NORTHERN DEMOCRAT.

O. G. HEMPSTEAD, Proprietor. MONTROSE PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 3, 1848. VOL. V, NO. 31.

TERMS OF THE "DEMOCRAT."

One dollar and fifty cents a year, in advance, or two dollars if not paid until the end of the year.

No paper discontinued until arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

Rates of Advertising.

One Square, (twelve lines, or less,) 3 insertions,	$1 00
Each subsequent insertion,	25
One Square, 3 months,	2 50
" " 6 months,	4 00
" " 1 year,	2 00
Business Cards, of four lines or less,	7 00
Yearly Advertisers, who occupy not over 4 squares,	20 00
One column, one year,	

☞ Post-paid communications only will receive attention.

POETRY.

THE DROVERS.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

A freer, manlier life than ours,
No son of toil is living—
Through heat and cold, and sun and showers,
Still onward cheerily driving.
But, see, the day is closing cool,
The woods are dim before us,
The white fog of the wayside pool
Is creeping slowly o'er us.

The night is falling; comrades mine,
Our foot sore beasts are weary,
And through yon elms the tavern-sign
Invites us all to tarry.
The landlord beckons from his door,
His beechen fire is glowing;
These ample barns with feed in store
Are filled to overflowing.

From many a valley frowned across
By brows of rugged mountains;
From hill-sides where through spongy moss
Gush out the river fountains;
From quiet farm-fields, green and low,
And bright with blooming clover;
From vales of corn the wandering crow
No richer hovers over;

Day after day our way has been
O'er many a hill and hollow;
By lake and stream, by wood and glen,
Our stately drove we follow.
Through dust clouds rising thick and dun,
As smoke of battle o'er us,
Their white horns glisten in the sun,
Like plumes and crests before us.

We see them slowly climb the hill,
As slow behind it sinking;
Or, thronging close, from road side rill
Or sunny lakelet drinking.
Now crowding in the narrow road,
In thick and struggling masses,
The glare upon the teamster's load
Or rattling coach which passes.

Anon, with toss of horn and tail,
And paw of hoof and bellow,
They leap some farmer's broken pale,
O'er meadow-close and fallow.
Forth comes the startled good man; forth
Wife, children, house dog, sally,
Till once more on their dusty path
The baffled truants rally.

We drive no starvelings, scraggy grown,
Loose legged, and ribb'd and bony,
Like those who grind their noses down
On pastures bare and stony—
Lean oxen, rough as Indian dogs,
And cows with dust-dry udders,
Disputing feebly with the frogs
The crop of saw-grass meadows!

In our good drove, so sleek and fair,
No bones of leanless rattle;
No tottering, hide-bound ghosts are there,
Of Pharaoh's evil cattle.
Each stately beeve bespeaks the hand
That fed him unrepining;
The fatness of a goodly land,
In each dun hide is shining.

We've sought them where in warmest nooks
The sweetest feed is growing,
And priced them by the clearest brooks
Through honeysuckle flowing;
Wherever hillsides sloping south,
Are bright with early grasses,
Or, tracking green the lowland's drouth,
The mountain streamlet passes.

But, now the day is closing cool,
The woods are dim before us,
The white fog of the wayside pool
Is creeping slowly o'er us,
The cricket to the frog's bassoon
His shrillest time is keeping,
The sickle of yon setting moon
The meadow mist is reaping.

The night is falling, comrades mine,
Our foot worn beasts are weary,
And through yon elms the tavern-sign
Invites us all to tarry.
To-morrow, eastward, with our charge
We'll go to meet the dawning,
Ere yet the pines of Kearsarge
Have seen the sun of morning.

When snow-flakes o'er the frozen earth
Instead of birds are flitting:
When children throng the glowing hearth,
And quiet wives are knitting,
While in the fire-light strong and clear,
Young eyes of pleasure glisten,
To tales of all we see and hear,
The ears of home shall listen.

From many a Northern lake and hill,
To Ocean's far-off water,
Shall Fancy play the Drover still,
And make the long night shorter.
Then let us still through sun and showers
And heat and cold be driving;
A freer, manlier life than ours,
No son of toil is living!

