The Rutland County Herald.

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THE RUTLAND HERALD,
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C. H. HAYDEN,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
BY
G. A. TUTTLE & CO.

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☞ The Herald is sent FREE OF POSTAGE to subscribers in Rutland County.
[illegible] in Rutland County, and within the State, 12 cents per year, payable in advance; and out of the State, [illegible] cents per year, are the rates of postage on newspapers prepaid by the late law.
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☞ Yearly Advertisements inserted at liberal rates.
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Leicester, LYMAN HAWKINS.
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STEAM
PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT,
HEAD OF WASHINGTON STREET,
HAS been fitted up without regard to expense with every variety of the most desirable material, including THREE STEAM PRESSES, and with the determination of the proprietors to make it second to none in New England in point of facilities for executing work expeditiously and tastefully. Orders are therefore confidently solicited for work of every description, from the large Poster to the smallest card.
All kinds used for Concerts,
All kinds used by traveling Exhibitors,
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All kinds used by Druggists,
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CARD AND BILLET PRINTING.
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done in every variety of color.
Book and Pamphlet Printing
with despatch and at low rates.
CUTS FURNISHED TO ORDER.
Patronage respectfully solicited. All orders will receive prompt attention.

Bookbinding
In all its branches executed upon the most reasonable terms.
Particular attention is given to executing all orders for difficult patterns of ruled and printed Blank Books.

Stationery.
A large and desirable stock of Plain and Fancy Stationery is offered at wholesale or retail, to which the attention of the public is respectfully invited.
GEO. A. TUTTLE & CO.
Rutland, Feb. 14, 1854.

Troy & Boston and Western Vermont Railroads.
CHANGE OF TIME.
Trains leave Rutland as follows:—
ACCOMMODATION, 6.30 A. M. arrive at Troy, 9 A. M.
MAIL, 11.15 A. M., arrive at Troy 9.15 P. M.
EXPRESS, 3.05 P. M. on the arrival of Express Train from Montreal, arrive at Troy 6.00 P. M.
Leave Troy as follows:—
MAIL, 6.00 A. M., arrive at Rutland 9.30 A. M.
EXPRESS, 10.25 A. M., arrive at Rutland 1.05 P. M.
ACCOMMODATION, 3.45 P. M., arrive at Rutland 8.15 P. M.
The 3.05 P. M. Express train from Rutland will stop only when signaled, or to leave passengers.
The 10.25 Express from Troy will stop only at Bennington, between Troy and Rutland.
W. H. JOHNSON, Supt.
Troy, August 1st, 1853. 35—tf

Rutland & Burlington R. R.
CHANGE OF TIME.
ON AND AFTER MONDAY JANUARY 23, 1854 Trains will run as follows:
LEAVE BURLINGTON FOR RUTLAND,
8.45 A. M., and 4.30 P. M.
LEAVE RUTLAND FOR BELLOWS FALLS,
6.30, A. M., and 11.40 A. M.
LEAVE BELLOWS FALLS FOR RUTLAND,
12.00 M., and 5.15 P. M.
LEAVE RUTLAND FOR BURLINGTON,
6.30 A. M., and 1.00 P. M.
At Burlington, Trains connect directly with the Ogdensburg, Central and Vermont and Atlantic Railroads to the East and North.
At Rutland, Trains connect with the Saratoga and Whitehall, Albany and Rutland, and Western Vermont Railroads, for Troy, Albany, New York, Saratoga, Schenectady and the West.
At Bellows Falls, Trains connect with the Cheshire, Connecticut Valley, and Boston and Maine Railroads.
JOHN S. DUNLAP, Sup't.
Superintendent's Office, }
Rutland, Jan. 19th, 1854. }

G. E. Waring, Jr.
Consulting Agriculturist,
Will prepare analyses of Soils, Manures, &c., and advise treatment to restore fertility to worn lands, to increase the productiveness of those in heart, and if possible, to reform barren soils. Also, to select and buildings designed, drainage examined, &c. &c. Office at G. B. BARR & CO'S Fertilizer Warehouse, 55 Courtlandt St., New York, and at Rye, Westchester Co., N. Y. Letters to meet with prompt attention. Soils, &c., for analysis may be left at the office of this paper.
New York, Dec. 20, 1853. 19f

