

PORTUGAL



From the New Mirror.

THREE STAGES OF WOMAN'S LOVE.

There is love in early life, Which shuns parade and worldly strife...

There is a love of elder growth, Less dazzling than the love of youth...

There is a love in later stage, When pain and sickness grow an age...

Miscellaneous

THE PARTNERS.

A STORY OF NEW ENGLAND VILLAGE LIFE.

By H. Hastings Wadd.

NEW STORE. Smith and Brown respectfully inform the public of Cedarville and vicinity...

The above, with the customary abundant sprinkling of italics, capitals, and full faced type...

"Will they give a party I wonder?" Here the Cedarville Universal Advertiser could not forestall the women...

It was over. Old Pimento, who had lingered, the last of the guests, as if determined to do his full share in eating out the substance of the young men...

by the new store! Old Mr Pimento stopped his paper, because he liked an independent press...

Each made awkward work of his communication; but we shall omit the stammering preface, and state only the substance of both their confessions...

"Humph!" said Smith, to himself; Brown is determined, then, to throw himself away on that lowbred dowdy...

Married. In B—, by the Rev. Mr Thumpson, Mr John Smith, of Cedarville of the firm of Smith and Brown...

In E—, Mr David Brown, of Cedarville, of the firm of Smith and Brown, to Miss Mary Tidd.

Another feather floated in the cap of the editor of the Cedarville Universal Advertiser, for the above interesting item of intelligence beamed first upon Cedarville through its columns...

The effect of the announcement upon the inhabitants of Cedarville, was the breaking up, in a great measure, of the party divisions. The old ladies were indignant that this news had burst upon the community...

"These people pay a great deal of attention to your partner's wife, Mr Smith." "They would pay you the same, my dear, if you would accept it."

"Indeed! Well I am sure you can hire a good clerk cheaper, and not be obliged to court Brown or his ignorant wife. I wish you would dissolve, Mr Smith. I do not like the idea of finding Mr Brown capital to trade upon."

"My dear," said the lady, "I do not see why you would invite all that canaille to our house."

Mr Ingot, was never so anxious to please the rabble."

"Mrs Smith, I hope you have not so far forgotten my interest as to stand in the way of my business. The distant jingle of your father's gold will not support us."

"Why Mary, I thought you succeeded to admiration with the villagers—mothers and daughters."

"Oh yes, and I have many pressing invitations to visit them. But I am dreadfully afraid of Mrs Smith. She came and sat by me to night, and said something about the Great Unknown. I didn't make any answer, and then she said that Waverly alone is enough to set him up."

It was a bitter evening, in conclusion, for both partners—one had to drive away his wife's hysterics with volatile salts and promises of indulgence—the other to console an intelligent, though uncultivated mind, for the lack of that information which one evening had convinced her was all essential to her creditable appearance.

On the morrow, Mrs Ann Matilda Smith went back to the house of her father, to recover, as she said, from the effects of an excessive infliction of rusticity. She was not missed, except by her husband, for to tell the truth, she did not win many hearts at "the party."

"My dear, I have brought you a present."

"Thank you for returning yourself, Matilda, before I open the package, lest you should accuse me of selfishness, in thanking you afterwards."

"Matilda, after the unthinking and cruel taunt I gave you a few weeks since, I cannot accept this."

There was something hysterical in her tone, and Smith hastily interrupted, "allow me at least to secure this to you, I—"

"No! no! take it as I offer it, or—"

"Poor Smith! He plied his wife alternately with volatile and sugared words;—the latter of the two remedies had brought her too, because they imported an acceptance of her father's present. It is said of his Satanic Majesty and the wight who accepts his favors, that the latter becomes bound to him."

"These people pay a great deal of attention to your partner's wife, Mr Smith." "They would pay you the same, my dear, if you would accept it."

"Mrs Brown! It is her element—the hateful, ignorant creature. I desire that you will not ask her or her husband to the house again."

"I don't see why you need such a partner. You don't want his capital certainly."

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Broadway. Crowds of family connections, connections of the Ingots settled on Smith's rusticate, devoting his substance like a swarm of locusts.

