

"Wouldn't you? And the stranger looked into the farmer's face with a very intense expression. "It can't go much lower; if there should be any change, it would doubtless be an improvement." "How much wheat have you?" asked the sportsman. "I've about a thousand bushels left." "A thousand bushels. Ninety cents: nine hundred dollars; I'll tell you what, friend, since talking to you has put me into the notion of trying my hand at speculation on wheat, I'll just make you an offer, which you may accept or not, just as you please. I'll give you ninety cents, cash, for all you've got, one half payable now, and the other half on delivery of the wheat at the canal, provided you get extra force and deliver it immediately." "Ashburn stood thoughtful for a moment or two, and then replied-- "Very well, sir, it's a bargain." "Which, to save time, we will close immediately, I will go with you to your house, and pay you five hundred dollars on the whole but for a thousand bushels." The farmer had no objection to this, of course and invited the stranger to go to his house with him, where the five hundred dollars were soon counted out. For this amount of money he wrote a receipt and handed it to the stranger, who, after reading it, said-- "I would prefer your making out a bill for a thousand bushels, and writing on it, 'Received on account five hundred dollars.'" "It may overrun that quantity," said Ashburn. "No matter, a new bill can be made out for that, I'll take all you have." The farmer saw no objection to the form proposed by the stranger, and therefore tore up the receipt he had written, and made out a bill in the desired form. "Will you commence delivering to-day?" inquired the sportsman, who all at once began to manifest a marked degree of interest in the business. "Yes," replied the farmer. "How many wagons have you?" "Two." "As it is down hill all the way to the canal, they can easily take a hundred bushels each." "Oh, yes." "Very well. They can make two load apiece to-day, by starting early, three load apiece on Monday, which will transfer the whole thousand bushels to the canal. I will go down immediately and see that a boat is ready to commence loading. You can go to work at once." By extra efforts the wheat was all delivered by Monday afternoon, and the balance of the purchase money paid. As Mr. Ashburn was riding home, a neighbor who noticed his wagon going past his house with wheat for two days, overtook him. "So I see friend Ashburn, that, like me, you are content to take the first advance of the market, instead of running a risk of a decline for a further rise in the market. What did you get for your wheat?" "I sold for ninety cents." "Ninety cents!" exclaimed the neighbor. "Surely you don't sell for that." "I certainly did. I tried to get ninety-two, but ninety was the highest offer I could obtain." "Ninety cents! Why, what has come over you, Ashburn. Wheat is selling for a dollar and twenty cents. I've just sold five hundred bushels for that." "Impossible!" ejaculated the farmer. "Not at all impossible. Don't you know that by the last arrival from England have come accounts of a bad harvest, and that wheat has taken a sudden rise?" "No, I don't know any such thing," said the astonished Ashburn. "Well, it is so. Where is your newspaper? I got mine Friday evening and saw the news. Early on Saturday morning I found two or three speculators ready to buy up all the wheat they could get at old prices; but they didn't make many operations. One fellow, who pretended to be a fancy sportsman, thrust himself into my way, but even if I had not known of a rise in the price of wheat, I should have suspected it as soon as I saw him, for I read last week, of just such a looking chap as him having got a head of some ignorant country