THE GREAT
Spring and Summer Medicine!
DR. LANGLEY'S ROOT AND HERB JAUNDICE BITTERS—composed of Sarsaparilla, Yellow Dock, Stillingia, Prickly Ash, Wild Cherry, Juniper, Elecampane, &c., &c., compounded so as to be mild with success. The effect of this medicine upon the system is almost wonderful. They cure and remove from the system a large class of diseases, such as Jaundice, Fever and Ague, Dyspepsia, Diseases of the Blood and Skin, Indigestion, Costiveness and Headache, Pain, General Debility, and are in fact a general medicine, being the most perfect Stomach or Blood and Liver tonic of the age.
They do cure for a pint, and $1.12 cents for a quart bottle. Try it, and you will be convinced. Wholesale agent, 20 Cedar Street, Boston. Sold by all Medicine Dealers in Vermont. 13ow

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

Rutland Carriage Manufactory.
Corner West and Wales Streets,
Rutland, Vermont.
THE Subscribers build Carriages of the different varieties to order, and for sale on favorable terms.
PAINTING.
Carriage and Sign Painting executed in elegant style, in a superior manner, and warranted to give satisfaction to all who may favor us with a share of public patronage, and shall use our best endeavors to merit our customers.
E. F. GUERNSEY, D. P. HALLOWELL,
C. S. WHITE, C. N. HALLOWELL. 13y1

VERMONT MARBLE.
The Sutherland Falls Co. in the Town of RUTLAND, VT.
FISHER & CANNING, Agents,
Are now white, variegated, Statuary and Italian veined Marbles from the quarries at Sutherland Falls and Pittsford, at prices corresponding with the different qualities ordered. The Marble quarried near these Mill has been worked in New York and elsewhere and found of a superior character for durability, fine finish and beauty of vein, while that at Pittsford is regarded the finest STATUARY MARBLE in the world.
Dealers and workers in Marble, are invited to test the different styles, either for monumental, ornamental or architectural purposes. The Mill is situated a few rods from the Rutland & Burlington Railroad, with all the arrangements necessary for immediate shipment to any direction. ☞ Orders should be addressed to the Agents of the Sutherland Falls, Pittsford, Rut. Co. Vt.
Sutherland Falls, March 1854. 13mo*

BLISS & STEARNS
DEALERS IN
DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,
Hats & Caps, Ready Made Clothing.
Clothing made to order in the best manner.
PRICES LOW. CASH CASH.
Near the Depot, RUTLAND, VT.

DENTISTRY.
Dr. M. NEWTON, Montpelier, Vt.,
Dentist,
Will make a Professional Visit to Rutland June 1st, and remain two weeks. 10tf

DR. E. V. N. HARWOOD,
Dental Surgeon, Washington Street, Rutland, Vermont. All operations performed in a careful, skillful, and thorough manner, and warranted.

SILAS H. HODGES.
(Late Commissioner of Patents.)
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
And Agent for transacting business at the Patent Office.
Office next South of the Franklin Hotel.
RUTLAND, VT.
☞ Mr Hodges will hereafter engage in the practice of his profession in this place; and offers to inventors and others the benefit of his experience in the Patent Office.
Nov. 19, 1853. 47—tf

BOOKS & STATIONERY.
THE Subscribers take pleasure in announcing to their friends and the public that they have purchased the
Book & Stationery Establishment,
of A. G. Foster, on Main Street,
to which is added a new supply of plain and fancy
STATIONERY,
where they will offer the stock now on hand at greatly reduced prices in order to make room for a new stock.
They have also this day opened a large invoice of new and desirable patterns of
Hanging Paper,
which will be sold at the lowest possible profit.
G. A. TUTTLE & CO.
Rutland, March 29, 1854.

CLOCKS,....WATCHES,....JEWELRY,
AND ACCORDEONS REPAIRED BY
CHARLES E. TURRILL,
Hanford's Block, Washington St., Rutland. 22:1

H. F. HANSON,
Importer and Wholesale Dealer in Rochelle, Pleasant, Oard and Sugnette Brandies, Savan Gin, Jamaica and St. Croix Rum, Scotch and Irish Whiskey, Wines, Cigars, and all kinds of domestic Liquors,
At 419 River Street Troy, N. Y.

