BOON'S LICK TIMES.

"ERROR CEASES TO BE DANGEROUS, WHEN REASON IS LEFT FREE TO COMBAT IT."—Jefferson.

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THE BOON'S LICK TIMES.

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

TERMS.

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

The following lines on the death of Gen. Harrison are decidedly the best we have seen on the subject. They are from the pen of the favorite Phazma, (Mr. Field) of the New Orleans Picayune.

WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON.

The nation that hailed the with pæans and cheers,
The nation that called thee to honor and fame,
That nation now mourns thee in sorrow and tears,
And the stars and stripes droop o'er a patriot's name.

The welcoming voices that rung through the land,
The hopes that were with thee to flourish or fall.
The friends that were round thee with heart and with hand;
Ah, sadness and sorrow hath fallen o'er all.

The country that claimed thee with glory and pride.
The freemen who named thee to rule and to guide
O, the gems they are twining round Harrison's name
Are the-fittest to place in a chaplet of fame,
For they are the tears shed by goodness and worth
When greatness and purity passes from earth.

Phazma.

From Graham's Gentleman's Magazine for May.

WORTH AND WEALTH.

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

"And so you intend to marry Lucy Warden—eh! Harry. What on earth has put you in such a notion of that girl?" said Charles Lowry, to his friend Henry Bowen, as they sat together, cracking almonds after dinner.

"And why not marry Lucy Warden?" quietly said his friend.

"Why? oh! because she's not worth a sous; and besides I've heard she's the daughter of a brick-layer. You know, any how, that her mother kept a little retail dry-goods store until an uncle left Mrs. Warden that annuity on which they now just manage to subsist."

"A formidable array of evils, indeed; but still they do not dishearten me. As for money I do not look for it in a wife, because I should never feel independent if I was indebted to a bride for my bread. Besides an heiress is generally educated in such expensive habits that it requires a fortune to satisfy her luxurious wishes. As a mere matter of business this marrying for money is nine times out of ten a losing speculation. You are forced to live according to your wife's former style, and being thus led into expenses which your income will not afford, you too often end by becoming bankrupt. Then, too late, you discover that your wife is fit only for a parlor; she becomes peevish, or wretched, or sick, and perhaps all together. Domestic felicity is at an end when this occurs—"

"But her birth!"

"A still more nonsensical objection. It is one of the prejudices of the old colonial times, and was imported from England by the servile adorers of rank, who came over the Atlantic to assume airs in the provinces which they dared not assume at home, and to sneer at the honester members of society, who, instead of being like themselves drones in the public hive, earned their bred fairly. It is this latter class to which our country is indebted for its subsequent prosperity—a prosperity which all the aristocrats of Europe could not have bestowed upon it. The revolution, while it made us politically equal, did not destroy this social aristocracy. The same exclusiveness prevails now as then, but with even more injustice, for it is opposed to the whole spirit of our republican institutions. Nor is this all; the prejudice itself is ridiculous. How can people, who scarcely know their own ancestors beyond one or two generations, and whose blood has been derived from every nation and occupation on the globe, talk with any propriety of birth? Why, there is scarcely a man or woman of our acquaintance, who is not an example of this pie-bald ancestry. Take, for instance, Walter Hastings, who, you know, boasts of his family. I happen to know all about him, for he is a second cousin to myself. His father made a fortune, and married into our family. But who was he? The son of a German redemptioner.' Hastings' mother, it is true, is the grand-daughter of an English baron, and the sister—a far higher glory—of a signer of our independence. Such is a fair sample of our best families. Why I would undertake to furnish from the ancestry of any of them either a peasant or a peer, either a laborer or a drone. Birth, forsooth! The only persons who boast of it in this country are generally those who have the least claim even to an honest parentage; and the noisiest pretender to blood I ever met with was the grandson of a fellow who was hung fifty years ago for forgery.