little," said the farmer. "Wouldn't you? And the stranger looked into the farmer's face with a very intense expression. "It can't go much lower; if there should be any change, it would doubtless be an improvement." "How much wheat have you?" asked the sportsman. "I've about a thousand bushels left." "A thousand bushels. Ninety cents: nine hundred dollars; I'll tell you what, friend, since talking to you has put me into the notion of trying my hand at speculation on wheat, I'll just make you an offer, which you may accept or not, just as you please. I'll give you ninety cents, cash, for all you've got, one half payable now, and the other half on delivery of the wheat at the canal, provided you get extra force and deliver it immediately." "Ashburn stood thoughtful for a moment or two, and then replied-- "Very well, sir, it's a bargain." "Which, to save time, we will close immediately, I will go with you to your house, and pay you five hundred dollars on the whole but for a thousand bushels." The farmer had no objection to this, of course and invited the stranger to go to his house with him, where the five hundred dollars were soon counted out. For this amount of money he wrote a receipt and handed it to the stranger, who, after reading it, said-- "I would prefer your making out a bill for a thousand bushels, and writing on it, 'Received on account five hundred dollars.'" "It may overrun that quantity," said Ashburn. "No matter, a new bill can be made out for that, I'll take all you have." The farmer saw no objection to the form proposed by the stranger, and therefore tore up the receipt he had written, and made out a bill in the desired form. "Will you commence delivering to-day?" inquired the sportsman, who all at once began to manifest a marked degree of interest in the business. "Yes," replied the farmer. "How many wagons have you?" "Two." "As it is down hill all the way to the canal, they can easily take a hundred bushels each." "Oh, yes." "Very well. They can make two load apiece to-day, by starting early, three load apiece on Monday, which will transfer the whole thousand bushels to the canal. I will go down immediately and see that a boat is ready to commence loading. You can go to work at once." By extra efforts the wheat was all delivered by Monday afternoon, and the balance of the purchase money paid. As Mr. Ashburn was riding home, a neighbor who noticed his wagon going past his house with wheat for two days, overtook him. "So I see friend Ashburn, that, like me, you are content to take the first advance of the market, instead of running a risk of a decline for a further rise in the market. What did you get for your wheat?" "I sold for ninety cents." "Ninety cents!" exclaimed the neighbor. "Surely you don't sell for that." "I certainly did. I tried to get ninety-two, but ninety was the highest offer I could obtain." "Ninety cents! Why, what has come over you, Ashburn. Wheat is selling for a dollar and twenty cents. I've just sold five hundred bushels for that." "Impossible!" ejaculated the farmer. "Not at all impossible. Don't you know that by the last arrival from England have come accounts of a bad harvest, and that wheat has taken a sudden rise?" "No, I don't know any such thing," said the astonished Ashburn. "Well, it is so. Where is your newspaper? I got mine Friday evening and saw the news. Early on Saturday morning I found two or three speculators ready to buy up all the wheat they could get at old prices; but they didn't make many operations. One fellow, who pretended to be a fancy sportsman, thrust himself into my way, but even if I had not known of a rise in the price of wheat, I should have suspected it as soon as I saw him, for I read last week, of just such a looking chap as him having got a head of some ignorant country

Ladies' Department.

LAME SALLY.

(Parodies like Lame Sally, are sometimes very stupid things; but the following one, on BEN BOLT, belongs not to that category.) Don't you remember Lame Sally, Joe Brown? Lame Sally, whose nose was so brown! Who looked like a clam if you gave her a smile, And went into fits at your frown? In the old goose pond in the orchard, Joe Jones, Where the goslings are learning to swim, Lame Sally went fishing one wet windy day, And there by mistake, tumbled in. Under old Sam's bush fence, Joe Jones, That winds at the foot of the hill, Together we've seen the old camel go round, Grinding cider at Appleton's mill; That mill wheel is even wood now, Joe Jones, The rafters roll on to a row; And the weasels and rats that crawl round as you gaze, Are the lords of the cider mill now. You remember the pig-pen of logs, Joe Jones, Which stood on the road to the barn! And the shut-button trees, where they grew on the boughs, Which we sowed in our jackets with yarn! The pig-pen has gone to decay, Joe Jones, And the lightning has struck the tree, And down where the onions and carrots once grew, Grow thistles as big as your thumb. Don't you remember the school, Joe Jones, And the master who wore the red wig? And the sandy hook by the crook of the brook, Where we played with Aunt Catharine's pig? Mice live in the master's wig, Joe Jones, The brook with the crook is now dry-- And the boys and girls that were playmates then, Have grown up ever so high. There's change in the things that I love, Joe Jones, They have changed from the good to the bad-- And I feel in my stomach to tell you the truth, That I'd like to go home to my dad. Twelve months--twenty--have passed, Joe Jones, Since I knocked off your nose with a nail! And yet I believe I'm your only true friend, Joe Jones of the hurricane gale!