MOSES CURTIS,
Manufacturer and Dealer in Cabinet Furniture, Chairs, Mattresses, Looking-Glasses, Picture Frames, and Ready Made Coffins, Hunton's Building, Washington St., *Rutland, Vt.* 7—1

POND & MORSE,
Wholesale and Retail Druggists, and Dealers in Perfumery, Fancy Articles, Trusses, Shoulder Braces, Burning Fluid and Camphene, in Union Building, Main street, and under the Bardwell House, Washington street, *Rutland, Vt.* 7—1

GEO. H. COLE & CO,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery, Bennington Enameled, Parian, Glass and Stone Ware, Fluid Lamps, Camphene, and Burning Fluid, No. 1 Merchant's Row, near the Depot, *Rutland, Vt.* 19—ly

H. T. DORRANCE,
Manufacturer of Harnesses, Saddles, Bridles, Halters, Surcingles, &c., &c., No. 2 Park Row, *Rutland, Vt.* 7—1

CLARK & BROTHERS,
Dealers in Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silver Ware, Fancy Goods, &c., Perkins' Building, near the Depot, *Rutland, Vt.* Repairing neatly done at short notice. 7—1

JOHN COOK,
Manufacturer and Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Hats, Caps, Furs, and Ready Made Clothing, No. 1 Daniels' Block, *Rutland, Vt.* 7—1

J. R. BARNES,
Manufacturer and Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Straw Bonnets, Fashionable Millinery and Fancy Goods, Union Building, Main street, *Rutland, Vt.*—Old Bonnets dressed over. 7—1

BARRETT & SON,
Commission Merchants, and Dealers in Flour, Salt, Iron, Steel, Agricultural Implements, Doors, Sash, Glass, &c., &c., near the Freight Depot, *Rutland, Vt.* 7—1

E. A. POND, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon. Office at the Drug Store Union Building, Main St., *Rutland, Vt.* 51 1y

J. G. FOSTER,
Dealer in Ready-Made Clothing, Furnishing Goods, Hats, Caps, &c., &c., No. 2 Merchants' Row, *Rutland, Vt.* 7—1

BOSTON TYPE FOUNDRY.
JOHN K. RODGERS & CO.
No. 4 Spring Lane, Boston.
Types, Presses, Ink, and other Printing Materials.
E. FOLSOM. J. K. RODGERS. S. WARNER, JR.

D. B. WORLEY,
Teacher of Music, Whitehall, N. Y. Piano Fortes Tuned and Repaired. Residence 4th door south American Hotel, William street, Whitehall, N. Y. 41—tf

S. G. STALEY, Agent,
Manufacturer and Dealer in Tin, Sheet Iron and Copper Ware; and also, exclusive Agent in Rutland County, for the sale of the Stove called "The Troy Star." First Door East of Dyer's Hotel, *Rutland, Vt.* 19—ly

J. & A. LANDON,
Dealers in Furniture, Provisions, Iron, Coal, Nails, Hardware, Powder and Fuse, near the Depot, *Rutland, Vt.*

F. MOWREY,
Daguerrean Artist, Skylight Rooms in the Union Building, Main street, *Rutland, Vt.* Pictures put upon every variety of style, with or without frames, at prices varying from 12½c. to $10. 15—ly

MARTIN G. EVERTS,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law, and Solicitor in Chancery. Office in the Court House, *Rutland, Vt.* 7—1

CHARLES L. WILLIAMS,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law, and Solicitor in Chancery also, a Commissioner for the States of Maine, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Iowa. Office in the Court House, *Rutland, Vt.* 7—1

REUBEN R. THRALL,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Solicitor in Chancery, and Agent for Pensioners, Bounty Lands, &c. Office, 2d story Tuttle's Block, *Rutland, Vt.* 3—tf

W. T. NICHOLS,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law. Office in the Court House, *Rutland, Vt.*

C. CARPENTER,
Dealer in Groceries and Provisions, Butter, Cheese, Fancy Goods, &c.—WEST STREET, near the Episcopal Church, *Rutland, Vt.* 42

GEORGE GRAVES,
Manufacturer and Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Boots, Shoes, Rubbers, and all kinds of Leather.—WEST STREET, adjoining Washington Hall, *Rutland, Vt.* 42—ly

C. DUET & SON,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in all kinds of Dry Goods, Groceries and Provisions; Hardware and Cutlery; Boots, Shoes and Rubbers; and all of the approved Patent Medicines of the day; Main St., (first door north of Court House,) *Rutland, Vt.* 45—tf

E. N. MERRIAM,
Tuner of Piano Fortes, Reed Instruments and Church Organs, *East Poultney, Vt.* References—Professors S. N. Johnson and S. P. Rice, Boston. Also a good on the sale of Rosewood and Gilt Frames, Piano-fortes with and without the Dulce Composite Attachment. A selected and choice assortment of Door Wash constantly on hand. 3tf

DON'T RECOGNIZE HER—SHE'S A WORKING GIRL.

Such was the exclamation of a pert young Miss, dressed in silks and fine linen, as she brushed by an old school day acquaintance compelled to labor diligently to support herself and a kind mother. We happened to be close at hand, and furthermore possess a slight knowledge of the persons in question. Thus informed, we were astonished at the remark, and with difficulty restrained an expression which the heart dictated at that moment.

