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From the Musical World.

A BRIEF HISTORY,

IN THREE PARTS, WITH A SEQUEL.

PART I.—LOVE.

A glance—a thought—a blow—
It stings me to the core.
A question—will it lay him low?
Or will time heal it o'er?

He kindles at the name—
He sits and thinks apart;
Time blows and blows it to a flame,
Burning within his heart.

He loves it though it burns,
And nurses it with care;
He feels the blissful pain by turns
With hope, and with despair.

PART II.—COURTSHIP.

Sonnets and serenades,
Sighs, glances, tears, and bows,
Gifts, tokens, souvenirs, parades,
And courtesies and bows.

A purpose and a prayer;
The stars are in the sky—
He wonders how e'en hope should dare
To let him aim so high!

Still hope allures and flatters,
And doubt just makes him bold;
And so, with passion all in tatters,
The trembling tale is told.

Apologies and blushes,
Soft looks, averted eyes,
Each heart into the other rushes,
Each yields, and wins a prize.

PART III.—MARRIAGE.

A gathering of fond friends,—
Brief, solemn words, and prayer,—
A trembling to the fingers' ends,
As hand in hand, they swear.

Sweet cake, sweet wine, sweet kisses,
And so the deed is done;
Now for life's waves and blisses,
The wedded two are one.

And down the shining stream,
They launch their buoyant skiff,
Bless'd, if they may but trust hope's dream,
But ah! Truth echoes—"If"

THE SEQUEL—"IF!"

If health be firm—if friends be true—
If self be well controlled,
If tastes be pure—if wants be few—
And not too often told—

If reason always rule the heart—
If passion own its sway—
If love—for aye—to life imparts
The zest it does to-day—

If Providence, with parent care,
Mete out the varying lot—
While meek contentment bows to share
The palace, or the cot.—

And oh! if faith, sublime and clear,
The spirit upwards guide—
Then bless'd indeed, and bless'd forever,
The bridegroom and the bride!

HUMAN NATURE, OR THE BANKRUPT MERCHANT.

BY C. M. KENDALL.

Raymond Welford was considered, although a very young man, one of our most flourishing merchants. He was a welcomed guest in our so-called highest circle of fashion, while many a calculating mama regarded him as a very desirable son-in-law in perspective. Suddenly he was overwhelmed by pecuniary losses and embarrassments, while the news spread as fast as gossip tongues could report it.—Strange to say, although his elegant mansion had to be sacrificed, there was not a debt which remained unpaid—while some money. Wise men, in the reviewal of his conduct, were heard to say that he was exceedingly honest, or an immoderate fool.

'What think you of human nature, my friend?"

'It is as a philosophical enigma,' I replied.

'So it was with me, until I solved it,' said he. 'I found it a strange compound, the larger portion of which was selfishness. For instance—when the gilding of wealth covered my name, I was sought after by the very men who now turn their backs upon me. I was flattered by the women who, if my name was now mentioned in their presence, would affect a forgetfulness of having heard it. After dinner we'll make some calls, during which you will perceive ample illustrations of what I have said.'

Accordingly after dinner we set out.—We first entered the counting-room of a merchant, to whom he introduced me as a friend. I soon learned that my friend was not held in the highest estimation, from the cold formality with which he was received: we did not even have the courtesy of chairs offered us. With a meaning smile, Raymond bade the merchant a good afternoon, and we soon found ourselves in the street.

'This is illustration number one,' Raymond said laughing.

'Is it possible that you could ever have been intimately acquainted with this man?' I asked.

'That man has been reduced to the extremity of being obliged to beg his dinners. Time after time have I thus accommodated him. I even loaned him money to commence business, and you see how graciously he has entertained me and my friend.'

We next paused at the door of an elegant mansion where Raymond had been a frequent and an honored guest. It was the residence of a professional gentleman of large fortune, who still did Raymond the justice to regard him on all occasions as his friend, and to treat him as such. His lady had professed even greater friendship for him than her husband, if not for her own, at least for her daughter's sake—to whom rumor once reported was engaged. Since Raymond's misfortunes had been whispered to the world, she no longer spoke of him as a dear friend, but endeavored to persuade her husband to 'rid the house of him,' which provoked the calm reply—

'He is a gentleman, and as such it is my will that you should entertain him whenever he may honor your house with his presence.'

