athan } In the District Court
upt. } sitting in Bankruptcy.
his 21st day of October A. D.,
e Assignee the above case give
editors of the Bankrupt to file
he Clerk of this Court duly pro
aw on or before the second day
by advertisement to be inserted
three successive weeks in the
icle and the Republican and
to a dividend.
U. S. HEATH, Dt. Judge.

ER, Clk. Dis. Co.
3w.

endue.

hority derived from the Orphan's
ester County, we will sell at pub-

e 12th of November

dence of James Pattison deceased,
e of the deceased (negroes excep-
large stock of cattle, horses, hogs,
farming utensils, one family car-
y, one fine sail-boat, handsomely
with household and kitchen furni-
f other articles not necessary to
commence at 9 o'clock. Terms
day of sale, and attendance given

EREMIAH L. PATTISON,
M. HENRY PATTISON,
xctr's. of James Pattison, dec'd.
ts

IN CHANCERY, }
10th October, 1844. }
the sale of the property in the
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others, made and reported by the
Stewart, be ratified and confirmed
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some newspaper in Dorchester
of three successive weeks before
mber next. The report states the
e $3280.50.

LOUIS GASSAWAY,
3w Reg. Cur. Can.

esley } IN CHANCERY,
} 10th October, 1844.
ers. }
bill filed in this cause is to obtain
f the Real Estate of Noah Dixon
of his debts.
the said Noah Dixon was in his
he complainants and divers other
s of money, and having real and
at value, departed this life in the
aving Charles T. Dixon, E. Car-
ixon, Sally Dixon, Henry Dixon,
es Dixon and Benjamin H. Dix-
eirs at law and upon whom the
volved, and that the said James
H. Dixon reside out of the juris-
that administration of all and sin-
ate of the said Noah Dixon has
the Orphans' Court of Dorches-
Bowdle of said county, and that
as possessed himself of said per-
he said personal estate is insuffi-
nd lawful debts of the said Noah
by him at the time of his death.
hat the said James Dixon and
side out of the State of Maryland,
d that the complainants by caus-
r to be published in some news-
three successive weeks before the
next give notice to the said non-
the substance and object of this
warned to appear in this Court in
n or before the 10th day of March
any they have why a decree
ved.

LOUIS GASSAWAY.
Reg Cur Can.

OCKERMAN,

NEY AT LAW,
office of D. M. Henry Esq.,
e Messrs. Straughn, during the
County Court and at all other
dge.

ERY SALE
LE REAL ESTATE

thority derived from the Honor-
Band, Chancellor of the State of
e to public sale at the Store of
Church Creek, on

e 13th of November

s of 10 and 2 o'clock, P. M
uable House and Lot, situated in
ge of Church Creek, formerly
ence of William Colston decea-
now in the occupancy of the
he improvements consist of a
, stables, carriage house, grana-
ut-buildings. Attached to this
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be made agreeable to the pur-

E. R. HOOPER,
s Trustee.

IN CHANCERY, }
10th October, 1844. }
e sale of the property in the
n Mears, Executor of James
r Barton Adm'r. of Archibald
l reported by the Trustee, James
and confirmed unless cause be
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n Dorchester County once in
weeks before the 16th day of
Report states the amount of

LOUIS GASSAWAY,
Reg. Cur. Can.

IN CHANCERY, }
10th October, 1844. }
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in each of three successive
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of sales to be $935,00

LOUIS GASSAWAY,
Reg. Cur. Can.

! Blanks!

The Cambridge Chronicle.

JOSEPH R. ECCLESTON,] [Editor & Proprietor

NEW SERIES—VOL. 8. CAMBRIDGE, MD.—SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 16, 1844. NUMBER 9

TERMS.

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ADVERTISEMENTS inserted on the usual terms, and where the number of insertions is not limited, they will be continued until direction to omit them is recieved, and charged accordingly.

POETRY.

A SONG.

BY LORD BYRON.

Thou art not false but thou art fickle,
To those myself so fondly sought—
The tears that thou hast forced to trickle
Are doubly bitter from that thought,
'Tis this which breaks the heart thou grievest,
Too well thou lov'st—too soon thou leavest.

The wholly false the heart despises,
And spurns deceiver and deceit—
But she who not a thought disguises,
Whose love is as sincere as sweet—
When she can change who loved so truly
It feels what mine has felt so newly.

