

The Sugar Planter.

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THE SUGAR PLANTER,

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HENRY J. HYAMS,
Editor & Proprietor.

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Among the many eminent gentlemen who have testified in favor of these Pills, we may mention: Prof. J. M. LOCKE, Analytical Chemist, of Cincinnati, whose high professional character is endorsed by JOHN McLEAN, Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States; THOMAS CORWIN, Secretary of the Treasury; Hon. J. M. WALKER, Governor of Indiana; N. LONGWORTH, great wine grower of the West; Also, Dr. J. R. CHILTON, Practical Chemist, of New York City, endorsed by Hon. W. L. MANN, Secretary of State; Wm. B. AUSTIN, the richest man in America; S. LELAND & Co., Prop'rs of the Metropolitan Hotel, and many others.

Did space permit, we could give many hundred testimonials from all parts where the Pills have been used, but evidence even more convincing than the experience of eminent public men is found in their effects upon trial.

These Pills, the result of long investigation and study, are offered to the public as the best and most complete which the present state of medical science can afford. They are compounded not of the drugs themselves, but of the medicinal virtues only of Vegetable remedies, extracted by chemical process in a state of purity, and combined together in such a manner as to insure the best results. This system of composition for medicines has been found in the Cherry Pectoral and Pills both, to produce a more efficient remedy than had hitherto been obtained by any process. The reason is perfectly obvious. While by the old mode of composition, every medicine is burdened with more or less of acrimonious and injurious qualities, by this each individual virtue only that is desired for the curative effect is present. All the inert and obnoxious qualities of each substance employed are left behind, the curative virtues only being retained. Hence it is self-evident the effects should prove, as they have proved, more rapid, remedial, and the Pills a surer, more powerful antidote to disease than any other medicine known to the world.

As it is frequently expedient that my medicine should be taken under the counsel of an attending Physician, and as he could not properly judge of a remedy without knowing its composition, I have supplied the accurate Formulae by which both my Cherry Pectoral and Pills are made to the whole body of Practitioners in the United States and British American Provinces. If, however, there should be any one who has not received them, they will be promptly forwarded by mail to his request.

Of all the Patent Medicines that are offered, how few would be taken if their composition was known! Their life consists in their mystery. I have no mystery.

The composition of my preparations is laid open to all men, and all who are competent to judge of the subject freely acknowledge their convictions of their intrinsic merits. The Cherry Pectoral was pronounced by scientific men to be a wonderful medicine before its effects were known. Many eminent Physicians have declared the same thing of my Pills, and even more confidently, and are willing to certify that their anticipations were more than realized by their effects upon trial.

They operate by their powerful influence on the internal viscera to purify the blood and stimulate it to healthy action—remove the obstructions of the stomach, bowels, liver, and other organs of the body, restoring their irregular action to health, and by correcting, wherever they exist, such derangements as are the first origin of disease.

Being sugar-wrapped, they are pleasant to take, and being purely vegetable, no harm can arise from their use in any quantity.

For minute directions, see wrapper on the Box.

PREPARED BY
DR. JAMES C. AYER,
Practical and Analytical Chemist,
LOWELL, MASS.
SOLD BY
R. T. WADDIM,
WILLIAM BOGEL,
J. L. VILLET.

W. B. Rouge, Feb. 23, 1854

Platform of the National American Party.

1st. An humble acknowledgement of the Supreme being who rules the universe, for His protecting care vouchsafed to our fathers in their successful revolutionary struggle, and hitherto manifested to us, their descendants, in the preservation of the liberties, the independence and the union of these States.

2d. The perpetuation of the Federal Union, as the palladium of our civil and religious liberties, and the only sure bulwark of American independence.

3d. Americans must rule America; and to this end native born citizens should be selected for all State, federal and municipal offices or government employment, in preference to naturalized citizens; nevertheless,

4th. Persons born of American parents residing temporarily abroad should be entitled to all the rights of a native born citizen; but,

5th. No person should be selected for political station (whether of native or foreign birth) who recognizes any allegiance or obligation of any description to any foreign prince, potentate or power, or who refuses to recognize the Federal and State Constitutions (each within its sphere) as paramount to all other laws, as rules of political action.

