

PUZZLE.

For the Oregon Spectator.
A. Constant on his birthday.
1. The man who had a happy life.
2. From some sentimental claim;
3. Who is devoted by a wife
4. To care to suffer for his pain.

1. In all the female face, appear
2. Hypocrisy, deceit, and pride;
3. Truth, dross of a heart disease,
4. No woman is known to reside.

1. What tongue is able to unfold
2. The falsehoods that in woman dwell;
3. The worth in woman we behold,
4. Is almost imperceptible.

1. Cursed be the foolish man I say,
2. Who changes from his eagerness;
3. Who will not yield to woman's sway,
4. In love of perfect bloodness.

To advance the ladies' cause, you will read the
first, and third, and second, and fourth lines together.
E. M.

FAIR WIND.

O who can tell who never sailed
Among the gassy sea,
How fresh and welcome breaks the morn,
That whets in a breeze!
Fair wind! fair wind! slow, aloft,
All heads delight to cry—
As hoping through the parted waves
The good ship makes reply.

While fire and aft, all staunch and tight,
She spreads her canvas wide,
The captain walks his throne, the deck
With more than monarch's pride,
For well he knows the sea-bird's wings
Do swift and sure to-day,
Will suit his many a league to-night
In triumph on his way.

Then welcome to the rushing blast,
That stirs the water now—
Ye white plumed herons of the deep
Make music round her prow!
Good sea-room in the roaring gale—
Let stormy trumpet blow—
But chain ten thousand fathoms down
The sluggish calm below!

[From the Irish Magazine.]

The Voice of Drunkenness.
I have passed through the city, I've swept o'er the
plain,
I have quaffed of the life blood, I've counted my
dram—
In the homes of the weak—the haunts of despair
Glean the fields of my glory for I have been there.

When the victor was strong in his moment of
pride,
With his laurels all fresh, I have cut by his side,
Till the drop I had drugged, as it crept through
his vein,
Made him own his death—thrice a stranger had been.

When the revel was brightest, I lurked in the
throng;
I laughed with the loudest, I've echoed the song;
From the nobles, the proudest, I've earned my
name,
On the beautiful brow, I have chronicled shame!

In the hut of the peasant I've hovered above,
O'er his turf-lighted hearth and the scenes of his
love,
When the burst of wild music from woman's lips
stole,
And the voices of childhood sank deep in his soul.

As I entered the circle, they died in a wail,
And the shrieks of the desolate swept thro' the
vale.

Memory.

BY MRS. L. R. MOOREHEAD.
The past she reliveth, At her touch,
Its temple valves unfold,
And from their gorgeous strains descend
The mighty men of old;
At her deep voice the dead reply,
Dry bones are cloth'd and live,—
Long-perished garlands bloom anew,
And buried joys revive.

When o'er the future, many a shade
Of saddening twilight steals,
Or the dimm'd present to the soul
Its essence reveals,
She opens her casket and a cloud
Of cheering perfume streams,
Till with a lifted heart we tread
The pleasant land of dreams.

Make friends of potent Memory,
Oh! young man in thy prime,
And with her jewels bright and rare,
Enrich the hoard of Time;
Yet if thou lookest her with weeds,
A trifle 'mid her bowers,
She'll send a poison through thy veins,
In life's disastrous hours.

Make friends of potent Memory,
Oh! maiden, in thy bloom,
And bid her to thy inmost heart,
Before the days of gloom;
For sorrow softens into joy
Beneath her wand sublime,
And she immortal robes can weave
From the frail threads of Time.

A down east editor says, there is a
girl in his section, with a breath so sweet
that they talk of boiling it down for sweet-
ness.—Aberdeen Bee.
Why, Mr. Bee, you need not be sur-
prised at that—our Pontotoc girls are noth-
ing but lasses.—Southern Tribune.

The editor of a Yankee paper says that
he knows a man so lazy that his shade
over beats him a quarter of a mile in walk-
ing a mile. There is one in this town so
lazy that he has to carry a cat under his
arm to breathe for him.—S. I. News.

AGRICULTURAL.

