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R. T. VAN HORN, Editor.
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BY R. T. VAN HORN. POMEROY, THURSDAY, MAY 29, 1851. VOL. 3.—NO. 34.

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From the True Democrat.

FIRST OF MAY.

BY MRS. L. S. OGE.

First of May! First of May!
Blithe and sunny, light and gay!
Sweetly carol time away,
Little birds, the first of May!

Gentle breezes burst their bands,
Leap and frolic o'er the sands;
Golden rays of heavenly light,
Kiss the fragrant dews at night.

Earth is brilliant—time speeds by,
Tender lovers sweep their sigh;
'Tis the golden time of life,
[illegible]

Gentle lambkins frisk and play,
Hills their verdant tops display,
Meadows broad and mountains' brow
Doff their snow livery now.

Sunshine gilds the palace hall,
Sunshine decks the peasant's wall,
Fresh and buoyant, bright and clear,
Is this gala-time of year.

Children sportive, whirl about,
Fearless now of scold or rout,
Every feeling tender grown,
Whips are lagging, schools are none.

First of May! First of May!
Blithe and sunny, light and gay!
Sweetly carol time away,
Little birds, the first of May.

[For the Telegraph.

PRACTICAL UTILITY OF PHRENOLOGY.

BY S. H. BARRETT.

NO. II.

We will now attempt to show the practical utility of this newly discovered science to the human race. Strict obedience to the dictates of Phrenology is calculated to preserve health, and lengthen out the brittle thread of mortal existence. But when we take a slight glance at the present mournful condition of man, we see enough to rend a feeling heart with inexpressible anguish.—Instead of seeing the great mass of mankind enjoying peace, health, and happiness, we see them writhing under the painful influences of dire disease. They are heavily oppressed with corroding care, and rapidly sinking under the accumulated weight of a thousand infirmities. All, or nearly all, are alike subject to the same ills, same sorrows, same afflictions, same woes. Enter the various ranks of society. Behold our merchants, our professional men, and our teachers. Look at their emaciated forms, their pale countenances, their ghastly features, and their death-like shadows. Hear their doleful complaints, uttered with feeble voices, quivering lips, half suppressed sighs, and depressed spirits. An armed host of terrible diseases are slowly enumerated, dyspepsia, indigestion, headache, liver complaint, rheumatism, coughs, consumption, languidness, loss of appetite, prostration of the nervous system, &c., &c.

Are there not causes, serious causes for all this? Certainly. What, then, are those causes? They are the same causes which have, in the morning and vigor of life, prostrated the health and destroyed the lives of men no less eminent and distinguished than Robert Pollock, Henry Kirke White, James Brainerd Taylor, and Dr. John D. Godman. Though men of genius and transcendently great abilities, yet talent and genius alone could not protect nor save life. They knowingly or ignorantly transgressed some law or laws, peculiarly adapted to the real nature and absolute wants of man. Those laws were evidently physical laws, implicitly laid down by the immutable Lawgiver for our practical observance and sole benefit. Every law has its penalty attached to it, whether moral or physical. If the moral law be violated, we meet with God's fearful displeasure. If the physical law be transgressed, we are equally sure to suffer the natural consequences. And what are the common results of such a violation? The total loss of health, and sometimes of life itself.

So far as the physical laws are concerned, Phrenology points them out in living characters which none can possibly mistake.—They come under the head or appellation of Temperaments. They are sometimes denominated Sanguine, Bilious, Nervous, and Lymphatic. By other writers they are designated by other terms, viz: *Vital*, *Motive*, and *Mental*. I choose to adopt the latter terms.

Now, it should be distinctly understood, that, in order to enjoy sound health, a person must enjoy a constitution in which these different Temperaments exist. They must be equal in strength or nearly so. Destroy the Motive Temperament, and you incapacitate a man for labor or physical exertion He will be reduced, in point of muscular strength, to a mere infant. Destroy the Mental Temperament, and you destroy the intellect,—the power of reasoning. Man, with all his boasted powers, becomes an idiot. Destroy the Vital Temperament, and you shake the very citadel of life. The youthful hero sinks into a premature grave.