6th. The unqualified recognition and maintenance of the reserved rights of the several States, and the cultivation of harmony and fraternal good will between the citizens of the several States, and to this end, non-interference by Congress with questions appertaining solely to the individual States, and non-intervention by each State with the affairs of any other State.

7th. The recognition of the right of naturalized and native-born citizens of the United States, permanently residing in any Territory thereof, to frame their constitution and laws, and to regulate their domestic and social affairs in their own mode, subject only to the provisions of the Federal Constitution, with the right of admission into the Union whenever they have the requisite population for one Representative in Congress, provided always, that none but those who are citizens of the United States, under the constitution and laws thereof, and who have a fixed residence in any such Territory, ought to participate in the formation of the constitution, or in the enactment of laws for said Territory or State.

8th. An enforcement of the principle that no State or Territory can admit others than native born citizens to the right of suffrage, or of holding political office, unless such person shall have been naturalized according to the laws of the United States.

9th. A change in the laws of naturalization making a continued residence of twenty-one years, of all not heretofore provided for, an indispensable requisite for citizenship hereafter, and excluding all paupers and persons convicted of crime, from landing upon our shores; but no interference with the vested rights of foreigners.

10th. Opposition to any union between Church and State; no interference with religious faith, or worship, and no test oaths for office except those indicated in the 5th section of this platform.

11th. Free and thorough investigation into any and all alleged abuses of public functionaries, and a strict economy in public expenditures.

12th. The maintenance and enforcement of all laws until said laws shall be repealed, or shall be declared null and void by competent judicial authority.

13th. Opposition to the reckless and unwise policy of the present Administration in the general management of our national affairs, and more especially as shown in removing Americans (by designation) and conservatives in principle, from office, and placing foreigners and ultraists in their places; as shown in a truckling subserviency to the stronger, and an insolent and cowardly bravado towards the weaker powers; as shown in re-opening sectional agitation, by the repeal of the Missouri Compromise; as shown in granting to unqualified foreigners the right to suffrage in Kansas and Nebraska; as shown in the vacillating course on the Kansas and Nebraska question; as shown in the removal of Judge Bronson from the Collectorship of New York upon false and untenable grounds; as shown in the corruptions which pervade some of the departments of the Government; as shown in disgracing meritorious naval officers through prejudice or caprice; and as shown in the blundering mismanagement of our foreign relations.

14th. Therefore, to remedy existing evils, and prevent the disastrous consequences otherwise we would build up the "American party" upon the principles hereinbefore stated, eschewing all sectional questions, and uniting upon those purely national, and admitting into said party all American citizens, (referred to in the 3d, 4th and 5th sections), who openly avow the principles and opinions heretofore expressed, and who will subscribe their names to this platform. Provided, nevertheless that a majority of those members present at any meeting of a local council where an applicant applies for membership in the American party may for any reason by them deemed sufficient, deny admission to such applicant.

15th. A free and open discussion of all political principles embraced in our platform.

A WESTERN PAPER.—The editor of the Wisconsin Mirror, in his paper for January 1st, says: "We are doing what perhaps has never been done in the United States before; we are printing this paper in the woods, not a dwelling except our own within half a mile of us, and only one within a mile. The forest oaks hang over our office and dwelling, the deer and rabbits shy around us, and the partridges and quails seek our acquaintance by venturing near our doors. We expect a large village—yes, a city, to grow up rapidly around us, and that is why we are here and printing in the woods."

A country clergyman had a singular peculiarity of expression, always using the phrase "I flatter myself," instead of "I believe." Having occasion to exhort his congregation during a revival, he "flattered himself" that more than one half of them would be damned!

From the Washington Republic.

"What Flag shall Wave."

BY D. BETHUNE DUFFIELD.

What flag shall wave when from on high
Disunion drags our ensign down,
And where its stars now deck our sky,
The clouds of hate shall darkly frown?

What hand to rend that flag shall dare,
When all may claim the nation's sign?
And not a gleam of glory there,
But each proud State may say, 'Tis mine!

'Tis mine! 'tis thine, 'tis theirs, 'tis ours,
We all have trusted in its might;
And in the nation's darkest hours
Our fathers bore it to the fight.