From the St. Louis Republic.
On the Culture of the Grape.
Having cultivated the grape near the
Rhine, in Germany, and also for a num-
ber of years in Missouri, I ask to be per-
mitted to communicate to the public some
of my experience. First and foremost to the
well being of this valuable fruit, is a suit-
able climate,—next to this, a suitable soil,
and lastly, proper treatment and culture.
Those latitudes in Europe, northern Afri-
ca, and western Asia, within which the
vine flourishes, are from 25 to 48 degrees
north. Beyond these points, north or south
the countries appear too hot or too cold.—
It is generally conceded that where the
peach thrives, the vine will also thrive.—
However, there is one considerable differ-
ence in respect to the grape—it is that
while the peach thrives in those latitudes
equally well in the interior countries, the
grape flourishes best in the vicinity of large
bodies of water and more especially of
salt water. Thus, we find the most gen-
eral growth of the grape in the Azores,
the Canary Islands, the coasts of the Medi-
terranean, and upon the banks of the
Black and Caspian seas. There are per-
haps, few plants which evaporate mois-
ture at so great a rate, and also, in return,
feed so largely through the means of their
fine large leaves upon the atmosphere as
the vine—the moisture of the sea furnish-
es a constant supply, and that of a saline
nature, which is so essential to this plant.
The suitable latitude within the United
States, east of the Rocky Mountains, is
probably from 38 degrees south to the Mex-
ican Gulf, or the Pacific, probably within
the same latitudes of Europe. Mexico
has fine grape countries throughout its
whole dominion, its elevated table lands;
for instance, the Valley of Mexico under
latitude 20 degrees, with a climate simi-
lar to European latitudes of 40. On the
Peak of Tenerife, in 32 degrees north, the
vine grows 9,503 feet above the level of
the Atlantic. Upon the whole, it only
flourishes within the most temperate zones.
In the Cape Colony, about 30 south, grows
the famous Constantia vine.

Next, as to the soil. The thriftest
plants and the best flavored wines grow
upon volcanic remains—on Mount Etna
grows the famous Lachryma Christi.—
The finest Rhenish wines grow upon bas-
alts. The California coast, altogether a
volcanic country, and situated upon the
great Pacific, is becoming more and more
favorably known as a vine land, and must
be the very fatherland of this fine fruit.—
Parts of Oregon may also be suitable.—
Next to the volcanic, any porous soil of
sufficient depth, say four feet, and based
upon limestone, is best. A very rich veg-
etable mould is detrimental to the plant;
it is fond, however, of stable manure, bones
oyster shells, lime, ashes, and an occasi-
onal sprinkling of salt around it. A stiff,
soil and sub-soil and any other that be-
comes like plaster in hot weather is inju-
rious to the plant. A hilly situation is
generally preferable to the plains.

Improper treatment will defeat the well-
being of the plant in the best adapted soil
and climate. Although the treatment
must vary, according to both, still, there
exist some general rules. Proper pruning
and trimming seem to be the principal
part of it. The following rules will ap-
ply to all countries. Prune your vines
after the fall of the leaves in autumn—get
rid of as much old wood as possible—ex-
pect fruit only from shoots of the previous
season—do not leave too much bearing
wood, but proportion it to its power of ma-
turing fruit. In summer pruning, cut off
every shoot that has fruit three leaves a-
bove the last bunch of grapes, and leave
only a few strong shoots, which must be
without fruit, and never trim them during
their growth, but tie and train them care-
fully to their whole length, and in autumn,
after all the foliage has fallen, trim off
close to the stem every shoot that has borne
fruit. Take your long shoots from as
near the ground as you can raise them, and
prune them in the fall, of every side shoot
or lateral branch, leaving only the centre
one to its full length, as far as the buds are
full and round and the wood well matured.
Train horizontally and not vertically, if it
can be avoided, and never cut a single
leaf to bare your fruit, and expose every
branch to a full atmospheric influence.—
Training one branch across, or over another,
will deprive the lower one of its func-
tions; never train your shoots in, but al-
ways outside of your trellises. Allow no
vegetables or roots of trees to grow near
your vines, which will deprive them of any
of their proper sustenance.

