

THE BOON'S LICK TIMES.

JAMES R. BENSON & CLARK H. GREEN Publishers and Proprietors.

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Our Terms cannot be misunderstood.—Those indebted to us for last year's subscription, can make payment to the above named gentlemen; also, advance payment for the present volume.

FOR THE TIMES.

SPRING.

"Come gentle spring! Ethereal mildness! Come, And from the bosom of yon drooping cloud, While music wakes around, veiled in a shower Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend."

Hail sweetest season! with thy rosy train Come, and strew beautiful flowers o'er the plain. The opening lilies bloom as white as snow, And tulips with their brilliant colors glow. Along the walks in blooming order stands, The rich-tinted pinks placed there by ladies' hands; Some red, some white, some streaked with azure blue, And others blushing with a purple hue. All peared with shining drops of morning dew. Their fragrance, like ambrosia, scents the air, And their crumpled blooms, adorn the braided hair. The gay earth in smiling Spring seems glad, And all nature in living verdure 's clad. The hills, the dales, the lofty mountain's trees, Wave their green tresses to the fanning breeze. The wild plum-bush, haw, and hawthorn blow, And stand like seaming mounds of drifted snow. Next those succeed of more modest mien, First dressed in white, and then in robes of green; While leafless stand the oak and blooming birch, And prostrate lie sinners at the church. O'er marshes, swamps, savannas, yellow meads, The asphodel its golden blossoms spreads; The daisies deck the mountain's grassy head, And on the gale their dewy odors shed. Unnumbered tribes of Flora's florid blooms, Fringe the wild lakes, and shed their rich perfumes. The plains are freckled with their various eyes, Like stars refulgent in the evening skies. The world smiles in the Sun's congenial blaze, White tribes of living things sport in his rays, And this great temple of God, resounds his praise: In every grove the whistling songsters sing, Like numbers falling from the breathing Spring, And sweet like the flowery visag'd Spring, And welcome wild notes with joy, each heart inspire, And men and maidens catch the glowing fire; Then, each loved home resounds with merry song, And music vibrates from ten thousand tongues. The world, the genial year, with beauty crowns, And God's wide realms with Gods great praise resounds. Now Phœbus sheds his horizontal ray, Deserts the heavens and denies the day As he sinks to rest on his ocean bed, His last lines of light paint the clouds with red. One vast blush now fills th' empurpled west, And the moveless seas sleep in tranquil rest. But cease my muse, now cease thy songs of praise, Until the morning in the East shall blaze, And then again resume the tranquil lays. BOID ANNON.

The Piece of a Hundred Sou.

AN INTERESTING FRENCH TALE.

A young handsome pair had just returned from the altar, where their destinies were irrevocably united. They were about to start from the country, and they had bidden a temporary farewell to the friends who were present at the ceremony. For a short time, while their equipage was preparing, they found themselves alone. The newly-wedded husband took one of his bride's hands into his own. "Allow me," said he, "thus to hold your hand, for I dread lest you should quit me. I tremble lest all this should be an illusion. It seems to me that I am the hero of one of those fairy tales which amused my boyhood, and in which, in the hour of happiness some malignant fairy steps ever in to throw the victim into grief and despair!" "Re-assure yourself, my dear Frederick," said the lady. "I was yesterday the widow of Sir James Melton, and to-day, I am Madame de la Tour, your wife. Banish from your mind the idea of the fairy.—This is not fiction but history.

Frederick Delator had indeed some reason to suppose that his fortunes were the work of a fairy's wand; for in the course of one or two short months, by a seemingly inexplicable stroke of fortune he had been raised to wealth and to happiness beyond his desires. A friendless orphan, twenty five years old, he had been a holder of a clerkship, which brought him a scanty livelihood, when, one day, as he passed along the Rue St. Honore, a rich equipage stopped suddenly before him, and a young woman called from it to him, "Monsieur, Monsieur, said she. At the same time, on a given signal, the footman leapt down, opened the carriage door, and invited Frede-

rick to enter. He did so, though with some hesitation and surprise, and the carriage started off at full speed. "I received your note, sir," said the lady to M. de la Tour, in a soft and sweet voice; "and, in spite of your refusal I hope yet to see you to-morrow evening at my party."