"Well, you're really getting quite *low* in your notions, Harry—where, in the world, did you pick up such vulgar opinions?—You, a gentleman and a lawyer, to marry such a girl! She's pretty enough I grant—amiable no doubt—can sing and draw passably, and makes, I hear, a batch of bread, or does dirty house-work as well as a common kitchen girl. But perhsps that is what you want her for?"

"You sneer aside, yes! It is because Lucy Warden is a good house-keeper, that I intend to marry her. Not that I would have a bride *only* because she could, as you say, make a batch of bread. Education, amiability, a refined mind, and lady-like manners are equally necessary. But a knowledge, and a practical one too, of house-keeping is no slight requisite in a good wife. I know such knowledge is scarce among our city ladies, but that is the very reason why I prize it so highly. Believe me, refinement is not incompatible with this knowledge."

"Pshaw, Harry; but granting your position, what is the *use* of such knowledge?"

"It is of daily use. Servants will always impose on a mistress who knows nothing of her duties as the domestic head of the house. You are an importer; but how long, think you, would you prosper if you left every thing to the care of clerks, who would naturally take advantage of your carelessness to fleece you? A mistress of a house ough' to oversee her establishment in person. This she cannot do unless—to use a mercantile phrase—*she understands her business.* If she does not do this, nothing will be well done. The whole evil, believe me, arises from the desire of our women to ape the extravagance of the English female nobility, whose immense wealth allows them to employ substitutes to oversee their domestic establishments. But even had we incomes of hundreds of thousands of dollars we could not carry out the plan, owing to the total absence of good servants of this character in our country; and in this opinion I am borne out by Combe, Hamilton, two of the most observant and just of English travellers."

"Well, Harry, you were born for a barrister, or you could not run on so glibely. But it's a shame that a gentleman who might command the choice of the market, and marry the richest heiress in Walnut street, should throw himself away upon a girl without a sixpence. Now There's Charlotte Thornbury and her sister who are co-heiresses, why can't you take the one and I the other?"

"Merely because I love another. You smile; but despite the sneer I am a believer in love. Of Charolotte I have nothing to say, except that she is beautiful. You know how often we have discussed the matter. I only hope she will make you a good wife."

"*Allons!* the ladies are awaiting us. You and I will never, on this question, agree."

The foregoing conversation has given our readers a pretty accurate idea of the two young men to whose acquaintance we have introduced them. Henry Bowen was a young lawyer, with a small annual income, but of—what is called—an unimpeachable family. This, with his acknowledged talents, would have procured for him the hand of many a mere heiress, but he had wisely turned away from them all, and sought a companion for life in one, without name or fortune, but who, in every requisite for a good wife, was immeasurably their superior.

Charles Lowry, on the contrary, was a dashing young merchant, who by dint of attention in the counting-house, could afford to be luxurious in his style of living. He had imbibed many of the false notions of fashionable society, and among others the idea that a rich wife was indispensable. His sole object was to secure an heiress, as much for the eclat of the thing as for her fortune, although this latter was no slight temptation to the young merchant. And he had finally succeeded.—Amid a host of rivals, he had won the prize. Need we say that Charlotte Thornbury, the beautiful, the gay, but the careless heiress, was the guerdon?

The two friends were married the same week. The one took his wife to a small, but neat and convenient house in one of our less fashionable streets—while the other entered at once into a splendid mansion in Walnut street, whose furniture and decorations were the theme of general envy and admiration. The one bride kept but a single servant, the other had several. Yet the mansion of Mrs. Lowry, though always magnificent, was never tidy, while the quiet home of Mrs. Bowen was a pattern of neatness and simple elegance.—The young merchant never went home without finding that his wife had been out all day either shopping, or making calls, and was in consequence tired and silent, or perhaps out of humor; while the young lawyer always found a neat dinner and a cheerful wife to welcome him. As for Charles, he had always sneered at love, and having married from motives of vanity and interest, a woman whose mind he despised, he had nothing of sympathy with her, nor was it long consequently before he found her society irksome. When the toils of the counting-house were over he went home because it was his custom, but not because he expected to derive any pleasure from the conversation of his vain and flippant wife. He was glad when the season commenced with its round of dissipation, because then he found some relief in attending the fashionable entertainments of his own and his wife's acquaintance. Since his marriage he had never enjoyed a single hour of real domestic felicity.

