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DRUGS, MEDICINES, &c., THE subscriber having recently been supplied with a large and fresh stock of Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Perfumery, &c., would respectfully notify all country merchants, druggists, and physicians that every thing in my line will be sold at very small advance for cash, or city acceptances.

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McFARLAND'S PLOUGHS, We are agents for the sale of the best and most improved Ploughs, and have now on hand a large supply. For sale by E. B. JACOBS.

PROUGHS, 500 Hall street, New Orleans. received per steamer Ramsey, feb 22

An Evening Party. Oh! those weary tea-parties; even now I feel the creeping shudder of repugnance chill over me, as I think of them, and the wretched hours I used to spend in this way at W—.

It was a very hot summer evening; one of those upon which a person lones, with an irresistible craving, to be out of doors, and free from the pent, stifling atmosphere of a room; when the dew lies heavy upon the drooping flowers, and they send up their rich fragrance into the night air.

Wade & Butcher's pocket Cutlery, Razors and Scissors, of direct importation, at very low prices. 17 BARK HOUSE MADE AND REPAIRED TO ORDER, apr 25

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points, with every probability of losing his gown; while Miss Harriet, who has been spending day after day in the St. John's vestment, will be sent out of the place for a short time at least; her poor mother is in a state of distraction. No wonder; it will be the ruin of her sisters, as well as herself. No one will ever notice them again. Well, I'm not much surprised; I always thought them and giddy girls, and had my misgivings about these walks. I don't approve of young women trotting all over the town alone, directing visitors, or anything else. It was not allowed in my time, and it would be much better if it was not allowed now.

"Are you speaking of the daughters of Mrs. Aylmer, of Lea cottage?" asked a tall, vinegar-colored lady, who seemed to be a stranger, and to have accompanied one of the last importations of visitors. "Yes," replied Mrs. Beauchamp, "do you know them?" "No," "Mrs. Aylmer, perhaps?" "No; I never saw any of the family, but I hear a great deal. Pray, is all this scandal true?" "Really, madam, I have not the pleasure of knowing you, but I must say yours is a most extraordinary figure," and Mrs. Beauchamp drew up her square face to its utmost height.

"I merely wished to learn if you had positive grounds for your statements." "Certainly. The facts are well known in the town." "The statements are, but I was not aware that the facts upon they are based were; I must, therefore, take leave to repeat my question—Are all these shameful tales true?" "I scarcely know what you call them, but I have heard respecting Miss Aylmer's conduct in a morning, about a week after this, just as we were sitting down to dinner, a gentleman, one of the principle lawyers in W—, was announced.

"I have called, Mrs. Beauchamp," he said, "upon a very unpleasant mission. I am intrusted by my client, Mrs. Aylmer, of Lea cottage, to commence proceedings against you for defamation. Some exceedingly scandalous reports, so seriously affecting the reputation of Miss Harriet Aylmer as to have occasioned the breaking off of her engagement with Mr. Powis have been traced to you, and unless I can obtain the fullest and most explicit acknowledgment of your falsehood, I have no alternative but to obey my instructions. Under such circumstances, I trust you see the necessity of at once, consenting to make the public recantation I am empowered to require."

"How many hues did your pale, sallow countenance wear during this speech. Meddler and mischief-maker as she was, I could not but pity her, she did look so thoroughly frightened." "At last she stammered out—'What recantation—who says?'" "Everybody. There has been little difficulty in tracing the report; but Mrs. William Powis, aunt to the gentleman to whom Miss Harriet Aylmer was engaged, and whose adopted son he is, is our chief authority. You made the statement complained of to her, and she refused her sanction to her nephew's marriage until she had seen that she had publicly discredited it as being circulated."

"But I thought I heard Mrs. Raymond say last night that both the Miss Aylmers were engaged." "Ah, it's all very well for Mrs. Raymond to set that about. She's their aunt, you know, and I dare say would be thankful enough if there was a prospect of getting them off, with their flirtatious and extravagant habits; but depend upon it, they are neither engaged nor likely to be; for as for their catching Edward Surtees, there's no more chance of their succeeding in that than there is of my dying."