"To see me madame!" cried Frederick. "Yes, sir, you—Ah! a thousand pardons," continued she, with an air of confusion; "I see my mistake. Forgive me, sir; you are so like a particular friend of mine! What can you think of me? Yet the resemblance is so striking, that it would have deceived any one."

Of course Frederick politely replied to these apologies. Just as they were terminated the carriage stopped at the door of a splendid mansion, and the young man could not do less than offer his arm to the lady Melton, as the fair stranger announced herself to be. Though English in name the lady nevertheless, was evidently of French origin. Her extreme beauty charmed M. de la Tour and he congratulated himself upon the happy accident which had gained him such an acquaintance.—Lady Melton loaded him with civilities and he received and accepted an invitation for the party spoken of. Invitation to her parties followed, and to be brief, the young man soon found himself an established visitor at the house of Lady Melton. She, a rich and youthful widow, was enriched by admirers. One by one however they disappeared, giving way to the poor clerk, who seemed to engross the lady's whole thoughts. Finally, almost by her own asking, they were betrothed. Frederick used to look sometimes at the little glass which hung in his humble lodging and wonder to what circumstance he owed his happy fortune.—He was not ill-looking certainly but he had not the vanity to think his appearance magnificent; and his plain and scanty wardrobe prevented him from giving the credit to his tailor. He used to conclude his meditations by the reflection that assuredly the lovely widow was fulfilling some unavoidable award of destiny. As for his own feelings, the lady was lovely, young, rich, accomplished, and noted for her sensibility and virtue;—could he hesitate!

When the marriage contract was signed, his astonishment was redoubled, he found himself through the lady's love, the virtual possessor of large property, both in England and France. The presence of friends had certified and sanctioned the union, yet, as has been stated, Frederick felt some strange fear, in spite of himself, lest all should prove an illusion, and he grasped his bride's hand, as if to prevent her from being spirited away from his view.

"My dear Frederick," said the lady smilingly, "sit down beside me, and let me say something to you."

"The young husband obeyed, but still did not quit her hand. She began.

"Once on a time— Frederick started, and half seriously exclaimed, 'Heavens! it is a fairy tale!' "Listen to me, foolish boy!" resumed the lady. "There was once a young girl, the daughter of parents well born, and at one time rich, but who had declined sadly in circumstances. Until her fifteenth year, the family lived in Lyons, depending entirely for subsistence upon the labor of her father. Some better hopes sprang up, and induced them to come to Paris; but it is difficult to stop in the descent down the path of misfortune. For three years the father struggled against poverty, but at last died in a hospital.

"The mother soon followed, and the young girl was left alone, the occupant of a garret of which the rent was not paid.—If there were any fairy connected with this story this was the moment of her appearance; but none came. The young girl remained alone, without friends or protectors, harassed by debts which she could not pay, and seeking in vain for some species of employment. She found none. Still it was necessary for her to have food.—One day passed on which she tasted nothing.—Next day was again without food, and the poor girl was forced into a resolution of begging. She covered her face with her mother's veil, the only heritage she had received, and, stooping so as to imitate age, she went out into the streets. When there, she held out her hand. Alas, that hand was white, and youthful and delicate! She felt the necessity of covering it up in the folds of the veil as if it had been leprous. Thus concealed, the poor girl held out the hand to a young woman who passed—she was more happy than herself, and asked, 'A sou a single sou to get bread?' The petition was unheeded. An old man passed.—The mendicant thought that experience of distresses of life might have softened one like him but she was in error.—Experience had only hardened not softened his heart.

"The night was cold and rainy, and the hour had come when the police appeared to keep the streets clear of all mendicants and suspicious characters. At this period, the shrinking girl took courage once more to hold out her hand to a passer-by. It was a young man. He stopped at the silent appeal, and, diving his hands into his pockets, pulled out a piece of money which he threw to her, being apparently afraid to touch a thing so miserable. Just as he did this one of the police came to the spot, and placing his hand on the girl's shoulder, exclaimed, 'Ah, I have caught you, have I?—you are begging. To the office with you! come along!'"

