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BY JOHN B. BRATTON. "OUR COUNTRY—MAY IT ALWAYS BE RIGHT—BUT RIGHT OR WRONG, OUR COUNTRY." AT $2 00 PER ANNUM

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Poetical.

I DREAM OF ALL THINGS BEAUTIFUL.

BY MISS M. E. ALLISON.

I dream of all things beautiful—
The glad, bright stars above,
As one by one they deck the heavens,
Like angel smiles of love;
Of moonbeams as they softly rest
Upon the quiet lake,
And from its dark brown the gloom
Of falling shadows take.

I dream of all things beautiful—
The blush of opening flowers,
When first their petals bright unclose
In spring-time's leafy bowers;
Of dew drops when they silently
At evening's twilight close,
Stoop down and kiss the leaflets fair
Of sweet unfolding rose.

I dream of all things beautiful—
The brooklet on it way,
As sparkling bright it sings in joy
The live-long summer day;
Of shady woods where glad, free winds
Are whisp'ring now,
Where many birdlings, blithe and gay,
Sing sweet from ev'ry bough.

I dream of all things beautiful—
The shell of ocean's caves,
That softly parts its rosy lips
And drinks the dewey waves;
Of emerald isles that glisten
Like gems upon the deep,
Where whispering winds their music
Uniting vigils keep.

I dream of all things beautiful—
A home beyond the seas,
Where flowers ever waft there scents
Upon the sleepy breeze;
Of summers lovely and undying,
Bright skies of cloudless blue,
Where nature smiles forever bright,
In robes of loveliest hue.

I dream of all things beautiful—
Sweet music soft and low,
When wakened 'neath a skilful touch,
Its gentle numbers flow;
Of low, sweet words, when angels near
Are whisp'ring sweet of Heaven,
Where contrite hearts shall find their chains
Of sin and darkness riven.

Miscellaneous.

THE FALSE AND THE TRUE.

"In Pride, in reasoning pride, our error lies;
All quit their sphere and rush into the skies."
"What is pride? A whizzing rocket
That would emulate a star."

We are daily and hourly impressed with the fact, that false pride is one of the most fearful errors of our social system. Its victims may be counted by hundreds. It is inculcated not only by the rich, but in many cases by the comparatively poor, and invariably by the empty and pretending. It is a hollow, false, and fatal system, and it appeals powerfully and constantly to the selfishness and vanity of our faulty nature. There are at this moment many individuals in this community, who are absolutely living lives of wretchedness, starving their bodies and torturing their minds, with the object of ministering to the inordinate cravings of this morbid disease, for such it may be designated. Nay, some of them would rather perish, to use their own language—dictated by a mistaken conception of life and its duties—than subject themselves to the ridicule of the world. They cannot bear to be considered poor, dependent, in humble condition, or in any way inferior to those who flutter and display themselves "in purple and fine linen." And thus they submit to many a keen privation. Another species of false pride, is that which shrinks, as if it were disgraceful, from all reference to early life, early habits, and early associates. Thus, the beginnings of the world may have been characterized by industry, and patience and perseverance. These, in some humble pursuit, may have been the stepping stones to fortune, character and position.—And yet such is the infirmity of many, that when they become independent or affluent they avoid all allusion to former struggles, as if shame and obloquy were associated therewith. The fashionable world, they fancy, will not recognise any such degradation, thus they commit a violation of truth and propriety, in an effort to seem more than they really are, or to avoid an appearance of humble, however honest, origin. Another phase of false pride is that which looks to professional life as the only kind that is really creditable, or at all entitled to consideration. A laudable ambition is altogether proper and commendable. But it is at once absurd and discreditable on the part of a mere pretender, to turn upon and decry the path by which he won substantial fortune, and to point his children thereto, as if it were the channel of disgrace. The gentler sex are, we fear, sadly given to false pride. They form exaggerated views of life and society, erect for themselves an *ideal* which is rarely realized, and in the pursuit avoid the real. How few of our daughters are educated with a view to all the responsibilities of their sex, and all the cares and anxieties of the future! Too many are taught to indulge in fancies which fade away with the passing years. And thus they discover, when too late, and by the sad agency of experience, that the visions of youth are often gay, fleeting and unsubstantial.

Profanity.

