

The following humorous article was written, as it purports to have been, as a Report before the Merrimack County (Mass.) Agricultural Society. It contains some admirable points:

Report of the Committee on Butter.

In performing the duty assigned your Committee, they cannot but feel it to be a great pity. That the choice had not fallen on men of more taste

In the good things of life, than has now been the case:

That some ladies, especially, had not been joined, in union with us, to help make up our mind.

Since 'tis as it is, we've attempted our duty, without aid or reward e'en of beauty or booty;

The result will be shown, in the sequel, to be, The award of a prize to best two out of three.

But first we'll premise that this matter of judging is taken by many in very high dudgeon;

They think, or would seem to, that judging sight, And awarding to others, you owe them a spite.

But this is all nonsense—to make such a splutter, In a matter as plain as one's own bread and butter.

Suffice it say, we've endeavored to judge Without fear or affection, or favor or grudge— And we fain would believe not a word will be muttered.

By folks who know which side their bread has been buttered.

'That a judge in the land I was made,' was the prayer

Of Abolam, famed for his beautiful hair;

But 'a hair or two ecker' are men now-a-days, Who judge are made in a hundred of ways.

Of cases in Court, and of horses, and judges of men; We've our judges of horses, and judges of men;

We've our judges of law, and judges of fact, And a moot point it is which displays the most tact.

We've our judges on wool-sack, and judges on wool; Politicians and farmers both give the long pull—

We have judges, the robe of whose office is ermine; While some on old cheese may be judges of wine.

We have judges on yearlings—and some who die so; When in office the duties of which they don't know.

We have judges on older ones 'used to the yoke'— While some are so stubborn as ne'er to be broke.

We have judges on bucks; and some bucks that are judges;

As real merino as any that tridges; We have judges in cases where hemp may be spinning.

In more civil affairs we have judges of linen; On blankets and coverlets some are reposing.

While others in seats e'en of justice are dozing. Some judge upon wives, while some are seen trading.

To 'go the whole hog' without thinking or judging, We've our judges of iron—and some have the sauce

To say that we also have judges of brass; But this is all scandal—at least we don't know it— And furthermore asst not, on this point, the poet.

Now to quit this digression, and set on the track From which we have wandered these many lines back.

As it known to all present, and all the society, We've agreed on what follows without contrariety.

And, lest our report should be found to fall stillborn, Say at once we award No. 1 to John Kilburn,

As to prize No. 2, we need mention no names, Except that good farmer's, our friend Thomas Ames.

Our duty thus done, your Committee would resign— Asking no leave to sit till another year flies;

When something more solid than butter to treat on, May fall to our lot next occasion we meet on.

All which is respectfully submitted by

G. KEET, for the Committee.

THE SAILOR.

TOE THAT BIG-WHISKERED FELLER AS FIRSTS THE YANKEY.

Dear Sur—Ant Dinah was goin' down as fur as Wusster to git some arthen dishes for bakin'; and so i've gut her to leevs this letter in the Post Office their, and to tell the male to hurry down with it to Boston for grute things has happened up heer, and i need that i wood he in a grate hurry to heer all about it.

It was a tooseday nite that i was in bed over the best rume, when i heered sumbody knockin' at the dore like thunder and i wos skeered half out of my seven senses. i trembled like a leaf, and i gut up and peeked down stares, and pritty soon i seed farther with a candle in his hand, goin' to the dore, and mother was follorin' after holdin' on to his shirt-tale behind, and he tolled her not to leevs him on no 'count whatever.

Pritty sune, they opened the dore, and their stood a saylor boy about as big as Sam Lumpkin and he maid a bow and he sed, 'How di doo P? Then farther, he jumped back and lookt at him, and mother sed—'it is a saylor, i noo, for i seed wun wunce when i was down to wusster!'

Then farther was skeered wuss than ever when he heered it was a saylor, and sez ne—'it talks like folks,' and then the saylor, when he sed they didn't speak to him, went on, and sez he—'i've got belated on the rode; and want to noe if i can hav' a harbor here for the nite!'