☞ The Boston Courier lately decided as follows:

"It is our belief that the majority of the people of Massachusetts will not vote for TAYLOR under any circumstances."

Hon. Jos Mann.—At the conference held in Edensburgh, on the 11th inst., Mr. Mann was nominated as the Democratic candidate for Congress in that District.

MISCELLANY.

COQUETRY.

BY JENNY WESTENE.

"Kate, Kate, do come here. I have something to tell you! exclaimed Mary Evans, to a young girl who was standing in the midst of half a dozen of her school companions, all busily engaged in the laudable or never tiring occupation of talking treason against their teachers.

"Do you know, Kate," continued Mary, as the young lady summoned, joined her on the opposite side of the hall, "that I have just received a letter from mother and she wishes much, very much, that you will honor our house with your presence for the next four weeks. You need not trouble yourself to make any objections," she added quickly, fancying she saw a doubtful answer on her friend's face, "for I tell you it will do you no good. I insist, yes, positively insist on your going. That we shall neither of us be troubled with *ennui*, I promise you, for they tell me that it is very gay in the city, this winter, and it will be so delightful! now do say you will go, Kate!"

"I cannot tell you how grateful I am, both for you and your mother's kindness," answered Kate, "but, indeed, I cannot go. First, because I am yet in mourning, which will, of course, preclude the possibility of mixing freely in society, and as you intend to be very gay and dissipated, I know you too well, to suppose that you would leave me moping in the corner, while you were out enjoying yourself. So, my presence, instead of a pleasure would be a nuisance, besides, I have neither spirits or inclination to be gay."

"Don't wan't to be gay, indeed," laughed her merry companion, "and why not, I beg to know? Pray, if I may ask. Miss Grainearis, by what method of reasoning in a circle, did you ever arise at the important conclusive objections you have just broached? I suppose you are aware, that we are merely unsophisticated school-girls, going home to spend the vacation as pleasantly as possible. As such we can be perfectly regardless of form, which leaves you at perfect liberty to go into society in mourning or colors as you see fit."

"Thanks, thanks," laughingly returned her friend, "for defining my position so clearly, since you are so fond of that method of doing business, I would suggest the propriety of issuing cards to your friends, with the same luminous explanation, you have just given me. Rely upon it, something of the kind is necessary; else our first appearance in the fashionable world, will be greeted with pithy remarks on the haste of all young misses in general, to get into society, Misses Evans and Mallory, in particular; Miss Mallory, being in such a hurry, that she could not possibly wait till her mourning was off."

"Nonsense!" returned Mary, "what do we care for what people say or think. All I care about is to make the most of the next four weeks, and to make them pass off in the best and pleasantest manner possible. I take it," rattled on the giddy creature, "that your stack of objections is well nigh exhausted, so if you have nothing more to say, we will adjourn to our room. It is four o'clock, and not an article in our trunks yet."

To this Kate readily consented, on condition that Mary would go to one of the teachers and ask permission to have their goods and chattels all removed to the hall, as to try to pack in their three-feet-by-four rooms, was a moral impossibility, and she would not make the attempt.

Mary immediately consented, and away bounded the two friends, up the stairs, three steps at a time.

Kate Mallory, and Mary Evans, were as the reader must already have promised, fast friends. For two years they had been school companions, and during all that time had roomed together, studied together, wept together over the numerous imaginary trials of their boarding school life, till they had come to love each other as sisters. Perfect opposites they were in character, so much so that the school girls used frequently to wonder, how Kate Mallory ever chose Mary Evans for a bosom friend, and vice versa. Mary Evans was careless and light-hearted to a fault, Kate was equally endowed. Mary laughed at everything and everybody—for frolic was her passion. But her friend was too dignified to descend to the practice of quizzing, which Mary took such daily delight in. Mary was always happy, no cloud was ever on her brow, but then why should she not be? She was the only daughter of fond parents and had a pleasant home. Poor Kate was without either, she had no near relations, but an uncle, who was her guardian. She was very often melancholy, and for a week before the breaking up day arrived, she was sad indeed; probably this arose from contrasting her own hapless lot, with that of her busy companions, preparing to return to their happy homes; for it seemed to her that she had never felt her loss, nor the utter misery of being alone in the world, as deeply as she had the last week. Five years had passed since Kate first knew she was an orphan, and still she retained the outer garb of deepest mourning; still her grief, at times, was as unsubdued as when her last earthly parent was laid in the grave. Such a spell was upon her, when she was first introduced to the reader, and it was this feeling that had almost induced her to decline her friend's invitation, for at first Kate thought that she could not enter into the gaities, she knew would await them. Educated as Kate was, it is not to be wondered that she possessed many faults. Young as she was that worst trait in the character of a woman, coquetry, was fully developed. Fond of flattery, she yet had the sense to despise the flatterers, but Kate was young yet, and how circumstances might alter her character was yet unknown.