It is unfortunately, too true, that profanity continues to be practiced, even by those young men who would claim a standing in respectable society. There is something exceedingly vulgar and ungentlemanly in it, which should be a sufficient condemnation of the practice. That it is thought so is evident from the fact that no gentleman, even though he is in the habit of it, ever swears in the company of respectable females and if such a restraint can be submitted to so easily, we know of no reason why the practice cannot be restrained altogether. There are associations of all kinds in which men submit to self discipline and self denial. Only at once determine to abstain from vice, and it is easy to do so. There can be no good excuse offered for profane swearing, except that of inability to refrain from it. Let me suggest that nothing better or more philanthropic can engage your attention, than some plan to reform in this particular. But apart from these considerations of decency, there are others which are still stronger. We all admit our relation to a Supreme being. How reprehensible, then, is the constant violation of the respect due to that Creator in whom we live, move, and have our being.—*Michigan Farmer.*

PAY YOUR POSTAGE.—The New Hampshire 'Oasis' commends the following terrible lines to some of its correspondents "who have forgotten good manners in writing upon their own business, and saddled us with a postage of five cents to save themselves three:'

The man that now-a-days will write
And not prepay his letter,
Is worser than the heathens are,
What don't know any better;
And if you take a fine tooth comb,
And rake down 'all creation,'
You could'nt find a meanor man
In this here mighty nation.

George Collman, getting out of a hackney coach one night gave the driver a shilling. 'This is a bad shilling,' said Jarvey.' 'Then it's all right,' said George, with his inimitable chuckle; 'your's is a bad coach.'

'The fire is going out, Miss Filkins.' 'I know it Mr. Green; wish you would follow its example.' It is unnecessary to add that Green never axed to set up with that gal again.'

TRULY AFFECTING.

'Twas on a moonlit side walk,
'Neath the ailanthus tree,
That she leaned against my waistcoat,
And whispered—"Marry me!"
O, that agonizing moment,
I never, never shall forget;
Her lips with nectar laden,
I think I taste them yet.

Just as this little Eden
Approached reality—
A gruff voice uttered sternly—
"What is all this I see!"
And then I felt a pegged boot
Applied with might and main;
I fell upon the side walk,
And off went 'Liza Jane!

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

A STORY OF LEAP YEAR.

Sam Smith sat at home on New Year's day, in dishabille. His beard was unshaven, his hair uncombed, his long boots were unblackened, and he was leaning back in a picturesque attitude, with his heels against the mantlepiece smoking a segar. Sam thought to himself that if it was leap year how *glorious it would be if the ladies would pop the question* in accordance with their ancient privileges.

As he was watching the smoke which so gracefully curled, his fancy glowed with the idea, how delightful it would be to have dear creatures endeav*oring to do the agreeable.*

As he meditated his heart softened, and he began to feel a squeamish, womanish sensibility diffuse over his feelings, and he thought he would faint with propriety the first time a lady should squeeze his hand.

Rap, rap, rap, sounded at the door. Sam peeped through the Venetian blinds.

'Mercy!' exclaimed he, 'if there isn't Miss Jones, and I dishabille, and looking like a fright; good gracious. I must go right away and fix myself.'

As he left the room Miss Jones entered, and with a composed air intimated that she would wait. Miss Jones was a firm believer in woman's rights, and now that the season was propitious, she determined to take advantage thereof, and do a little courting on her own hook. It was one of woman's privileges, which had been usurped by the tyrant man, and determined to assert her rights in spite of the hollow formalities of the false system of society.

'Dearest, how beautiful you look,' accompanying her words with a glance of undisguised admiration.

'Spare the blushes of a modest young man,' said Sam, applying the cambric to his face, to hide his confusion.

'Nay, my love, why so coy?' said Susan; 'turn not those lovely eyes, dark as jet, but sparkling as *the diamond. Listen rest,' said she drawing him to* the sofa, 'there, with my arms around thee, will I *protest my true affection.'*

'Leave me, oh, leave me!' murmured Sam, 'think of my youth and inexperience—spare my palpitating heart.'

'Leave thee?' said Susan pressing him closer to her, 'never until the story of restless nights, of unquiet days of aspiration, fond emotions, and undying love is laid before thee. Know that for years I have nursed for thee a secret passion. Need I tell how each manly beauty moved me; how I worshipped like a sunflower in the fervid light of those raven tresses; how my fond heart was entrapped in the meshes of those magnificent whiskers; how I would yield to the government of that imperial; thy manners so modest, so delicate, enchanted me—joy to me; for thy joy was my joy. My heart is forever thine—take it—but first let me snatch a kiss from those ruby lips.'

The overwhelming feelings of the delicate youth were too strong, and he fainted from excess of joy. Meanwhile the enamored maiden hung fondly over him, and—

Slowly the eyes of Samuel Smith opened: he gazed widely about him—then meeting the ardent gaze of his lover, he blushed deeply, and from behind his handkerchief faintly faltered out, 'go ask my ma.'

Anecdote of Finn.