Then muther spoke up pritty quick, and she tribbled all over like a leaf, and sez she, 'O don't let the critter cum in heer: for them is a dreddful set of beings!'

Then she turns to the saylor and sez she—'why, what upon airth are you doin' on heer, if you think he won't hurt the critters. But he must be tied up their, or else he mite bite the hoses!'

Then the saylor sed he was goin' hum to where he was hropt up.

So farther sed, 'Wall, wall, saylor, i'll tel you what tis, we are all 'spectable people heer, and we can't think of havin' a saylor in the house; but what shall we do with him, wife!'

Then muther sed, 'O put him in the barn, if you think he won't hurt the critters. But he must be tied up their, or else he mite bite the hoses!'

Then the saylor sed he should like to hav' a bite of sumthing for to eat, and he pulled out a little bag and shods farther and muther, and it was chock full of goold munny.

Then farther sez, 'What! do saylors hav' mummy like other fokes?'

Muther pulled farther by the arm and tolled him not to tutch it, for she raily bleeved that he was bewitched and that the goold peeces had cum from the evil won; and she tolled farther that he hadn't ought to let the saylor go into the barn, but he ought for to send him off and shut up the dore closet.

Then farther didn't noe what to do, and he lookt at the mummy, and it was prpper bright and was all goold; and, at last, he sed the saylor mite cum in and eat sum 'super. Muther was as mad as a hot skillet, and she flew 'round the house like a hen with only won wing, and she run and waked up sister Salley, and tolled her that farther had ben lettin' a saylor into the house hoo was in leag with the devil, and she bleeved the house wood all be blown up in the heir before day-light.

So farther had to bring out the supper things and help the saylor himself. The saylor took of his hat and his bare all fell down over his shoulders in most butful curls, and sister Salley was peekin' at the dore, and she turned to mother and sed, 'The devil aint so very ugly arter all!'

Then muther she tribbled all over, and sez she, 'it is for to deceiv' sally, sally like you

that he wares sich handsome lure. Then Sally sed, 'it is very deceivin', i vow!' and she kept lookin' at the saylor all the time with all the eyes in her head. At last muther maid her go to bed, and sed that all the family was disobedient to her, from farther down.

So farther let the saylor stay all nite, and in the mornin' Sally fell in lov with him, and now he has ben to the house evermost every evenin' for he lives only in the nixt villedge, five miles off. Sally is bewitched by him, and muther thinks that he has giv' her lov powder, and as for farther, he sez that the saylor has gut a plenty of munny and ousus tue houses and a little farm, and he don't keer how soon Sally marries him. Muther has ben to the minister and he tolled her that a saylor wos nothin' but a man; but she sez she bleeves that the minister is bewitched too, and she declares she won't hav' the devil for a son-in-law.

An infortunate recontre took place in New Orleans on the 21st ult. between Mr. J. W. Woodland and Mr. McGarity, in the counting room of the former, in which Mr. W. was stabbed with a dirk knife in the back, neck, and face, very severely.

It is better to be just than to be original.

That the mind is immaterial is proved from the fact that if a thought strikes you, you cannot strike it back again.

If there is more misery than happiness on earth, how happens it that youth—when we are most keenly alive to joy and sorrow—is said to be the happiest portion of our existence?

Deprive man of fear and anxiety, and he real misery of life would be found to be few.

When a mosquito stings you, you scratch it till it becomes a bad sore, and when you meet with a trifling affliction, you fret about it till it is a great evil.

When one laughs at you, you may console yourself with the reflection that he is not angry with you.

Beauty and money are often decry'd; but everybody feels their power.

Are you a homely man? If so, you ought to rejoice, as the women will let you alone.

IT IS NEVER TOO LATE.

BY MISS BREMER.

'Ah! that I could be heard by all oppressed, dejected souls! I would cry to them—'

'Lift up your heads, and confide still in the future, and believe that it is never too late.' See! I too was bowed down by long suffering, and old age had moreover overtaken me, and I believed that all my strength had vanished; that my life, and my sufferings were in vain—and behold! my head has again ben lifted up, my heart appeased, my soul strengthened; and now, in my fiftieth year, I advance into a new future, attended by all that life has of beautiful and worthy of love.