Very few European vines will succeed
in the United States. The air in the in-
terior is too dry and arid. The leaves of
my foreign vines are only one-third the
size of the same varieties in Europe; and
in the latter part of July, they are frequ-
ently scorched up, and fall. In August, the
plant is often deprived of its entire foliage;
then in September, it takes a second growth
—the immature wood is killed the succeed-
ing winter; the plant lingers and dies after
a few seasons. There are but two out
of my twenty European varieties, which
succeed well, and they belong to the
Burgundy species; however, they re-
quire protection in the winter. We must
look to the improved native varieties, and
particularly to such as will be improved
through seed. By the admixture of the
pollen of our best natives—say the Cataw-
ba and White Suppernon—will in time,
produce a number of new varieties, some
of them certainly, entirely adapted to
our climate, and of better quality than the
northern plants. A good grape ought to
be devoid of pulps, possess a very thin skin,
full of sweet, lively luscious juice, and not
subject to blight or rot. The Isabella
grape has neither of these qualities, and is,
upon the whole, a worthless grape. The
Catawba is much superior to it, and per-
haps so far as discovered the best native

fruit. It would, however, bear no com-
parison to the table grapes of Europe. The
Suppernon, of North Carolina, is said to
be a fine grape. I have two varieties,
black and white, but neither of them have
borne fruit yet, so as to permit me to judge
of it. I have also many seedlings, but too
young to bear.
The Catawba is successfully cultivated
about Cincinnati, and the wine made from
it compares favorably with third-rate Span-
ish wines. Mr. Herbermont, of South Car-
olina, prefers, and raises also, I believe, the
Catawba, with success. The culture of the
vine in the United States is hardly in its
infancy. From North Carolina south
to Louisiana, wherever there are high or
hilly grounds, not too far from the coasts,
are certainly best adapted to many of our
native varieties, which may be greatly
multiplied and improved by culture.—
From the one kind, Vitis Vinifera, a native
of Persia, sprang the five hundred vari-
eties which are spread over Europe, Asia,
and Africa; but it took more than two
hundred years before the vine would grow at
all in the northern parts of France and
Germany, after its first introduction, while
in those very parts the most celebrated
Rhenish and Burgundy wines are now
produced. The plant had to be first ac-
climated, and was most probably so
through the seed. And while the old world
thus contained but one species of the vine,
the botanists distinguish four distinct spe-
cies, as Vitis Labrusca, Vitis Vulpina, Vitis
Serpentina, Vitis Silvestris in North Ameri-
ca. May we not therefore, reasonably
hope, that a great number of varieties will
spring from them, which will, in time fa-
vorably compare with the best European
varieties? The average value of wines of
France alone, are one hundred and fifty
millions of dollars per annum! What an
important branch of agriculture! How
important in a moral point of view! The
most temperate people in the world are
those in vine countries; people who raise
and drink the pure juice of the grape are
livelier, live longer, and are more frugal
than those who are deprived of this great
blessing of mother nature. Compare the
happy villagers of France to their neigh-
bors, the Irish—the sprightly inhabitant
of the Rhine to the clumsy beer and whis-
key drinker of northern Europe. Let our
temperance votaries propagate the culture
of the vine and they will strike at the root
of the evil—the abominable whiskey.

Yet, a few general remarks as to the
culture of nature's best gift. Although ex-
treme wet is injurious to the vine, the hot
and extremely dry seasons of our interior
country are, perhaps, worse; a parched soil
and atmosphere arid and scorching, is ver-
y detrimental to the plant. A deep por-
ous sub-soil formed even of rocks, pebbles
and sand, is essential to permit the roots
to penetrate the ground to a greater depth
in quest of moisture, as for the same rea-
sons the immediate vicinity of our large
streams, on suitable soil, is generally prefer-
able. I would for similar reason, prefer
a northern exposure; next to it an eastern,
and last of all a western. The vicinity of
forests is injurious to the plant; it likes,
however, a situation sheltered from the ac-
tion of violent winds, which derange its fo-
liage and exhaust the vine by too powerful
an evaporation. Court yards in cities are
favorable to it, on account of the shelter
which they afford, and from the humidity
that arises from them. In narrow valleys
or near small branches, runs and gullies,
among hilly situations in these latitudes,
the grape cannot be raised, as the spring
and fall frosts destroy every hope of fruit
along such places. But in open cam-
paign countries, and more southern lati-
tudes, the vicinity of any water course is
favorable.

MISCELLANEOUS.

OUR SCHOOLMASTER.