Finn was once a witness for the prosecution in a case before the Common Pleas of Boston, and his testimony was so direct and conclusive that a counsel for the defendant thought it necessary to discred it him. The following dialogue ensued:

'Mr. Finn, you live in ——— street, do you?'

'Yes—I do.'

'Have you lived there a great while?'

'Several years.'

'Does not a female live there under your protection?'

'There does.'

'Does she bear your name?'

'She is certainly known in the neighborhood by the name of Mrs. Finn.'

'Is she your wife?'

'No, we were never legally married.'

'That will do, sir. I have nothing more to ask.'

'But I have something more to answer, sir,' replied Finn, with spirit. 'The Mrs. Finn of whom you have been pleased to speak with such levity, is my mother—and I have known but one man base enough to breathe aught against her. You, sir, can guess who he is. True, she is under my protection. She protected me through my infancy and childhood, and it is but paying a small part of the debt I owe her, to do as much for her in her old age.'

The baffled counsel had not another word to say. —*Boston Bee.*

CHASED BY A LOCOMOTIVE.—A Hoosier writes to the *New York Dutchman* an account of his first sight of a locomotive and his adventure therewith:

I came across the country and struck our railroad, and was playing it about four knots an hour. Now, I've heard tell about your locomotives, but never dreamed of seeing one alive and kicking; but about two miles from here I heard something coming, coughing, sneezeing and thundering, so I looked around. Sure enough, there she came after me—pawing the earth up and spliting the air wide open, and more smoke and fire flying than orter to come out of a hundred burning mountains. There was a dozen wagons followin' after, and to save her tarnal, black, smoky, noisy neck, she could'nt get clear of 'em. I don't know whether they scared her up or not; but here she became foaming at the mouth, with her teeth full of burning coals, pitched right at me like thousands of brick.

I could not stand it any longer, so I wheeled round and took down the road, and began to make gravel fly in every direction. No sooner had I done that, than she put right after, squalling like a thousand wild cats.

She began to gain on me coming up a hill, but I came, around a pint to a straight level on the road. Now thinks I, I'll give you ginger, I'm great on a dead level; so I pulled to it, and got under full speed, and then she began to yell and to stamp, and came full chisel, and made the whole earth shake. But I kept on before, bounding at the rate of twenty feet each jump till I got to a turn in the road, and I was under such a headway that I could'nt turn, so I turned heels over head down a bank by a house—landed cosmalia into a swill barrel, and my feet stuck out behind and up in the air.

Just at that time the locomotive found I had got away from it, it commenced spirting hot water into me, and just literally spattered all over me. I thought in my soul that Mount Vesuvius had bust some place in this neighborhood. But do you suppose I staid there long? No, sir! I just walked right through that barrel, and came out so quick that I really looked ashamed of myself! Now here I am, a real doubled revolving snolly gloster, ready to attack anything but a combination of thunder and lightning, smoke, railroad and water.

From Arthur's Home Gazette.

THE TEXAS TARANTULA.

BY AUGUSTIN.

This Texas of ours is an astonishingly prolific country. Every field stands luxuriant, crowded, so that it can scarce wave under the breeze, with corn, or sugar, or wheat, or cotton. Every cabin is full and over flowing, through all its doors and windows with white-haired children. Every prairie abounds in deer, prairie hens and cattle. Every river and creek is alive with fish. The whole land is electric with lizards perpetually darting about among the grass like flashes of green lightning. We have too much prairie and too little forest for a great multitude or variety of birds. But for horned frogs, scorpions, tarantulas and centipedes, we beat the universe. Everybody has seen horned frogs. You see them in jars in the windows of apothacaries.—You are entreated to purchase them by loafing boys on the levees at New Orleans. They have been neatly soldered up in soda boxes, and mailed by young gentlemen in Texas, to fair ones in the old States.

The fair ones receive the neat package from the *post office, are delighted with the prospect of a da*guerreotype—perhaps jewelry—open the package eagerly and faint, as the *frog* within hops out, in excellent health, upon them. A horned frog is, simply, a very harmless frog, with very portentous horns.—It has horns because everything in its region—trees, shrubs, grass even, has thorns—and nature makes it in keeping with all around it. A menagerie of them would not be expensive. They are content to live upon air—and can, if desired, live, I am told, for several months, without even that.