"The young man here interposed. He took hold hastily of the mendicant, of her whom he had before seemed afraid to touch, and addressing himself to the police-

man, said reprovingly, 'This woman is not a beggar. No, she is—she is one whom I know.' 'But sir,' said the officer—I tell you that she is an acquaintance of mine,' repeated the young stranger. Then turning to the girl, whom he took for an old and feeble woman, he continued, 'Come along my good dame, and permit me to see you safely to the end of the street.' Giving his arm to the unfortunate girl he then led her away, saying 'Here is a piece of a hundred sou. It is all I have—take it, poor woman. The crown of a hundred sous passed from your hand to mine,' continued the lady; 'and, as you walked along, supporting my steps, I then, through my veil, distinctly saw your face and figure—'

"My figure!" said Frederick, in amazement. "Yes, my friend, your figure," returned his wife: "it was to me that you gave alms on that night! It was my life—my honor, perhaps—that you then saved!"

"You a mendicant—you so young, so beautiful, and now so rich!" cried Frederick. "Yes, my dearest husband," replied the lady, "I have in my life received alms—once only—and from you; and those alms have decided my fate for life. On the day following that miserable night, an old woman, in whom I had inspired some sentiments of pity, enabled me to enter as a sempstress into a respectable house. Cheerfulness returned to me with labor. I had the good fortune to become a favorite with the mistress whom I served, and indeed I did my best, by unwearied diligence and care, to merit her favor. She was often visited by people in high life. One day, Sir James Melton, an English gentleman of great property, came to the establishment along with a party of ladies. He noticed me. He returned again. He spoke with my mistress, and learnt that I was of good family—in short, learnt my whole history. The result was, that he sat down by my side one day and asked me plainly if I would marry him."

"Marry you!" cried I, in surprise. "Sir James Melton was a man of sixty, tall, pale, and feeble looking. In answer to my exclamation of astonishment, he said, 'Yes I ask you if you will be my wife? I am rich, but have no comfort—no happiness. My relatives seem to yearn to see me in my grave. I have ailments which require a degree of kindly care that is not to be bought from servants. I have heard your story, and believe you to be one who will support prosperity as well as you have done adversity. I made my proposal sincerely, and hope that you will agree to it!'"

"At that time, Frederick," continued the lady, "I loved you. I had seen you but once, but that occasion was too memorable for me ever to forget it, and something always insinuated to me that we were destined to pass through life together. At the bottom of my soul, I believed this. Yet every one around me pressed me to accept the offer made to me, and the thought struck me that I might one day make you wealthy. At length my main objection to Sir James Melton's proposal lay in a disinclination to make myself the instrument of vengeance in Sir James' hands against relatives whom he might dislike without good grounds.—The objection when stated, only increased his anxiety for my consent, and finally, under the impression that it would be, after all, carrying romance the length of folly to reject the advantageous settlement offered to me, I consented to Sir James' proposal."

"This part of my story, Frederick, is really like a fairy tale. I, a poor orphan, penniless and friendless, became the wife of one of the richest baronets of England. Dressed in silks and sparkling with jewels, I could now pass in my carriage through the streets where, a few months before, I had stood in the rain and darkness—a mendicant!"

"Happy Sir James," cried M. de la Tour, at this part of the story; 'he could prove his love by enriching you!'"

"He was happy," resumed the lady. "Our marriage, so strangely assorted, proved much more conducive, it is probable, to his comfort, than if he had wedded one with whom all the parade of settlements and pin-money would have been necessary. Never, I believe, did he for an instant repent of our union. I, on my part, conceived myself bound to do my best for the solace of his declining years; and he, on his part, thought it incumbent on him to provide for my future welfare. He died, leaving me a large part of his substance—as much indeed as I could prevail upon myself to accept."

"I was now a widow, and from the hour in which I became so, I vowed never again to give my hand to man, except to him who had succored me in my hour of distress, and whose remembrance had ever been preserved in the recesses of my heart. But how to discover that man!—Ah, unconscious ingrate! to make no endeavor to come in the way of one who sought to love, to enrich you. I knew not your name.—In vain I looked for you at balls, assemblies and theatres. You went not there. Ah, how I longed to meet you! As the lady spoke, she took from her neck a riband, to which was attached a piece of a hundred sou. 'It is the same—the very same which you gave me,' said she, presenting it to Frederick; by pledging it, I got credit for a little bread from a neighbor, and I earned enough afterwards in time to permit me to recover it. I vowed never to part with it."

"Ah, how happy I was Frederick, when I saw you in the street! The excuse which I made for stopping you was the first that rose to my mind.—But what tremors I felt, even afterwards, lest you should have been already married. In that case, you would never have heard aught of this fairy tale, though I would have taken some means or other to serve and enrich you. I would have gone to England, and there passed my

days, in regret, perhaps, but still in peace.—But happy it was to be otherwise. You were single."