As Pimento was spelling out the Cedarville Advertiser—for since the editor had returned to his allegiance, he had again subscribed—he chuckled over the following notice: "All persons indebted to John Smith, are notified that his books and accounts are assigned to Cressus Ingot, to whom immediate payment must be made."

"Brown?" "Smith?" A hearty shake of the hand. "How is your lady, Brown?" "Well. She is now acquainted with Mr Waverly."

"And mine has forgotten her hysterics." The four met at the city residence of Mr Brown, who had, by industry, become possessed of a handsome property.

"Ladies," said Smith, "we have again entered into copartnership. Matilda, do you think you can now invite that hateful Mrs Brown to our house?"

"Mary," said Brown, "are you now afraid of Mrs Smith?"

It is unnecessary to say that explanations had taken place. Mrs Smith was not naturally vain, nor Mrs Brown ever dowdy, though once ignorant. Both were placed, by marriage, in situations for which they were unfit, and each had learned to adapt herself to her situation.

In the last connexion in business, the sleeping partners have proved such valuable auxiliaries, that their husbands' paper is quite as good as that of any Ingot on 'change. Old Pimento buys his goods of the importing house of Smith & Brown, who advertises to country traders in the columns of the Cedarville Universal Advertiser; and the editor of that respectable paper carries his head higher than ever.

THE FOUR AGES OF MAIDS.

A German writer, M. G. Saphir, says, maids have four ages, viz: the golden from 16 to 21, the silver from 21 to 28, the plated from 28 to 35, and the iron age from 35 to the end.

When a girl is once three times seven years, the glittering gold is gone. Her early youth, the *deje nter a la fourchette* of nature, is past; girls of that age, are no longer kept like gold medals in mosaic boxes, but commence, like silver, to circulate among the people.

The seven years from 21 to 28, are employed in an incessant war upon the brutes, who but too frequently imitate the example of Friedrich the Great, and await the assault behind entrenchments—girls are most interesting at that age. Instead of imitating the larks, in soaring so high that but few may hear them, they take their flight nearer the earth, like swallows in rainy weather. In that age they are the most amiable, and have the best opinions of men; of course they are on that account more easily caged.

The plated age is from 28 to 35. Gold and silver are gone, and they resort to the various processes of gilding, silvering, and plating. They are less piquant and more piqued. They look upon men with a considerable mixture of contempt and hatred. They become again reserved and prudish. If they have affections, they are at least plated; they may endure, if of good workmanship; but they have not the value of either gold or silver.

The iron age is the universal death of sentiment. The thirty-fifth year is the equator of human life, which divides it into the Southern and Northern hemisphere. On the Northern there is no paradise for girls. They now write their farewell letters to all hopes and wishes. They conform to iron necessity, and resign themselves to the iron tooth of time, awaiting the day when gold, silver, and iron, will have no sound, and nought but the soul—ever young and fresh—shall arise from its iron casement.

SHORT SENTENCES FROM GOOD THINKERS. To acquire a few tongues is the task of a few years, but to be eloquent in one is the labor of a life.

To produce an effect it is enough to unite two ideas, which are astonished at being together; the paradox itself will owe its success to its novelty and boldness.

Reasons are the pillars of the fabric of a sermon, but similitudes are the windows that give the best lights.

Death is the liberator of him whom freedom cannot release, the physician of him whom medicine cannot cure, and the comforter of him whom time cannot console.

Crafty men condemn studies, simple men admire, and wise men use them.

A WESTERN JUSTICE.

The most efficient use the old squire made of his judicial authority was upon the occasion of a fight between him and old Jack Crow, at a cotton picking. They were both widowers, and rival suitors for the affections of the plump and saucy widow Jenkins.

Several times, until old Jack insisted upon a fight, as a matter of redress. The old squire told him "agreed," and at it they went; but the old squire being the most active of the two, got the start of Jack, and beat him a good deal before the old fellow could get under "headway," but when old Jack did get himself in motion, he was about to prove too hard for the old squire, when suddenly he pushed old Jack away from him, and roared out in a commanding tone, "I command the peace."