A willing or wilful violation of these laws or Temperaments, is the chief cause of much sickness, ill health, and premature death. But is there no hope, no remedy? Yes. There is balm in Gilead,—a physician there is. All may use this balm,—all may apply to this physician. The invalid may be invigorated, and cheerfully hope, by proper training, to be reinstated upon the throne of *physical* power,—restored to the usual enjoyment of health, strength, vigor, and activity.

The prescription for one may be recommended to ALL. If you are dyspeptic or consumptive, expand the chest, incline the shoulders back, inhale pure, wholesome air, engage in light exercise, use the shower bath, avoid stimulants, and let your diet be [illegible] well cooked, well masticated, taken in proper quantities and at regular hours. If you are nervous, exercise the mind less and the body more. Sleep more and work more. If your mind be dull and obtuse, sleep less, work less, but think and study more. By this means, you may, in process of time, equalize the Temperaments. When this is done, your broken and impaired constitution will be improved. Health, with all its attendant blessings, will return. Then, to preserve health, one-third of the time should be spent in moderate study, one-third to manual labor, and one-third in sleep and rest.

RUTLAND, Ohio, May, 1851.

PADDY AND THE LOVERS.

OR, AN UNSOCIABLE BEDFELLOW.

A few months since, a son of Erin, about nine o'clock one evening, called at a country inn, in the western part of Pennsylvania, and demanded lodgings for the night. It was evident from his appearance and actions, that he and liquor had been quite jolly companions throughout the day. The landlord was a lazy, good-natured soul, and had imbibed rather freely that day himself.

"If I give you a light and tell you where the room is, you can find the place," said the landlord.

"Och, and it's meeself that can do that most illegantly. Just show me the lie way, an' I'll find it as azy as the howly vargin showers down blessings on the sinful," said the Irishman.

The directions were given him and also a candle. He was directed to go to a room in the second story of the house. By the time he had reached the top of the stairs his light had become extinguished, and he had forgotten in what direction he was to go.—Seeing rays of light issuing from a room, the door of which stood slightly ajar, he reconnoitered the inside of the room, and found it to obtain a bed, in which lay a man, and a stand with a small lighted lamp upon it. Feeling disinclined to make any further search for the room to which he had been directed, he divested himself of his clothing, and quietly crept into the back part of the bed. He had been in bed but a few moments, when a young lady and gentleman entered the room. The Irishman eyed them closely. They seated themselves on chairs in close proximity to each other, and after chatting merrily for a short time, the young man threw his arm around her waist in a cousinly manner, and imprinted a kiss on her tempting lips. There was a witchery in it which demanded a repetition. The scene amused the Irishman vastly, and being free from selfishness, he concluded that his sleeping companion should be a participant with him in the enjoyment of the scene, and to this end he nudged him, but his companion stirred not. He then put his hand upon him, and found that he was tightly locked in the embrace of death. Synonymous with this discovery, he bounded out of bed, exclaiming—

"Murther! Murther! Howly saints of hiven protect me!"

He had scarcely touched the floor with his feet, before the young gentleman and lady were making rapid progress towards the stairway, terror being depicted on their countenances. They had just reached the top of the stairs, when the Irishman came dashing along as though all the fiends of Erebus were close at his heels, intent upon making him their prey, and the whole three went tumbling down stairs, and it is hard to determine which of the three reached the bottom first. The landlord stood aghast as the Irishman rushed into the bar-room with nothing between him and nudity but a garment vulgarly styled a shirt, the hair on his head standing upon end, his eye balls ready to leap from their sockets, and he gasping for breath. It was a sight that would have made a man laugh who had worn a vinegar face from the day of his birth. Nothing could induce him to seek a bed that night again. When the young lady and gentleman found that it was not the corpse that had so unceremoniously bounded from the bed, they returned to the room, (they being the watchers for the night, (and, doubtless, commenced their pouring at the point where it had been so suddenly broken off.

A noted anti-temperance man was the other day looking over the map of the West, preparatory to emigrating. His eyes wandered over Minnesota, and all at once lighting up with hope, he pointed out *Rum river*. "*That's* the place for *me!* Land without money and *rum for water!*"—*Cin. paper.*

☞"Ah! my good fellow, where have you been for a week back?"