The scorpions are precisely like those of Arabia—in the shape of a lobster exactly, only not more than some three inches long. You are very apt to put one upon your face in the towel which you apply *thereto after washing. If you do, you will find the* sting about equal to that of the wasp—nothing *worse. They are far less poisonous than the scor*pion of the East—in fact, none except new comers *dread them at all.*

But the tarantula! You remember the astonishing elasticity with which you sprang in the air *that time you were just on the point of putting your* raised foot down upon a snake coiled in your path.—*You were frightened—through every fibre of your* body. Very probably the snake was as harmless as it was beautiful. Spring as high, he as utterly frightened as possible, when you just avoid stepping upon a tarantula, however. Filthy, loathsome, abominable and poisonous—crush it to atoms before you leave it! If you have never seen it—know henceforth that it is an enormous spider—concentrating in *itself all the venom and spite and ugliness of all* other spiders living. Its body is some two inches long, black and bloated. It enjoys the possession of eight legs, a red mouth, and an abundance of stiff *hair all over itself. When standing,* it covers an area of a saucer. Attack it with a stick, and it rears on its hind legs, gnashes at the stick, and fights like a fiend. It even jumps forward a foot or two in its rage—and, if it bite into a vein, the bite is death! I have been told of the battle fought by one on board a steamboat. Discovered at the lower end of the saloon, it came hopping up the saloon; driving the whole body of passengers before it, it almost drove the whole company, crew and all, overboard.

The first I saw was at the house of a friend. I spied it crawling slowly over the wall, meditating murder upon the children playing in the room. Excessively prudent in regard to my fingers, I, at last however, had it safely imprisoned in a glass jar, unhurt. There was a flaw in the glass as well as a hole through the cork, by which it could breathe; *but in ten minutes it was dead from rage!* Soon after I killed three upon my place, crawling about *ground trodden every day* by the bare feet of my little boy. A month after I killed a whole nest of them. They had formed their family circle under a door-step, upon which the aforesaid little fellow played daily. Had he seen one of them he would, of course, have picked it up as a remarkably promising toy, and I would have been childless.

I was sitting one day upon a log in the woods, when I saw one slowly crawl out to enjoy the evening air and the sunset scenery. He was the largest, most-bloated one I ever saw. As I was about to *kill him I was struck with the conduct of a chance* wasp. It, too, had seen the tarantula, and was flying slowly around it. The tarantula recognized it as a foe, and, throwing itself upon its hind legs, breathed defiance. For some time the wasp flew around it, and then, like a flash, flew right against it, and stung it under its bloated belly. The tarantula gnashed its red and venomed jaws, and threw its long hairy legs about in impotent rage, while the wasp flew round and round it, watching for another opportunity. Again and again did it dash its sting into the reptile and escape. After the sixth stab, the tarantual actually fell over on its back, dead, and the wasp, after making itself sure of the fact, and inflicting a last sting to make matters sure flew off happy, in having done a duty assigned it in creation. In an hour more a colony of ants had carried it down piecemeal, and deposited it in their catacombs.

But, deadliest and most abhorrent of all our reptiles in Texas, is the centipede. This is a kind of a worm, from three to six inches long, exactly like an enormous caterpillar. It is green, or brown or yellow some being found of each of those colors. As its name denotes, it has along each side a row of feet horny claws rather. Imagine that you walk some night across your chamber floor with naked feet; you put your foot down upon a soft something, and instantly it coils round your foot in a ring, sticking every claw up to the body in your foot. The poison flows through each claw, and in two minutes you will have fainted with agony; in a few more, and you will be dead. The deadly thing cannot be torn away. It has to be cut off, and claw by claw pluck ed out. Even if it crawls over the naked body of a sleeping person, *without sticking in its claws, the* place will pain the person for years after, at least so I have been told.

I have seen the things—in which nature corks up her deadly poison—only; yet I have heard of few cases in which they have bitten or killed any one—The kind Being who makes the butterflies to be abundant, in the same loving kindness which makes them so beatiful and so abundant, makes all deadly creatures to be scarce.

A swell clerk from the city, who was spending an evening in a country tavern, cast about him for amusement. Feeling secure in the possession of the most money, he made the following offer:

"I will drop money into a hat with any man in the room. The one who holds out the longest, shall take the whole and treat the company?"

"I'll do it," *said an old farmer.*

The cockney dropped in a quarter—the countryman followed with a "bungtown copper."

"Go on," said the cockney.

"I won't," said the farmer, "take the whole and treat the company."

Is there much water in the cistern, Biddy? inquired a gentleman of his Irish girl as she came up *from the cellar.*

It is full on the bottom, sir, but there's none at all on the top, was the reply.

A word spoken pleasantly is a large spot of sunshine on the sad heart—and who has not seen its effects? A smile is like the bursting out of the *sun behind a cloud, to him who thinks he has no* friend in the wide world.