Frederick de la Tour was now awakened, as it were, to the full certainty of his happiness. What he could not but before look upon as a sort of freak of fancy in a young and wealthy woman, was now proved to be the result of deep and kindly feeling, most honorable to her who entertained it. The heart of the young husband overflowed with gratitude and affection to the lovely and noble hearted being who had given herself to him. He was too happy to speak. His wife first broke silence. "So, Frederick," said she, gaily, "you see that if I am a fairy, it is you who have given me the wand—the talisman—that has effected all!"

From the Madisonian.

THE EXTRA SESSION.

THE GLOBE.

It is a misfortune to those who hope that which is doing, to give a poor reason. Better let it go on. The Globe, of Monday, has discovered, that General Harrison's call of an Extra Session of Congress is without warrant. It is true the Constitution says, "He (the President) may, on extraordinary occasions, convene both Houses (of Congress) or either of them." But the Globe does not think it worth while to encounter this license; yet one could not easily see how it could be altogether set aside in taking up such a position. Here, however, is the warrant, and that is enough, unless it can be proved, that the "occasion" is not "extraordinary." Even then, the warrant is sufficient, if the President thinks it so, as it is a question for him alone to determine, or for him and his Cabinet. If they have not judged right, they must take the responsibility. We are strongly inclined to think, it will generally be admitted, that the state of the country is somewhat "extraordinary," at least that the state of "the revenue and finances" is so.

Has there not been an "extraordinary" change in the country? Mr. Benton, of the Senate, thought so, and put the whole body and the Spectators (Mr. Benton's "blackguards") into a laugh, by the confession, that it was not only extraordinary, but that he could not account for it! And when he saw them laughing, he said it over and over, till they laughed at his insisting upon it so strongly! Well, then, it may be presumed there were some "extraordinary" reasons, as in truth we think there were. It is enough for our purpose, that the nation has thought so, of which we have the strongest evidence. We are glad to have Mr. Benton's support on this point. He was absolutely puzzled into confusion.—That, surely, was very "extraordinary" for him to blush! More so, being a philosopher, that he could not account for it! The nation understands it very well. The people have not done this "extraordinary" thing in the dark.

An "extraordinary" man, General Jackson, had the "extraordinary" presumption to assume an "extraordinary" responsibility, and thereby to bring about an "extraordinary" state of things. Another "extraordinary" individual, Martin Van Buren, was "extraordinarily" compliant with the mandates of his "extraordinary" and illustrious predecessor, and between the two, the crisis to which they brought the country was extremely "extraordinary."

Finally, an "extraordinary" political revolution, which Mr. Benton could not understand, made William Henry Harrison President of the United States. All these "extraordinary" events, if our immaculate neighbor, the Globe, needs information on that point, brought about the "extraordinary occasion" of calling an extra session for the 31st of May, 1841.

But the unfortunate obtuseness of the Globe's perceptions cannot discover how, in point of law and fact, the 4th of March should have been very "extraordinary" in comparison of the 3d of the same month, or the day preceding. Clearly, we would suggest, if not "extraordinary," it was at least very pleasant to think of the change. But "the occasions" for calling a special session of Congress had been of such long standing, they could not be said technically speaking, to be "extraordinary." Well, if the Globe chooses to put it on the ground of technicalities, we would respectfully suggest, that "technically speaking," General Harrison was not President of the United States till the 4th of March, 1841, and, "technically speaking," the rule of the Constitution, requiring "an extraordinary occasion" for a called session, could not go into effect, till the 4th of March had arrived, considering the temper of the old dynasty.

Technically speaking, therefore, the "extraordinary occasion" had existed for years, but could not be used for this, till an "extraordinary" political revolution had brought it within the rule of the Constitution. It is to be hoped, therefore, since the nation has waited so patiently and suffered so long under these "extraordinary" circumstances, that the Globe will graciously be pleased, "extraordinarily" though it may be, to let the nation have its own way. The people are probably satisfied on the point, that the "occasion" is "extraordinary."

Any how, the President and his Cabinet have judged it to be so, and that is all the Constitution requires. Who are to be the judges? It is certainly very "extraordinary" that the Globe should have entirely overlooked this point, which was the only one to be considered, in determining the constitutionality of the call.