TRY NOT TO FETTER A WOMAN'S TONGUE.

A couple who had lived together for some years in seeming contentment, one day went a-fishing, and tied their boat by a rope to a post in the water. All of a sudden the boat went floating down the stream, and a contest of words immediately arose as to the real cause of the parting of the rope. The wife said it must have been cut with the scissors, but the husband, an unfeeling old fogey, stoutly maintained that it was a knife that did the business. Scissors! said the wife. Knife! said the husband. Scissors, knife, scissors, said both; but at last the husband, losing his temper, cried out: "If you say scissors again, I'll duck you." "Scissors!" said the wife, determined to hold out to the last. Away went the old woman into the water and as she came up the first time, she bellowed "Scissors!" at the top of her voice. The old man pushed her down again. "Scissors!" spluttered she, in fainter tones, as she rose again, but the old fellow had her by the head, and plump she went down for the third time. Now she rose more slowly, and as her water-logged form neared the surface, having lost the power of articulation, yet determined never to give in, she thrust her hand out of the water, and imitated with the first and second fingers the opening and shutting of scissors? The old man was then convinced that it was useless to try to fetter a woman's speech.

A WIFE ASSAULTED BY HER HUSBAND.—A man (?) who lives in Orange street, by the name of EDWARD HANS, violently assaulted his wife with a short gun barrel, cutting a fearful gash in her forehead. Her recovery was despaired of, for a while, and she may not entirely recover from the brutal treatment. Cause—Rum! The fiend was committed.—Chief.

When some young ladies are going to a pleasure, How sadly attends her when she may team? For gallants stand throughout, as waiting to salute, Aled for the honor of seeing her home? Your feet, a young girl's can beat hearts by the dozen, And then by a smile can restore them again; Yet who, but an aunt or an elderly cousin, Can soothe a poor victim in actual pain? There are in the market young ladies in plenty, Who, rather than suffer society's laugh, And sooner than live to be single at twenty, Would fly to the arms of the veriest calf. But, ladies; don't let your dear freedom be shaken, As stand to your colors, and don't be afraid; Far not parting my matrimonial status is taken, Other things being equal, to be an Old Maid. Yet, (curses, I shall marry!) I'll die an Old Man.

We copy with great pleasure the following action of the women. Let others do the same.—Ed. Sox.

To the Municipal Council of the Township of Whitechurch.

The Petition of the undersigned Ladies of Lemonville and surrounding neighborhood, HENRY SWEET: That your petitioners are often pained to the heart, to hear of the drunkenness and other immoralities that are daily carried on at the disorderly dram shop in the village, kept by John Hill; but, oh! how our hearts burned within us, with joy, when we heard that the Legislature had passed a new excise law, and given the management of it into the Municipalities; and knowing you to be men of integrity, we come now before you as if we were on our bended knees, and we pray you for our own sakes, and the sake of some of our poor deluded drunken husbands, who have been ensnared by the grog shop, and are fallen victims to intemperance; and for the sake of our own dear children whom we have so tenderly nursed, to exercise the authority vested in you, to put down the dram-shop—which is the cause of all the evils we so deeply deplore. As our school-house is only a few rods from the cursed grog-shop, we are often afraid that, by the bad example our children too often see, that they will be led to follow bad habits, and in the end, fall victims to intemperance. For these reasons, and others we might mention, we humbly beseech you, that, at your next meeting at Stonville, you will pass a by-law, not only to prevent the present vender from selling liquor, but that you will prohibit the sale of ardent spirits altogether in Lemonville; and that no person be allowed to sell nearer to our village than Stonville. And your petitioners, as in duty bound, will ever pray.