The author of the language which heads this sketch, is by no means wealthy; on the contrary, her mother, (for she is a half orphan)an industrious worthy lady, has a means of obtaining a livlihood, which we will not particularize suffice it to say, it is honorable. The daughter has been allowed her own way in life, and by association has acquired habits which we must despise in any individual. She affects to be what she is not; she flirts with the ease and grace of an adept, and treats hearts as idle baubles, fit only for sportive fancies. She scorns poverty, and turns up her nasal organ at the poor working girl, as unworthy of recognition by her ladyship. She visits concerts and public places to attract attention, and, to gain this enviable notoriety, resorts to certain devices which always succeed. She is in fact, an "airish young woman"—to use a homely phrase—and deserves to be censured most severely for her conduct.

The poor working girl, whom she would not recognize, is, likewise, half orphaned, and, by force of circumstances, labors ten hours daily, to support herself and mother. She passes our office daily, on her way to and from work, and always seems to be happy and contented. She is not ashamed to acknowledge her condition in life, and never feels half so merry as when at her engagements. She is a dutiful and loving daughter, affectionate and generous to her co-laborers, and generally respected by them. She is in short, a high-minded intelligent and respectable working girl—than whom no one can be found more worthy the approbation of her associate. And yet, she is not recognized by 'Miss Impudence,' because "she's a working girl." We would rather have that working girl for a companion through life, than our would-be-great lady for a day. The one is to be loved, the other detested.—This is no fancy sketch, drawn from the imagination. It is a true scene from every-day life.—*Albany Transcript.*

THE "YOUNG LADY."

Among the modern developments of human nature, one of the most unique and interesting is the "Young Lady." "From aught that ever we could read, could ever hear by tale or history," she was not contemplated in the original plan of creation. Certain it is, no account of her is to be found in the Mosaic records, and geologists have not discovered a single fossil specimen among the wonders of the lower strata, such as the Pterodactyl, Pleriosaurus and Megatherium. Mr. Gliddon once thought, that, among the sepulchers of Egypt, he had found a treasure that set the question at rest at once and forever. He announced to the world that he had discovered a mummified "young lady" done up a la Egyptian. For his own country must be reserved the honor of first viewing her features. She was shipped to that "Athens of America"—Boston—and before a brilliant audience of beauty and talent, the swathing cloths were removed;—but alas, science fell back aghast, Mr. Gliddon stammered, and the assembly laughed. No "young lady" was there, but a "male man."—Were further proof necessary, we might infer, with great probability, from the fact that in those primal days there was nothing for the "young lady" to do, but a great demand for young *women*, that she did not exist at that period. Perhaps she may have been known under a different form and name, as distinguished philosophers tell us man originally was; and as the latter is but a developed monkey which has lost its tail by the gradual wear of civilization, and had its face disguised by the barber, so the "young lady" may have "caterpillared" down the course of ages from the form of a cocoon to the comeliness of a butterfly. However this may be, the "young lady" is one of the "fixed facts," one of the "*peculiar* institutions" of nineteenth century-dom.

What, you ask, is the "young lady?" Is she what the Rev. Mr. Chadband declared "Terewith" to be, "the ray of rays, the sun of suns, the moon of moons, the star of stars." Some enthusiastic lover, with his heart crushed in the gripe of Cupid and his toes aching in a pair of patent leathers; with his hand on his heart, and the Fanny-Esler-head of his cane in his mouth, may rapturously assert, "dem-me she is." My dear "young gent," with the capillary attractions, Shakspear tells us that "*green* is the color of lovers." Your Dulcinea is neither ray, sun, moon nor stars; she is—well, what is she? That is just what we don't want to tell, for much as she is in love with herself, she would not fall in love with her daguerreotype; we shall therefore give only a partial description of this interesting being.

To begin by negatives, no particular feature or combination of charms is essential. It is perfectly immaterial whether her nose is pug, snub, hook or Roman. Her hair may be "black as the raven's wing," or sandy as a Shanghai's plumage. She may be lean and lath-like, or fat and tub-like;—her eyes may be blue, black, gray or green.—But when we come to the positive qualifications, we find in the very first place that "*Pa*" must be worth something; "Pa" must live in a genteel house, and keep a carriage, and whether he "fails" occasionally and cheats his creditors to increase his private fortune, is no matter.