To dream of joy and wake to sorrow,
Is doomed to all who love or live—
And if, when conscious on the morrow,
We scarce our fancy can forgive,
That cheated us in slumber only,
To leave the waking soul more lonely.

What must they feel whom no false vision
But truest, tenderest passion warm'd!
Sincere, but swift in sad transition,
As if a dream alone had charm'd!
Ah! sure such grief is fancy's cheming
And all thy change can be but dreaming!

THE SOUL'S BELIEF.

Say not this life is all!
Pines not the soul in Earth's ungenial air?
Must all we love of virtuous and of fair
Alike unnoted fall?
The hearts most dear, to dust all moulder back,
And no freed spirits tread a loftier track?

Must hopes of purer bliss,
More high and holy than we meet with now,
Stamp their bright signet upon manhood's brow,
And love's first timid kiss
Make the heart throb with angel joy alone,
To perish when the clay to earth has gone?

Oh! can the chainless soul,
That struggles on through toil and wo and strife,
Onward and upward to a nobler life,
Reach not the lofty gaol
Catch glimpses of a glory it may win,
Then sleep in gloom ere its bright course begin?

Vague dreams of childhood's hour,
Filling the heart with awe, it knew not why,
As if a spirit whispered, passing by;
Youth's burning wish for power—
To scan the mysteries that circle round,
To tread the depths of Nature's endless bound—

And manhood's loftier gaze,
Wearing the harness of a sterner fight,
And struggling on, where through the lurid night
Beams an immortal blaze;—
Why—why were these proud aspirations given,
If the worn soul be barred from even hope of heaven?

All that the past hath taught—
Its prophets, teaching a sublimer lore:
Its god-like poets, heaping the bright ore
From the rich mines of Thought;
And the high-souled men, who, in that darkened age,
Dared in the cause of truth to breast its rage.

All that now lures us on—
Pointing afar, where glory waits our call,
Speaks to the soul, that when its clay shall fall,
A nobler, brighter dawn;
Shall beam around its steps, before untrod,
Where with strong wing it sweeps still nearer God!

Darkness surrounds the grave;
And to the blind and erring, doubt and fear;
But the high hopes that light our pathway here
Stream o'er the cloud-hung wave,
And show, beyond a more congenial clime,
Where the soul's lofty power prevails o'er Death and Time!

A WEDDING RIDE.—Horses were scarce at the first settlement of this country. It is not recorded that they were introduced into the Plymouth Colony until about twenty years after the landing of the Pilgrims; but the young folks would have their ride notwithstanding.—When John Alden was married—and John Alden was a great man in his day, a worshipful magistrate and counsellor withal, and a great favorite with the ladies, insomuch that he made nothing at all of cutting out the renowned Captain Standish, who cut down the Indians like stubble—when John Alden was married, there was a great carrying on about Cape Cod, where he wooed and won the Captain's intended, Miss Priscilla Mullens, the great belle of the Cape and Colony. He was determined to do the thing in style, as became a gentleman, so he put a ring on his bull's nose, covered his back with a piece of broad cloth, mounted and rode to the wedding. Miss Priscilla might well be proud of such a husband; and, to prove herself worthy of him, she resolutely mounted the bull at the moving home, and ambled along without fear, while her gallant spouse led him by the nose, and walked proudly by the side of his valuables. The gentleman who led, and the lady who rode, were the ancestors of some of the first families in the country, including members of Congress, heads of colleges, and two Presidents of the United States.—*Exeter News Letter.*

A Chinese notion of Boots.—A Chinese having been introduced to an American who wore boots, reported that the gentleman stood up in two little leather casks.

EXTREMES OF SPLENDOR AND OF MISERY.

"Take physic, pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel;
That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,
And show the heavens more just."

In a country calling itself free, and England pretends to be a free country, wealth should not be possessed in such excesses and disparities. Contrast the enormous splendors of a *fete* at Windsor with some official reports respecting the state of the poor. Here is the description of the Queen's dinner to the King of the French:

"The long table on which the dinner was served was covered with magnificent candelabra, epergnes, placed alternately—several of the former of a circular form, being filled with artificial flowers. A row of candelabra with wax lights were placed on each side, and beyond those at both sides of the table, were numerous vases, wine coolers, and dishes of the most elegant forms and designs. At each end of the hall were elevated sideboards of equal dimensions, containing a choice selection from the numerous and valuable articles of plate in the Royal treasury, remarkable for their excellence of workmanship, antiquity, or historical interest. Flaxman's celebrated 'Shield of Achilles,' 'The Armada Urn,' and some ancient sconces were displayed on the west side-board. And a large shield sculptured in rich relief with the representation of a battle, and the 'Neptune Epergne' richly embellished with marine emblems, and surmounted with a statue of the marine deity, were on the east sideboard. Numerous tankards, vases, shields, and bulb cups, richly chased, were tastefully arranged on a background of crimson, and were very brilliantly illuminated with candelabra and sconces of silver gilt, bearing waxlights. The Princess of Wales' epergne, crowned with his Royal Highness's plume, was placed at this part of the table, between two other epergnes of great beauty, sculptured in gold at the base, with 'dancing fauns;' these espergnes had on either side the 'Hesperides' candelabra." There is something ridiculous in the extreme in exposing the baby Prince of Wales's feathers in an epergne, on a dinner table; and having looked at the one case, let us advert to some others. In the sanatory report made by the Secretary of the Poor Law Commissioners, one of the investigators into the condition of the poor says that, in the Counties of England 24,577 persons have died in one year, in houses that wanted draining and roofing. Those who died from other causes make the whole obituary amount to 216,399 persons in one year. One would suppose that this alone would be sufficient to thin the population.

In England and Wales the deaths in 1833 were 282,940, excluding deaths by violence, by suicide, or other causes, which the Parliamentary and parish papers do not speechify. In 1833 the deaths amounted to 21 per thousand. Most of them had taken place in swampy and unwholesome localities. Mr. Gilbert, one of the Poor law inquirers, stated that he found the open drains and sewers had been the cause of malarie, and consequently of death. In this rich and beautiful country the poor often live in mud cottages, with little or no roof, and with floors of absolute mud. A Mr. Fox, a medical officer, says that the poor were badly fed, badly clothed, and consequently dirty. "I have," he remarks, "often seen the springs bursting through the mud floors of some of the cottages, and little channels cut from the centres under the doorways, to carry off the water, whilst the door has been removed from its hinges for the children to put their feet on in making buttons."

The Report says, that the cottages in which the typhus fever broke out in Fluwick, and to which the dreadful disease was almost exclusively confined, were of the most wretched description. Of course neither the Queen nor her husband, or their children, run any risk of catching typhus fever in the spacious, well ventilated rooms of Windsor Castle, but the villagas do not escape this terrible malady. In such towns as Stafford, for instance, the poverty and filth of the cottages are described almost beyond credibility, and diseases ensue from these causes. The very splendid entertainments given to the King of the French cost more than of small towns, which are every year the *foci* of fever. In one case five sisters were attacked with fever, from the malaria arising from an uncovered drain, and they all died. In Liverpool from thirty-five to forty thousand persons live in cellers, always damp and low, generally unpaved, and devoid of sewers or drainage. Throughtout Northumberland the case is the same. The cottages are most wretched, and it does not seem that the local gentry have done much, or any thing, to remedy the evil. In one town the people were discovered to be in such wretchedness that thirty-five thousaud persons were supplied with beds and bedding by voluntary subscription. The sufferings of the unfed, and almost unclothed poor in winter nights, for want of bedding, must be excessive. In Manchester, with all its wealth, nine thousand one hundred and seventy-nine *families* are living in cellars, and some of these of the worst description possible—worse than the dust holes and coal cellars of London houses. These people are not only the sufferers from all the evils of cellars undrained, without floors, and nearly dark, but they are built below the level of the river, and the wretched inhabitants, on an extraordinary high tide, are aroused from their sleep, and are obliged to fly for their lives. Such is the state of this rich and happy kingdom. The Queen, in showing her guest the magnificence of Windsor Castle and Buckingham Palace, and of the adjadent neighborhood, should have let him see the other side of the picture, so that he might go back to France with a fair impression of the general condition of all classes; but he must otherwise think that England is the El Dorado of the world, surpassing in splendors even what is described in fairy tales, where all is composed of gold, diamonds, pearls, and precious stones, worked in the most fanciful forms.—Manchester and Salford, with their immediate vicinities, are superintended by bodies of missionaries. One of these missionaries reports that he had met with many who had not a meal in two days. Another missionary states the case of an exhausted man who, getting a day's labor was so everworked that, on reaching his wife and family, he fell, apparently dead. How the poor can go so long without food or firing must astonish all persons. The contrast between families living in wet cellars, always without fuel, and often without food, must be incredible to those who enjoy only the gorgeous splendors of such a palace as Windsor Castle. There must always be a sad discrepancy between the rich and poor, but the difference ought not to be increased artificially, as it is in the case of the Queen. Now that every newspaper makes a great boast of the wonderful wealth displayed before the French visitors, they might as well look on the other side, and as winter approaches, and its commencement is rather severe benevolence might avoid splendors, and give all that it can spare to the relief of the poor.