"For a 'weak back!'" I have not been troubled with a weak back in the least, I thank you."

"No, no, where have you been, long back?"

"Long back! don't call me long back, you scoundrel!"

OYSTER TRADE.—Henry A. Wise, in a late speech in the Virginia Convention, states that one firm in Baltimore had, in ten years, amassed a fortune of $250,000 by simply transporting oysters to the Western States, and that they had paid the Baltimore and Ohio railroad in one year $35,000 for carrying oysters alone.

From Sartain's Magazine.

THE MANTUA MAKER.

BY MRS. C. M. STARR.

"Would that my spirit witness bore me,
That, like this woman, I had done
The work my Maker put before me,
Duly from morn till set of sun."

In one of the narrow, dirty streets of New York, in a miserable attic, lay a young girl of apparently seventeen. Her face bore the traces of great beauty, but the crimson cheek and brilliant eyes showed but too plainly that consumption had set its seal upon her, and that her days on earth were numbered.

I wish it was later, she murmured, glancing towards the open window, through which the rays of a September sun were shining. [illegible] much. I hope Fanny will obtain leave to return home early this evening—I know she means to ask it. The tears rose to the eyes of the poor girl, as she thought of the devoted affection of her only sister, a girl of nineteen, who earned a living by sewing for one of the fashionable mantumakers of the day. The room, although scantily furnished, was neat, and the invalid's bed clean, though coarse. A small stand stood by the bed, on which was a pitcher of water, a phial, and a wineglass, and on the pillow lay an open Bible. The young girl earned a support as a tailoress; but a neglected cold, taken by carrying some work home late one wet evening, had prostrated her on a bed of sickness, from which she was destined never to rise. Untiring were the cares bestowed upon her by her sister. She watched with her at night, and many were the humble, earnest prayers of the occupants of this small room to their Heavenly Father, that he would enable them to bear patiently his chastening hand.

But we hasten to a different scene.

A gay carriage drove up to Mrs. Bennett's fashionable establishment, and a beautiful young girl descended, and entered the shop. Mrs. Bennett, I must have a new dress for this evening; I have just bought a love of a dress, and I intend wearing it to Mr. Green's ball. To night Mrs. Bennett; it is impossible for me to have your dress ready in time. It is now past one, and I could not promise you a ball dress on so short a notice. Oh, nonesense, Mrs. Bennett, [illegible] said the lady petulantly, I *must* and *will* have the dress; and if you will not make it, why I must carry my custom elsewhere. The mistress of the shop looked distressed. Really, madam, I would do anything to oblige—but sure you have some other dress equally suited to the occasion; I sent you home three, only ten days since. I have worn them all, interrupted the beauty impatiently. Let your girls leave off all their other work, and turn to upon my dress, and I will pay anything extra that you may have the conscience to charge—only do not disappoint me—and send the dress home by an experienced hand, that I may have any alteration made at the last moment, if required. So saying, Miss Norton entered her carriage, and drove to the jeweller's shop, to select a new set of ornaments for the occasion.

Mrs. Bennett took the gauze left in her hand, and selecting from her well-filled shelves a satin corresponding in hue, and trimmings to match, went into a back room. Some twenty young girls were busily plying their needles. The room was close and warm, and many of is occupants looked jaded and worn with their labors. From six to seven, with a short interval of half an hour for dinner, were the regular hours required for their attendance at the shop; but when there was a press of work, they were often obliged to remain and work extra hours, and ten, eleven and even twelve o'clock often arrived before they were released from their health-consuming toil. The table and chairs of the room were littered with shreds of delicate gauzes, with silks and satins. Can we wonder, when we hear the often-told tale of the seduction and ruin of one of this delicate class of girls, surrounded by temptation, their hands employed upon material which would so well set off the beauty of the worker, and the voice of tempter ever at hand to offer the lure!—And if remaining true to themselves, stinted in their food, poorly paid, they work from Monday morning until Saturday night, week in and week out, until premature decline but too often closes their career. Such is the not exaggerated history of too many of these poor girls. Could one of the beauties, whose gay costume has cost so many hours of harassing toil, bear but one hour of the suffering so inflicted, she would hesitate ere she ordered a new dress on short notice.—But to our tale.

