners.  
The editor is a crusty sort of a fellow  
who never dances, but says he would not  
mind waiving his objections to the am-  
usement so far as to "swing corners"  
now and then in this new cotillion!—the  
selfish scamp. He reminds us of an old  
lady who had an unaccountable aversion  
to rye, and never could eat it in any  
form, "till of late years," she said, "they  
had got to making it into whiskey, and  
I find I can now and then worry down a  
leetle."

A romantic youth, promenading  
on a fashionable street the other after-  
noon picked up a thimble. He stood a  
while, meditating upon the probable  
beauty of the owner, when he pressed  
it to his lips, saying, "O! that it were  
the fair cheek of the wearer!" Just as  
he had finished, a stout colored lady,  
looked out of an upper window, and  
said, "Boss, jis please to frow dat sim-  
ble of mine in de entry. I just drapt it."

Be calm and steady; nothing will  
grow under a moving harrow.

Sham Hays and his Bull-y Race.

Some forty years ago, the managers  
of a race course near Brownsville, on  
the Monongahela, published a notice of  
a race, one mile heats, on a particular  
day, for a purse of one hundred dollars,  
"free for anything with four legs and  
hair on!"

A man in the neighborhood, named  
Hays, had a bull that he was in the hab-  
it of riding to mill with his bag of corn,  
and he determined to enter him for the  
race. He said nothing about it to any  
one, but he rode him around the track a  
number of times on several moonlight  
nights, until the bull had the hang of  
the ground pretty well, and would keep  
the right course. He rode with spurs,  
which the bull considered particularly  
disagreeable; so much so, that he al-  
ways bellowed loudly when they were  
applied to his sides.

On the morning of the race, Hays  
came upon the ground "on horseback"  
on his bull. Instead of a saddle, he had  
a dried ox-hide, the head part of which,  
with the horns still on, he had placed on  
the bull's rump. He carried a short tin  
horn in his hand.

He rode to the judges' stand and of-  
fered to enter his bull for the race, but  
the owners of the horses that were en-  
tered objected. Hays appealed to the  
terms of the notice, insisting that his  
bull had "four legs and hair on," and that  
therefore he had a right to enter him.  
After a good deal of "cussin" and "dis-  
cussion," the judges declared themselves  
compelled to decide that the bull had a  
right to run.

When the time for starting arrived,  
the horses took their places. The horse-  
racers were out of humor at being bother-  
ed with the bull, and at the burlesque  
which they supposed was intended, but  
thought that all would be over as soon  
as the horses started. When the signal  
was given they did start. Hays gave a  
blast with his horn and sunk his spurs  
into the bull's sides, who bounded off  
with a terrible bawl, at no trifling speed,  
the dried ox-hide flapping up and down  
and rattling at every jump, making a  
combination of noises that had never  
been heard on a race course before. The  
horses all flew the track, every one seem-  
ing to be seized with a sudden determi-  
nation to take the shortest cut to get out  
of the Redstone country, and not one of  
them could be brought back in time to  
save their distance. The purse was given  
to Hays under a good deal of hard  
swearing on the part of the owners of  
the horses.

A general row ensued, but the fun  
of the thing put the crowd all on the side  
of the bull. The horsemen all conten-  
ded that they were swindled out of the  
purse, and that if it had not been for  
Hays' horn and ox-hide, which he ought  
not to have been permitted to bring on  
the ground, the thing would not have  
turned out as it did.

Upon this, Hays told them that his  
bull could beat any of their horses any-  
how, and if they would put up a hun-  
dred dollars against the purse which he  
had won, he would take off the ox hide,  
leave his tin horn, and run a fair race  
with them. His offer was accepted, and  
the money staked. They again took  
their places at the starting post, and the  
signal was given. Hays give the bull  
another touch with his spur, and the bull  
gave another tremendous bellow. The  
horses remembered the horrible sound,  
and thought the rest was coming as be-  
fore. Away they went again, in spite  
of all the exertions of their riders;

while Hays galloped his bull around the  
track again and won the money. From  
that time they nick-named him Sham  
Hays. He afterwards removed to Ohio  
but his nickname stuck to him as long  
as he lived.—*Spirit of the Times.*

A Suffering Youth.

"Father I want a dollar," said a  
country boy—a strapping lad of sixteen,  
who measured two ax-handles in his  
stockings—to his dad, one Sunday night  
—"I want a buzzum pin amazingly, all  
the big boys in town have got 'em but  
me."

"Fudge," replied the sire, "a buzzum  
pin! nonsense! You'd better get a  
pair of shoes or a new felt, for a dollar,  
or suthin' o'some conseqwense—but  
b-u-z-z-u-m-p-i-n!—pshaw!"

"Humph!" returned the juvenile,  
"these ere things you spoke on are all  
well enough in the fall; wont my arm-  
leaf dew for this summer, and can't I go  
bare-foot now? But," sobbed out the  
stripling, "I'm really suffering for a buz-  
zum-pin!"