"If you say a word," said the old squire, "I will fine you ten dollars." They stood and gazed at each other for some time, like two tired chickens, until the old squire said, "at it agin," and at it they went, the squire again getting the start, and beating old Jack almost into a mummy before he could get under way, and no sooner had Jack obtained the advantage, than the old squire roared out again, "I command the peace," and instantly the fight ceased.

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Historical Extracts.

AFRICA is a country, the history and geography of which may be studied with great advantage. To the intelligent traveller it is replete with wonders. He lingers among the gigantic remains of ancient art and splendor, which abound in Egypt, with a feeling of veneration; recalling, as he dwells upon the spot, the busy scenes of the past, the actors of which lie beneath the dust of centuries, their perishable remains contrasting with the vast monuments of their enterprise and wealth, which, not the less surely, because at a later period, will be crumbled into atoms by the stern hand of time.

The peninsula of Africa forms a vast triangle, containing 11,500,000 square miles. It is bounded on the north by the Mediterranean; on the east by Asia, the Red Sea, and the Indian Ocean; and on the south and west by the Southern and Atlantic Oceans. It contains vast ranges of mountains, immense deserts, and regions inhabited by great numbers of animals. How little was known of this vast country by the ancients, and how wide a field it affords for the investigation of modern men of science!

AGAMEMNON, leader of the Greeks in the Trojan war, was king of Mycene and Argos, son of Philisthenes, and brother of Menelaus, the seduction of whose wife lighted the flames of war. Returning, after the destruction of the city, he was murdered by his wife, Clytemnestra, either from jealousy, or on account of her love for another.

St Agnes, was put to death during the reign of Dioclesian, emperor of Rome. The Catholics celebrate her festival on the 21st of January. At Rome they bring cattle to the Church of St Agnes to be blessed, by the priest, a ceremony which is thought to preserve them from sickness till next year.

Agricultural.



CHARCOAL A FERTILIZER.

We have been astonished at the enormous increase of the wheat crop in France within the last eight or ten years, and have devoted some attention to the investigation of the subject. It appears that charcoal—an article that can be obtained here for a trifle of its cost in France—has been extensively used, and with marked effect, in fertilizing the wheat lands of that kingdom.

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TO FAMILIES & INVALIDS.

The following indispensable family remedies may be found at the village drug stores, and soon at every country store in the State. Remember and never get them unless they have the fac-simile signature of

Comstock on the wrappers, as all others, by the same names are base impositions and counterfeits. If the merchant nearest you has them not, urge him to procure them.

BALDNESS

BALM OF COLUMBIA. FOR THE HAIR, which will stop it if falling out, or restore it if bald places; and on children make it grow rapidly, even those who have lost the hair from any cause.

RHEUMATISM, and LAMENESS positively cured, and all acrietted muscles and limbs restored, in the old or young, by the ESSENCE OF VEGETABLE ELIXIR AND BONE LINIMENT, but never without the name of Comstock & Co. on it.

Comstock on the wrappers, as all others, by the same names are base impositions and counterfeits. If the merchant nearest you has them not, urge him to procure them.

Comstock & Co. ALL SORES and every thing relieved by it that admits of an outward application. It acts like a charm. Use it.

HORSES that have Ring-Bone, Spavin, Wind-Galls, &c., are cured by Roof's FOUNDERED horses entirely cured by Roof's Founder Ointment. Mark this, all horsemen.

Dalley's Magical Pain Extractor Salve.—The most extraordinary remedy ever invented for all new or old

BURNS & SCALDS and sores, and sore EYES. It has delighted thousands. It will take out all pain in ten minutes, and no failure. It will cure the PILES.

LIN'S SPREAD PLASTERS. A better and more nice and useful article never was made. All should wear them regularly.

LIN'S TEMPERANCE BITTERS: on the principle of substituting the tonic in place of the stimulant principle, which has reformed so many drunkards. To be used with

LIN'S BLOOD PILLS, superior to all others for cleansing the system and the humors affecting the blood, and for all irregularities of the bowels, and the general health.

DR. SPOHN'S HEADACHE REMEDY will effectually cure sick headache, either from the NERVES using it with great joy.

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