Here is a new dress, said Mrs. Bennett, addressing her forewoman, and it must be finished before nine o'clock to night. Take half-a-dozen of the girls, and see that it is done in time. They will have to remain extra time, madam, in order to do so, said the forewoman. Well let them stay then; I am not going to lose one of my best customers to suit their laziness. If any one grumbles, she said, on leaving the room, let me know; I do not want grumblers to work for me—they may seek employment elsewhere. A young girl, seated near the forewoman, cast a deprecating glance toward her. I cannot help it, Fanny, was the reply to the mute appeal; I would like to have you go home early to poor Ellen; who I know needs you so much,—but what can I do? You are one of our fastest workmen, and to finish this dress, with all its trimmings, will require all the exertion our best workers can bestow. The tears rose in Fanny's eyes, and a sensation of choking came in her throat. But it was all in vain; and making a violent effort to subdue her agitation. Fanny commenced, with trembling fingers and aching heart, the task alloted to her. Her needle flew, as she tho't that by perhaps straining every effort, she might yet go early to her sister; and her companions, who felt much for her, used their utmost efforts to assist her. The weary hours passed on; we leave them to their task, and return to our fashionable beauty.

Extended on a sofa, in a richly furnished bedroom, reclined the lady. At a short distance from her sat her mother mending some fine lace. What do you intend wearing this evening, Rose? she said, addressing her daughter.

I have ordered a new dress for the occasion.

A new dress, Rose! Why, you extravagant girl, your closet is full of beautiful dresses.

Yes, I know that, but I have worn them all. And then there was such a beauty of a gauze at Stewart's, that I believe I should have bought it, even if I did not want it for to-night.

And when did you give the dress to be made up, you naughty girl? said the mother, gazingly admiringly on the beautiful face of her daughter.

I went to Mrs. Bennett this morning.—She grumbled, to be sure; but then I never listen to that class of people. What are they fit for, if they cannot make a dress at the time one most wants it! I am sure they all charge enough to have one ready on shorter notice than I gave Mrs. Bennett this morning.

Is it to be a large party, Rose?

'No, but very select. That French girl, Mademoiselle de Montmerenci, is to be there, of whom I have heard so much. The men are all crazy about her. I am determined she shall not outvie me in dress, and as for beauty. The young lady added no more, but cast a complacent glance at large mirror opposite her.

Well, Rose, I hope you may enjoy yourself. But one thing, my daughter: I must insist upon your not flirting so much with young Barton. He is poor—a mere merchant's clerk,—has a family of pretty sisters, who are unprovided for, and is in every respect a decided *detrimental*.

Psha, mother! said Rose contemptously, do you think there is any danger of my falling in love with Barton?

No, my dear,—no danger of your falling in love;—but it will prove a heart breaking business to him, poor fellow. And then young Mercer, the millionaire, is Barton's particular friend, and I would not have you offend him on any account.

Well, well, madam, I promise, said Rose, impatiently; but she felt a slight twinge of conscience, as she reflected how much she had encouraged the ardent, agreeable young man. But Rose never troubled herself long with any disagreeable reflections, and rising from her sofa, she commenced humming an opera tune as she took out various trifles from her bureau for her evening costume.

Wearily and painfully passed the hours with poor Ellen. The water in the pitcher grew so warm that she could not drink it, and her hand trembled so that she could not drop her medicine. She grew hourly more feverish; and, oh! how she longed for some of the tempting peaches she knew were exposed at the shop-window of the very building in which she lay. She returned restlessly from side to side. Will the sun never set? she said, looking towards the window. At last, wearied out, the sufferer slept. She dreamed that she wandered in a beautiful garden, where flowers and fruits grew in profusion. She inhaled the perfumed air, and gathered eagerly the grateful fruits, and a thrill of ecstacy shot through her frame. She walked on erect and strong, and the sorrows of her lot were forgotten. The birds were pouring forth their song, and all nature rejoiced. She woke with a sudden start.—The sun had gone down. She must have slept for some hours. She felt very weak and languid, but she knew, from the gray aspect of the room, that the hour for Fanny's return was soon at hand. She waited patiently, but a sensation of sinking gradually stole over her. A clammy dew stood on her brow;—she was too feeble to wipe it off, and an icy chill crept over her. Oh, my God, is it even so? Am I to die alone,—Fanny, dearest Fanny, why do you not come to me? she murmured wildly. A slight spasm convulsed her features, and when the moon rose and shed its beams on the couch, its pale light fell on the features of a corpse. The trials and sufferings of the young tailoress were at end.