AND HOW HE CAME TO BE MADE.
Every body knows the position of a coun-
try school-master in New England, and
that it is only second to minister, while at
the same time he is considered as a more
marketable and comestible commodity.—
The minister is, almost ever, a married
man; and if he is not, he has failed in set-
ting the most essential example before the
rising generation of his congregation.—
But a married school-master is proof pos-
itive that the "committee" have consulted
their own taste, instead of the grown up
girls of their district.
But our school-master was not a mar-
ried man; and whether the fact that the
head committee man had three marriage-
able daughters, not pledged to vow constan-
cy to any swain, had any thing to do with
the selection, is a question which has never
been solved for public benefit.
The school-master had not been long among
us before the old school house was filled to
overflowing; and it is a remarkable fact, that
winter there were more large girls in
school than there had ever been before,
or have been since. The importance of edu-
cation seemed particularly appreciated
by all who had hopes, or even wishes of be-
coming wives. And Uncle Bill, who was
succeeding winter; the plant lingers and dies
after a few seasons. There are but two out
of my twenty European varieties, which
succeed well, and they belong to the
Burgundy species; however, they re-
quire protection in the winter. We must
look to the improved native varieties, and
particularly to such as will be improved
through seed. By the admixture of the
pollen of our best natives—say the Cataw-
ba and White Suppernon—will in time,
produce a number of new varieties, some
of them certainly, entirely adapted to
our climate, and of better quality than the
northern plants. A good grape ought to
be devoid of pulps, possess a very thin skin,
full of sweet, lively luscious juice, and not
subject to blight or rot. The Isabella
grape has neither of these qualities, and is,
upon the whole, a worthless grape. The
Catawba is much superior to it, and per-
haps so far as discovered the best native

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE FROSTY-SOULED RUSSIANS.—In
this desolate region I saw old men with
gray hair and ruddy faces, who had lived
here through sixty dark winters, and as
many shadeless summers, and seemed hale
and contented if not happy. But utter
forgetfulness seems to be their highest
pleasure. When the Russian peasant has
earned enough to afford the luxury, he
goes to the town when all the church bells
are ringing to hail some saint's day; he
solemnly attends the ceremony of worship
and goes through all the required forms of
kneeling, prostration, and making the sign
of the cross; this done, he hastens to the
brandy shop (and sometimes the priest
goes with him)—there he wastes no time,
but pulls out his money, and buys as much
corn brandy as he can afford. He does not
toy with his liquor, but swallows it
down at once, and in a few minutes falls
senseless upon the floor. The tavern-
keeper takes his satisfied customer by the
heels and draws him out into the street,
there to lie 'till the next morning. Fre-
quently, as we entered a town after the
celebration of a festival, we saw a score of
these brandy-drinkers lying senseless on
the side of the road. Even love in this
country seems to have caught some frost
from the climate. We continued our tour
as far as Usjug Weliki, and here we
found an amusing instance of national
taste. In the market place stood a long
row of stout, honest looking, ruddy-cheek-
ed, peasant girls, each with a basket upon
her arm. They had come up the riv-
er to sell themselves! It was a market of
wives, with their dowries in their baskets!
The young men of Usjug Weliki walked
along the tempting line of faces in a very
apathetic way, and seemed quite as earn-
est in peeping into the baskets as in look-
ing on the faces of those willing girls.—
I and my companion, made an appraisal
of the charms thus freely exhibited, and I
think we noticed two or three that might
have served as excellent wives, had our
circumstances allowed of such a specula-
tion. Positively, there was something to
me quite charming in this plain business-
like arrangement of matrimony, as con-
trasted with the same thing done in our
fashionable circles in such an indirect,
round-about, and hypocritical style.—
The People's Journal.

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S PROBLEM.—
The school-master with his usual dig-
nity, bade me welcome, and began to solicit
my opinion as to the probable merits of a
book on geometry, which was to be pub-
lished sometime. But Jane interrupted
him with:
"John, the fire is minus, and you will
particularly oblige me to solve the prob-
lem of how many sticks of wood it would
take to make a good one."

He mechanically turned to the black-
board; but she again interrupted the train
of thought with:
"Please husband, give us practical ill-
ustration, and then by the warmth, we
will prove correctness."

Like an obedient husband he proceeded
to comply with the request, and then re-
turned to his amusement.
He was scarcely seated, before Jane a-
gain propounded a puzzle for his solution.