It was late in the evening of the third day, after the commencement of our story, when our two young ladies reached their destination, in New York city. Mary was in the wildest possible spirits, for to be at home again, was to be in happiness. Kate, too was happy, the warm welcome and kindly wish, that she would feel perfectly at home, quite won her heart, and for the first time in many days, she was herself again; a giddy girl of seventeen.

Weary as they both were, midnight found the two friends seated *enrobe-de-chambre*, by the fire in their own room, entirely absorbed in the confidential small-talk, young ladies always indulge in before retiring. "Bless me there's twelve o'clock!" said Mary. I had no idea it was so late. I must be up bright and early, to receive brother Ned, and I fancy we won't be much refreshed, by tried nature's sweet restorer, unless we seek it soon!"

"Is your brother coming here?" asked Kate, with a look of surprise; "I was not aware of it!"

"To be sure," answered Mary, "brother Ned, his chum, and cousin Frank, all are coming, and I am so glad, for now we shan't want for beaux, that's sure, and we can go any and everywhere—without being dependent on other gentlemen. It's certainly a very agreeable arrangement all round."

"Bah! don't reckon too surely without your host, Molly dear," said Kate, "for ten to one, the gentlemen will hold us in utter contempt as being boarding-school Misses, and we will get no attention from them at all, besides I——"

"I don't care what they may think," interrupted the indignant Mary, "I am determined to make them useful; Ned, of course, I shall use no ceremony with, and if cousin Frank and the chum don't offer their services as freely as I think necessary, I shall ask them. However I am resolved that they shall not mistake us for two simple, shy young shepherdesses. I suppose we must meet them very dignified, self-possessed and sober. Do you think I could be dignified, if I made a great effort, Kate?" And with a half serious, half mischievious expression of her face, she drew her *petite* figure to its full height, and stood looking at her friend for an answer.

Kate *did* look for a moment; then throwing herself back in the arm chair, burst into a merry laugh; the idea of Mary's trying to be dignified was too ridiculous.

Mary pouted. If that was the end of all her dignity, what would she do? And with an abrupt good night, retired to dream of some better method of impressing the gentlemen at first sight, that she was no simple shepherdess.

Early next morning, Mary was awakened by a very unusual noise in the hall, as of a multitude of baggage being deposited by a porter, in the usual way those gentlemen generally make their deposits, viz: with a bang and a clash. Added to this, there were numerous peals of not very genteel laughter, all of which convinced Mary that brother Ned and Co., had actually arrived; her impatience would not allow her to rest another moment, so springing from the bed, she slipped on a dressing gown and cap, and without giving a thought to either whether they were on right or wrong, she bounded down the stairs, and before another moment had elapsed, a rather boisterous but warm-hearted meeting had taken place between Ned, Frank and herself. Then the stranger, Mr. Fouler, was introduced—she quite forgot the *dignity* she had intended to have met the gentlemen with, so acting on the impulse of the moment, she gracefully acknowledged the introduction. It was certainly better as it was, for had she (to use a hackneyed phrase) had her wits about her, a would-be-stately bend of the head, and a measured, 'I am glad to see you, sir,' would have been her welcome; then the gentlemen would have doubtless, felt disposed to laugh (in his sleeve, of course) how he thought her a little love.