"No; that is quite certain. They make their attack rather too openly." "Yes, indeed. Why, it was no longer since than to-day I saw Harriet Aylmer go past three times; and as it is pretty generally known that Mr. Surtees is occupied all day every Tuesday in the vestry, I don't think it requires any supernatural intelligence to divine where she was going. Oh, these clothing clubs, and district accounts, and national schools make capital excuses."

"Oh, dear me, how shocking! I'm sure I couldn't have thought it. Well, there's no knowing any one," ejaculated the old lady. "Such nice, pretty, modest-looking girls, and their mother the old dean's daughter—oh dear, dear!" "A little more of the same amiable, pleasant talk, and the subject changed—at least the names did; as for the subject, that remained pretty nearly the same all the evening.

"The next day we went—poor me again!—to call upon another lady. Her drawing room was full of morning visitors, and after a while the gossip turned upon St. John's schools; from thence, in a natural diversion, it went to Edward Surtees, from him to the Miss Aylmers. I was busily engaged in tracing the quaint figures upon an old japanned work-table, and paid no attention to the conversation, until the now familiar name of Miss Aylmer struck my ear; then I listened and heard Mrs. Beauchamp say: "Oh, there's no question at all about it—she was seen to go to the church three times yesterday, and of course there can be no doubt what for. It is absolutely scandalous."

"Dreadful! I wonder Dr. Sydney does not put a stop to it. Not that I think the young man's to blame, for if the girls will throw themselves in his way, what is he to do—but she!" "Shocking—isn't it? Oh, it'll end of course in Mr. Surtees being discharged, and her leaving the town." "Horrible! And I heard she was engaged. What are her parents about? They ought to be ashamed of themselves, letting their children act in such a disgraceful manner."

"Oh, Mrs. Aylmer's a poor silly thing, and suffers the girls to do just exactly as they choose." "A few more such kindly speeches, each one adding a little to the scandal, and these minders of other people's business parted, having in two meetings accomplished a great deal—were from surmise to assertion, first suggested what might be the object of Miss Aylmer's walks, then declaring it, and lastly speculating upon the consequences.

"Another meeting, I thought, and the mischief would surely be perfect." "It was so. On our way home, we called upon Mrs. Westmacott, and there found two of the previous night's guests, occupied in telling their magnified version of the popular story. Harriet Aylmer had just passed, and her appearance had given the signal to the gossips, who were terribly busy when we entered, in talking, as fast as they could, the poor unconscious girl's good name away.

"Not to be outdone, I suppose, and having really worked herself into a belief of its truth, Mrs. Beauchamp now took up the tale, and very soon I was startled by hearing her say: "Yes, indeed, you won't see her long. Dr. Sydney's eyes have been opened at last, and Mr. Surtees has been dismissed from his appointments, with every probability of losing his gown; while Miss Harriet, who has been spending day after day in the St. John's vestment, will be sent out of the place for a short time at least; her poor mother is in a state of distraction. No wonder; it will be the ruin of her sisters, as well as herself. No one will ever notice them again. Well, I'm not much surprised; I always thought them and giddy girls, and had my misgivings about these walks. I don't approve of young women trotting all over the town alone, directing visitors, or anything else. It was not allowed in my time, and it would be much better if it was not allowed now."

"I have no authority to delay an hour; nevertheless in the hopes that you may see the propriety of preventing any painful and expensive legal proceedings by making such an apology as will satisfy the extreme urgency of the case, I will take upon myself to wait for your decision until this evening. Should I not hear from you by post-time, I must then adopt the only course left open to me."

The rest of that most uncomfortable day was spent alone, orders being given by Mrs. Beauchamp to deny her to all visitors. The first hour or two she occupied in abusing the Aylmers, the lawyer and Mrs. Powis, most unmercifully, declaring they were all in a league to patch up the reputations of the former, by making a victim of her; the next she sat silent and thoughtful, gleaning up every now and then she devoted to the composition of a letter, the contents of which all the town—at least all the friends of the "St. John's Herald"—knew, at the next Saturday morning, under the head of "apology," it was signed out from advertisements, and read aloud at every breakfast table.