There, Fanny, the dress is now done, and Mrs. Bennett says that you must carry it home.

Oh, dear Miss Jones, pray let some one else go. Indeed, indeed, I must go now to Ellen. She has been expecting me these three hours, and she is *so* ill.

I told Mrs. Bennett so, Fanny, but she said you alone were exert enough to alter the dress, if required; so you must go.

Looks of indignation were exchanged among the girls, as poor Fanny meekly put on her hat and shawl, and with tears fast running down her face, took the bandbox in her hand. It was within a quarter of nine, and the lady's residence was full three miles from the shop. Wearied and agitated, Fanny moved through the gaily-lighted streets; and as some dashing equippage would arrest her steps in crossing a street, the thought would occur—Do the rich know what we suffer? She arrived at Mrs. Norton's, and immediately shown up to the young lady's room. A hairdresser was just putting the finishing touches to the beautiful hair of the fair one, and some flowers were placed amid the curls.

Oh! I am glad you have come at last, said the lady. How came you to be so late?—But never mind; take out my dress. Fanny ready to drop from her long walk, obeyed at once, and the beautiful dress was displayed. Oh, how elegant! exclaimed Rose.—The hairdresser left the room, and the dress was tried on. Rose surveyed herself in silence for a few minutes, and then exclaimed:

Why does Mrs. Bennett always make my dresses so high in the neck? I am not an old woman yet, that I want to be covered up to my throat. Here, Nancy, turning to her maid, you and this girl must alter this. It is too provoking. Now I shall be detained at least half hour an hour. How could you be so stupid? she said, addressing the trembling Fanny.

The dress was taken off, and Fanny and the maid proceeded to alter it. The delicate trimmings were ripped off, and an hour passed away before the dress was finished, the young lady grumbling and scolding all the time. At last she was dressed; and, as Fanny closed the street door, the church clock struck ten. Her home was two miles distant, and dark clouds now obscured the sky. She hurried on;—large drops of rain fell, and soon a heavy rain soaked her thin garments. But she felt it not, so anxious was she about her sister. At last she arrived home, and paused at the shop to buy Ellen some of the fruit she had so longed for. She placed her hand on the balustrade to ascend the long staircase, but stopped and leaned her head on her hand. An indefinable sensation of dread stole over her. She wiped the perspiration from her brow. It must be that I am so tired, she said; I do not know what ails me. I am afraid to go up. She waited another moment, and then slowly crept up stairs. Her hand rested on the the door-handle, but again the chill of fear made her shiver. She opened the door, cast a naughty glance at the couch, and then, with one wild scream, sprang forward and fell insensible beside the bed.

Well, Rose, have you had a pleasant evening? said Mrs. Norton to her daughter, on her return home late at night.

Rose made no answer for some moments, and then said fretfully, No, I have not. I wish I had not gone,—and her eyes filled with tears, which she endeavored to conceal from her mother.

Why, my dear child, said her mother, in surprise, what is the matter?

That little French girl was the belle of the evening. She had all the best beaux, and as for your friend, young Mercer, he had no eyes for any one else.

Is she so very beautiful, then, or so elegantly dressed, or what is her peculiar attractions?

She is not beautiful at all, mother;—that is to say, not regularly beautiful. She has large dark eyes, and brilliantly white teeth, and possesses what the men call great fascination. I do not know what they mean, but she had a crowd round her all the evening, and every one was full of her bon mots and intelligence.

Well, well, my love, said her mother, soothingly, it is not worth your fretting about.

Fretting! I am not fretting, said the proud beauty, as she dashed the tears from her eyes. But for all her assertion, she burst into a fit of weeping as soon as she closed her bedroom door. She tore off her beautiful dress, and threw it on the floor, and, wrapping herself in a loose gown, threw herself on the sofa. There, neglected on the ground, lay the costly dress;—the dress that had delayed poor Fanny,—the dress that had caused a human heart to experience the bitterest of pangs,—that of dying alone, without one kind hand to close our eyes or drop a tear over our remains.