How different was the wedded life of Henry and his bride. All through the tedious duties of the day, the recollection of his sweet wife's greeting at night, cheered the young lawyer on in his labors. And when evening came, and he had closed his office for the day, how smilingly, and in what neat attire, would Lucy preside at the tea-table, or, after their meal had been disposed of, bring out her work-stand, and sew at something, if only at a trifle for a fair, while Henry read to her in his rich, mellow voice. And then, sometimes, they would sit on the sofa, and talk of a thousand plans for the future, when their income should be extended, or, if it was in summer, they would stroll out for a walk or call upon some one of their few intimate friends.

"Dear Henry," said Lucy, one evening to her husband, as they sat talking together after tea, "how wearied Mr. Lowry looks of late. I think he must be in bad health. How glad I am you are always well. I know not what I should do if you were to be taken sick."

"May that day be long averted, my own Lucy," said the husband, as he kissed her pure brow, "but I have noticed something of the same look in Lowry; and have attributed it to the cares of business. His wife is a woman, you know, who could do little to alleviate a husband's weariness."

"Oh! how can she be a wife, and not wish to soften her husband's cares. Indeed, indeed, if you only look the least worried I share your trouble until your brow clears up."

"And it is that which makes me love you so dearly, said the husband, as he pressed her to his bosom. "Ah!" he continued to himself, "if Charles saw me to-night I wonder whether he would not envy me?"

That evening there was a brilliant party at the house of Mrs. Lowry who was smiling upon her guests in all the elation of gratified pride. Never had she appeared more happy. But even the envied mistress of the revel was not without her care. One or two favorite guests whom she invited did not come, and she could not help overhearing some of the ill-natured remarks of her neighbors. Her only gratification was in listening to the flatteries of others of her visitors, who were either more fawning, or more deceitful. At length, however, the entertainment was over, and wearied and dispirited she paused a moment in the deserted parlors before retiring. Her husband was there.

"Well, Mrs. Lowry," said he, with a yawn, "so this grand affair is over at length, and a pretty penny it has cost I do not doubt"—Charles had latterly found that his income was frightfully beneath his expenses, and had begun to wish his bride less extravagant—"But why did you purchase those new ottomans—and these candelabra—and that," and here he used an oath, "expensive set of mirrors? I told you the old ones were good enough, and here, when I come home I find you have purchased them in defiance of my orders. Why, madam, an Earl's fortune would not sustain you in your extravagances"

"And whose fortune, I wonder, buys these things?" said the passionate beauty, "you would'nt let me have the common comforts of life if you had your way."

"Pshaw! madam, none of your airs. But I tell you this extravagance I neither can nor will submit to."

"You're a brute;" said the wife, "so you are. Do you—do you think" she continued, bursting into tears, "I'd ever have married you, when I might have had so many better husbands, if I'd thought you'd used me this way?"

"Well, madam, so you've got up a scene," cooly said the husband, "all I wish is, that you had married some one of your other suitors."

"You do—you insult me—I won't live with you a day. Oh! that I should be abused in this way," and the now really wretched woman burst into a fresh flood of tears.

"As you please madam!"

But we omit the rest of this scene which ended with a fit of hysterics on the part of the wife, and a volley of curses on that of the husband. The difficulty was the next day made up between the newly married couple; but from that hour their altercations were frequent and bitter. Charles began to think as his old friend had told him, that there was a great difference betwixt marrying for love or for money.

Three years passed. At the end of that period, how altered were the circumstances of Charles and his friend!