A CHASE IN THE WOODS.—*Capture of the Massachusetts Robber.*—The N. Y. Sun of Saturday says:—"We alluded yesterday to several daring burglaries in Massachusetts, near the Rhode Island line. On Tuesday night, the 29th ultimo, Mr. Wood, of Seekonk, went to his barn, and found the door barricaded on the inside. While endeavoring to effect an entrance an athletic black man leaped from an upper window. Mr. Wood gave chase, when the negro fired a pistol, which fortunately missed its aim, but had the effect of making Mr. W. abandon the pursuit, he being alone and unarmed. About midnight Mr. W. was aroused by hearing some one in the house. The father and son got up, and the father chased the man into the woods, where he left him, while father and son gave the alarm. The neighbors were aroused, but before they assembled, Wood came upon the robber in the act of lifting the window of Mr. Ide's house. The daring thief was discovered to be Thomas Howland, who had been five years in the Massachusetts State prison. Howland again escaped to the woods, which were surrounded by the people who had assembled, but before they could complete the guard, Howland escaped. He afterwards entered the house of Turner Rice, near the India Point Bridge. Passing through Seekonk Plain, he suddenly came upon his pursuers again, but kept them at bay and escaped. On Wednesday morning he entered the house of Mr. Kenyon, stole an overcoat, a watch, and some other articles, with which he disguised himself and passed one of the parties who were on the look out for him, and who questioned him as to where he was from. He replied, he was just from Boston. He found at the upper bridge some men who would not let him pass so easily, and on their attempting to take him, he threw off his coat and boots and ran for the woods, but was pursued and finally taken in the swamp near the house of Mr. Ide, in Seekonk, by a man who had a gun and threatened to shoot him if he did not give himself up. At that moment others of the party came up with their guns and pistols, and Howland was secured, taken before Justice Fisher, of Pawtucket, and committed to the Bristol county jail to await his trial. The daring robberies of this noted felon had created the greatest alarm throughout the neighborhood. He broke open four houses in one night.

A Cruel Wretch.—At Boston, a seaman named Shrewsbury, has recovered $400 damages from Capt. Wheldon, master of a whale ship, for severe flogging. The testimony in the case exhibited the following facts:

When about to flog this sick seaman, the Captain took off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, tied his suspenders around his waist, and told his helpless but undismayed victim that he intended to give him something by which he should remember him to the day of his death; [this threat he accomplished to the letter—the young man exhibited the frightful scars to the jury!] and when the dauntless but hitherto respectful sailor told him, "I have a record of your treatment, Capt. Wheldon, in black and white," the brute replied, "I'll put it down, God d—n you, in *black* and *red*—I'll give you the Victoria stripes, you d—d English ———;" and after giving him six or seven lashes, every one of which cut to the quick, and sent the blood spouting all over him, he would taunt him with, "how do you like that, eh? God d—n you." This beautiful exemplification of human nature ennobled dignified with absolute power on board a whaler, was continued, according to the testimony of some of the witnesses, for an hour and a half; and according to all of them, until the sick man hung, moaning with agony, as it dying, and finally fainted away in the rigging.—But it was not to this man alone that the fiend directed his diabolical malice; the whole crew were treated in a similar manner throughout the voyage; a period of three or four years. At Madagascar, Edward Greble was flogged severely with a rope, on the bare back. He was seized up to the main rigging on the starboard side of the ship. He was beaten with a topgallant brace, three quarters of an inch thick. He was beaten until he was senseless; he hung by his wrists, his back was much lacerated, and in a wretched condition; *he was black and blue from the waist to the crown of his head.*

A mulatto boy on board asked the captain for something to eat, saying he was hungry—the captain kicked him about the deck, beat him severely, and sent him up to the topgallant cross-trees—keeping him there during a severe rain storm from 12 at noon until 5 o'clock in the afternoon. He was then called by Capt. Wheldon, who ordered a gun to be handed aft from the waist, made him strip off all his clothing, lashed him with his belly on the gun, hands and feet tied close to the gun, and ordered all the foremast hands to strike him three blows each, with an oak stave, and forbid him ever after going into the forecastle. The same boy was severely used the night previous to the ship's arrival off Sandy Hook.