Till Mr. and Mrs. Evans appeared in the hall Mary had never once thought of her appearance, thinking it would now be impossible for her to get in a word edgewise, she thought of herself. Putting both hands to her head, she became conscious that something there was certainly wrong, what, she could not tell, smothering a laugh, she sprung up stairs to her room, that reached, she galloped to the mirror, started back, and burst into an immoderate peal of laughter. No wonder she did; the velvet cap was placed so that the back part fell over her forehead, and leaving only an inch of that prominent feature exposed, the part of her head she had intended to cover, was quite guiltless of anything of the kind, and the hair in as fuzzy a state as possible: altogether she presented a most comical appearance. Kate, who was now wide awake, lay and looked and wondered what it could mean! "Was Molly taken suddenly with an hallucination of the brain, or any other mental calamity?" she asked.

Mary ceased laughing for a moment, to assure Kate that she was sane, and to give her a rapid account of what had excited her risibles, and then both again laughed merrily, but this was soon finished, by Mary looking at her watch and saying it was time to dress. Immediately both young ladies commenced rigorous operations, and after an hour spent at their toilet, came to the conclusion they were presentable, and decended to the parlor.

The separate introductions now gone thro' by Kate, with a dignity and self possession, that quite delighted her friends, Kate took a general survey of the gentlemen presented, and was satisfied, her vein of coquetry vibrated instantly, and her first tho't was, they look as if they might be worth the trouble of trying to make comfortable.

Ned Evans was like his sister in many respects, had the same unceasing flow of spirits the same love of fun and frolic. In short, he belonged to the numerous class of young gentlemen denominated rattle brains.

Cousin Frank, was possessed of the same hereditary failing of extreme gaiety, was a whole souled generous fellow, had a very light and flippant character, and withal, was a life-member of the club yclept *Fops*.

Mr. Fouler may (with the reader's permission, and ours) be dismissed from the carpet, we doubt not that gentleman will be better drawn out in the continuance of our story, than to give now a prospectus.

Determined to lose no time in her pursuit after pleasure, Mary withdrew after breakfast, to hold council with Kate as to how that first day should be passed; after a variety of plans, good, bad and indifferent, it was at last decided, that the morning should be passed in making calls, afternoon reserved for a flirtation with the gentlemen, if they could be kept at home, and the evening at the Opera.

Mary's plans worked to a charm that day, and on returning gave herself a warm congratulation on the good beginning she had made. The next week was passed much in the same manner, after that invitations to balls and parties arrived abundantly, and now night after night was passed by our two school-misses, in crowded hot rooms, but that was no inconvenience, the more crowded the more delightful. In the same ratio one heard and saw so much."

Rapidly glided away those four weeks of grace, and it wanted but a few days of the time when they must return to school. Hated sound! How could they ever go back to that dull place, and chain down their thoughts to dull prosy books? True, for them it would be hard, and every time our young ladies tho't of it, their spirits sank two fathoms (to speak metaphorically.) But then, it was only one of the many evils accruing from girls mixing in society before they have completed their education.

We have hinted before, that Kate was disposed to be a coquette, and this desire had found ample food during these memorable four weeks. In society she was much admired and consequently flattered. Contrary to her expectations, school-girl as she was, no one was more sought after than herself, but she would flirt, flirt, flirt, to the end of the chapter, farther than that, she contrived to make them feel she could not go. I beg her pardon! She gave no such intimation to the gentlemen at home, at least to two of them she had not.—Cousin Frank had from the first been utterly excluded from her good graces, for she disliked and despised him, it was just as well, however, for immediately on his arrival he constituted himself, *mache*, to Cousin Mary, and so he remained, faithful and mindful of his duties. Mr. Fouler, she disliked almost as much, because she could make nothing of him. Mary was perfectly content with Frank's exclusive attentions, and required none, either from Ned or the chum, and so Kate had them both entirely to herself. Ned was very tractable, but his friend was always the same, polite and attentive, but cold as an icicle. Kate stood this state of affairs for two whole weeks, and then she grew impatient, and resolved that she would either make his affections wax warmer or colder toward herself. The more Kate thought of it the more fixed became her determination to do any and everything that lay in her power to make him declare himself. Propose he should and that before she returned to school. She would allow no gentleman within the reach of her fascinations, to remain as apathetic as Mr. Fouler, they must all be decidedly for or against, she would have no go between, that was certain.