On this account I suppose we were tolerated in the present instance, for the gentleman was not at home. The lady received us rather coolly, which I was prepared to expect. After we were seated Raymond enquired for Miss Richards, the daughter, to which the lady replied with an apparent shrug of the shoulders, that she was well but at present engaged.

'No, mama, I am not,' said the beautiful girl, as she lightly entered the room. 'I am happy to meet an old friend, who, I am sure, is not the less welcome by being unfortunate.'

The lovers—for they really were—had not met since Raymond's misfortune, and their meeting was now so heartfelt that I could not for a moment doubt the affection of either. I saw also the cloud which rested upon the brow of Mrs. Richards, nor was I surprised to hear her say:

'My daughter is so pleasantly engaged, gentlemen, that I trust my presence is no longer required,' and without ceremony she left the room.

'Clara,' said Raymond, 'taking her white hand, 'are all my fondest hopes to be realized? Can the daughter of a wealthy gentleman condescend to acknowledge her affection for a poor bankrupt merchant?'

The fair girl blushed and looked doubtfully at me.

'Do not fear to speak in his presence, said Raymond, 'for Penville, next to yourself, is perhaps my best friend.'

'Then listen,' she said, smiling sweetly, 'a few weeks since by the consent of my parents, I solemnly plighted my love to one who has long possessed my heart's best affections. I did not ask the weight of his money bags, nor the depth of his coffers—for those were matters which did not form one item of consideration with me. I found him a gentleman, and as such, I gave him my hand. Until I am convinced I am mistaken, why should I desire to retract my words!'

'Clara, you are an angel,' said Raymond, covering her hand with kisses, 'and this treasure I value more than my existence; for in adversity as well as prosperity, it is still true to me.'

'Miss Richards,' said I, 'you have perplexed me. When I entered this house I thought I had settled the problem of Human Nature, and was about to write the sum total—selfishness; but I must recant—human nature is not so bad after all.'

After a happy conversation on the part of the lovers, who in their earnestness, almost forgot my presence, we at length left the house.

'Now,' said Raymond, 'one more visit, one more illustration, and then we return home.'

'No, my friend,' I said 'we will make no more visits this afternoon. The last terminated too pleasantly to be marred by a fresh picture of selfishness.'

Raymond did not urge the matter, and we therefore returned to his house.

When Mr. Richards returned home that evening to tea, his wife and daughter found him in a most excellent humor; something had occurred which pleased him. Occasionally he indulged in a silent fit of laughter, which, for him, was very unusual; and once an unconscious exclamation of 'capital!' escaped his lips.

'I am glad, Mr. Richards, to find you so happy,' said his lady, 'for I never was in a worse humor. That Welford has again called upon us, and Clara has honored him with a long private conference.'

'I have received a note from him,' said Mr. Richards, 'wherein he desires me to sanction his marriage with our daughter.'

'How presuming! I do declare, I quite detest him.'

'And I admire him,' coolly replied her husband. 'Several days since I offered him the means to recommence business, which he declined—to day, I have learned the reason. In this he also informs me that his fortune has never been impaired His mansion house had not been sold, but he had allowed a friend to retain the same as the apparent owner. The fact was that he was envious of his wealth, and played the bankrupt simply to attest the friendship of his acquaintances, who have generally acted according to the fashion of the world. Those who have slighted him will suffer a just mortification, of which, my lady, you must bear your part.'

'I have never disliked him as a man,' said Mrs Richards, coloring with shame. 'My daughter's welfare has only governed my conduct. She who has experienced only affluence, would make an ill companion to poverty. I have acted as a prudent mother.

Reader, all comedies end with marriage: so does the majority of tales. And in this instance I shall not be out of fashion. I have lived to see many cloudless years of happiness pass over the union Raymond is very cautious in the selection of his friends, although their numbers are legions, while he and myself still retain the same opinion, that, *'human nature is not so bad after all.'*

Mrs. Sinclair, late Mrs. Edwin Forrest, and Mr. Vanderdoff, the celebrated comedian, are performing at Cincinnati.