PUNCH'S LETTER-WRITER.

From a Widower to a Widow, with an offer of Marriage

MY DEAR MADAM—Your kind looks and cordial words have accompanied me all the way home, and—the truth is, I write this before going to bed—I shall sleep the more soundly for having the matter off my mind. It is true we have met but once; but we are both of us at that rational point of life, when people know the most value of time; and as all ceremony is but an idle waste of existence, I beg herewith to offer you my hand, and with it, though I have been married before, an entire heart. There are hearts, madam, allow me to say, all the better for keeping; they become mellower, and more worth a woman's acceptance than the crude, unripe things, too frequently gathered—as children gather green fruit—to the discomfort of those who obtain them. I have been married to one wife, and know enough of the happiness of wedlock to wish it to be continued in another. The best compliment I can pay to the dear creature now in heaven, is to seek another dear creature here on earth. She was a woman of admirable judgment; and her portrait—it hangs over my chimney piece—smiles down upon me as I write. She seems to know my thoughts, and to approve them. I said, madam, she was a woman of excellent judgment.

My means are tolerably good; more than sufficient for my widowed state. Of the truth of this, your solicitor shall have the most satisfactory proof. I have also heard—casually heard—that fortune has not, my dear madam, been blind to your deserts, and has awarded you more than enough to keep the wolf from the door. I rejoice at this, for whatever might be my disappointment, I would not detail upon you the inconvenience of marriage unaccompanied by an agreeable competence. What is enough for one—it has been said—is enough for two. But this is the ignorance of Cupid, who never could learn figures. Now Hymen—as you must know, dear madam—is a better arithmetician; taught as he is by butcher and baker. Love in a cottage is pretty enough for girl and boys: but men and women like a larger mansion, with coach-house and stabling.

You may urge against me that I have incumbrances. By no means. My daughter having married a beggar, has ceased to have any natural claim upon me. If I am civil to her, it is solely from a certain weakness of heart that I cannot wholly conquer; and something too, moreover, to keep up appearances with a meddling world. I have told her that she is never to expect a farthing from me, and I should despise myself not to be a man of my word.

I have, too, a son, but when I tell you that I have once paid his debts, incurred in his wild minority, you will allow that, except my blessing, and, at times, my paternal advice, he can expect nothing more. I know the duties of a father, and will never satisfy the cravings of a profligate. Nevertheless, he is my own son; and whatever may be his need, my blessing and my counsel he shall never want.

My health, madam, has ever been excellent. I have worn like rock. I have heard of such things as nerves, but believe it my fate to have been born without any such weaknesses. I speak thus plainly of essentials, as you and I, madam, are now too wise to think consumption pretty—to tie ourselves to ill health, believing it vastly interesting. I can ride forty miles a day, and take the hedge with any fellow of five and-twenty. I say I speak of these things that you may know me as I am. Moreover I assure you I eat with my own teeth, and grow my own hair. Besides this, I am only two and-fifty.

What do you say, madam? As for vices, as I am an honest man, I do not think I can lay any to my charge. I may have my human weaknesses—such, indeed, as I have touched upon above; but, madam, it has ever been my study through life to be respectable. I have the handsomest pew in the church, and don't owe any man a shilling.

Well, my dear madam, it is getting late, and I must conclude. I hate to be out of bed after eleven—it is now past twelve. Hence, you must perceive how very much I am interested in this business. In another ten minutes I shall be asleep, and dreaming of you. May I wake to find my dream—for I know what it will be—a reality!

If our solicitors are mutually satisfied, will you name the day? I am superstitious about days—say, then, say Thursday week, and believe me your devoted lover, till death,

NICHOLAS BLACKTHORN.

P. S. May I see you to morrow?

The Widow's Answer.

SIR:—Your favor of last night has, I own, surprised me. What! after one meeting and that at a card-party, to make such an offer? Well to be sure, you men are strange creatures! What! indeed, could you have seen in my conduct to think I could look over such boldnees!