The change in my soul has enabled me better to comprehend life and suffering, and I am now firmly convinced that there is no fruitless suffering, and that no virtuous endeavor is in vain. Winter days and nights may bury beneath their pall of snow the sown corn; but when the spring arrives, it will be found equally true, that 'there grows much bread in the winter night!'

When summer is entering into autumn, it is deemed by many, the most pleasant part of the year. There's our sentiment.

A jealous wife is wonderfully pleasant; because you know she loves—her own pride or vanity.

WHAT'S IN A WORD?

BY HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT, AUTHOR OF 'MARMADUKE WYLLI,' 'CROMWELL,' ETC. ETC.'

Far from the busy mart and the gay haunts of fashion, there stands yet, in the out-skirts of a large city in a free, civilized, and happy land, a tall, dilapidated-looking building, of red brick. By no means devoid of pretension in the style of its architecture, though it had evidently never been completed, with many rows of large and handsome windows, it was probably intended by some speculator more enterprising than sagacious, for a hotel, or summer boarding-house; but there needed but one glance to see that it had degenerated into a mere hive of the poorest and most squalid of the laboring poor. The doors were warped and shattered; and one leaf of the principal entrance swung by the lower hinge alone, and seemed as if the slightest shock would wrench it from that likewise. The windows, not one of which was entire, were stuffed with all kinds of substitutes to shut out the keen air of an American December night, which was setting in with more than usual rigor—a half-starved pig lay stretched out in a cavity which yawned under the wretched wooden steps that gave access to the wide door-way; where to carry out the original design there should have been a splendid marble stair and terrace; two or three grout and wolfish looking curs were prowling to and fro about the entrance; and a dirty, crop-eared, discolored cat, was watching their movements with a jealous eye, from the broken hand-roll, which offered but a feeble support to the hand of any one ascending the slippery and sordid stairs.

It wanted a little while of sunset, and the sky was still full of light, but the very sunshine was cold and ungenial in its aspect; the northwest wind blew, cutting and keen, from the neighboring river; and if a drop of water was spilled by chance on the pavement, it was converted on the instant into a globule of solid ice.

Every one, who was abroad that evening even if he were wrapped up in the warmest of wadded broadcloth and rich fur, felt the severe and biting cold even to his bones as it seemed; and walked as fast as he could to keep his blood alive, and his flesh unfrozen.

But there was one man, who, though no cloak against the weather, nor indeed covered sufficiently to enable him to face the mildest breath of winter, far from hurrying along the street, loitered with a sad, pensive and yet restless air, as if he were afraid of unwilling to reach the end of his wanderings.

He was a man, in the prime of youth, who must have been naturally well looking and powerfully framed, though his features were now so much sharpened by care, and perhaps by want, that almost every trace of comeliness had vanished from their outlines; while the expression that pervaded them was so wild, haggard, and painful that it was actually unpleasant to behold them. His figure also, though the breadth of the shoulders and symmetry of the proportions could not be concealed, was so terribly emaciated and shrunken, that his threadbare and patched though scrupulously clean tunic, of what had ben once fine black cloth, flattered about him like the fantastic draperies of a scare-crow. Not a shred of linen was visible at his cuffs or collar, a rusty black neck cloth twisted about his neck, alone appearing above the collar of his closely-buttoned frock. A more disastrous and lamentable object could not be well imagined that this young man, who should have been, it was plain to me, one of the noblest and most athletic of the great Maker's creatures.

Yet lamentable and frightful as it was, there was a trace of vice or profligacy, nor any thing depraved or low in the character of the man; on the contrary his bearing and demeanor were those of a gentleman, and the expression of his features, although they were pale and pinched and almost distorted, would have been fine and noble, but for the wild anxiety which gleamed from the bright blue eyes, and quivered in the muscles of the mouth.