"Husband" said she "supposing one
dead chicken would make a comfortable
meal for three, how long would it take to
make two live chickens dead?"

"Yes, yes, my dear," he returned, "but
don't interrupt me now, as I am just finish-
ing the equation of this problem, which
never has been solved by any mathemati-
cian. If I can get it arranged correctly,
the solution will be positive."

"But a hungry family and squalling
children are problems which must be solved
first," she returned laughing.

He cast one look at his black board of
saddened sorrow, and if I did not mistake,
one of anger at his wife—but he was too
well trained to dispute the command insin-
uated.

I looked a puzzle, but did not dare to
propound it; yet she was too well versed in
the root of the query not to understand it.

"He is good and kind," said she in ex-
planation, "but he loves a problem of fig-
ures and signs better than that of living.—
He never knows hunger or cold while in
his abstractions of fractions; and I always
must propose my questions decidedly, or
have them forgotten."

"But—" said I, "but I did not dare pro-
pound the question.

She laughed and said, "Oh, I understand;
you want to know why he is so obedient.
It is a long story in all; but the conclusion
of it was that after I had suffered neglect—
seen myself rivalled by an old blackboard
and my children requiring some interest
from their father, I was obliged to come to
an open rupture, and say that it should not
be—that he never should do a sum in the
house until he attended to my requests
first."

"But how could you effect this?" I in-
quired.
"Easy enough" she returned, "I only
seated myself by him and rubbed out his
figures and signs as fast as he could make
them; and we came to an agreement that
he should do my bidding always, and I
would leave him in quiet when possible."

The school-master remained impregna-
ble to the assaults, both upon his heart and
stomach. He never suspected the mines
which were preparing to explode in every
direction. The girls began to think that
surely he was engaged; and that is almost
as bad as being a married man. But they
were mistaken. His heart was free and
unfettered. And what they lacked was a
quick discernment of his weak side.—
Every person is available, and the whole
tact of the affair is to discover and honor
their weak points or peculiar whim. But
the girls were all at fault—they smiled and
pouted in vain; their mamma's made cook-
ies and sweetmeats for their credit, with-
out advancing their interest in the least;
and the school-master's eccentricity was so
closely connected with his scholastic du-
ties, that it was not mistrusted. But his
mind was the abstract of a mathematical
problem. There was not a puzzle in
Thomas' Almanac, but he could decipher,
and he never was happy or satisfied with-
out fractional anxiety. But the girls were
all so anxious about the dividend of his af-
fections, that it never occurred to them that
the square of his partiality could only be
obtained by the addition of a slate pencil
to their charms. At last one wiser, or
with more tact than the rest, suspected the
truth, and finding that the usual methods
of captivation had failed, suddenly became
interested in all mathematical puzzles and
often invited the master home with her to
finish the "sums" and solve the problems
which she had gathered together in a file
of old almanacs, as long as a century.—
He was at ease; and without inquiry why,
his feet would almost involuntarily turn to
where he was sure to find a cheerful fire,
a bowl of apples and a slate and pencil
ready for his amusement. Jane Baker
was elated with her stratagem, and the result
was all she wished, and might have been
anticipated. For to make a man happy—
show him that you sympathize with and
understand his foible, and there must be
some strong reason why, if he does not re-
ward you with his love, or what, in his es-
timation, is the same thing, the privilege
of wearing his name.

Jane did well; she caught the school-
master, and then had her life to learn that
a mathematical husband was even more te-
dious than a mathematical lover.

Some five years after, I paid them a
visit at their own domicile. I found Jane
with a ready tact as ever, and her hus-
band puzzling over "Greenleaf's" last edi-
tion. Three chubby children were given
them; and from the energetic manner in
which the youngest used his lungs, I drew
the conclusion that it inherited its mother's
activity, instead of its father's love of si-
lence and quiet.

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nity, bade me welcome, and began to solicit
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quired.

"Easy enough" she returned, "I only
seated myself by him and rubbed out his
figures and signs as fast as he could make
them; and we came to an agreement that
he should do my bidding always, and I
would leave him in quiet when possible."

"Why," said I, in astonishment, "I
thought he loved you."

"Love me!—he loves nothing but his
problems, and we came to the conclu-
sion from no other desire of his, but to
save his darling signs and demonstrations."