THE GUANO MINES.—A correspondent of the "*London Times*," in a late communication to that paper relative to the Guano Islands, estimates the guano found on them to amount at least to two hundred and fifty millions of tons. To remove this deposit, at the rate of a million of tons per annum, would require two hundred and fifty years, and employ, for that time, a thousand ships of a thousand tons capacity each. This calculation leads the writer to speculate as to the number of years it took for the accumulation of so vast a quantity of matter by the birds inhabiting the region; and, like many other philosophers who are more eager to lay their doubts by some plausible solution than to satisfy their reason where it is baffled by problems beyond its power and knowledge, he complacently remarks that "on every hand there are evidences of the world being much older externally than men have been accustomed to hold it, or than men have had any authority for so holding it by revelation."

Calculations and conjectures of this kind, however, have long ceased to be current among men of solid sense and sound information. The fancy of computing the age of the earth from particular accretions and layers—as from the deposits of rivers—has been out of fashion ever since it was proved, from calculations connected with the deposits of the Nile, that the kingdom of the Pharoahs must have endured some hundreds of thousands, or millions, of years, and, immediately afterwards, proved a second time that the calculations were themselves utterly unfounded and ridiculous. In all such computations there is, in reality, nothing but assumption to stand on. It is of more interest, in regard to the guano deposits, to ascertain their real extent and quantity, which are, undoubtedly, the subject of more or less exaggeration and miscalculation, than to guess, by hap-hazard, at the time required to produce them.

It is, nevertheless, pretty certain that these deposits, occupying groups of islet rocks stretching along amongst the entire coast of Peru, are vast enough both to indicate great age and prodigious value. A Mr. Thirlwall, an Englishman, who visited the western coast of South America some time since, describes a small island, about three miles in circumference, in 13 deg 44 min. S. latitude, on which, he says, the guano lies in a solid mass two hundred feet in depth. Supposing any reliance on the calculations of quantity, the two hundred and fifty millions of tons, as aforesaid, would, at forty dollars the ton (which is, we believe, below the market price for Peruvian guano) be worth the enormous sum of ten thousand millions of dollars. In comparison with this, even the treasures of California seem of diminished importance; and when it is considered that, in addition to the saleable value of guano, it possesses the highest virtues as a manure, that it enriches the soil and increases, in a large measure, the profits of agricultural industry, its superiority in point of practical and beneficent utility over any mine of gold or silver is sufficiently obvious. It can boast an inherent productive power which no precious metal can claim; and while an abundance of the latter vouchsafed to a State for the mere digging of it from the earth, might prove rather a curse than a blessing, an exhaustless bed of guano would supply a stimulus to labor, and largely aid in promoting the improvement and prosperity of husbandry and the general happiness of a community.—*U. S. Gazette.*

A RICH SCENE. *A Runaway Match.*—On monday Morning last, a pair arrived in our city and might have been seen wending their way to the residence of one of our ministers—one of the pair a young verdant looking youth, and the other a lady of whom one could well say, comparing her to her intended groom, 'what he did not know she could teach him;' for she was old enough. After much trouble, the young man had found the place where to get the 'papers to marry by,' and the twain were soon bound in the 'silken cords' of matrimony. Soon afterwards they appeared upon the street, when the bride proceeded to fix the groom's collar, concluding by giving him a 'buss,' which highly delighted a number of boys who happened to be present.

In the afternoon, they were promenading Baltimore street, when the young man's father unexpectedly made his appearance—having just arrived in the cars—and collaring his son, told him to leave that 'gal,' and return home. 'You are too late, father,' answered the son, 'I am married' 'Eh! what! married are you, take that,' and the youth's cheek received the open hand of his father. The old fellow pulled and tugged, and finally succeeded in separating his son from the bride, and the two started down the street. Arriving at a pump, the old gentleman took a drink of water, and again collaring his son, he proceeded on his way followed by a large crowd of men and boys. Near the public square, he lectured his son upon the sin of running off and getting married against consent, and concluded by slapping his jaws, when a crowd interfered and separated them. The son started in a full run up-street, when the bride perceiving him, clapped her hands with joy, and running to meet him they clasped hands and started in a gallop, and the last seen of them, they were going down the Baltimore 'pike, followed by a crowd of little boys.—*Cumberland Telegraph.*

GUANO OR LIME—WHICH IS BEST.

SOMERSET, Co., Md., Sept. 4, 1852.

To the Editor of the American Farmer.

DEAR SIR:—Having always placed the greatest confidence in your judgment and opinions about farming matters, I take the liberty of asking a few questions, hoping that you will be kind enough to give the information which they are intended to obtain—which perhaps may be a benefit to others as well as myself.