The expenses of his establishment had increased upon the former until fortune not only staggered but gave way under the pressure, and after several ineffectual attempts to retrieve it by speculations, which, ending abortively, only increased his embarrassments, Charles found himself upon the brink of ruin. In these circumstances he found no consolation in the sympathy of his wife. She rather upbraided him with the loss of her fortune, forgetting how much of it she had squandered in her fashionable entertainments. Their altercations, moreover, had increased in frequency and violence ever since the scene we have recorded above, until Charles, unable to find even quiet at his own fireside, sought for relief in the club. Hither he was led, moreover, by the desire of retrieving his fortune, for his embarrassments were still unknown to the world, and he trusted that by a lucky chance he might place himself once more in security. Vain hope! How many deluded victims have indulged in the same delusion before. His course from that hour was downward. He became a gambler; he neglected all business; he lost; his engagements failed to be met; and in a few weeks he was bankrupt.

Meantime the husband of Lucy had been steadily gaining in reputation, and increasing his business, so that at the end of the third year the young couple were enabled to move into a larger and more elegant house, situated in a more desirable quarter. This change of location materially strengthened the business of the young attorney; he became known as one of the *rising young men;* and he looked forward with certainty to the speedy accumulation of a competency.

"Have you heard any thing farther?" said Lucy, one evening to her husband, as he came in from a day's hard work "concerning poor Mrs. Lowry or her husband?"

"Yes! my love," said he, "and it is all over."

"What! has any thing alarming happened?"—said Lucy, anxiously.

"Sit down, dearest, and don't tremble so," said her husband, tenderly, putting his arm around her waist, and drawing her to the sofa, "and I will tell you the whole of the melancholy story."

"After his bankruptcy last week, some days elapsed before any thing was known of the place to which my unfortunate friend had gone. It was supposed at first that he had fled with what funds he could lay his hands on. This was the more credible from the ignorance of his wife as to whither he had gone. She, cold-hearted thing, seemed to care little for his loss, but appeared to be chiefly affected by her deprivation of fortune. She even upbraided her husband publicly, and it is said, when some forgeries which he had perpetrated were discovered, and a strict search set on foot after the criminal, she went so far as to hope he might be taken and brought to condign punishment. But you know they never lived happy together."

"Well, every attempt to trace the fugitive having failed, the search was about being given up in despair, when intelligence was brought to this city this morning, that a dead body, answering the description of that of Mr. Lowry, had been washed ashore, a few miles down the river. You may well look alarmed, for the intelligence was too true. It was the body of my poor friend. It is supposed that grief, shame at his bankruptcy, and perhaps remorse for his crime, led him to commit suicide. Poor fellow! his sad fate may be traced to his ill-assorted marriage. He chose a woman whose extravagance always outstripped her fortune, and who, from having brought him wealth, considered him beneath her. He did not know the difference in a wife between Worth and Wealth.

From the Knickerbocker of November.

LORENZO DOW'S SUCCESSOR.

Several years ago as many of our readers will recollect, a series of "Lay Sermons" appeared in a popular journal in Pennsylvania. They were from the pen of the Hon. Charles Minor, author of the "Poor Richard's" sketches, and were written with such freedom and simplicity, and inculcated virtuous deeds and moral principles in so attractive a manner, that they became widely known and admired throughout the country.—These popular lay discourses, we may presume, afforded the original hint from the "Short Patent Sermons" which are reported from the lips of Lorenzo Dow, jr., in the New York "Sunday Mercury." No one who opens the entertaining sheet can fail to observe the figure of a "powerful preacher," leaning over a small box of a pulpit, with open mouth and uplifted hand "laying down the law" with all the fervor of a Maw worm.—Dow Jr's. discourses, like those of the eccentric progenitor are the most desultory things imaginable; but there is about them an oddity and originality that at once attracts attention; something, we know not what, it pleases, we know not how. With an occasional redundance that abhors all discrimination; which computes till it perplexes, and illustrates till it confounds, and conceits often to the heighth of *bizarrerie*, there are passages containing genuine humor, fine pictures of nature, touching pathos; and apposite imagery. The imagination of the preacher, indeed, is "a good blood mare, and goes well," and her only fault is that she sees too many paths before her. In the use of personification Dow Jr., outvies the Persian. He seems to be quite aware of this propensity. "I don't know how it is," says he; "that I am so apt to personify every thing, but creatures of all forms are continually dancing in the sunlight of my fancy, and I hail them as they appear. The wind to me has a form and substance; there is a ditty in every breeze; the stones, trees, brooks and rivers, all have tongues; every little flower whispers a language that I can understand. I build houses from airy nothing, coop up the hours, and sometimes catch the minutes in my hat. I talk to things inanimate as well as to animate." We have collected a few passages from our lay preacher's discourse on various texts taken from ancient and modern writers, to illustrate his style:

"My friends allow me to show you the human body is like a house. My text explains this. It says that the big bones are the main timbers; very true. It says also that the ribs are laths, well plastered; but I should say they were rafters, that run into the ridge pole or back bone. The mouth is the door, and the nose the chimney—especially for smokers. The throat is an entry that leads to the kitchen of the stomach, where all sorts of food are cooked up, the lungs are the bellows that blow the flame of life, and keep the pot of existence always boiling; the heart is the great chamber, where the greatest variety of goods imaginable are stored, some good, many bad, and a few rather middling. In this way my hearers, you see the house of the human body is formed, and since it is a house of so small value, you ought to be careful of it, keep it well swept, and never let cob-webs of sin gather into the corner of its apartments. I beseech you, especially to look after the great chamber of the heart, and see that every thing there is arranged according to the very letter of morality. If there is any useless rubbish there, clear it out, and make room for goods that are saleable in the market of the virtuous. The chambers of some hearts present an awful dirty appearance. I should like to walk into them with a bren new broom; the way I'd brush out sin, and sand the floor with virtue, would be a caution to depravity!"

The following is a characteristic passage of natural description, which has the additional merit of being seasonable: for a more golden autumn than the present, or a more gorgeous October sunset, we have never beheld:

"The mildest day of autumn seems to coax heaven itself down to implant a rapturous kiss on the blushing cheek of earth, and send a thrill of ecstacy thro' the very heart of the universe. My friend Pomona has brought aprons full of her choicest apples, and emptied them upon the old woman's fruit table at the corners of the streets, the sickle of Ceres has been put into the golden grain; bottle nosed Bacchus sits by the way side feasting on grapes and wines, and Nature's table is loaded down with the rarest luxuries. To-morrow, the festival will be over; the leaves, stems and scattered fragments will be strewn over the field in the wisest confusion; but they wont lie there long. No, Boreas with his broom will sweep till the white napkin of winter is spread for the reason. * * *

"Oh there is something so fascinating in the blush of evening, just as the sun has shaken his last golden feather upon the hill tops! It's enough to make a man strip off his jacket of mortality! and swim the gulf of time for the sake of reaching the splendors that decorate the opposite shore! I have seen some evening twilights of friends that take the shine off of every thing below, and clap on a few extra touches of their own. I have sat and admired the Western firmament, when it seemed as though ten thousand dye-pots of glory had been upset in the chamber of heaven, while gorgeous contents leaked through and stained the fleecy clouds beneath not to be mocked by a daubing pencil of art! Then my imagination would take wings and play truant up aloft, like a wayward child, but was always sure to return with a sprig of comfort, plucked from the evergreen of ideality. Oh! there is an inviting peace in yon ocean of blue tranquility! I can't look upon it my bretheren, without feeling my suspenders stretch. I'm sure if they were to give way, I would go up like a balloon, and leave nothing but my breeches and boots behind! Those clouds are living things. The lesser ones are gold fish, swimming about in the celestial sea. The larger ones dying dolphins of heaven, disclosing new beauties with every wave of fire, and brightening as they expire in the dark billow of night!"