A negro woman, having one day received a reprimand from her mistress for some trifling offence, was so much irritated that she went directly out, knelt down, and made the following *prayer*: "Oh, good massa Lord, come take me right out oh dis *world dis berry minute: if you is not coming your*self, sen de debble, or any body else.

EMPTY.—Our pocket book.

The Snake and the Crocodile.

The following thrilling account of an engagement between a boa constrictor and a crocodile in Java is given by an eye witness:

"It was one morning that I stood beside a small lake, fed by one of the rills from the mountains—The waters were clear as crystal, and everything could be seen to the very bottom. Stretching its limbs close over this pond, was a gigantic teak tree, and in its thick, shining evergreen leaves lay a huge boa, in an easy coil, taking his morning nap. Above *him was a powerful ape of the baboon species,* a leering race of scamps, always bent on mischief.

Now the ape, from his position, saw a crocodile in the water, rising to the top, exactly beneath the coil *of the serpent.* Quick as though he jumped plump on the snake, which *fell with a splash into the jaws* of the crocodile. The ape saved himself by clinging to a *limb of the tree,* but a battle royal immediately commenced in the water. The serpent grasped in the middle by the crocodile, made the water boil by his furious contortions. Winding his fold round the body of his antagonist, he disabled his two hinder legs, and by his contractions, made the scale and bones of the monster crack.

The water was speedily tinged with the blood of both combatants, yet neither was disposed to yield. They rolled over and over, neither being able to obtain a decided advantage. All this time the cause of mischief was in a state of the highest ecstacy. He leaped up and down the branches of the tree, came several times close to the scene of the fight, shook the limbs of the tree, uttered a yell, and again frisked about. At *the end of ten minutes a silence began* to come over the scene. The folds of the serpent began to be relaxed, and though they were trembling along the back, the head hung lifeless in the water.

The crocodile also was still, and though only the spines of his back were visible, it was evident that he too, *was dead. The monkey now perched himself* on the lower limbs of the tree, close to the dead bodies, and amused himself for ten minutes in making all sorts of faces at them. This seemed to be adding insult to injury. One of my companions was standing at a short distance, and taking a stone from the edge of the lake, hurled it at the ape. He was totally unprepared, and as it struck him on the side of the head, he was instantly tipped over, and fell upon the crocodile. A few bounds, however, brought him ashore, and taking to the tree, he speedily disappeared among the branches."

THE MORMONS AND THEIR POLYGAMY.

Whether the Mormons do or do not allow polygamy has been a mooted question. The following letter from a Wisconsin overland traveller, the Milwaukie News says, is addressed to the mother of the writer, and has been furnished for publication to that paper:

SALT LAKE CITY,
July 26, 1852.

I arrived here before a grand jubilee of the Mormons. They were celebrating the anniversary of the arrival of the Pioneers, who first planted their colony, and, I believe, first discovered the valley. The procession was magnificent. I will give it to you as I saw it: Marshall of the day presiding, followed by flags, band, and a large painting, exhibiting the pioneers of 1848, crossing the upper ferry of Platte river, Pioneers then followed—*pen* and scribe, (every sermon is taken down in short hand and inscribed in the Big Book,) men with the different implements and tools, of almost every art and profession in the world; forty old men and flag; forty old women, representing Mothers of Israel, their flag being inscribed with—"Our children our hope;" twenty-four young men with a banner—motto, "Union and Liberty;" twenty-four young ladies, (Daughters of Zion;) twenty-four boys; twenty-four girls; band, soldiers, and eighteen bishops bringing up the rear. I am quite confident there were seven thousand persons present; and taken, altogether, it was a sight well worth seeing out amidst these hills. In the evening, balls and parties prevailed all over the city.

Yesterday, Orson Pratt, one of the apostles, *gave us quite a sensible sermon. Brigham Young* is the prophet, seer, revelator, and head of the church. He is assisted by two councilors, twelve apostles, and eighteen bishops. The prophet, (and under Whig rule,) the Governor, was present with some of his wives, who came and went in a large elegant open carriage. He has living with him in this city, in one house, sixteen wives and thirty children. Each wife, with her progeny, lives in a separate furnished apartment, and spins, sews, weaves, &c. All this is true. I went over the premises with a view to entertain you for an hour, and I saw pretty much everything.

The person I board with has two wives. Dr. Richards, a councilor, has six, and all of them good looking, healthy women. Thus you see polygamy is openly allowed and supported by these Mormons. A man, having a *right to as many wives as he can find and support,* takes a fancy, goes to a justice and swears he is able to support her, and the marriage comes off with due ceremony—and so it goes on, as he grows richer, without limit.

A Mormon moving into the valley gives one-tenth of his property to the church, and one-tenth of his productive industry yearly, whatever it may be.

