

MAYSVILLE, Ky. THURSDAY MORNING, AUGUST 26, 1841.

wealth, who came there to be enlightened as to the ways and means of disposing of their surplus revenue—to see and to be seen. So attentive, polite, and considerate...

Mark had an extensive circle of business and pleasure acquaintances, for he had been one of the social companions...

But, nevertheless, at the bottom of Mark's heart there was a very fair proportion of a certain quality called common sense, a trait, which, though it was never set down in any chart of phrenology...

Upon the present occasion, it had cost him something of an effort to say "no," for he was one of your easy "glorious fellows."

The evening past off rapidly by the talk of music, reading, and the little social help of which newly married people generally are in the habit of availing themselves.

"Upon my word, Mark," he began, "we must have you up for Selection, you are becoming so extremely anxious and vengeful in the matter of your 'glorious'."

"But speaking of money," said Mark, when he saw the ladies busy over some cases he had just thrown on the counter.

Ben Sanford was just one of that class of young men of whom one may say, "I wish they were all dead."

to quote, "to keep him in gloves and collared waistcoat, and for the rest he seemed and looked as if he had been a member of the world who can sometimes prove as poor a playmate as the most fashionable gentleman going."

But to return to Mark. When he had settled his accounts at night, he took from a pigeon hole in his desk the little book afore-said, and entered the following: "To my old wife, \$10," which being done, he locked his desk, and returned once more to Mrs. Meriden.

Days flew on, and the shop of Mark became increasingly popular, and still from time to time he was assailed by the kind temptations we have described. Now it was, "Mark, my dear fellow, do join us in a trip to G—," and now, "come my old boy, let us have a spree at F—."

At the end of the year, Mark cast up the account of his little business, and was mightily astonished at it for with the ideas of the powers of number he had no idea that the twos, and fives, and tens, and hundreds, and greater or smaller ones, would amount up to a sum so considerable.

"Oh, a billions attack—Mark!—shocking!—I'm looking for a new year's present—'lang-tan'!"

"Why don't you get married?" said Mark. "Why not? I'm sure—use my tail for fuel, and board bill for house rent, and my shoe bill for bread and butter."

"Just look at this account, Ben," said he, "I know you hate figures, but just for once."

had been in the habit of spending myself, and as you and I have been always hand and glove in every thing, it answers equally for you. I was only yesterday that I summed up the result of the year, and the result surprised myself, and now Ben, the sun here set down, and as much more to clear off as I feel at my disposal.

Ben grasped his friend's hand—but just then the entrance of Mrs. Meriden prevented his reply. Mark, however, saw with satisfaction that he had put the book exactly in his vest pocket, and buttoned up his coat with the result of his buttoning up a new resolution.

When they parted for the night, Mark found it as usual, in a case of *Billous attacks*, you know where to send for medicine. Ben answered only by a fervent flourish of the hand, for his throat felt too full for words.

Mark Meriden's book answered the purpose admirably. In less than two years Ben Sanford was the most popular lawyer in the county, and was sought out by you as you might might visit us. And, in conclusion, as this is a Lady's Book, we just ask our lady readers their opinion on our new volume.

If Mrs. Meriden had been a woman who understood what is called "catching a husband," her letter thus securing a husband for her would have been a very different affair for company, and thought in a degradation to know how to keep a house contented, would all these things have happened.

The following passage from the charge of Judge Baldwin, in the trial of Dr. Bradde, of Uniontown, in the year 1838, is very interesting.

Benard Ress at Liberty.—The following article is from the Catholic Herald of Thursday. The information in regard to Bishop Ross will ally any excitement raised on account of his reported imprisonment.

From the N. Y. Sunday Mercury. SHORT PATENT SEWINGS. Merit is not to be paid to die, On such a night as this, a sky O'ercreeps the west;

There's peace and welcome to you, as Of endless bliss tranquilly; These clouds are living things; I trace their veins of living gold, I see them solemnly unfold.

Their soft and honey wings.—Glad. My HEARERS.—If you don't say that my text is most magnificently beautiful, there's no poetry in your heads, nor music in your souls.

My dear friends, says to whether it is actually a pain to die, is more than I can say, as I never have died in my life, and as I am not experienced in the business; but when I come to philosophize on the matter, I am pushed into the belief that always more or less pain is felt when we are actually engaged to dissolve partnership, and leave their addressees to be settled up by the Great Arbitrator of all human affairs.

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against your golden cloud; let deeds of honesty and uprighteous prop it at the bottom of your way to happiness is completed. Oh, note it well!

A LOVE SCENE in the Carrollton House is thus described by the editor of the New Orleans Crescent City. The only influence we can draw from it is, that these standing the best of the man.

"We didn't take a drink," Miss Julia quipped New Orleans chap, but she thanked heaven, in a phrasical spirit, perhaps, that our honored young man was—N. Y. Tattler.

"Ah, Miss Julia," says the stricken dear of the "mauling ground," how seldom one finds a dived spirit in this world of mine and sorrow!

"Do you recollect, Miss Julia, Claude Malhotre's peculiar description of the Lake of Como; he says—

"Nay, dearer, if this wouldst have me, point the home To which wouldst love, &c., &c."

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