Mr. Dow, Jr., has a great deal to say concerning himself, and his experience. Hear him:

"When my old coat gives evidence of decay, I can get it secured and mended, a superannuated pair of boots can find renovation in the lap of a cobler; but when the body grows the worse for wear, no' mortal hand can stay the destruction. Time has used me pretty well, however, considering the liberties I have sometimes taken with it. It has brought me to the calmy evening of my days, where life's second twilight gathers around, as it deepens, discloses the hand upon the wall of the west: 'A FAIR TO MORROW FOR THE WEARY PILGRIM.' I have not descended my friends, into a gloomy vale. Not a bit of it! I have reached the top of a glorious hill, where the eternal sun of hope shines down and warms my back, as an offset to the chill winds that whistle in my bosom. Here I can mount a stump, and look over the whole landscape of past existence. I can point to the dim blue horizon and say:—There, behind that misty veil, lies the region of infancy, where I first picked the shell and came squalling into the world with an eloquence that foretold my future calling! a little this side I behold the blooming garden of childhood, in all its pristine loveliness, where I plucked the roses of joy, sucked all the sweet cider of life, mocked at tears and drove sorrow with a single boo hoo; this side of that, are the green pastures of youth, over which I bounded with the blood of young ambition boiling in my veins striving to imitate and emulate; nearer still extended the broad plains, fertile valleys, rugged hills, and wooded lawns of manhood, with an extensive variety of prospects, here a gleam of sunshine, and there a gloomy shadow."

Now and then we are treated to brief philosophical speculation. Here is an extract which will remind the reader of Dr. Metcalf's theory, in his papers of "Life" in his journal.

"Life is like fire. For fire, like life, is in all bodies, and is every where—even in the air itself. The effects of fire, like life, are only seen while operating on some substance, which it gradually consumes. Fires exist without air the same length of time as life. A candle placed in a cellar that contains fixed air, will burn as long as life can exist and no longer; and when the blaze and life both expire, they will return, mysteriously back to the state from whence they sprung. You must not believe however, with some foolish atheists that when the body dies the soul of life dies with it. This is an error. I tell you that the soul will live forever, in some form or other; for natural philosophy teaches us that a single particle of matter cannot be destroyed; it only undergoes changes. Then why does not reason tell that the soul can't be destroyed, but simply undergoes a change also? When the body dies, the material that composes it dissolves, and returns to its native dust, and the soul also goes back to the element that gave it birth."

THE SINGLE IDEA.

An old lady, who was very thoughtful, but could never entertain but one idea at the same time, once entered the church, and while walking up the aisle, discovered that her favorite cat had accompanied her. Agreeably to the first impression of the discovery, she exclaimed, Why pussy, where do you think you are going to!"—Looking up and reccollecting she was in the church, she remarked 'there! I spoke right out.' Her attention was now arrested by the stares and smiles of the congregation, which together with the voice of her last remark, induced the exclamation 'Why la! I've spoke again.' By this time she was fully aware of the impropriety of such soliloquy, and forthwith exclaimed in evident consternation 'Why lud a mercy I'm talking loud all the time.'

A SERENADE.

"The moon is beaming brightly, *love,*
O'er hill and dale, so pure;
And stars their silent vigils keep,
Both trusty and secure."

A few evenings since, a gallant who had become enamored with the loveliness of a fair form in one of the fashionable parts of our city, slung his guitar around his shoulder, and repaired to the spot where dwelt his *beau ideal* of beauty, for the purpose of waking up her sympathetic heart with the soft notes of plaintive melody. He commenced with

"Wake from thy slumbers."

Sure enough, while in the midst of his impassioned strains, a female form approached the third story window. "That," said he, "must be the divinity of my soul—I'll sing 'Young Love's Dream.'" No sooner was this thought of, than a soft tone broke from his guitar, accompanied by a voice almost celestial. We can imagine the secret, incomprehensible transmission of unsullied affection, under such circumstances, to the form at the window, whom the minstrel's fancy had painted as the magnet of his heart. After a few more love-sick ditties had been disposed of, and the devoted youth was about making his exit, a voice from the lattice cried—"Massa, don't stop that music—jist gib me Jim Crow or Zip Coon, before yer gwine." The knight of the mustache was struck with awe. He found that his minstrelsy had been wasted upon the ear of Dinah, the young lady's chamber maid, and that his devoted one had been out that evening, attending a party given by her neighbor.—*Baltimore Clipper.*