Meanwhile, Ned without any particular effort on her part, had fallen desperately in love. Kate knew it, and when she took the subjugation of Mr. Fouler's obdurate heart in hand, she thought immediately of turning it to advantage. So she formed the plan of having Ned advanced to the fore-ground, while his friend should be left in the shade. This she would do by making Ned offer all the attentions in his power, so as to make it impossible for Mr. Fouler to offer his services in any manner. That he could not turn to Mary, she knew, for her *preaux chevalier*, was all-sufficient, she knew too, that his acquaintance with other ladies was limited to a passing compliment when he met them in a crowd. Thus he would be thrown on his own resources for occupation and amusement, and her knowledge of human nature told her at once that rather than endure that, he would enter into competition for her favor, whether his feelings were interested or not. Kate's plan worked as she thought it would, before many days, she saw that his interest, at least was excited, and steadily she followed up her advantage. Day by day, little by little, she gained ground, until the gentleman all but offered himself. This lasted for several days, and it wanted but three days from the time when they were to separate. Kate was not yet satisfied, he must propose, and be rejected before her revenge, for his former coldness, would be complete. Apparently her supposed victim was resting on his oars, not disposed to go any farther. That would not do. She must make one more effort, and what should it be? True she had not left much untried, but she must tax her ingenuity, and fix on something.

Mary was to have a large party the night preceding the day that they were to return to school; that would do she was well aware of Mr. Fouler's penchant, for simplicity in dress, she would choose one at once simple and elegant, and then she meant to look withal very beautiful, much more beautiful than he had ever seen her look before. He would be startled and surprised. Kate was sure of success.

The evening of the party arrived and after a protracted siege of dressing, and undressing, putting on and taking off, Kate gave a last look at herself in the glass, smiled satisfactorily, and walked into Mary's dressing room, to be inspected. Mary started when she entered and certainly looked a little angry, for Kate had half promised her she would lay aside her mourning on that evening, and appear in colors, but no, there she was, looking very, very beautiful, in the black crape dress, fitting the proudly erect figure perfectly. The abundant auburn hair was gathered together, at the back of the head, and simply wound round and round a gold comb, closely enamelled with black; on the white rounded arms were clasped a pair of heavy gold bracelets, like the comb, almost covered by the enamel, and they were the only ornaments she wore, but she certainly looked handsome, so beautiful indeed that Mary could not find it in her heart to scold her for the dress she had chosen.

They certainly were a striking contrast as they stood by the centre table, receiving their guests, as much in personal appearance, as in manner, and it was difficult to decide who was most to be admired. Mary's dark but clear complexion and brilliant color, her sprightly manner, or Kate's perfectly colorless oval face, large blue eye, and her prim, easy dignity.

The fatiguing business of reception was over and the everlasting polka, was in a high state of discussion, all over the rooms. Mr. Fouler had requested the pleasure of leading Miss Mallory to the dance, but Kate declined, she was too fatigued for the first quadrille, so Mr. Fouler, after a great deal of trouble, found a seat in one of the windows and conducted her to it. At first the conversation turned, of course, on the high beauty the ladies were in, particularly Miss Mallory. Contradictions and assertions followed, then that subject was dropped, and a silence ensued, which was broken by the gentleman's abrupt question of "what do you think of me, Miss Mallory?"

Kate slightly started, but replied almost instantly, "that she had no opinion."

"Do you think me a fool?" was the next abrupt question.

"Not particularly; why do you ask?"

"Because you have acted as if you did!—Shall I tell you what I think of you—Miss Mallory?"

"Certainly! if it will be any gratification to you!" was the brief cold answer.

He heeded not the angry flash which shot from her eyes, as she answered him, but calmly and distinctly recalled every manœuvre, every coquetish grace she had practiced to attract and win his regard. He had read and perfectly understood the motives, meanly absurd as they were, that had prompted the wish to have an offering laid at her feet—to be rejected on the instant. He told her all, and Kate sat and listened to the end, without moving a muscle.