"And (she continued energetically),
if you marry, marry anything but a qui-
et man in love with abstractions, fractions,

equations, roots, factors, binomials and
trinomials."

[This story shows the folly and selfish-
ness of a man's being absorbed in his own
peculiar habits. How much happier is a
spirit of benevolence and Christian sym-
pathy, which seeks not its own, but another's
good.

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.—"Direct
Smith to have the store-house put in order
to-day," said a portly gentleman to a ser-
vant whom he had, as was his daily custom,
summoned to receive his morning direc-
tions.

"One of Smith's children died last night,"
said the servant. He spoke in a low tone
of voice, and with some hesitancy as
though he thought there might be some im-
propriety in communicating such a piece
of common place information, so impor-
tant a personage as his master.

"Aye—Well, it won't be buried this morn-
ing.—The store-houses must be in com-
plete readiness before the arrival of some
articles, which I have ordered from the
city, and which will be sent tomorrow."

As this was the last of the series of di-
rections, the servant bowed and withdrew.
On his way to the servant's room his steps
were arrested by a beautiful bright eyed
boy, whose cheeks were glowing with
health, but over whose fair brow a "shad-
ow had now stolen.

"Did you know little Walter Smith was
dead?" asked the child, in a low and
grieved tone of voice.

"Yes," replied the servant "He died
last night"

"O, I am so sorry," said the child. "I
used to love so to have him come into the
yard, when his father was at work. He
was always so pleasant and so bright too.
How well he seemed to love his father;
just as I love mine."

And as he finished
speaking, the little fellow left the servant,
and hurried to the parlor, where his father
received him with open arms.

Several weeks sped swiftly on. The
dead child had been buried, the store-houses
had been duly arranged, and many a
happy smile, and many an emotion of pride
and joy had little Frank called forth in the
hearts of his wealthy and worldly parents.
But now their countenances were overcast
with deep gloom, and their hearts were
full of sorrow, for the object of their ten-
derest love and solicitude, their only
darling child, in whom had centered all
their ambitious hopes, was lying cold and
stiff in the arms of death. As the stricken
man stood by that pale corpse, and gazed
into the features so calm and motionless,
his thoughts involuntarily reverted to the
morning, when he received with so much
indifference the tidings of a father's be-
nevolence.

Henceforth there was a change. The
exacting and selfish employer, had learned
to sympathize, in their trials and sorrows,
with his poor and lowly brethren.—[Bos-
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THE FROSTY-SOULED RUSSIANS.—In
this desolate region I saw old men with
gray hair and ruddy faces, who had lived
here through sixty dark winters, and as
many shadeless summers, and seemed hale
and contented if not happy. But utter
forgetfulness seems to be their highest
pleasure. When the Russian peasant has
earned enough to afford the luxury, he
goes to the town when all the church bells
are ringing to hail some saint's day; he
solemnly attends the ceremony of worship
and goes through all the required forms of
kneeling, prostration, and making the sign
of the cross; this done, he hastens to the
brandy shop (and sometimes the priest
goes with him)—there he wastes no time,
but pulls out his money, and buys as much
corn brandy as he can afford. He does not
toy with his liquor, but swallows it
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there to lie 'till the next morning. Fre-
quently, as we entered a town after the
celebration of a festival, we saw a score of
these brandy-drinkers lying senseless on
the side of the road. Even love in this
country seems to have caught some frost
from the climate. We continued our tour
as far as Usjug Weliki, and here we
found an amusing instance of national
taste. In the market place stood a long
row of stout, honest looking, ruddy-cheek-
ed, peasant girls, each with a basket upon
her arm. They had come up the riv-
er to sell themselves! It was a market of
wives, with their dowries in their baskets!
The young men of Usjug Weliki walked
along the tempting line of faces in a very
apathetic way, and seemed quite as earn-
est in peeping into the baskets as in look-
ing on the faces of those willing girls.—
I and my companion, made an appraisal
of the charms thus freely exhibited, and I
think we noticed two or three that might
have served as excellent wives, had our
circumstances allowed of such a specula-
tion. Positively, there was something to
me quite charming in this plain business-
like arrangement of matrimony, as con-
trasted with the same thing done in our
fashionable circles in such an indirect,
round-about, and hypocritical style.—
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