The memories of the past are there,
Fast clinging to each silken fold,
The pious hope, the vow, the prayer,
From hearts and lips now still and cold.

Our sires' strong faith, their war-worn years;
Their dying groans; their conquering cry;
Their orphan's wail; their widow's tears;
Their martyr's truth, that ne'er shall die.

Their sacred blood, in wild alarm,
Would call that traitor hand to stop,
As once God's angel stayed the arm
Of Abraham, on the mountain top.

And vale to vale, and crag to crag,
The deep-toned curse would echo far,
On him who reads the Union's flag,
Or from the azure tares our star.

Then, patriots, since our flag alone
Belongs to all our father's land,
Still let that one that o'er them shone,
Shine on their sons—a brother hand.

Yes! let it shine! Its hues shall be
A bow of promise to our eyes;
O'erarching wide, from sea to sea,
The noblest land beneath the skies.

DUNSMO, March 15, 1851.

FALLACIES OF THE GENTLEMEN.—That women are born only to be their slaves.

That dinner is to be ready for them the moment they come in the house.

That a lady's bonnet can be put on as quickly as a gentleman's hat.

That we can dress in a minute, and that ringing the bell violently has the effect of making us dress one bit quicker.

That they can do everything so much better than we can—from nursing the baby down to poking the fire.

That they are the lords of creation.

That nothing can be too good for them—for I am sure if you were to put a joint before them every day still they would not be satisfied, and would be grumbling that you never gave them cold meat.

That they know our ages so much better than we do ourselves.

That sleeping after dinner promotes conversation.

That they know what dress and bonnet becomes us so much better than we do.

That it is necessary to make a poor woman cry because a stupid shirt button happens to come off. I declare that some men must believe their wives cut off their shirt buttons purposely, from the savage pleasure they take in abusing them for it.

That we are not allowed to faint or to have the smallest fit of hysterics, without being told not to make fools of ourselves.

That housekeeping does not require any money, and if we venture to ask for money, that it is pleasant to be met with all sorts of black looks and insinuations as to what our do; or very agreeably to be told that we will be the ruin of him some day.

That the house never requires cleaning, or the carpets beating, or the furniture renewing, or the sofas fresh covers, or in fact that anything has a right to wear out, be spoiled, or broken; in short, that everything ought to last forever.

That a poor lone woman is never to have any pleasure, but always stop at home and mind her children.

That the wish to go to the opera is the sure prelude to a quarrel.

That their daughters can learn music, painting, dancing, and all the accomplishments, without the aid of a single master.

That the expenses of one's household do not increase with one's family, but rather that children can be supported for the same cost as one.

Ethan Allen.

A good story is told of that old reprobate Col. Ethan Allen, whose services to his country in the "times that tried men's souls," were only equalled by his daring assertions of the right of private opinion on theological matters. A well-known divine, the pastor of the village church, called one evening on the colonel, and while enjoying his true New England hospitality, at the supper table, the conversation naturally turned upon church matters.

Quoth the minister, "Colonel, how does it happen that a man of your extensive influence and information has never seen it to be his duty to join our society? You know we want laborers in the vineyard, especially such laborers as you. Your example would tend greatly to strengthen our hands and fortify our hearts against the dire assaults of the evil one."

"Well, brother," replied Allen, "I have of ten thought you do about this business, and one day I had almost made up my mind to fall into the ranks, but that night I had a dream which caused me to give it up."

"And," exclaimed the minister, "what did you dream?"

"Well, I thought I was standing at the entrance of paradise, and saw a man go up and knock."

"Who's that?" asked a voice from within. "A friend wishing admittance," was the reply.

The door was opened and the keeper stepped out.

"Well, sir, what denomination did you belong to, down yonder?"

"I was an Episcopalian," replied the candidate for admittance.

"Go in, then, and take a seat near the door on the east side."

Just then another stepped up; he was a Presbyterian, and the guardian directed him to a seat. A large number were admitted and received directions were to seat themselves. I then stepped up to the entrance.

"Well, sir, what are you?" asked the guardian.

"I am neither high-churchman, Presbyterian, Lutheran, Calvinist, Catholic or Jew, but I am that some old Ethan Allen that you probably have heard of, from down below."

"What, the same man who took Ticonderoga?"

"The same," I replied.