I have about 25 acres of very poor land; which I wish to put in corn the next year, one-half stiff white-oak land, or pipe-clay; the other half a loose black soil, mostly white-gum land. One third of it has not been tilled for three or four years. The other two-thirds was in corn last year, one-half of which, or another third, lay out this year; the other half, or last third, was sowed in oats this year; the whole now covered with a good coat of weeds and grass.

And now, Mr. Editor, having given you a description of this land, I want to know how to manage it, so as to pay my rent, (as I live upon rented land,) and give me the greatest return for my labors. I am aware your reply will be to "plough deep and manure well," but you must understand, as an old neighbor says, I have no capital, and have no body to work but myself, and my health is very feeble; therefore, I wish to know which is the cheapest and best way for me to manure it—the owner agreeing to pay for 500 bushels of lime, or 500 weight of guano, which I should have to haul four and a half or five miles. 2d. Which will yield the most profit the first year, lime or guano? and also which is the best for permanent improvement? 3d. If you should think the lime is best, how would you apply it—upon the weeds and grass as it now is, and let it remain so all winter? or turn the weeds under with the plough while they are green, then spread the lime and let it remain in that state [illegible] spring? If guano, how would you apply it—broad-cast or in the hill, make a compost or apply it by itself? (for corn) 5th. Which is the best kind of artificial manure now made? Any advice or information on all or any of these questions, will be thankfully received by your humble servant, J. T.

GUANO OR LIME—THAT'S THE QUESTION. *To "J. T." of Somerset County, Md.*

If you intend to remain a tenant on the farm you at present occupy, for three or four years, there can be no question that you should take the 500 bushels of lime offered you by your landlord, in preference to the 500 weight of guano. The idea of manuring 25 acres of poor land with that quantity of guano, is a proposition not to be entertained for a moment.—It would only passably manure two acres of such land. Under any circumstances, whether he remains on the land for one, or a dozen years, we think his advantage would be in accepting the lime, in preference to the very inadequate quantity of guano offered him. The 500 bushels of lime would be at the rate of 20 bushels to the acre—a quantity very ample for the description of land in his tenancy. To distribute 500 lbs of guano over 25 acres of land, could not result in profit—neither would its application in the hill to corn, occupying that quantity of land—so that, if profit were looked for from its application, disappointment would inevitably ensue. *Lime* does not usually show its effects the first year; but we think, under the circumstances in which our correspondent is placed, it will be his interest to accept the lime, plough in the crop of weeds which now covers his 25 acres, and as soon as that is done, to spread 20 bushels over each acre, and leave it until spring, when the land should be harrowed and cross-harrowed just before corn planting time. If the lime is *not* slaked when he gets it home, he should slake it with strong salt brine, and spread it evenly as soon as it falls into powder. There is no doubt in our mind that if he treats his land thus, he will derive more benefit from the lime the first year, than he possibly could from three times the quantity of guano which he has named to us.

As to the question of permanency between *guano* or *lime*, it does not admit of debate—the quantity of lime named would shew its good effects for 14 or 15 years; whereas even a *full* dressing of guano would only go through a rotation, while 500 lbs. on 25 acres would be, even the first year, as invisible as was the "*invisible lady*," we went to see, but did not see, some twenty-seven years ago.

The "*stiff white-oak land*" of our correspondent, we would not plough more than four inches deep, for the simple reason that we believe it to be too wet to be ploughed deeper. We have scarcely ever seen a white oak bottom where the subsoil was not positively and unmistakably wet. The "loose black soil," which forms a part of 25 acres, may be ploughed as deep as his team can drive the ploughshare. The *color* of this portion of his land indicates that it needs lime to neutralize the iron, which, doubtless, exists in it both in excess; and in an injurious form. A dressing of 20 bushels of lime on this part of his field, if applied this fall, will tell well in his next year's corn crop.

If our correspondent should determine to accept the guano, let him mix the 500 lbs. with 5 pecks of plaster, and 2½ bushels of salt, and 10 bushels of slaked ashes; then form it into compost with 10 double horse-cart loads of marsh mud, or river mud, after it is drained, or the same number of loads of wood-mould and leaves, cover it over, and next spring let him shovel it over well, so as to mix the whole together, and apply about a pint of the compost to each hill of corn, and as far as it may go he may expect the corn to be good, should the weather prove favorable.