Have you any vacant rooms in this building to let, sir? asked a pale-looking young countryman of the proprietor of the shop in the first floor of the building in which the sisters lived. I want a room, and was told that you were the agent for this building.

I am so, sir. What kind of a room do you wish for? I have several rooms to let, at different prices.

Well, let me see them all. I have some money saved up, and a good trade. I am promised steady employment, but I wish to be as economical as possible.

Very fair, sir. Come this way, if you please.

They went from room to room, until they had mounted to the attic. There is a room, said the agent, that for the present is occupied, but I do not know whether it will not soon be vacant. Two sisters live there, and one of them, I take it, is not long for this world. Her sister poor thing, takes the whole charge of her. They have not paid up their last month's rent, but I am loath to trouble them. They appear to be honest industrious girls, but they must pay up. The owner of this building is a stiff man about money matters. He makes no allowance for sickness, or any other trouble, but *must* have his money when it is due. By the by, I have not seen the well sister go out this morning. Let us knock and see what is the matter.

They knocked, but no answer was returned. Again they rapped, but no sound issued from the room. I am afraid there is more trouble here, said the agent, looking at the young man. Let us go in.

They opened the door. Fanny was on her knees by the bed, her face covered with long hair, and one of her sister's hands pressed to her lips. She moved not, nor spoke, but moaned heavily.

The agent raised her. What can I do? said the young man, anxiously.

Run across the street and bring the apothecary here, said the agent.

The young man disappeared, and returned quickly with the apothecary, who brought a boule of ammonia in his hand. He dropped some of it in water, and forced Fanny to swallow it; and then rubbing her temples with some more of the same preparation the poor girl was gradually roused.—She looked wildly at them for a moment, and then glanced towards the bed. She broke away from the agent. Oh, Ellen, my dear, dear sister! she exclaimed, throwing herself on the bed; speak to me, Ellen—speak to your poor, broken-hearted Fanny. She will never speak again, said she, suddenly raising herself from the bed. And I:—where was I when you dying, poor suffering one? Finishing that dress for that hard-heated girl, and you, no doubt calling for me. Oh, why did I mind them? What did it matter if I should offend them all? But I was a coward, and now I am punished! she added bitterly, and once again she dropped her head on the bed and sobbed convulsively.

All were affected by her distress. The apothecary and the agent were accustomed to scenes of distress; but the young man, fresh from the country, was almost as much agitated as Fanny herself.

Has she no relatives or friends? he inquired anxiously of the agent.

The man shook his head. They are orphan girls, and have not long lived in this city. I have never known them have any company on Sunday or other holidays, and they never went any where except to church.

Poor thing! said the young man, compassionately. He paused for a moment, and then said: I'll go to my good cousin Brown! She is a baker's wife, and lives not far off. She is a right good soul, and will do all she can for this unhappy creature.

He left the room, and when he returned with his cousin found Fanny alone. Mrs. Brown went up to the poor girl, and taking one of her hands, said, be comforted, my dear child. Your sister has, I trust, gone to a better world. Her sorrows are over, and she is an angel rejoicing now while we are weeping for her.

Fanny raised her eyes, and seeing the sympathetic tears that rolled down the good woman's cheeks, threw herself into her arms, and buried her face in her bosom,

There! sob away, my poor child. It will relieve your broken heart, said Mrs. Brown.

Fanny raised her head, after a few minutes, and wiped her eyes. You are very good to me, ma'am, she said.

Never mind my being good, my dear, but just tell us, my cousin the carpenter John Grey here and myself, what we can do for you.

Fanny tried to speak, but her quivering lips uttered no sound.

Well, sit down, my dear; I see your head is too distracted to tell what you do want.

She went to the door, and held a whispered conversation with the carpenter, who then disappeared. She then put the room in order, and performed the last rites for poor Ellen. When all was done, observing that the glaring sun struck full on Fanny's aching eyes, she took off her dark apron, and hung it up before the window. Fanny silently took her seat by the bed. Mrs. Brown left the room, and returned after a short interval with a bowl of hot tea and a roll of bread. There, my dear, try and swallow a little of this, she said. Poor Fanny tried to obey her but she could not swallow. The kind woman placed it beside her, and said: Well, perhaps you will taste this by and by. And now, good bye, my child; I must go home, for I have a family to attend to. I will see you again to night.