"All right, Ethan," said he, "just step in and sit down wherever you please!"

SQUEEZING HANDS.—By a Lady.—What an immense difference it makes who squeezes one's hand! A lady may twine her arm round your waist, press a kiss on your brow, or holding your hand in hers, toy with your fingers to her heart's content, but you are perfectly calm and collected, and experience no unusual sensation, either disagreeable or otherwise. Perchance a gentleman whom you dislike or feel slightly acquainted with, ventures to press your hand; you snatch it quickly away, the indignant blood mounts to your forehead, and with flashing eyes, you wonder "how the impudent fellow dares to do such a thing."

Rather an antiquated specimen of humanity squeezes your hand, you feel mortified for yourself and mortified that a man of his years should make a fool of himself, that he should think you can really like such contact, and above all, that he believes it possible that you can like him; you are vexed at what he has done, and determine that an opportunity shall never be offered him of doing so again.

To place your hand confidently in that of an accepted, acknowledged lover, you are not excited or confused, you have ceased blushing continually in his presence; you experience a feeling of quiet happiness, a "little heaven upon earth" sort of feeling; you are perfectly contented with everything in this terrestrial world; especially your lover and yourself; and yet without it is a foolish feeling you sit with his arms twined around you, that many an arm, which is to support you through life, a soft, rosy, happy tint suffuses your face as your hand is clasped in his; ah, it is a blissful, foolish feeling.

But let some one whom you like very much, not an accepted lover, but one who may be, perhaps, one of these days, gently enclose your hands in his own; what a strange, wild joyful, painful feeling thrills through your veins, rushes to your finger ends; your heart goes bump! bump! surely, you think he must hear it throbbing for the life of you; you cannot speak. After letting your hand remain in his long enough to show you are not offended, you gently withdraw it, but perchance it is taken back again; after a faint "don't do so," which is answered by a still closer pressure, with downcast eyes and a blushing cheek, you let the little hand, this first earnest of other things to come, thrilling and burning with new ecstatic emotion, remain all trembling in its resting place.

NOTES ON THE MISSISSIPPI.—The story is familiar of the man who took passage in a flat-boat from Pittsburgh bound for New Orleans. He passed many dreary, listless days on his way down the Ohio and Mississippi, and seemed to be desponding for want of excitement. Superficially, he was quiet and inoffensive; practically, he was good-natured and kindly disposed. In the course of time, the craft upon which he was a passenger put into Napoleon, in the State of Arkansas, "for groceries."

At the moment there was a general fight extending all along the "front of the town," which at the time consisted of a single house.

The unhappy passenger, after fidgeting about, and jerking his feet up and down, as if he were walking on hot bricks, turned to a "used up spectator," and observed:

"Stranger, is this a free fight?"

"The reply was prompt and to the point. "It is, and if you wish to go in, don't stand on ceremony!"

The wayfarer did "go in," and in less time than we can relate the circumstance, he was literally chawed up. Groping his way down to the flat, his hair gone, his eyes closed, his lips swollen, and his face generally "mopped out," he sat himself down on a chicken-coop.

"So this is Na-pole-on, is it?—upon my word it's a lively place, and the only one at which I have had any fun since I left home."

SATURDAY NIGHTS.—What blessed things Saturday nights are, and what would the world do without them! Those breathing moments in the tramping march of life; those little twilights in the broad and garish glare of noon when pale yesterdays look beautiful through the shadows and faces "changed" long ago, smile sweetly again in the hush; when one remembers "the old folks at home;" and the old fashioned fire, and the little brother that died, and the little sister that was "transplanted."

Saturday nights make people human; set their hearts to beating softly, as they used to do, before the world turned them into war drums and jarred them to pieces with tattoos.

The ledger closes with a crash; the iron doored vaults come to with a bang; up go the shutters with a will; click goes the key in the lock. It is Saturday night, and the business man breathes free again. Home-ward ho! The door that has been ajar all the week gently closes behind him; the world is shut out.

Shut out? Shut in rather. Here are his treasures after all, and not in the vault—save the record in the old family bible—and not in the bank.