We think if his landlord were to study his own interest, he would furnish him with a great deal more guano, besides the *lime*—the lime he offers him is sufficient for the 25 acres of land described.

As to the question,—which is the best kind of artificial manure now made? we answer, that we are unable to determine, unless we knew the constituent elements of the soil to which either was intended to be supplied, as well as the constitution of the several kinds of artificial manures.—In the absence of such information, no one would, unless he be an empiric, undertake to decide. A soil destitute of certain ingredients which might be found in sufficient quantity in one kind of "*artificial manure*," might be greatly benefitted by an application of it; whereas, an application of another kind, which might be deficient in those elements, would produce no visible effect on that particular soil, though it might act like a charm on another in need of its peculiar constituents. It is the [illegible] ities of the land which should be first consulted, before any kind of "artificial manure" can be considered "*best*" for it.—*Editor Farmer.*

DANIEL WEBSTER'S PRIVATE LIFE.

The following letter to the New York Commercial is permitted copy from the proof sheets of the "Private [illegible] of Daniel Webster," now in the press [illegible] per & Brothers, from the pen of Chas. [illegible] man, Esq It is exceedingly interesting, and the conclusion is touching. It was addressed to his Franklin overseer:

"WASHINGTON, March 17, 1852.

"*John Taylor:*—Go ahead. The heart of the Winter is broken, and before the first day of April all your land may be plowed. Buy the oxen of Capt. Marston, if you think the price fair. Pay for the hay. I send you a check for $160 for these two objects. Put the great oxen in a condition to be turned out and fattened. You have a good horse-team, and I think in addition to this, four oxen and a pair of four-year old steers will do your work.—If you think so, then dispose of the Stevens oxen, or unyoke them and send them to the pasture for beef. I know not when I shall see you, but I hope before planting. If you need any thing, such as guano, for instance, write to Joseph Buck, Esq, Boston, and he will send it to you.

"Whatever ground you sow or plant, see that it is in good condition. We want no *pennyroyal crops*. 'A little farm well tilled,' is to a farmer the next best thing to 'a little wife well willed.' Cultivate your garden. Be sure to produce sufficient quantities of useful vegetables. A man may half support his family from a good garden Take care to keep my mother's garden in good order, even, if it costs you the wages of a man to take care of it. I have sent you many garden seeds, Distribute them among your neighbors. Send them to the stores in the village, that every body may have a part of them without cost.

"I am glad that you have chosen Mr. Pike representative. He is a true man; but there are in N. Hampshire many persons who call themselves whigs, who are no whigs at all, and no better than disunionists Any man who hesitates in granting and securing to every part of the country its just and its constitutional rights, is an enemy to the whole country.

"John Taylor, if one of your boys should say that he honors his father and mother, and loves his brothers and sisters, but still insists that one of them shall be driven out of the family, what can you say of him but this, that there is no real family love in him? You and I are farmers; we never talk politics, our talk is of oxen; but remember this that any man who attempts to excite one part of the country against another is just as wicked as he would be who should attempt to get up a quarrel between John Taylor and his neighbor, old Mr. John Sanborn, or his other neighbor Capt. Burleigh. There are some animals that live best in the fire; and there are some men who delight in heat, smoke, combustion and even general conflagration. They do not follow the things which make for peace. They enjoy only controversy, contention and strife. Have no communion with such persons, either as neighbors or politicians. You have no more right to say that slavery ought not to exist in Virginia than a Virginian has to say that slavery ought to exist in New Hampshire. This is a question left to every State to decide for itself, and if we mean to keep the States together we must leave to every State this power of deciding for itself.

"I think I never wrote you a word before upon politics. I shall not do it again. I only say love your country, and your whole country; and when men attempt to pursuade you to get into a quarrel with the laws of other States, tell them 'that you mean to mind your own business,' and advise them to mind theirs. John Taylor, you are a free man; you possssess good principles; you have a large family to rear and provide for by your labor. Be thankful to the Government which does not oppress you, which does not bear you down by excessive taxation, but which holds out to you and to yours the hope of all the blessings which liberty, industry and security may give. John Taylor, thank God, morning and evening, that you were born in such a country. John Taylor, never write me another word upon politics. Give my kindest remembrance to your wife and children; and when you look from your eastern windows upon the graves of my family, remember that he who is the author of this letter, must soon follow them to another world.