The city contains a population of six thousand souls, and in the whole valley there are probably fifteen thousand, which will be largely increased this season.

There are warm and hot springs here, the last at boiling heat. Salt is manufactured from the lake water. There are also mines of coal and iron. Lumber is scarce, $50 per thousand. The city is watered by more than one hundred streams, brought from the neighboring mountains, of the purest water.

This country is certainly as beautiful and fertile as any I ever saw. They raise all we do in Wisconsin, and in far greater proportion. Vegetables are peculiarly excellent, and, after the hard bread and bacon of the plains, taste very well, I assure you.

The Mormons I find quite kind and obliging.—Brigham Young is a fine looking man, resembling a little Judge II. His wives are mostly pretty, and the little *legitimates,* whom the people here call young prophets, are all good looking and well dressed.

A CURIOUS SIGHT.—A few miles from Boston, this morning, a curious sight was seen, being a drove of turkeys, not driven, but led or coaxed by a man with a basket of corn. He occasionally threw out a handful, and the turkeys marched after, not reflecting on the many hungry appetites they were destined to satisfy on Thanksgiving. There were seven hundred and fifty in the drove, and they came in that novel manner all the way from the northern part of Vermont, where live turkeys are worth from eight to ten cents per pound.

A Frenchman once became greatly offended with the people of Pittsburg, and to express his view of *them, he let off in the following style:*

"The devil took the Savior into a high mountain and showed him *all the kingdoms of the world.* He then said, "all this I vill give you if you fall down *and worship me. But he clap his right hand on* Pittsburg, and say, "*Dat I keep for myself!*"

Relationships are rather far fetched sometimes both in Scotland and Ireland.

'Do you know Tom Duffy, Pat?'

'Know him is it?' says Pat; 'sure he's a very near relation of mine; he once wanted to marry my sister Kate.'

Speaking of apples, it is rather remarkable that the first *apple* in Paradise should have turned out the first *pear.*

The American Bonapartes.

Most of our readers are aware that Jerome Bonaparte, the youngest and favorite brother of the great Napoleon, married, while under age, a young American lady, Miss Patterson, of Baltimore.—This, if we mistake not, was in 1803, and young *Jerome* was at the time in command of a frigate cruising in these latitudes. Soon after the marriage the Prince sailed with his bride for Europe, hoping, but scarcely trusting, we presume, that his imperial and imperious brother would sanction the connexion. Napoleon's action in the matter was very summary. He sent the lady from France, and his compliments to Pius VII. requesting him to declare the marriage null and void. But the Pope, who had a conscience, refused, whereupon the Emperor took the responsibility of pronouncing a divorce himself, and by way of clinching the matter, wedded Jerome out of hand to a daughter of the King of Wurtemburg, and afterwards made him King of Westphalia. Miss Patterson, to all moral and religious intents and purposes the real wife of Jerome, had a son, Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte, who now resides on a noble plantation in Maryland, and is comparatively a young man.—He, too, has a son, who graduated with distinguished honor at West Point this year, and has entered the United States Army. It is said that this young officer has a face of the Napoleon mould, and possesses a high order of talent. We have given this brief sketch of the origin of the American Bonapartes, because we have frequently been asked what degree of relationship existed between young Bonaparte of West Point and the Prince President of France. They are second cousins.—*Sunday Times.*

HOW BURNING GAS IS MADE.

Coal gas is made by placing cannel coal in a red hot cylinder of clay or iron, and sealing it up tightly. A pipe leads off at one end, and through it the volatile parts of the coal pass off in the form of gas; this gas passes through lime water before it is allowed to enter the reservoir. The lime water absorbs the ammonia and sulphurous gasses contained in the coal, the gas is thus purified, and after it leaves the lime water it is passed through cold water, which cools and washes it. Before the way to purify coal was discovered, the sulphuric acid gave great trouble; it blackened white painted walls, and burned hangings, &c. This way of making gas is now in general use. It is still the cheapest gas produced.

Gas made from oil does not require to be purified. The process to make it is cheaper, but the material is dearer. The coke, or residum of the coal which makes the gas, is taken out of the retort and used for fuel. Coal gas is composed of hydrogen and carbon. The white light is solid particles of coal in an incandescent state. Hydrogen gives only a faint blue light. Dr Hare, of Philadelphia, was the first person who made the discovery that by directing a stream of oxygen and hydrogen upon a piece of clay, it became incandescent, and gave out a bright light. *Sir Humphry Davis first made the discovery that* gluntina became incandescent *in a stream of ignited hydrogen gas.*

Mr. Goldsworthy Guernoy, an eminent English inventor, residing in Bude, Wales, from which the Bude Light gets its name, in 1838, passed coal gas through naptha, and discovered that its illuminating properties were increased by the gas absorbing some of the naptha.