The "young lady" always has a well-rounded, well-developed form, a pearly skin and rosy cheeks, and why shouldn't she—for "pa" can *afford them*. Cotton and cosmetics and paint do the whole thing. Beauty sometimes isn't even "skin deep"; and walking pin-cushions are not unfrequent.

The "young lady" gives us tones that are unlike "notes of linked sweetness" only in that they are "long drawn out." Vulgar people call it drawling, but they are envious creatures, who don't understand the *fashionable* manner of talking.

The "young lady" wears a large plaid silk, and suspends near the back of her head one of "her things" which she calls a "love of a bonnet." A "perfect beauty of a shawl" is thrown over her shoulders, and her furs are "charming." At home she rises in the long hours, having gone to bed in the short ones. That "dear delightful ball" was *so* pleasant, and that agreeable Mr. Fitzsnooks was *so* amusing in his remarks on the shocking taste of those odious Misses Cutaswell, that she really forgot how late it was getting. For a few hours after dressing, she lounges on the sofa with a volumne of Bulwer in hand; is sure Uncle Tom's Cabin is the best book ever written, and "forgets whether David Copperfield wrote Dickens or Dickens wrote David Copperfield, but which ever it is, it is *such* a funny book!" The remainder of the day is passed dressing, calls, shopping and parties.

The "young lady dotes on the military, ("mustachios are *so* sweet,") and smiles on the young minister, ("his surplice is *so* becoming.") Her prayer book and bible are bound in the richest velvet and gold, and she pities the young woman in the next pew who can only afford Russia and gilt. She wonders why "poor people" will dress so, and eat such plain food; for her part, she knows she couldn't bear it—she should "*faint*."

In the summer, the "young lady" persuades "pa" to take her to Newport, Saratoga is getting *so* common. She supposes she shall get married when Mr. Fitzsnooks proposes, but that will depend on whether "pa" thinks it's a good match. If Fitz is worth as much as he says he is, she is sure she loves him to distretion.

Such a being as we have described is the modern "young lady." God made woman, in the first place, because he saw that man was alone. We imagine he made the "young lady," because he saw the "young gent" was alone.—*Springfield (Mass.) Republican.*

ADULTERATION OF LIQUORS.

Eminent chemists assert that nine-tenths, at least, of all the liquors consumed in the United States are more or less drugged. To say that half of all that pretends to come across the Atlantic is wholly manufactured on this side of it would be to fall short of the truth.

There are numbers who live and thrive by such nefarious trade. Long practice in the use of sugar of lead, capsicum, acids, aloes, juniper berries, verdigris, logwood, &c., &c., in varying and nicely graduated proportions, has enabled them to bring the art to a degree of perfection that seems almost fabulous. Cheap Monongahela whiskey, brought into their vaults by the hogshead, comes out bottled and ready for sale, as 'Madeira,' 'Cognac,' 'Champagne,' 'Pale Brandy,' 'Cream of the Valley' and 'Old Port.' In these the color, flavor, and smell of the originals will be so closely imitated that experienced taste is deceived by them. So complete and minute are their operations that not only are foreign brands forged, and the shape of bottles, the devices of seals and corks imitated, but even artificial dust and sobwebs are fabricated to give them an air of respectable antiquity.

If other proof of this were needed, besides the results of chemical analysis, it might be found in facts that more Port is drank in the United States in one year than passes through the Custom House in ten; that more Champagne is consumed in America alone than the whole Champagne district produces; that Cognac Brandy costs four times as much in France where it is made, as it is sold for in our corner groggeries; and that the failure of the whole grape-crop in Madeira produced no apparent diminution in the quantity, nor at all corresponding increase in the price, of the Wine.

It is these compounds that madden and destroy such multitudes in our towns and cities. In wine growing countries, where wine is cheap and plentiful and its use almost universal there are none of these horrors of Intemperance that shock and alarm us here. France, Italy, Spain, suffer no more from the free use of their wines, than we do from our Cider, or "Sparkling Catawba."

If none but pure Liquor was permitted to be sold, its price would instantly become so great as to put it beyond the reach of those who now fall victims to "red eye" and "rot gut."—*Genuine* Brandy, Gin, and Rum are the most costly of all fermented drinks, instead of being as we are accustomed to think, the cheapest. To say nothing of the cost of transportation, they cannot be bought on the spot where they are made at anything like the rates they are sold at in our drinking saloons.—Brands that at wholesale bring $3 a bottle, are sold at retail for "three cents a glass?"—*Albany Evening Journal.*

Lovers of "Good Brandy" will be pleased to learn the process by which some of it is manufactured, as detailed by a drug store clerk, in a letter to the Philadelphia *Bizarre*:

"Among our customers, were many of the pedlars who sell patent medicines, etc., throughout the States. One day one of that industrious fraternity having purchased his regular stock of Bateman's Drops, Godfrey's Cordial, *et id genus omne*, appeared still to want something, but to find some difficulty in approaching the subject. At last, however, he took me mysteriously one side and asked me if we had anything that would make whiskey look like brandy. Of course we had—I took the bottle of 'Tincture of Red Saunders,' (with which pine wood is stained, to look like mahogany,) and putting a few drops into a glass of alcohol, I shook it up and showed to him a fine Champagne brandy—in color—I then added some more Saunders and made a 'rich cognac' for him. He said that was first rate, and again hesitating a little, inquired if we had anything that would make whiskey taste like brandy. This was a little difficult, but I was not to be detered by that, and adding a little oil of Juniper to the previous mixture, I made horrible stuff, which certainly didn't taste like whiskey. He tasted it, pronounced all 'first rate' and purchased enough of Tincture of Red Saunders and oil of Juniper to make brandy of any quantity of whiskey. I never saw him again, but whether his customers throughout the State found his brandy as good as usual that year, you can judge as well as I."

GONE RIGHT OVER IT.

I have a friend, whose ready wit often enlivens the social circle, and sometimes, also, faithfully serves the cause of truth. One Sabbath morning, as he stepped from his house to go to church, he met a stranger driving a heavily loaded wagon through the town. He turned upon him, stopped, lifted both hands, and stood in a tragic attitude, gazing upon the ground beneath the vehicle, and exclaimed, "There! there! you are going right over it!—You have gone right over it!" The traveller hastily gathered up his reins, drew in his horses, came to a dead stand, and began looking under his wheels to see what little innocent child, or dog, or pig, might have been ground to jelly by their heavy weight. But seeing nothing, he looked anxiously up to the man who had so singularly arrested his progress, and said, "Over what?" "The fourth commandment," was the quick reply, "Remember the Sabbath to keep it holy." It was hard starting those wheels again, and hard hauling that load all the rest of the day.—*Norwich Examiner.*

A CURTAIN LECTURE ON THE BEARD.

Time: Half-past Eleven. Scene: A Darkened Bed-chamber. Mrs. Darling distinctly heard.

And so, Mr. Darling, you have joined the beard movement. 'Who told you that?' I don't require any one to tell me what I see with my own eyes. Are you not shaving less and less every morning—is it not quite turned the corner of your chin already? and a pretty figure you are making of yourself. I'm not blind, Mr. Darling; I see plainly what you are aiming at, and I must put a stop to your folly. 'Can I prove it to be folly?' Perhaps I wont give myself that trouble. All that I have to say is—if you wish to keep peace in this house, you will shave to-morrow morning, just as you used to; for you may depend upon it, you shan't go about with your chin like a dirty shoe brush, so long as I keep my senses, whatever may be your mad notion. 'It won't be long in the shoe brush stage you say?' No, I guess not, if my scissors keep on their hinges. Master David Copperfield tried hard to sleep with one eye open, and could not manage it; so you will require to be a great deal smarter than him; and if you don't sleep with both eyes open, your facial ornament as you call it, will be trimmed a little. 'I had better not touch it?'—Well, you can easily prevent me from touching it by shaving it right away to-morrow morning. You had better make up your mind at once, Mr. Darling. 'Your mind is made up: you will shave no more?' We shall see, Mr. Darling—we shall see. A fine hedge-hog notion this beard reform is; but I see plainly what it all means. The lords of creation mean to assert their ferocious dignity; they mean to overawe their better halves with what aunt Dina calls their 'bar;' and they will succeed, oh yes, when they shake their beards. Smooth chinned, female woman, will tremble; they will never think of calves in lion's skins; how could they? I say, Mr. Darling, it won't do, so you had better give it up at once. What does Mr. Clarke say about this beard insanity? 'Mr. Clarke quite approves of the beard.' He does! this very like him. He approves, but catch him wearing his; catch him making a speculation of his all over the city. Oh, Mr. Darling, you are simple to let yourself be made the catspaw by a poor sneak like Clarke; but its no use of my speaking, Mr. Darling; if your two faced friend approves, why don't he abandon the razor? 'He admits that he has not the requisite courage?' Oh yes, Mr. Darling, I see, you have the courage; you are very brave; you are to become a beard champion, warring with popular prejudice; you are quite a Sampson.