"Whew!" saith the plain man, when overtaken with astonishment at some strange

conduct. "Whew!" say we to the Globe, as to this matter.

We trust the Globe will excuse us for not encountering the drift of its argument, as it has no squinting at all towards the material of the constitutional question, as it very well knows.

THE ADMINISTRATION PARTY IS THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

We fully subscribe to the doctrine put forth in the following terms by the Boston Atlas:

The late Presidential election was, beyond dispute, the most really DEMOCRATIC MOVEMENT that has taken place in the country since the adoption of the Constitution. The contest was such as has never before occurred. It was purely one between the supporters of pure democratic principles, and those who, under the name of friendship to democracy, favored principles its very antagonists. Hence it was, that the intelligent PEOPLE—the Democracy of NATIONS, in solid masses arrayed themselves in support of truth and against error. Under the same banner, and with the same principles, as we have triumphed, must we continue to act now that we have obtained success, if we would not only continue in power, but deserve to continue. The late Presidential election was the proudest vindication of the capacity of an intelligent people for self-government that the annals of the whole world contain. From one end of the land to the other, the people assembled in masses to discuss and to deliberate upon the claims of the opposing candidates. They not only weighed well the characters of the two men, but they paid even more heed to the principles they professed. Truth triumphed over error—true republicanism, democratic principle over its counterfeit, and triumphed too in the face of stupendous and interested opposition of hundreds of thousands of the paid stipendiaries of Government. It is worse than folly now to attempt to stem the tide of Democracy. This country is essentially and radically democratic, and one might as well attempt to turn back the current of the Mississippi to its mountain sources, or to stop the sun in mid-heaven, as to check or keep back the tide of the popular current. It may be bad management, by worse than idle opposition, be driven for a time from its proper channel, and may run wild and carry havoc and desolation in its course. So has it been in the days when Locofocoism polluted its stream. So would it ever be, if the prominent men of the country should adopt such a line of policy as the article we have quoted would recommend.

Far different is the position which PRESIDENT HARRISON, the choice of the American Democracy, had ever assumed, and to which he still adheres. His Inaugural Address breathes throughout the purest spirit of Democratic Principles. He has shown that he is a sincere Democrat. Those who sincerely and truly support him and his views, can be no other than democrats. The friends of the Administration are the DEMOCRATIC PARTY of the country, and it is worse than folly to yield the name to those who entertain no one feeling in common with the Democracy. We shall henceforth in this journal, in speaking of the friends of the Administration, call them by their true names, DEMOCRATS—the opponents of the Administration, Locofocos or Tories. To us it seems that occasion for the use of the term Whig has ceased.

MR. WISE ON THE CURRENCY QUESTION.

Mr. Wise in his late speech thus defines his position in regard to the currency question:

"Above all, give to the country a safe, sound, and uniform currency, and restore confidence between man and man, and Government and citizen, and your coffers will soon be full, and Heaven's and the People's blessings will rest upon your Administration."

"As to the best mode of giving to the country a safe, sound, and uniform currency, my opinions are well known to those who know any thing about my opinions at all. With Mr. Madison, I believe that a national bank is absolutely necessary, and must, try whatever other experiments you please, be resorted to in the end. I believe such an institution not only constitutional and expedient, but as a Southern man and a States Rights man, I support it as the best friend of the South, which is more injured by a bad currency than any other section of the country, and as the only means of creating a hand of the law for the legislative department, to keep the legislative power of the custody and control of the public money out of the hands of the Executive. The Executive has usurped that power by snatching the public money from the vaults of a national bank. I would create a national bank, for the purpose of restoring to Congress its constitutional fiscal power, if for no other purpose. That is one of the modes of reducing Executive patronage. But my views on this question were delivered at length at the extra session of 1837. Now, I will only say that I will vote for such an institution if it be properly organized, and be located at the proper place; and that proper place, with me, will be as far as I can get it from the contaminating and dangerous influences of stock-jobbing and brokers."

"OLD BACHELORS.—May they sleep alone, sup alone, die alone, and go to the d— alone."

"Jim!" "Well!" "I can't find any thing soft enough to sit on." "Try your head."

A CIRCULAR TO OFFICE HOLDERS.

As many persons professing Jeffersonian democracy with their lips, affect to regard the late circular as anti-republican and tyrannical, we think it may be useful here to remind them of the views and practice of two former Presidents whom they profess to respect. The circular treats in the footsteps of Jefferson, and carries out the views of Jackson, as the following extracts will serve to show.