The gases of water (hydrogen and oxygen) have often been proposed for purposes of illumination, but they cannot be used like coal gas, not having any carbon in them, as they give a feeble light unless directed in a piece of lime. In 1833 a person of Brussels, in Belgium, passed water gas through naptha, and made a good light. In 1834, a Mr. Constable, in England, took out a patent for passing steam through red hot anthacite coal, then passing by the hydrogen thus generated, mixed with certain portions of the air, through turpentine, to improve *its luminosity. In 1848,* J. C. Robertson obtained a patent in England, for distilling a mixture of rosin, sawdust, potash and lime, and passing the vapors thus obtained over red hot surfaces, thereby producing a gas fit for illumination. White's mode of making water gas is to drop water into a red hot iron cylinder containing wood charcoal, at the bottom of which is red hot scrap iron; the iron absorbs the oxygen; the hydrogen passes off by a pipe at the bottom into a horizontal red hot cylinder, in which it meets with a vapor of rosin, which is made in another adjoining retort. The vapors are thus mixed, and passing off through water, are cooled, when they pass to the reservoir; this gas makes a very beautiful light.—*Scientific American.*

The New York Times advises young men to keep *away from* that city. It says that nineteen-twentieths of the young men who come there to seek their *fortunes, not only drag out an existence of poverty,* but become miserable vagabonds.

The Housekeeper.

HOW TO BOIL MEAT.

TO BOIL A SALTED ROUND OF BEEF.—Rinse it in a pan of cold water, cut out the bone, roll it round firmly and bind it fast with a broad tape, put it into the pot and cover the lid close; keep it gently simmering, taking care to skim before it comes to a boil; allow a quarter of an hour to each pound of beef. The vegetables served with salt beef are carrots and greens, and sometimes turnips are added.—When you dish it up, pour over the meat a very little of the liquor in which it has been boiled. Do not, if you can avoid it, boil any vegetables with the meat.

TO BOIL AN ASTCH BONE OF BEEF.—Follow the directions given for the round, only a large one will take less time in proportion; for instance, one weighing *twenty pounds will be done in rather less than four* hours.

TO BOIL A PIECE OF BRISKET OF BEEF, OR THIN FLANK.—These are boiled in the same way as the round, only that they require much longer boiling, being of so close a texture, and the fat of such a peculiar nature, that if not sufficiently cooked, the meat will be hard and spongy, and will taste extremely disagreeable; so much so, that persons who have once partaken of these parts under boiled will feel very unwilling to eat of them again. A piece of brisket or thin flank of beef, weighing eight pounds will take four hours' boiling. To know if it be boiled enough, you may insert a fork through the meat a little way, and if it feel soft, then it is done. Peas pudding is good with boiled beef. Brisket of beef, if to be eaten cold, should be laid on a board, and a heavy weight should be set on it, to press out all the loose fat; it then cuts smooth and solid.

TO BOIL BACON AND BEANS.—These must be boiled seperately otherwise the bacon will spoil the color of the beans. Soak the bacon for an hour or two in cold water, trim and scrape it as clean as possible, and put it into enough cold water to cover it; set it over a slow fire, so that it will be half an hour before it comes to the boil; then skim it and let it boil gently till done. Two or three pounds will require an hour an a half after it boils; the hock or gammon being thick, will require more time. When done enough strip off the rind, and your beans in the meantime having been boiled and strained, put them *into a deep dish lay the bacon upon them and send* them to table, with parsley and butter in a boat.

TO BOIL A HAM.—If the ham has been long cured soak it in cold water for from twelve to twenty hours. Scrape it and put it into a large vessel to boil, with plenty of cold water, and let it simmer gently from three to four or five hours, according to the size. A ham of twenty pounds will require four hours and a half. *Skim the pot frequently to remove the grease* as it rises. When done, strip off the rind, and strew bread raspings over the top side, then set it before the fire, or in the oven to dry and brown. Some persons prefer to bake a ham; it is then necessary, after soaking and scraping, to enclose it in a paste of flour and water before sending it to the oven.

Quillgraphs and Scissorings.

Naked—the trees.

Butter is orful high.

Turkeydom's in mourning.

All the rage—cabbage heads.

A flatterer is the shadow of a fool.

Honor, not talent, makes the gentleman.

Col. Jefferson Davis of Mississippi is recovering.

If you wish to close a lady's lips ask her her age.

In ten years 60,000 houses have been built in London.

Fortunes have been made by advertising.—Think of it.