Bitter and piercing though the night wind was, and insufficiently as he was clad to face it, for his pale lay in its very teeth, this man, as I have said, loitered; and at times stood quite still, looking up with an expression half melancholy and half imploring, half reproachful, to the bright stars above him. Then he would clench his hands and gnash his teeth, and

stride off ten or a dozen paces—and again stop and gaze about him anxiously, as if he were in search of something, which he expected, but could not find.

At last he muttered to himself—'No hope—there is no hope—neither on earth, nor in Heaven! No hope—nor help—nor pity!' he paused for a moment or two and laid his thin hand on his brow, as if he were in deep thought. 'No!' he said; 'no! no! no! that were but cowardly—if I were in the world alone! but with her it were mere baseness and infamy to fly from my own misery—and leave her to die alone. No! no! I must bear it—bear it, till I have closed her eyes, and then—then—rest!'

He said no more, but hurried on his way as fast as the weakness of his limbs permitted, as if some new thought had struck him, and soon reached the desolate and dilapidated-looking house I have described. Without stopping at all, he mounted the filthy stairs, and passing into the open door-way, ascended flight after flight, each darker and more gloomy and more sordid than that below it, until he reached the attic; there he stopped for a moment at a low door-way and listened before he entered—'She sleeps,' he said, in an under voice, before he opened the door; and entered with a light and noiseless foot.

That was indeed a melancholy chamber—there was not a particle of fire on the cold hearth, only a little pile of white wood ashes; there was not a piece of furniture in the room but two crazy chairs, a deal table, and a miserable bed, scarcely half covered by a sort of rug and a colored horse blanket—a man's great coat, a pair of tattered pantaloons, may even the shirt, which that wretched being should have worn, were laid upon the bed, most vain and sad attempt to eke out the scanty covering of the poor invalid, who lay there so still and calm, yet so cold that even in her sleep she shivered, and her teeth chattered though she knew it not.

She was a delicate, fair girl, not above nineteen years of age, with a skin whiter than the driven snow, and a profusion of rich auburn hair, which had escaped from her coarse but clean head-gear, and fell in rich silky masses over the hunch ticking of her uncovered pillow. She too was, like the man, extremely thin and attenuated, but in her thinness appeared to be rather the result of disease than of hunger; for there was an ominous flush on her transparent cheek, and the blue veins stood up like cords over the poor thin hand which lay upon the pallet's edge, so wasted that you almost might have seen the light shine through it.

For a moment the young man stood looking at her as she slept, with a face of unutterable anguish—then he stooped down and listened to her breathing—and then drawing himself up again to his full height, wrung his hands bitterly, while a large tear rolled down his wasted cheek, and fell upon that little hand.

Instantly the fair lids up-rose and a pair of the brightest and loveliest blue eyes, that ever beamed upon mortal man the bliss of most pure affection, shone out upon him full of gay and cheerful hope, and a smile of ineffable sweetness played round the ruby lips which had preserved their freshness to the last, to greet his coming.

'Dearest, dearest Arthur,' she said, in a faint, low voice, that still spoke unaltered and unaltered love, 'how long is it since you have come back? How long have you been looking in vain?'

'But now, he replied, 'dearest—and now in vain—'

'No, darling, not in vain,' she answered, 'say not in vain, for is not your coming all and all to me? When you are with me I feel neither want nor sorrow—all is bright happiness and hope, as it was years ago at home. Oh! never say that it is in vain that you come back to your poor Ellinor. Stoop down and kiss me, love.'

And he stooped down and clasped her thin frame to his breast, and her white arms were clasped around his neck, and their lips met in the hallowed kiss of pure affection—affection true to the last, though misery and more than mortal anguish.

'Dearest, how cold you are,' she murmured, forgetful of her own bitter sufferings, 'show you shake, you who are so strong and brave and hardy. Oh! take your great coat, I implore you! I am not cold at all, indeed I am not. I had a long sweet sleep with many pleasant dreams, and I feel quite refreshed, and better than I have felt these many days, and I am not in the least hungry—without believe fasting is good for me—but I am very much afraid that you are famished too, as well as almost perished with cold.'