Anecdote of Webster.—The talent of the New Englanders in bargain making is proverbial in America, and the inhabitants of the little barren island of Nantucket, if we were to judge from the following anecdote, would seem to carry off the palm from all others in this accomplishment.—One of the party at table, alluding to an illustration of this characteristic of the Nantucket population, which, according to Sam Slick, had occurred in the professional practice of Mr. Webster, asked him whether it was true. He said it was essentially correct and proceeded to state the real incidents as follows:

A Nantucket client had asked him to go to that island to plead a cause for him. Mr. Webster, after mentioning the loss of time, and the interruption to his other practice, said he could not go unless he received a fee of a thousand dollars. The client objected to paying so large a sum for pleading one cause. Mr. Webster replied, that the fatigue and loss of time in travelling to Nantucket, and remaining there probably during the whole circuit, amounted to as great a sacrifice on his part, as if he had pleaded in every cause on the roll. 'Well, then,' said his client, 'come, and I will pay you the thousand dollars; but you shall be at my disposal for the whole sittings, and I shall let you out if I can.' Mr. Webster went, and was sub-let by his client, who drew the fees to relive his own loss. Judge Story, who was present, remarked, that he had often heard the anecdote mentioned, but never before heard it authenticated. He added, 'the current edition proceeds to tell that your client let you out for eleven hundred dollars, saved his own pocket entirely, and gained ten per cent. on his speculation.' Mr. Webster stated with great good humor, that, as his client had not reported the amount of the sub-fees which he drew, he could not tell whether this addition was correct or not. Sam Slick's report of this occurrence is not entirely accurate.—*Dr. Combs' Tour through the U. States.*

Different Effects of the Falls of Niagara upon different Persons.

To view Niagara's Falls one day,
A Priest and Tailor took their way.
The Parson cries, while wrapp'd in wonder,
And list'ning to the cataract's thunder—
"Lord, how thy works amaze our eyes,
And fill our hearts with vast surprise!"
The Tailor merely made this note—
"Lord, what a place to sponge a coat!"

Value of married men.—"A little more animation, my dear," whispered Lady B. to the gentle Susan, who was walking languidly through a quadrille. "Do leave me to manage my own business, mamma," replied the provident nymph; "I shall not dance my ringlets out of curl for a married man." "Of course not, my love; but I was not aware who your partner was."

A shake of the Hand.—There is something more than mere civility in a cordial shake of the hand. It expresses a feeling which words cannot tell and looks not reveal. The manner in which this friendly greeting is performed, affords the clearest index to the character and temperament of an individual, and is worth all the physiognomical marks that can be placed on his countenance.

"The hand of the heart is the index declaring
If well or if ill, how its master will stand;
I heed not the tongue, of its friendship that's swearing,
I judge of a man by the shake of his hand."

The celebrated William Gray (familiarly known as "Billy Gray") of Boston used to say that the chief source of his worldly success was his motto, "What is worth doing at all, is worth doing well." He once had occasion to find fault with a mechanic for some slovenly job. The mechanic could not bear the rebuke with patience, so said he, "I tell you what, Billy Gray, I shan't stand such jaw from you; I recollect when you were nothing but a drummer in a regiment."—So I was, so I was," replied Mr. Gray, but did'nt I drum well—eh! did'nt I drum well?"

Good.—The Ladies up in La-Fayette and Clay counties, in this State, have adopted a rule, never to marry a man who owes the Printer for more than *one years* subscription. God bless you ladies,—the interest you take in behalf of Printer's rights, will be recorded in Heaven, and in the hearts of the great family of Editors throughout the world.—*St Louis Bulletin.*

We learn that in Richmond, an "Anti-borrowing-your-neighbor's-news paper-every-day-and thus-cheating-the-printer-out-of-his-honest-and hard-earned dues Society," is about to be formed.