DANIEL WEBSTER."

THE MAMMOTH CAVE—ITS COST.—In one of Mr. Willis' recent letters to the Home Journal, we find the following paragraph relating to the original purchase of, and the amount paid for, the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky.

"Colonel Croghan, to whose family it belongs, was a resident at Louisville. He went to Europe some twenty years ago, and, as an American, found himself frequently questioned of the wonders of the Mammoth Cave—a place he had never visited, and, of which, at home, though living within ninety miles of it, he had heard very little. He went there immediately on his return, and the idea struck him to purchase and make it a family inheritance. In fifteen minutes' bargaining, he bought it for $10,000, though shortly after, he was offered $100,000 for his purchase. In his will he tied it up in such a way that it must remain in his family for two generations, thus appending its celebrity to his name. There are nineteen hundred acres in the estate—three square miles above ground—though the cave probably runs under the property of a great number of other land owners. For fear of those who might dig down and establish an entrance to the cave on their own property, (a man's farm extending up to the zenith, down to the nadir,) great vigilance is exercised to prevent such subterranean surveys and measurements as would enable them to sink a shaft with any certainty twelve miles The cave extends ten or several directions, and there is probably sitting in his log-hut by a backwoodsman within ten miles of the cave, quite unconscious fashionable ladies and gentlemen that the most and America are walking, wondering of Europe under his corn and potatoes." [illegible] leave,

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A HAPPY FAMILY ON THE PRAIRIE. "We passed to-day through a large village or settlement of the prairie-dog, (*Arctomys ludobriciana,*) extending in length not less than half a mile. These little animals are very shy, and at the least approach of a stranger, hie themselves with all speed to their holes, in which they partly bury their bodies, leaving only their heads visible just above the surface of the ground, where so long as the alarm lasts, they keep up a continual barking. The note somewhat resembles the bark of a small puppy, but is nevertheless so peculiar as to be instantly recognized afterwards by any one who has once distinctly heard it. They are very hard to get, as they are never found far from their holes; and when shot fall immediately into them, where they are generally guarded by a rattle-snake—the usual sharer of their subterranean retreat. Several were shot by us in this situation, but when the hand was about to be thrust into the hole to draw them out, the omnious rattle of this dreaded reptile would be instantly heard warning the intruder of the danger he was about to incur. A little white burowing owl also (*Styx coniculari*) is frequently found taking up his abode in the same domicile; and this strange association of reptile, bird, and beast seem to live together in perfect harmony and peace. I have never personally seen the owl thus housed, but have been assured of the fact from so many, so various and so credible sources that I cannot doubt it. The whirr of the rattlesnake I have heard frequently when the attempt was made to invade these holes, and our men at length became afraid to approach them for this purpose."—*Capt. Stansbury's Salt Lake Expedition.*

MR WEBSTER'S OFFICIAL CAREER.—Mr. Webster is the second Secretary of State who has died in office; Mr. Upshur, of Virginia, was the first, he having been killed by an accident on board the U. S. steam frigate Princeton, February 28, 1844. The following is a list of the Secretaries of State since the organization of the Government in 1789.

		Appointed.
Thomas Jefferson	Virginia	1789
Edmund Randolph	Virginia	1794
Timothy Pickering	Pennsylvania	1795
John Marshall	Virginia	1800
James Madison	Virginia	1801
Robert Smith	Maryland	1809
James Monroe	Virginia	1811
John Quincy Adams	Massachusetts	1817
Henry Clay	Kentucky	1825
Martin Van Buren	New York	1829
Edward Livingston	Louisiana	1831
Louis McLane	Delaware	1833
John Forsyth	Georgia	1834
Daniel Webster	Massachusetts	1841
Abel P. Upshur	Virginia	1843
John C. Calhoun	South Carolina	1844
James Buchanan	Pennsylvania	1845
John M. Clayton	Delaware	1849
Daniel Webster	Massachusetts	1850
Edward Everett	Massachusetts	1852

Mr. Webster's Congressional career embraced eight years in the House of Representatives and about nineteen in the Senate—in all about twenty-seven years.—*Albany Register.*

SHOCKING—to serenade a second-story window for two hours, and then be told that the young woman "what used to live here has removed round the next corner."

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