When he had ended, she rose, the figure was drawn a little more erect, a haughty contemptuous curl was on the lip, but the voice was as calm as usual, as she said; "I will give you the opinion you asked, sir, now. You are a gentleman in every sense of the word! And with a steady bow, Kate threw aside the heavy curtain and stepped into the room, where she almost immediately joined a group of ladies and gentlemen, and was soon engaged in a lively conversation, Kate thought that evening never would come to an end, but at last, at a very late, or rather very early hour, she was alone in her own room, to think, for hours she sat almost motionless, pride, reason combatting most rigorously. At length, Kate's good sense gained the ascendancy, and "returned sentenced." That Kate Mallory, deserved all she had been told a few hours before, humiliating as it was, and that hated and despised as Mr. Fouler was, he had taught her a lesson, she must never, never forget it.

SALLY SLY AND JENNY McKEAN.

HUMEROUS REPORT ON BUTTER.

We copy the following from the Farmer's monthly Visiter. There is a good moral conveyed in it, told in a rich vein of humor, that is capital. It is from the pen of S. B. Little, of the Merrimac, (N. H.) Agricultural Society.

The beneficence of the Creator is manifest, in so disposing our tastes, and so adapting these to the varieties with which we are surrounded, as to make life a scene of enjoyment instead of a burden. It might have been that necessary food would have been noisome, as it is sometimes to the diseased stomach, had it not pleased the creator to have it otherwise.—Bread is the staff of life, but butter is given to make it slip down easier, and with a better relish. But it depends something on who makes the butter, whether it answers the purpose. Butter made in Joe Bunker's family needs to be eaten in the dark; then to make it pass well, one or two other senses should be laid aside—while that made by his brother Jonathan may be eaten in the full blaze of noon you would wish that your neck was as long again, that you might have the pleasurable sensation of swallowing prolonged. Perhaps a bit of history of their better halves will explain the whole matter.

Joe's wife was Sally Sly—when a small girl she was sly—she would not half wash the milk pail, but sly it away and let it sour. She was sly at school and did not half get her lessons, but would have her book in sight when reciting, but as she grew older she learned that to get well married, she must appear well, and so she bent all her cunning to get a superficial education in every thing, from roasting a potatoe to playing on a piano. Poor Joe fell in love with her and "love has no eyes," so he married her. But soon after she entered on house-keeping, his eye-sight came, and he saw his fix, that it was "for better or worse," and he thought it was all for worse. Like a true philosopher, he concluded to endure, what he could not avoid or cure, and got along tolerable well until he came to her butter—for his mother was a real butter maker. Every time he saw or tasted Sally's butter he had the horrors. Her manner of making butter is somewhat as follows: She thinks it of no consequence whether the milk pail is sweet or sour, sets the milk in a warm room, because it is easier than to go into the cellar; and if some dirt should blow into the pans she thinks "every man must eat a peck of dirt," and in no place will it slip down easier than in butter—she lets the cream pots be open, and when she churns forgets the poke, leaves the cream nearly at blood heat, that it may come quick. When she takes it out of the churn, she picks out the dead bodies of all flies and spiders—the legs and wings are so small that they can be swallowed. She works out half the butter milk, and sets it away in a warm place for use. Poor Joe has seen so much butter of this kind that he declares butter does not agree with his health, and will not taste it. Yet his wife wonders he does not try, and marvels that he does not keep a dairy, and make butter for market.

Jonathan was a younger brother of Joe, and he had occasion to eat at his brother's enough to know why he could not eat butter, and he declared he would never marry without knowing what his bread would be buttered with. Following the bent of his fancy, he made several attempts at matrimony, and Julia Jumpet almost caught him—for there was always good butter on the table, at tea, but he was determined to know who made it. On enquiry, she says, "In me, mother makes the butter, I take lessons on the piano." "Well," says Jonathan "I want a wife that takes lessons on the churn, I shall look further."