THE SURRENDER OF YORKTOWN.—At two o'clock in the evening, October 19th, 1781, the British army, led by Gen. O'Hara, marched out of its lines, with colors cast and drums beating a British march.

It will be seen in the sequel that O'Hara, and not Cornwallis, surrendered the British army to the allied forces of France and America. In the affair, Gen. Cornwallis seemed to have lost all his former magnanimity and firmness of character—he sunk beneath the pressure of his misfortunes, and, for a moment, gave up his soul to chagrin and sorrow.

The road through which they marched was lined with spectators, French and American. On one side, the commander-in-chief, surrounded by his suite and the American staff, took his station; on the other side, opposite to him, was the count de Rochambeau, in like manner attended. The captive army approached, moving slowly in a column, with grace and precision.

There is not a part of our costume, male or female, that has not passed from one extreme of absurdity to another, and been most admired at its highest point. Coats have been worn with voluminous skirts, dangling about the wearer's heels, and with scanty bellows descending six inches below the waist. Coat sleeves at one time fitted skin tight, and more than once have been so wide as to sweep the ground. Flapped waistcoats, which in the time of George I. reached near to the stocking, were soon cut so short as to be nearer to the armpits than the thigh. The close-fitting, tightly strapped trousers contrast strangely with the truck-hose of the sixteenth century, stuffed out with five or six pounds of bran, to afford additional accommodations for members' seats. It is related that a first man of that time rising to conclude a visit of ceremony, had the misfortune to damage his nether integuments by a protruding nail in his chair, so that by the time he gained the door, the escape of bran was so rapid as to cause a collapse. It may have been that similar mishaps caused the substitution of wool or hair for bran, which afterwards became common. Holmes, in his 'Notes on Dress,' says: "A law was made against such as did stuff their 'bryches' to make them stand out; whereas when a certain prisoner in these times was accused for wearing such bryches contrary to law, he began to excuse himself the offence, and endeavored to find a little exchange himself of that which he had worn within them. He drew out a pair of sheets, two table cloths, ten napkins, four shirts, a brush, a glass, a comb and night cap and other things of use, saying: "Your lordship may understand that, because I have no safer storeroom, these pockets do serve me for a room to put my goods in; and though it be a strain upon yet it is a storehouse big enough for them—for I have many more things yet of value within them." And so his discharge was accepted and well laughed at."

A FARM TO READ ABOUT.—The Ohio State Journal has the following description of the farm of general Worthington, near Chillicothe: "While in Chillicothe, a few days since, we availed ourselves of an opportunity of visiting the fine farm of general Worthington, which is located about two miles north of this city, upon the high grounds that overlook the beautiful valley of the Scioto.

"This farm contains about seven or eight hundred acres of the best land in the garden of Ohio, well supplied with the purest water, and adorned with magnificent groves of forest trees. Fruit of the choicest kind, and of every variety, are to be found in the spacious orchards. There are several, while the grapes and the melon vines that are growing luxuriantly on every hand, satisfied us that the general would never suffer from the want of friendly visitors during the grape and melon season. Figs from the land of Smyrna, figs from the plains of Mexico, and pears from the semi-civilized country of Japan, flourish in his well-cultivated gardens, objects of curiosity to the stranger, and of pride and satisfaction to the well-cultivated taste of the general.

"A large stone mansion built for durability, comfort and convenience by his ancestor, the late governor Worthington, stands upon the bluff, from the top of which may be seen a country all up and down the winding Scioto, that in our humble opinion surpasses anything that can be seen this side of Jordan.

"Fronting the farm on the east, at the foot of the hill, is a lake, constructed by the general himself, from a marshy piece of ground, containing about fifteen acres, which is now stocked with various kinds of fishes that await his pleasure whenever he may choose to have them served up at his table.

"A large ice house, built upon the verge of the lake, stands conveniently ready to receive the frozen liquid into its capacious maw, whenever old winter with his hoary locks may choose to present the offering. From this reservoir, the general is enabled to supply the wants of the people of Chillicothe during the hot season. At a convenient distance from the tempting waters of this beautiful lake, the milk of the short-horn Durhams is kept, from the sale of which alone, the past year, the general realized the sum of four thousand dollars."