Signed by 102 ladies. Lemonville, December 7th, 1853. The petition from the men was to the same effect, but couched in a little different language. The Council took action thus: Moved by John Macklem, seconded by G. Brodie, and

Resolved.—That, whereas, two numerous signed petitions have been presented to this Council from the inhabitants of Lemonville, praying this Council not to grant any license for selling intoxicating liquors in the village of Lemonville; therefore, be it resolved, that the Treasurer of this Township shall not grant any license for any house of public entertainment, or to shop-keepers for the sale of intoxicating liquors, ale or beer, by retail, within two miles of said village of Lemonville.—Newmarket Era.

MARRIED IN SPITE OF THEIR TEETH.

Old Gov. Saltonstall, of Connecticut, who flourished some sixty years since, was a man of some humor as well as perseverance in effecting the ends he desired. Among other anecdotes told of him by the New London people, the place where he resided, is the following: Of the various sects which have flourished for their day and then ceased to exist was one known as the Rogorites, so called after the founder, a John or Tom or some other Rogers, who settled not far from the goodly town aforesaid. The distinguished tenet of the sect was their denial of the propriety and scripturality of the form of marriage. "It is not good for man to be alone." This they believe and also that one wife only should "clave to her husband," but this should be a matter of agreement, merely, and the couple should come together and live as man and wife, dispensing with all the forms of the marriage covenant.—The old Governor used frequently to call upon Rogers, and talk the matter over with him, and endeavor to convince him of the impropriety of living with Sarah as he did. But neither John nor Sarah would give up the argument. It was a matter of conscience with them—they were very happy together as they were—of what use then could a mere form be? Suppose they would thereby escape scandal; were they not bound to "take up the cross," and live according to the religion they profess? The Governor's logic was powerless. He was in the neighborhood of John one day, and meeting with him, accepted an invitation to dine with him. Conversation as usual turned upon the old subject. "Now John," said the Governor after a long discussion of the point, "why will you not marry Sarah? Have you not taken her to be your lawful wife?"

And cherish her as home of your bone and flesh of your flesh? "Certainly I do." "And Sarah, You love him, and obey him, and respect him, and cherish him?" "Certainly I do." "Then," cried the Governor rising "by the law of God and the Commonwealth of Connecticut, I pronounce you husband and wife." The ravings and rage of John and Sarah, were of no avail—the knot was tied by the highest authority in the State.



Worthy's Department.

MY LITTLE SISTER.

I have a little sister, She's only two years old; But she's a little darling, And worth her weight in gold. She often runs to kiss me, When I'm at work or play, Twining her arms about me In such a pretty way; And then she'll say so sweetly, In innocence and joy, "Tell me story, sister dear, About the little boy." Sometimes, when I am knitting, She'll pull my needles out; And then she'll skip and dance around With such a merry shout. It makes me laugh to see her, Though I'm not very glad To have her take my needles out, And make my work so bad; But then if I would have her To see what she has done, I must be very gentle While telling her the wrong.

A LESSON IN GRAMMAR.

Of parts of speech, grammarians say, The number is but nine; Whether we speak of men or things— Hear, see, smell, feel or dine. And first we'll speak of that called Nouns, Because on it are founded All the ideas we receive, And principles are grounded. A Noun's the name of anything— Of person, place, or nation; As man and tree, and all we see That stand still, or have motion. The Articles are *A* and *The*, By which these nouns we limit; *A* tree, *the* silk, *a* man, *the* milk, *A* spoon with which to skim it. The Adjective then tells the kind Of every thing called noun; Good boys or bad, girls glad or sad, *A* large or *a* small town. The nouns can also agents be, And verbs express their actions: Boys run and walk, girls laugh and talk, Read, write, tell wholes or fractions. To modify these verbs again, The Adverb fits most neatly: As James correctly always writes, And Harriet sings so sweetly. The Pronoun shortens what we say, And takes the place of name, With *I*, *thou*, *he*, *she*, *we*, *you*, *they*, When sentences we frame. Conjunctions next we bring to join These sentences together; As John and James may go to town, If it should prove good weather. With nouns and pronouns we have need To use the *Preposition*; Which, set before or placed between, Expresses their position. The Interjection helps to tell Our joy and sorrow, too; As when we shout *hurrah!* or cry *Alas!* what shall we do?