After several unsuccessful attempts and just ready to despair, he started in pursuit of stray cattle before breakfast, and wandered through the forest to the next town, and weary and hungry he called at a decent looking house and asked for some refreshments, which was most cordially granted, for the family were what are called Scotch Irish—in religion Presbyterian, and in hospitality boundless.

Here he found the butter exactly right—though the weather was hot, it kept its shape as well as bees-wax. He catechised the old lady about her house-wifery, for the bread was as right as the butter. The old lady said her health was feeble; she could do but little, and Jenny had the whole management. He made some round-about enquiries concerning Jenny, and found that she was a hearty, blackeyed lass of two-and-twenty, had never seen a piano or attended a ball, and knew the Assembly's Catechism, and could sing Old Hundred to a charm—spin flax and darn stockings, and was then gone to town with butter. He lingered but she was delayed, and when his excuses for staying were exhausted, he started. He could not get the good butter out of his mind, and how it happened I know not—he soon found his way there again, and the result of his adventure was, he made a wife of Jenny McKean. And one lump of his butter is worth more than Joe's can make in a month, there's no trouble in going to market—the keepers of central boarding house in the neighboring villages send and take it at the highest market price.

Now the main difference between these two women arises from the manner of training, though there is no difference in natural disposition. Old Madam Sly never looked on to see that Sally did up her work right, but suffered her to sly off her work as she chose, and though a good house keeper herself, was altogether too indulgent, and like some other mothers, thought more of getting her well married than of making her fit for a wife—while old Madam McKean was determined Jenny should be fit for a man's wife, whether she got married or not. Perhaps there is no more certain criterion by which to judge of woman's general character for neatness and good housekeeping, than by the quality of her butter.—Find on the farmers table a good solid, properly salted, well worked slice of butter, and you need not fear to eat the cakes or hash, but see a splash of half-worked butter—salt in lumps, and a sprinkling of hair and fly legs, you may be sure if you board there very long, death will not be obliged to wait much for you to finish your peck of dirt.

My advice is, to young farmers, to make it a *sin qua non* in a wife that she makes prime butter, and the young ladies who aspire to be farmers' wives, had much better be imperfect in filagree and music, than be deficient in that most important art of making butter, which smooths not only the sharp corners of crust and crackers, but will smooth the asperities of the husband's tempers.

Animal Magnetism—A Capital Story.—In a small town down East, there lived a butcher, a Jack-at-all-trades, and more particularly noted for his experiments in Animal magnetism. A half witted fellow, who lived entirely upon the charity of the town, imagined one day he was quite ill, made application to the butcher, for a remedy to relieve him from the pains in his stomach. The thought flashed upon the mind of the butcher that he was a fit subject for an experiment, and accordingly he mesmerised him into a profound sleep. He then made an incision into his stomach and took out the inwards to wash them. After which, he laid them down and went into the house to get a needle and thread to sew up the incision. But on returning to his astonishment he beheld an old sow just leaving the place having eaten them. In this dilemma he seized a sheep, and removed its entrails to the body of the man; then closing up the orifice he awakened the slumbering subject, who was forthwith "discharged cured." Meeting the individual some days after, the butcher having some curiosity as to the success of the operation, asked the chap how he got along. "Oh, first rate," said he, "only I have got such an infernal hankering after grass!"

Profanity.—There is nothing in our estimation so degrading to the character of a man as the use of profane oaths—it lessens his dignity in the eyes of all who may come in contact with him, and is indictive of a coarse and vulgar mind. "To swear is neither brave, polite, nor wise," is a true adage, and should be borne in mind by such as are addicted to profanity. It is heart-rending to the virtuous and moral part of our community, to hear the blasphemous expressions that emanate from the mouths of men, who wear the exterior of gentlemen—but more withering is it to hear the horrid oaths that spring from the lips of many of the lads, who perambulate the streets. Hear the Father of his country, the illustrious Washington:—"The foolish and wicked practice of profane swearing and cursing, is so mean and low, that every person of sense and character detests and despises it."—*Key Stone.*

A Paradox.—"Pat, do you know what is that they call a President?" "Indeed and don't I, shure? It's a fellow they put up to be blackguard and call names, and if he can stand being called a rascal, and a fool and a rogue, why then, they put him in President, that's all."