A new Hotel is to be erected at Harrisburg five stories high.

Prof. Anderson, the great wizard, is performing in Harrisburg.

It cost the English Government about $150,000 to bury Wellington.

The earth is now covered with a beautiful mantle of—mud and slush.

To be repacked—the immense quantities of sour crout made this season.

Which three letters are of most use to the statesman. A. Y. Z. (A wise head.)

A check for $1,500,000 was drawn the other day by a firm in Wall street, New York.

Bishop Vanderbelt and Rev. Albert Barnes came passengers in the Baltic on Sunday week.

Uncle Tom's Cabin is readily purchased by the Viennese, it has been translated and dramatized.

Henry S. Evans, editor of the *Village Record,* is spoken of for the Speakership of the State Senate.

Cabinet makers are so numerous that many have proffered their services to General Pierce gratuitously.

One of the rarities of life, says Eliza Cook, "is a woman thoroughly satisfied with her daughter-in-law."

As daylight can be seen through the smallest holes, so do the most trifling things show a person's character.

Mexico supports but one apothecary shop. The population is 60,000. It is a novel sight to see any person sick.

When Sidney Smith first saw Daniel Webster, he exclaimed, "Heavens! why he looks like a small cathedral!"

Between forty-five and fifty thousand dollars *have been subscribed to the Baltimore, Westminster,* and Hagerstown railroad.

Josiah E. Barclay, Esq., a member of the Bedford Bar, and formerly editor of the Fulton *Republican,* died on the 24th ult.

It is said that Mr. David White, of Madison, Indiana, cleared at a single sale, last week, $60,000 by the rise in the price of hogs.

The crowds attracted by the spectacle of the Duke of Wellington lying in state, was so great that two persons were crushed to death.

A meeting of the American Club has been held in Paris for the purpose of paying a tribute of respect to the memory of Daniel Webster.

It is better to be born with a disposition to see things on the favorable side, than to an estate of ten thousand a year.

The open bold and honest truth is the wisest always the safest for every one, in any and all circumstances.

AN EXPERIMENT.—'Dennis, Darlint, och, Dennis, what is it you're doing?'

'Whist, *Biddy, I's trying an experiment!*'

'*Murder: what is it?*'

'What is it did you say? Why, its giving hot water to the chickens I am, so they'll be after laying boiled eggs!'

WONDERFUL.—The man that don't take his county paper, was lately seen trying to hold himself out at arms length by the seat of his pants.

Governor Manin of New Hampshire in his message virtually recommends the abolition of the status of limitations on the collection of debts.

The Emperor of Austria has had an attack of apoplexy, and has taken the Sacrament.

The Maine Law is now before the Vermont Legislature. It is backed by many petitions. It's passage is considered doubtful.

At a sale of wines in Baltimore, on Friday week, some of them brought as high as $80 per gallon, or $1,25 per wine glass.

The late rains have extended over a large section of country. The streams in New York being filled to overflowing as well as in Pennsylvania.

There are now in Waterbury, Mass., thirty one manufacturing establishments, with a capital of $2,500,000.

Man wastes his mornings in anticipating his afternoons, and wastes his afternoons in *regretting his mornings.*

There is a boy down east so uncommonly tall that he can't tell when his toes are cold.

Sugar cultivation has been introduced in Texas, and has been found very profitable, and extensive plantations are being opened for this use.

David Paul Brown lectured in Norristown on Saturday week, on the Maine Law. It is spoken of as a valuable address.

Four maniacs were smothered in a Boston prison—the result of a fire which partially destroyed the building.

Over ninety three millions of letters passed through the Post Office of the United States, during the last fiscal year. The revenue under the reduced rates of postage has fallen off nearly a million of dollars.

GOOD FOR MARYLAND.—Maryland paid off half a million of her debt this year, and expect to pay $800,000, the coming fiscal year. When can we record such an announcement for Pennsylvania?

He who buys what he does not want, will want what he cannot buy.—*Bacon.*

The body of the modest young lady who jumped overboard, upon hearing the Captain give orders to haul down the *sheets* has been found.

A man being commiserated with, on account of his wife running away, said 'he only wanted commiseration when she ran back.

A farmers wife, in speaking of the smartness, aptness and intelligence of her son, a lad six years old, to a lady acquaintance, said:

'*He can read fluently* in every book of the Bible, repeat the whole catechism and weed onions as fast as his father.'

'Yes, mother,' added the young hopeful, 'and yesterday I licked Ned Dawson, threw the cat in the well, and stole all Hinkles giblets.'

'Why, Tom, my dear fellow, how old, you look!'

'Dare say, Bob, for the fact is, I never was so old before in all my life.'