Maybe you are a bachelor, forty and frosty. Then poor fellow! Saturday night is nothing to anybody. Get a wife, blue-eyed or black-eyed, but above all true-eyed—get a little home no matter how little, and a little sofa, to hold two or two-and-a-half in it, of a Saturday night; and then read this paragraph by the light of your wife's eyes, and thank God and take courage.

The dim and dusty shops are swept up; the hammer is thrown down, the apron is doffed, and labor hastens with a light step homeward.

"Saturday night," feebly murmurs the languishing as she turns wearily upon her couch, "and there is another to come."

"Saturday night at last!" whispers the weeping above the dying, "and it is Sunday to-morrow; and—to-morrow!"

WHAT.—The Aton Courier of the 7th of February, speculates as follows in regard to the prospect for wheat:

"Although the wheat crop of last year is not all marketed, and that part which has passed from the producers hands is far from being in the hands of the consumer, the fact stares us in the face that but a few months will elapse before the time will have come to 'shoot another harvest home.' And the question arises to our minds, what is the prospect? We are of the opinion that we may expect another very fine crop of wheat, and our opinion is based on the following reasons:

The early winter was very mild, so much so that the late sown wheat of which there is much continued to grow till a much later date than usual. When cold weather came, it came in earnest, and the frost has held a firm grasp upon the soil for seven long weeks a good portion of which time the ground was covered with snow, which are considered favorable circumstances for winter wheat—The danger to the wheat crop, if any is therefore in the future, and the fact of such interrupted cold weather for so long a period, and until so late a date, augurs an uninterrupted spring time when it comes, so that we find no circumstances in the past, or prospective ones in the future, unfavorable to the wheat crop. Such are our impressions in reference to the prospective crop. We hope to hear from our agricultural friends on this subject. The number of acres put in wheat last fall was very much greater than ever before in this part of the country."

A SCENE AT THE GATE OF PARADISE.—A poor tailor, being released from a troublesome world and a scolding wife, appeared at the gate of Paradise. Peter asked him if he had ever been to Purgatory.

"No," replied the tailor, "but I have been married."

"Oh, ah!" said Peter, "a scolding wife, too—is all the same—I understand you. Walk in, poor man; your troubles are ended now."

Peter had scarcely shut the door, when a fat turtle eating Alderman came along, puffing and blowing.

"Hallo! you fellow," he cried, "open the door."

"Not so fast," said Peter, looking through a wicket, "have you been to Purgatory?"

"No," said the Alderman, "but what of that? You have just let in that poor, half-starved scarecrow of a tailor, and he has been no more to Purgatory than myself."

"But he has been married," said Peter.

"Married!" exclaimed the Alderman, "why, I have been married twice."

"The devil you have," said Peter, "then be off with you—Paradise is no place for fools!"

EARLY RETROTH.—A pretty piece of gallantry lately took place in the royal family at Constantinople, which has created no little talk and much amusement. The Sultan having, for political motives, betrothed one of his numerous daughters to said Pacha, the little girl, scarce ten years of age, took it into her thoughtless head to send a common white pocket handkerchief to her Arab lover. A faithful eunuch was selected to carry this love token; a government vessel received his orders to steam to Alexandria. Many were the surmises of the uninitiated as to its destination; that numerous class of persons who convert an every day circumstance into an act of diplomacy, were on tender-hooks—Meanwhile the cambric arrived at Alexandria; it was carefully landed over the side; it found favor in the eyes of the quarantine officers, and immediately obtained pratique. The Viceroy received the childish gift in State; his fine Roman nose sneezed responsive to the royal suggestion; military escort guarded its integrity. The eunuch was feted and treated with the utmost courtesy by the Pacha, who finally sent him home laden with the costliest presents for his little sweetheart.

It is a singular fact that a woman cannot look from a precipice of any magnitude, without becoming instantly dizzy. But, what is still more singular, the dizziness departs the very moment "somebody" puts his arm around her waist to "keep her from falling."