By the way, that strong man was shorn by his wife; but you, Mr. Darling are quite above female influence. 'You will convert me?' Very like: I am very easily converted—you can roll me around your finger. 'How can I get over the physiological argument for the beard—the protection of the lungs?' I know this Mr. Darling, people were far stronger in the good old times when they did not know they had lungs. The lungs, indeed! There's a good one. I wonder what's to become of woman's lungs if beards are needed for their protection? 'Women who don't get husbands to protect their lungs, are generally supplied by nature with beard?'—That argument, Mr. Darling, is very far fetched, though there is some truth in it; but I say, Mr. Darling, you will shave at any rate for a while, until beards grow a little more fashionable, and then I don't care how long you let it grow. Suppose now, Mr. Darling, you had a baby to christen, how could you rise up before the whole congregation like a Grand Turk! 'You could do it nicely?' Well, I believe you could; but think of my feelings, as the whispering and tittering would be going on; you know they would have no hesitation in saying that your wife was far from particular. 'They might say the same about their greatest grandmother Eve, for certainly Adam wore his beard' you say. Well, Mr. Darling, that is, no doubt, true, but the fashions of the garden of Eden would not exactly suit our times. I can tell you, Mr. Darling, if you don't shave, you will be seeing your portrait in Punch some of these days. 'That would not vex you. Punch is like the rest of us; it's anything to earn a crust with him; but he is not vicious against the beard.' Well, if he isn't I am, so Mr. Darling, you will shave like other decent people, for I know this, if beards are to become fashionable, they will do so without your making a martyr of yourself. 'How would you like to have my head shaved to please popular prejudice?' Well, Mr. Darling, I see you are not inclined to listen to reason, so you will require to make an effort to sleep with both eyes wide open, for my mind's made up. (Here Mr. Darling fell into a sound slumber, and had a strange dream about sleeping with Josephus.)

TELEGRAPHING.

Amusing mistakes sometimes take place in telegraphic dispatches. A few days since, a gentleman telegraphed to one of our western cities to gain intelligence of his daughter, who was ill In return he received a laconic reply from her attending physician, which purported that he was a Grandfather.

'Heavens!' he exclaimed, throwing down the missive as if it had been a hot cinder. 'My daughter—a *child*.' Then striding to his closet, he grabbed his hat and coat, and struck a bee-line for the cars, muttering:

'A pretty muss indeed—child—my daughter in such a predicament, and unmarried, too. Oh such a disgrace.'

In a few hours he was at the sick room of his daughter. The physician was surprised to see him so soon, but politely informed him that the 'girl was getting along quite finely.'

'So it's a girl, hey?' gasped the father.

'Of course,' said the doctor, 'don't you call your daughter a girl?'

'Ah—hum—yes—but—th—the—*child?*'

'Child!' wondered the doctor, 'what child?'

'Why, sir, did you not send that dispatch?' pettishly exclaimed our friend, as he handed to the doctor, the dispatch which he had hastily picked up from the floor before he left home. The doctor looked at it, and a broad smile was visible upon his features.

'I sent you a dispatch, but Heaven knows it never contained such news as this! The one I sent you intimated that "your daughter was just through having a *chill*."'

Our friend felt that he had been taken in and done for, and offered to treat if the doctor would only keep still.—*Detroit Advertiser.*

A young man who has recently taken a wife, says he did not find it half so hard to get married as to get the furniture.

FUNNY, WASN'T HE?

A wag was one day speaking of two of his acquaintances who had gone West, where the new comers are usually attacked the first season with the ague, and said he—

'Neither of those two men will be afflicted.'

'Why not?' asked a bystander.

'Because,' was the reply, 'one of them is too lazy to shake, and the other won't shake unless he gets pay for it.'

A tailor, who in skating fell through in ice, declared that he would never again leave a hot goose for a cold duck.

THE MODERN TEMPTER.

At the late anti-Nebraska meeting held in Hartford, the Hon. John M. Niles, in the course of a most effective speech, made the following hit at Mr. Douglas:

"And now this broad and fertile tract (Nebraska Territory,) which for thirty-four years has lain with open bosom, inviting the embraces of the sons of the Puritans, and waiting to receive the seed which should bring forth an abundant harvest to New England farmers; this vast territory, more extensive than the old thirteen States—secured to freedom by a double right, first by the law of God and again by the law of man—is to be opened to the curse of slavery and to wither under its desolating blight. And who is the man that so generously offers to bestow this territory, unasked upon the South? Who is he that would break down the barriers of freedom and give slavery free course in the plains of Nebraska and Kansas? It is not the Northern man with Southern principles, of whom we hear so much, but it is a Northern man with Southern *interests*, an owner and a holder of slaves, 'Young America' of Illinois.