'No, I am not,' he replied; 'Ellinor—no, I am not indeed. I was given a little food while I was abroad seeking for work, and I

have brought you part of it. No, indeed, I am not hungry—and the chilliness will pass away immediately, now that I am out of the night wind.'

And he produced two little rolls of bread, and gave one of them to the poor invalid, with a little water in a cracked tea-cup; and all! the brightening of her poor eyes, and the avidity with which she broke and ate the miserable food, told but too plainly that the tale she had related of her improved health, as the result of her compulsory fasting, was but a kind and pious fiction. And he, while his vitals were devoured with the keen agony of famine, for he had scarcely eaten in three days, looked on with his arms folded on his breast, and a well-pleased smile on his features, rejoicing that she could partake and enjoy the miserable meal which alone he had ben enabled to bring home to her.

Which was the greatest hero—his who stood there with wolfish appetite suppressed, his tongue clearing to his palate, and his throat almost convulsed with hunger, yet who rode in sullen triumph, and smiled where the dead lay thickest, over the charnel plains of Austerlitz and Jena?

A little talk of better days, a few sweet memories of the past sadly recounted, and with a fond smile on her lips, the sick girl sank again into a calm and gentle slumber; and he, the husband of her innocent youth, stood watching her, heart-stricken and despairing.

After a little while, her deep and regular breathing announced that she was fast asleep; and then, having gazed for a short space upon the remaining roll, with wistful eyes, he hurried to a small cupboard at the farther end of the room, and laying it on the shelf, closed the door hastily upon it, exclaiming—'No, no! I will not be tempted. No, I will not—at least she shall have wherewithal to break her fast to-morrow.'

Then he groped about in the drawers of the table for a scrap of candle to replace the morsel which was now just expiring in the socket, and having found and lighted it, he sat down, resting his folded arms upon the board, and burying his face in his hands, remained for nearly an hour plunged in the turmoil of rapid and conflicting thought.

He was a very sad, but alas! not unfortunat story. A youthful artist of high promise, and an unwearied industry in the old country, he had, as men say, married his fortunes, and brought ruin on himself, by making a love match with a sweet, virtuous and lovely girl, the daughter of a stout thrifty farmer in the neighborhood of the town in which he pursued his profession. The parents on both sides were dissatisfied; the girl's father, a rude, ignorant, hard-tempered man, complaining bitterly that Ellinor should have thrown herself away upon a beggarly painter; while the rich, miserly tradesman, whose marriage-bed had ben honored by the birth of the noble and intellectual youth, whose mind he was no more capable of comprehending than is the dull tortoise of measuring the eagle's flight, set no bounds to his fury when he learned that his son, for whom he had destined the hand of a cross-grained and skinny spinster, the daughter of a grocer-grocer Alderman, had demeaned himself to marry with, in the pure-prose insolence of trade, he dared to call a mere cloth-hopper's child. Prejudice on the one side, and insolence on the other, soon led to an open breach; high words passed; and it was only by the young artist's active interference, that farmer Goodwin was prevented from laying the weight of his sturdy arm and silver-mounted horse-hip on the shoulders of the pert-linen draper—an interference which, while it averted some of his own father's wrath, spiteful rages, completed the alienation of the more mainly agriculturist; and ended in his being speedily and formally disowned by both parties, and thrown unassisted on his own resources. Sickiness and want soon followed; and in an evil hour listening to tales, never to be fulfilled, of the immense facilities of living, and the certainty of employment in the transatlantic world, he set sail for America with his young and lovely wife, their passage-money and the price of their outfit having consumed nearly all the whole of their slender means.

It is no orious that in the United States, even in the most prosperous state of the commercial world, while every handicraft, or mechanical pursuit, or even the use of the spade, commands a ready market and high rates of compensation, all intellectual labor is ill-paid, unless it be of the very highest grade of excellence; and all employment of that nature is precarious and uncertain to the utmost.

It happened, moreover, as appears frequently to be the case with the swains of humane life, misfortune following upon misfortune, and

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