As for the rational point of life you speak of, I must confess I know not when that exactly occurs; do you think it—at least with women—at two-and thirty; or if not, may I beg to know what age you consider me? Perhaps though, my early and irreparable loss may have brought a look of permature age upon me. It is very possible—for what a man he was!

As for what you say about hearts, sir, I know but little; I only know the one I have lost. If I did pluck it green, like the winter apples in my store-room, it grew riper and riper in my care.

You say your wife's portrait smiled while you wrote. *His* dear miniature is now before me; I think I see the tears starting through the ivory as I look upon the precious features, If he ever could have frowned, surely he would frown now to think—but I will not pursue the theme.

As to your means, sir, I am happy to hear they are sufficient. Although I can by no possibility have an interest in them, nevertheless I myself too well know the blessings of compelence not to congratulate you. True it is I know but little of the ways of money, but am blessed in my solicitors, Messrs. GRIP and NIP, No.—, Furnival's Inn.

You speak of your incumbrances; my husband dying, left me without a single one. That your daughter should have forgotted her duty, is an affliction. I am glad, however, to find that you know the true source of consolation, and refuse to lend yourself to her improvidence. Truly, indeed, do you say it is a meddling world. I have found it so; as some of my lamented husband's poor relations will answer for me. However, as I could not endure the sight of any thing that reminded me of my dear lost treasure. I have left them forever in Cornwall. It is now some months since they have ceased to distress me.

Your son may mend. If you will allow me, as a stranger, to speak, I think you should still act with tenderness towards him. How very little would pay his passage to Australia.

Health is, indeed a treasure. I know it. Had I not had the robustness—pardon the word—of a mountain nymph, I had never survived the dreadful shock that cruel death has inflicted on me.—As it was it struck me down. But, as the poet says, "the bulrush rises when the oak goes crash."

You are partial to hunting! It is a noble recreation. My departed lamb followed the hounds, and, as sportsmen say, would ride at any thing. He at once broke his collar bone; but with good nursing, we put him in the saddle again in a month. Ha! You should have seen him in his scarlet coat!

In this fleeting life, how small and vain are personal gifts compared with the treasures of the mind! Still if there is any thing I admire, it is fine teeth. A wig, at least in a man, is detestable.

You say you are two-and-fifty. Well I must say you don't look *that* age,

You speak plainly of vices, and say you have none. It would be ill manners in me, on so short—I may say, so very trivial—an acquaintance, to doubt you. Besides it has been my faith—and what I have lost by it I havn't time to tell—to think well of every body. Weakness we all have. One of them is a love of a pew. We think but very little of religion, when we forget proper hassocks.

I have, however, delayed you too long; and indeed except for politeness' sake, know why I have written at all.

I therefore, remain,
Your obedient servant,
RUTH DOUBLEKNOT.

P. S. I shall be out all day to-morrow. At present—I say at present—I know of no other engagement for the next day, no, not next—the next day after; for *I* hate a Thursday.

Bracelets.—Of all the elegant adornments of a lady that can be worn upon the person in jewelry or given in token of affection and remembrance, none can surpass the circlet for the arm, whether for variety or design, or classic appropriateness of of ornament. But the time for wearing these tasteful decorations in this country, we are sorry to say, scarcely is in keeping with good taste or a sense of propriety. The arm laden with jewelled bracelets on the promenade, or in daily home attire, betokens decided vulgarity, and indicates plebian taste. In *full dress* only, should brilliants and glittering jewelry be worn, and then in the evening, when custom and propriety authorize such display, and when the contrast is far better with satin, silk and velvet, than with De Laine or sixpenny calico!

We throw out these hints previous to copying the following item from an authorized Fashion Book which states that "Bracelets are now considered indispensable; they are worn in the following manner: on one arm is placed the *sentimental* bracelet composed of hair, and fastened with some precious relic: the second is the silver enamelled one, having a cross, castolete, or anchor and heart, as a sort of talisman; the other arm decorated with a simple *nœud*, similar to one of narrow ribbon; the other composed of medallions of blue enamel, upon which are placed small boquets of brilliants, the fastings being composed of a single one; lastly, a very broad gold chain, each link separated with a ruby and opal alternate.

This is certainly an elegant arrangement, but if all this decoration were worn (as some Americans might don them) with a walking or house costume, the tasteful Parisian or the keen observing English woman would open her eyes in astonishment at a practice which with them is in utter condemnation.—*Boston Evening Transcrip.*

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