THE DAYS OF OUR FATHERS.—That the principles of the American party are not recognized by all classes of our countrymen, as the true basis of policy of both our national and state government, is to be attributed solely to the tyranny of party. They unquestionably do, or should, commend themselves to the wise, the patriotic, the Union loving people of the entire country. And yet, under the imperious edict of party, there are found thousands who will boldly run counter to the best impulses of their hearts and the most solemn convictions of their judgment. When the ends, aims and objects of the American party are ignored by the American people—when its policy is by them repudiated, then indeed may we know that "ev'ry day" has fallen upon the institutions of the republic. Then indeed shall have passed from the minds of the present generation the memories of our revolutionary struggle, the blessings accruing to our people and to humanity by the establishment of our government, and the hopes of the unborn in its perpetuity. Let those who would have their faith made firm in the triumph of our principles, their hopes renewed, their purpose to fight well the good fight fixed, go, to some grey-haired sire of the earlier days of the republic, listen to his story of the stern duties and privations of the camp life, when he with those brave comrades who have mostly gone to their burial, met the invaders and the red man in the shock of battle. Hear him (tell him gallantly the American soldier encountered danger and death alike in defence of his hearthstone and his freedom; how he tracked the snow with the blood from his bare and frozen feet; how he endured the cold and hunger of the march; how the night closed in upon his weary watch of the camp, and how the morning broke comfortless on his unclouded lids. Hear him, in fine, tell how fought our forefathers, what trials they endured, what fortifications they accomplished, and then bid your younger soldier of our country's battles, God speed in your good work, and, if you keep uncommemorated the blood of your ancestors, if you love your country, and would see her prosper, then will you resolve to be fixed here to slumber nor sleep on the post of your duty till the victory is won. [Nashv. Am. Gaz.]

The man who was frightened by the bark of a tree, is supposed to have been of nervous temperament.

The editor of the New York Churchman is in a peck of trouble again. He thinks the clergy, in these days, are too much addicted to wedlock. Ministers, he thinks, should not be encumbered with the care of a family, these hard times, and he goes strong, therefore, for "celibacy." Women in choirs is another trouble, he says. They create, and figure in scandalous scenes behind the curtain. He goes, therefore, for turning the women out, and putting chorister boys in their place. Wicked women—very wicked.

Some years ago while captain Ward was sailing a craft on the upper lakes, a man fell overboard in the evening. The fact was immediately discovered, and the captain promptly threw a number of loose articles into the lake for the drowning man to seize upon. Among these happened to be a bunch of shingles from a lot which the imperilled gentleman was having transported on the boat. When the vessel was turned about, it was found that this bunch had floated within reach of the man, and he had sustained himself upon it. He was taken on board, and without expressing any gratitude for his deliverance, he told the captain, with considerable agitation, that he should expect pay for his shingles that had been thrown overboard! Captain Ward replied that he was very sorry—that if he had known the shingles were his, he would not have done it! This is a true story, and when anybody can beat it, he can have our hat; and, if he desires it, a written acknowledgement of our unqualified belief in the doctrine of total depravity. [Det. Trib.]

Kingsley says, did you ever remark, my friends, that the bible says hardly any thing about religion, that it never praises religious people? That is very curious. Would to God we would all remember it! The bible speaks of a religious man only once, and of religiously twice, except where it speaks of the Jews' religion, to condemn it, and shows what an empty, blank, useless thing it was. What does this bible talk of, then? It talks of God—not of religion, but of God. It tells us not to be religious, but Godly. If Jesus Christ come to you in the shape of a poor man whom nobody knew, should you know him?

I suppose, sir, that you will give me time for consideration? I am quite unable at this moment to collect my thoughts sufficiently to take any steps.

"I know it, and therefore we must have redress." "But why am I to be singled out, and made responsible for public talk?" "Because you made it public. People must have some protection; or one's good name, the character, upon which most of us live, would be at the mercy of every idle meddler in the town. What men say to the injury of others they must be ready to substantiate, and if they do not like the terms, they must relinquish the indulgence, and instead of minding their neighbors' business, attend to their own."

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