A coffin was procured the next day; and poor Ellen, followed by Fanny, Mrs. Brown, and the carpenter, was consigned to the grave. The good woman now urged Fanny to return home with her, but the broken hearted girl clung to the room in which her sister had breathed her last.

Five years had rolled away, and once again behold our friend Fanny. She is seated in a rocking-chair in a small but neat and comfortable room. A beautiful infant crowing and laughing in his cradle, the tea table is set and the tea-kettle gives forth its cheerful hum. Fanny is knitting, but now and the glances towards the window.

I wonder what makes your father so late, she said addressing the infant. The boy tossed his little chubby arms, as if in answer to her question. She bent over him and kissed him. At that moment the front door opened, and our carpenter John Grey, walked into the room. He caught the child from its cradle, and tossed him up in the air until the boy screamed with delight. He then threw him back in his cradle, and turned to his wife. A grave expression stole over his face, as he said:

Fanny, there is a poor woman and her daughter in great distress not far off. The old woman is dying, and the daughter, a sickly, miserable-looking creature, seems half distracted. An accident caused me to become acquainted with their situation, and as it was a case where I could not do any good alone, I hastened home for you.

Let us have our supper at once, John and I will go with you; we can leave our child with our kind neighbor next door. Supper over, our worthy carpenter and his wife hastened to the relief of the miserable pair, John carrying a basket containing some articles for their relief. Wretched indeed was the scene that presented itself to their eyes. On a low, dirty straw bed, lay the body of the mother, and beside her, with her hair hanging in matted masses about her face, was the daughter. The good couple raised her and gave her a cordial from their basket. She looked at them sullenly, but said nothing. When her hair was thrown back, Fanny thought that the countenance was familiar to her, but could not recollect where she had seen it. The face had been beautiful and the outline of the figure was still graceful. After a few moments the unhappy girl muttered, how shameful that we should be left in this way! I have not deserved such infamous treatment. The tone of voice confirmed Fanny's half-formed suspicions. Good heavens! Miss Norton, can this be you? You may well ask the question, said the girl. Yes, I am Miss Norton; but who are you who recognize me in this degraded state? One who will do her utmost to serve you, young lady, said Fanny; but how have you been thus reduced?—Whoever you are, you appear to know that I *have* been reduced. My father failed, and not being able to face the world, cut his throat. My mother and myself were left unprovided for. We could not work, and we lived for some time upon the sale of such articles of jewelry as we were able to secrete from the creditors; but we sold the last ring two months since, and my mother begged from door to door since. She caught cold one rainy night, took a fever, and is now dead. But had you no relatives or friends, my dear young lady? None, said the girl haughtily. The truth was, that Mr. Norton had laid his foundation of his fortune by a lucky speculation; he was originally of low origin, but as he acquired wealth, he and his wife cut and shook off all their humble relatives. The beauty of his daughter, whom he educated at a fashionable seminary, backed by his own wealth, introduced them into fashionable society; and when he failed, those who would otherwise have come to the aid of his family, rejoiced in the idea that pride must have a fall.

Two days after saw Rose established at Fanny's home. Fanny had set her house in order, and was now busy looking over a large basket of needlework. She drew forth a pair of woollen stockings, and commenced darning them. Dear me, what shocking coarse work! said Rose, contemptuously; what beautiful things I used to make, she said, with a sigh. What kind of things? said Fanny, mildly. Oh, card-racks and purses. Well, perhaps you could make some now and we could sell them for you. Rose assented coldly to this proposition, and Fanny procured her some materials for her work that evening. But Rose's natural indolence was now increased by real ill health, and she would not try to exert herself. She spent the last few months of her life in peevish repinings over her lost luxuries. The good carpenter and his wife pitied although they would not respect her. She died, unregretted by any one save the kind couple who made allowance for the faults and follies of a fashionably educated beauty.—They placed her by the side of her mother, and one stone recorded their names; and as Fanny stood by the grave with her baby in her arms, she thanked God that her youth had been chastened by misfortune, and that under his providence, the toil of her own hands had given her the glorious privilege of being independent!