[Here Mr. N. expressed his opinion of Mr. Douglas, stating that he had long been acquainted with him, and had no desire to say ought in disparagement of him as a man.]

But Young America has been outdone in his magnanimous tender. He is not the pioneer in his present course. We find a more liberal offer than his recorded in sacred history. We read there of another who made offers of extensive territory, of not alone this same Nebraska and Kansas, but of all the kingdoms of the earth, and he who made the offer then, was, like Mr Douglas, a slaveholder, one who has slaves without number, and who has them now employed assisting Mr. D. in his enterprise.—He asked also as a return for the promised possessions, that the tempted 'should fall down and worship him.' while Mr. D. now requires the same thing, and demands as a reward for his generosity that the South shall fall down and worship him at the doors of the White House. But the answer of the tempted in olden time was, 'Get thee behind me, Satan, for it is written, thou shalt worship the Lord, thy God, and Him only, shalt thou serve;' and our hope now is, that the answer to Mr. Douglas from the generous South will be, 'Get thee behind me, Stephen, for it is written, 'Cursed be he that removeth the ancient landmark.''

HOW MEN "BUST UP."

Men with unassuming wives never fail. It is the husbands of such women as Mrs. Dash and Lady Brilliant, who find themselves face to face with the sheriff, and certain mysterious documents adorned with red tape and wafers big enough for target exercise.

The desire of a New York feminine is to outshine her neighbors—not in mental acquirements, but in gingerbread ornaments and gold edged coal scuttles. If Mrs. Dash gives a game supper—woodcock stuffed with gold dust—Lady Brilliant takes the wind out of her sail, by getting up another in which the prevailing dish will be birds of Paradise swimming in a gravy made of melted pearls. It is this rivalry, and not 'dabbling in railroad stocks,' that brings ruin to the fast men of Wall st. The ill-fortune' of which they complain, is no more or less than a brainless wife.—If they would come back to happiness, they should direct their attention, not to the fluctuations of the stock market but to the ruinous absurdities of their own firesides. Thousand dollar repaste don't pay, while the merchant who purchases hundred dollar handkerchiefs for 'a duck of a wife,' should not wonder if the time eventually came, when 'a goose of a husband' lacked shirts, and was but ill supplied with breeches.

WHAT IS A LAWYER?

'A lawyer,' said Lord Brougham, in a facetious mood, 'is a learned gentleman who rescues your estate from your enemies—and keeps it himself.'

Invincible fidelity, good-humor, and complacency of temper, says Dr. Johnston, out-lives all the charms of a fine face, and makes the decay of it invisible.

Agricultural.

G. E. WARING, JR.

(From the New England Farmer.)

IS IT PROFITABLE TO FATTEN SWINE IN NEW ENGLAND.

The question of the profit of fattening swine, in New England States, was suggested by reading an extract in the monthly number of the *New England Farmer* for January, 1854, taken from the *Ohio Cultivator*, and detailing the results of an experiment projected in Ohio, to determine how much pork a bushel of corn will make. It appears from the extract, that S. B. Anderson weighed off 100 thrifty hogs, placed them in an enclosure, fed them 100 days with as much corn as they could, and found that they consumed, on an average, 100 bushels every six days, and made an average gross increase, per hog, for the 100 days, of 175 lbs., or at the rate of 1 3-4 lb. each, per day; that one bushel of corn made a gross increase of 10 1-2 lbs. of pork, or, by throwing 1-5 to come at the net weight, that one bushel of corn made 8 2-5 lbs. of pork, net. It further appears, that if a bushel of corn makes 8 2-5 lbs of pork, then—

When pork sells for 5c per lb., corn brings	42c	per bu.				
" " 4	"	"	33c	"		
" " 5	"	"	42c	"		
" " 6	"	"	50	"		

The extract does not state the condition of the corn fed to the 100 hogs, but I suppose it was fed whole and uncooked, and perhaps on the ear. Whether or not, on the basis of the above table of prices, it is profitable to Ohio farmers to feed corn to hogs, is more than I know.

Here in New England, it is not profitable to fatten swine on clear corn, ground and uncooked, nor in any form, if the system of feeding is a loose and careless one; but I shall attempt to show that with proper management, we can make pork at a profit.

Numerous interesting accurate experiments have been made in various parts of the country, to determine the difference between cooked and uncooked food for fattening swine, and resulting greatly in favor of the cooked food. The late Mr. Coleman made a very valuable communication to the Transactions of the Essex County Agricultural Society, detailing various experiments of