INSURED INNOCENCE.—POOR FELLOW!—At the Middlesex (England) Sessions, three notorious thieves were convicted of stealing a gold watch from the person of a gentleman, at a sparring exhibition at Seville House, Leicester Square. On being sentenced, one of the convicts, named James, addressed the newly appointed Assistant Judge (Mr. Pashley, Q. C.) in these terms: "I've not four years penal; that I don't mind, but I've got it wrong, that's all. I am innocent this time, anyhow. I've been a thief all my life, that's right enough, and I am a thief still; the policeman knows it, and he took us wrong when this robbery was done. Why, that watch was stolen twenty minutes before we went into Seville House, as I know, so we didn't do it. I'll steal a dozen watches, too, if you like, if I'd half a chance; but, take my word, I didn't have that." The prisoner, after this candid avowal, retired from the bar, the personification of injured innocence.

A PRAYER FOR RELIEF.—One at our elbow tells us of a delapidated old fellow, by the name of Stubbings, who resides in Taunton, Mass. Said Stubbings, it seems, had satisfied one summer's day, by eating thirty-seven ears of corn. He was remonstrated with by a kind and considerate friend, who, in his desperate condition, advised him by all means to pray, since it was certain that he must die, and a prayer might save his soul. Stubbings gradually became somewhat "exercised," thought he felt a slight pain in his stomach, and finally, growing decidedly serious, fell upon his knees and delivered himself in this wise:

"O merciful and gracious Being, if you will only take away about twenty-five ears, I'll try and worry through with the other twelve!"

STUDYING LATIN.—The New Era relates a story of a young farmer whose son had for a long time been ostentatiously studying Latin in a popular academy.

The farmer not being perfectly satisfied with the course and conduct of the young hopeful, recalled him from school, and placing him by the side of a cart one day, thus addressed him:

"Now, Joseph, here is a fork, and there is a heap of manure and cart; what do you call them in Latin?"

"Forkibus, cartibus, et manuribus," said Joseph.

"Well, now," said the farmer, "if you don't take that forkibus pretty quickibus, and pitch that manuribus into that cartibus, I'll break your backibus."

Joseph went to workibus forthwithibus.

"Mister," said a regular go-ahead, active and persevering Yankee, to a lazy drone that was lounging about, secretly to be identified by his motion, "Did you ever see a snail?"

"Ye-es, I r-a-ther think I have," said Mr. Drone.

"Then," replied Jonathan, "you must have met it, for, by Jerusalem, you never overtook one."

A Quaker lately popped the question to a fair quakeress as follows: "Hum—yea and verily, Penelope, the spirit urged and moveth me wonderfully to beseech thee to cleave unto me, flesh of my flesh and bone of my bone."

"Hum—truly, Obediah, thou hast wisely said, and inasmuch as it is written that it is not good for man to be alone, lo and behold I will sojourn with thee."

UNLUCKY ILLUSTRATION.—A Roman Catholic priest some time since, in Germany, on entering the pulpit, took a walnut into it. He told the congregation that the shell was tasteless and valueless—that was Calvin's church; the skin is nauseous, disagreeable, and worthless—that was the Lutheran church. He said he would show the holy Roman and Apostolic church—he cracked it and found it rotten.

LADIES MUST BE COURTED.—Sir Thomas Lawrence was accused in company, of paying attention to ladies without meaning anything, and a gentleman present said some very hard things of the male coquette. A lady, however, defended him saying, "she really believed the majority of women would rather be courted and jilted, than not be courted at all."

INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE.—The following extract from the Hon. Miss Murray's book, will be news to many people:

"Savannah seems a large town, with many pleasant squares, in one of which this (Pulaski) hotel is situated. It is called in memory of a fine steamer of that name, which blew up and engulfed members of all the principal families in this place."

"Bass, I want twenty-five cents," said an apprentice to an editor on West.

"Twenty-five cents! How soon do you want it, Jack?"

"Next Tuesday."

"As soon as that? You can't have it. I have told you often that when you are in want of so large an amount of money you must be sure and give me at least four weeks notice!"

In chemistry, the way to part two bodies is to introduce a third. The same holds true in other departments. To increase the distance between a pair of lovers, all that's required is to let Willie walk into the back parlor with a lighted candle in his hand.

"What brutes your Southern men are, a ways smoking cigars," said a young lady to a creole miss. "Yes, but your Northern men, in Maine, you know, smoke herrings," was the quick reply.

"What's the matter with that man?" asked a passer-by, as he recognized a fellow in the gutter. "He is slewed." "Who slew him?" "Old Jamaica."