A BLUE LAW.

Massachusetts still has on her statute books an old law that authorizes her to transport beyond the State, any poor person who is not a citizen to the place where they belong.

Under the authority of this law, a poor woman, residing at Southbridge, Mass., having two children, was forcibly carried out of the State. Her name was ELIZA SULLIVAN, and for eighteen long years she had resided in the country, and for the last seven years in Southbridge, where she was noted for being an industrious and hard-toiling woman But her husband had left her about two years ago, and she was forced to labor hard for the support of herself and family. The select men of the town recently employed her to clean and scrub the Town Hall, in doing which she caught a severe cold, and was forced to ask for charity. Upon her application for assistance, instead of getting any she was arrested, and and brought before a justice of the peace, on the charge of being an incumbrance to the town. A warrant was placed in the hands of an officer, and she was allowed *one hour* to get ready to leave the State. She was taken to Boston, to be shipped on oard the Daniel Webster for Liverpool; but, as the ship had no room for her she was placed in the hands of another officer and brought to New York city, and put on board the ship Shannon, for Liverpool. From that ship she was fortunately rescued by the Irish Emigrant Society, She says that the only place in the world she has friends is in Southbridge, Mass., and to this place the humanity of the Emigrant Society has sent her, and provided for her comforts for some time.

The old Bay State should repeal this law immediately, and thereby show more philanthropy than in passing resolutions about the "black laws" of the Southern States. There was a poor woman, with two American born children about to be transported for the crime of being unfortunate and helpless. Verily they are a benevolent people "down east."

"GIVING HIM BEANS."

We never knew exactly what was meant by giving a chap "beans," till we heard the interpretation given to the phrase by a young lady in Indiana. As the story goes, a gentleman from this region was paying her very marked attention, representing himself as single, and desirous of changing his forlorn condition. He had made some progress in his suit, when the lady learned that he was a married man! Her indignation, on making the discovery was unbounded—her thirst for vengeance hardly slackable. After various plans had been considered and abandoned, her purpose was fixed as follows; She loaded a pistol with beans, and on his next visit she most unceremoniously presented the weapon, told him its contents, and inquired if he would have them raw or cooked. Hesitating, as might naturally be expected he would, in giving an answer, she decided for him and pulling the trigger, gave them to him raw. The aim of the heroine was so good, that two of the beans struck the admirer, inflicting slight, but somewhat painful wounds. The source from which we derive this incident, the Dayton Journal, informs us that it is no fancy sketch; and would be sworn to, on a stack of bibles as big as a meeting house.

SHORT DRESSES.—The Albany Knickerbocker, whose editor is a man of superior taste in matters pertaining to the toilet, comes out and ranges itself on the side of short dresses. He says:

"The ladies in several of the western cities have adopted the new fashionable and convenient style of short dresses and Turkish trowsers, fastened to the ankles—a style that is much abused by old fogies and antiquated maiden ladies, as "bustles" used to be, thought with far less reason. On such a day as yesterday, when the streets were in a dirty condition in consequence of the rain, the new dress would be most convenient for our lady friends, who would not be obliged, as they now too often are, to bedraggle their silks and delaines in the mud so disgracefully. Let old maids talk against them, cynical editors sneer, and rude boys, dirty and big corner loafers abuse them, but short dresses and Turkish trowsers will eventually come in vogue. The same prejudice that exists against them, was once brought to bear against white hats and yellow kids; but those articles have triumphed, and those who once decried them, are now their constant wearers. Vive la Reforme.

☞When we see a young lady so full of arrogance, ignorance and ill-humored coarseness that her best friends apologize for her conduct by calling it conceited eccentricity, we take especial pains to advise our bachelor friends to beware of that calico market.

☞Bachelors may be known by their unpolished manners and general lack of buttons, while married men are distinguished by their ease in ladies society, and domestic-looking phizzes.

☞"Marm, may I go a fishing?" "Yes, sonny, don't go near the water. And recollect, if you're drowned, I shall skin you, as sure as you are alive!"

☞The population of California is three hundred and eighteen thousand.