"The heart of the generous man  
is like the clouds of heaven, which drop  
upon the earth fruits, herbage, and flow-  
ers; the heart of the ungrateful is like  
a desert of sand, which swalloweth with  
greediness the showers that fall, but  
berrieth them in its bosom, and produ-  
ceth nothing."

Irish Circumlocution.

If the Irish are to be distinguished as  
a convivial and a musical, they must  
also be noted as a circumlocutory people.  
Observing one day an unusual commo-  
tion in the streets of Derry, I inquired  
of a bystander the reason; and he, with  
a mellifluous brogue, replied in the fol-  
lowing metaphorical manner:

"The reason, sir! Why, you see that  
the justice and little Larry O'Hone, the  
carpenter, have been putting up a picture-  
frame at the end of the strate yonder,  
and they are going to hang one of 'Ad-  
am's copies' in it."

"What's that?"

"Why, poor Murdock O'Donnel!"

"Oh, there's a man to be hung!"

"Do they put up a gallows for any  
other purpose?"

"What's his offence?"

"No offence, your honor; it was only  
a liberty he took."

"Well, what was the liberty?"

"Why, you see, sir, poor Murdock  
was in delicate health, and his physi-  
cian advised that he should take exer-  
cise on horseback; and so, having no  
horse of his own, he borrowed one from  
Squire Doyle's paddock; and no sooner  
was he on its shoulders, than the d—  
I put it into the cracker's head to go over  
to Kellowgreen cattle-fair, where he  
had a good many acquaintances; and  
when he was got there, Murdock spied  
a friend at the door of a shebeen-house,  
and left the animal grazing outside,  
whilst he went in to have a thimbleful  
of whiskey; and then, you see, they  
got frisky and had another, and another,  
till poor Murdock went to sleep on the  
binch; and when he wouke up, he found  
the cracker gone, and his pocket stuffed  
full with a big lump of money."

"In short," said I, "you mean to say  
he has been horse-stealing?"

"Why, sir," he replied, stammering  
and scratching his head, "they call it so  
in England."

A POLITICAL JOKE.—A clerk in the  
War Department died a few days ago,  
and some anxious and expectant whigs  
thought they would take time by the  
forelock to recommend a candidate.—  
They called immediately upon the Sec-  
retary, and after stating their business  
apologised for calling so soon after the  
clerk's death. The Secretary blandly  
assured the gentlemen that no apology  
was necessary for so early a call, for the  
vacancy was already filled.

CROSS-EXAMINATION.—A witness, ex-  
amined in one of the Courts of Illinois,  
upon trial concerning a horse trade, was  
asked by the counsel for the defendant  
how the plaintiff generally rode? *Wit-  
ness*—He generally rides a-straddle, sir.  
*Counsel*—How does he ride in compa-  
ny? *Witness*—If he has a good horse  
he always keeps up. *Counsel*—How  
does he ride when he is alone? *Witness*  
—Really, sir, I cannot say, for I never  
was in company with him when he rode  
by himself. *Coun.*—You may stand aside.

AN APOLOGY.—A lawyer in a neigh-  
boring county, addressed the Court as  
"gentlemen," instead of your "Honors."  
After he had concluded a brother of the  
Bar reminded him of his error. He im-  
mediately rose to apologise thus:

"May it please the Court—in the  
heat of debate I called your Honors gen-  
tlemen. I made a mistake your Honors."  
The gentleman sat down, and we hope  
the court was satisfied with the explana-  
tion.

A young beauty beheld one even-  
ing two horses running off, at locomotive  
speed with a light wagon. As they  
approached, she was horrified at recognis-  
ing, in the occupants of the vehicle,  
two gentlemen of her acquaintance.—  
"Boys! boys!" she screamed in terror,  
"Jump out—quick—jump out—especial-  
ly Charley." It is needless to say that  
her sentiments as to "Charley" were,  
from that time forth, no secret.

A MALE FLIRT.—A monster in cassi-  
mere—a wretch, in short, who trifles  
with the best affections of a young girl,  
and then flings her aside as he would a  
dead pink, or any faded flowers off of  
which he had taken the bloom. Mrs.  
Smithers says, such a man ought to be  
squeezed to death with mountains, with-  
out the benefit of hollering.

A Lowell boy, writing from Cali-  
fornia, by the late steamer, speaking of  
the market says:—"I am not a prophet,  
but I think it safe to send pork, dried  
apples, dried peaches, beef, molasses,  
sugar, good butter—and cheese—done  
up to preserve it on the voyage—pickled  
onions, cider, vinegar, Shaker brooms  
and women."

"Cut your garment according to  
your cloth," is an old maxim, but the  
sentiment is as true now as ever. A  
life of gaudy show may do for a butter-  
fly, but never for a man and woman who  
expect to survive one season.