MR. JEFFERSON'S Circular. Extract from Mr. Jefferson's Circular addressed to office holders under himself.

"The President of the United States has seen with dissatisfaction, officers of the General Government, taking, on various occasions, active parts in the elections of public functionaries, whether of the General or State Government.—Freedom of election being essential to the mutual independence of the Government, and of the different branches of the same government, so vitally cherished by most of our constitutions, it is deemed improper for officers depending on the Executive of the Union, to attempt to control or influence the free exercise of the elective right. It is expected that no officer will attempt to influence the votes of other men, nor take any part in the business of electioneering—that being deemed inconsistent with the spirit of the Constitution and its duties."

From GEN. JACKSON'S Inaugural Address. "The recent demonstrations of public sentiment inscribed on the list of Executive duties, in characters too legible to be overlooked, the task of reform—which will require particularly the correction of those abuses that have brought the patronage of the federal government into conflict with the freedom of elections."

The Whig triumph in Connecticut is complete—Governor and all Congressmen elected.

THE WIFE.—How sweet to the soul of man (says Hierocles) is the society of a beloved wife, when wearied and broken down by the labors of the day; her endearments soothe, her tender cares restore him. The solicitude and the anxieties, and the heaviest misfortunes of life are hardly to be borne by him who has the weight of business and domestic cares at the same time to contend with. But how much lighter do they seem, when after his necessary avocations are over, he returns to his home, and finds there a partner of all his griefs and troubles, who takes for his sake her share of domestic labors upon her, and soothes the anguish of his anticipation. A wife is not, as she is falsely represented and esteemed by some, a burden or a sorrow to man. No; she shares his burdens, and she alleviates his sorrows; for there is no difficulty so heavy or insupportable in life, but it may be surmounted by the mutual labors and the affectionate concord of the holy partnership.

PREMONITORY SYMPTOMS.—Previous to the publication of the Niagara Hoax in New York, the editor of the New Era of that city received the following premonition of the great event. It is worth a dozen of the hoax:

BUFFALORDUM, Feb. 12, 1841. Doctrinissimum Editorum, Roarum, Cataractum, absquatulando precipitatum uncerimonium—id est—tumbulum downibus—smash—dab.

Affectionati, PATIBUS VERITAMAS, P. S. Hotelibus etcetera absquatulando, id est, floatinibus down the streamibus. Moribus futuribus.

TRUE GREATNESS AND MEDIOCRITY.—Warburton draws a very just distinction between a man of true greatness and a mediocrity. "If," says he, "you want to recommend yourself to the former, take care that he quits your society with a good opinion of you; if your object is to please the latter, take care that he leaves you with a good opinion of himself."

Nothing can be done in perfection, says Kitchiner in his excellent treatise upon cookery, which must be done in a hurry. Tom Thruft remarks—"except the catching of fleas."

UN-BETROKEN.—The Superior Court at Hartford recently granted a petition for divorce by Ursula B. Button from Josiah Button. She won't B. Buttoned any longer.

CHARITY.—Liberality does not consist so much in giving a great deal as in giving timely.

WOMAN.—Were it not for woman, our infancy would be without successor, our age without relief, and our manhood without enjoyment.

MERIT.—A man of brilliant talents combatting the storms of adversity and misfortune, is like the sun behind a cloud; hid, but not impaired, obscured, not forever, but only for a time, to shine with greater splendor when those storms are over, like the sun when the clouds have passed over.

"Pa, is dogs got wings?" "Wings!—no child—don't you know better than that?" "Why, thunder and scissors, Pa—this ere newspaper says a big dog flew at a man and bit him—so I guess dogs is got wings, too."

What pies do we refuse to eat, except when made into sausages? Pappies!

"A rolling stone gathers no mess."—A very doubtful adage. We have just seen in a country paper, the marriage of Peleg Rowinston, of Holidaysburg, Pa., to Miss Orphelia Morse.

COMMITTEE OF ONE.—It is proposed in a Boston paper that every man should constitute himself into a self-examining committee to enquire into his own conduct. It is believed the business each committee would have to transact would keep it constantly and usefully employed.

INFLUENCE OF BULWER'S WRITINGS.—The Philadelphia Ledger says that a young lady in that city never works, for she reads "Night and Morning."