

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

By Weaver & Gilmore.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

[Two Dollars per Annum.]

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advertise by the year.

I LIKE AN OPEN, HONEST HEART.

I like an open, honest heart,
Where frankness reigns well,
Which has no place for base deceit,
Nor hollow words can tell;
But in whose throbbings plain are seen,
The import of the mind,
Whose gentle breathings not might,
But accents true and kind.

I scorn that one whose empty act,
And holed words of art,
Betray the feelings of the soul,
With peridy's keen dart;
No more kind friends in such confide,
Nor in their kindness trust,
For black ingratitude but turns
Pure friendship to disgust.

Content is but a gentle word,
A feeling far too mild,
For one who confidence betrays,
And guilt has sore beguiled;
That hate which hellish fiends evince,
When in dark torments tossed,
Is not more loathsome to the soul,
Than one to honor lost.

Then give me one with heart as free,
And generous as the air,
Whose ready hand and greeting kind,
Give proof that truth is there;
Whose smiling countenance well shows,
Affection warm is found,
And springs pure as saluts, whose notes
Through Heaven's vaults resound.

From the Pennsylvaniaian.
GLANCES AT CONGRESS.

[CONTINUED.]

We left off at the Press; which has its representatives as well on the floor of both Houses of Congress, as in the Reporters' Gallery. We cannot, however, point out the Representatives who have once been members of the press; but your attention cannot fail to be attracted to the tall gentleman of venerable mien, but in gloved hand, now standing in the rear of Col. Biell's seat, his usual seat. That is "Father Ritchie," of the Union, whose appearance on the avenue, with a black coat and white waist-coat, narrow-rimmed hat and rapid walk, indicates anything but an approach to fourscore. We must not, however, be tempted into a eulogy of this glorious old man, upon whose head so much calumny has fallen, and whose history is so full of instances of disinterested devotion to political faith. There, too, is his associate, Edmund Burke, the author of the Bundel-cum-free trade papers, and the late Commissioner of Patents. A calm, benevolent, and intelligent countenance, guileless of the symptom of whisker or moustache, healthy proportions, and plain attire, will recall to many who know him, the bold and fearless journalist, who has often defied the social aristocracy of the Capitol, in his effective report of his principles. The younger gentleman, in black, with pale face, as if just recovered from illness, is the associate editor of the Union, Mr. Overton, of Virginia, whose knowledge of politics is as thorough as his opinions are national. Such is the corps editorial of the Washington Union. The individual, directly in front of the Speaker's chair—the House having just adjourned—is A. C. Bullitt, formerly of the Picayune, and recently of the Republic. We mean the gentleman with the broad-rimmed hat, rather expensive shirt-collar, large, full face, &c. It need not be said that he is a very able writer, though rather inert. He is witty, agreeable, and a choice companion; and his house has been the abode of hospitality ever since he opened its doors. John O. Sargent, his editorial co-mate, is the dapper little person, rather diffident in his dress, now in conversation with a disaffected Whig at the Clerk's desk.—He is a waspish writer, fond of elegance of expression, and not over-addicted to statistics—unless they are figures of speech. He has had some experience in the press, but is evidently better at literary labors than political polemics. Mr. Burnley is the business man of the Republic—a Kentuckian by birth, we think—and is at Bullitt's side, as sleek and as well-brushed as that excellent newspaper had not been overlaughed. His placid and ingenuous manners have made him many friends. You will notice the short, stout, bustling gentleman, with gouty walk, and jolly face; that is Joseph Gales, of the National Intelligencer, one of the most accomplished stenographers of any country—though he rarely shows it now—one of the most complete newspaper writers, and one of the most hospitable gentlemen. Do you know Jesse E. Dow, the "Heroic Age," of the Union, the poet, the orator, the editor, &c.? There you have him, in a good humored face, a light frame, and jaunty air. He is in animated conversation with John C. Rives, of the Globe—a tall, muscular, and rather awkward form, a head of sandy hair, and a fondness for tobacco written on his collar and shirt bosom, in many a yellow character.—Such is his exterior, but nowhere is there a more generous heart, or a

hand more "open to melting charity," than his—no where is there a mansion in which there are more agreeable relations than his; no where a kinder husband, father, friend. The Globe people are not beautiful; but they are intellectual. Francis P. Blair with broad-brimmed hat, and somewhat Quaker dress, is the gentleman who is listening to some thing that Preston King is telling him, against one of the pillars on our left. He is not handsome, but he holds a pen, which, wielded in any cause, bad or good, is sure to cut deep. The venerable looking man, with white hair, piercing eye, quick gait, nervous manner, and countenance in deep study, is a historical man—politically; and now his intellect, so long devoted to the public service and the public press, is engaged in making the lightning write. That is Amos Kendall, whose career as Postmaster General, and whole long public service, were passed without reflecting a stain upon his good name.

Let us follow this crowd to the landing at the top of the broad steps fronting the avenue, from which we see Washington, stretched out on a level space, the Potomac on the south, and surrounded by hills—literally walled in, apparently, as if by the huge sides of a natural amphitheatre. He who has just nodded in this direction, is Joseph R. Chandler, a face rather stern, an eye quick and keen, an abrupt but not unpleasant address. He was a model editor, and a reputable representative. His speech on the slave question was pretty, patriotic, and pointed. He is an admirable speaker, and made quite a hit in his oratory. The preacher-looking man, from his white cravat, but the impulsive man, from his eye and swag, is Mr. Venable, of North Carolina, whose devotion to Mr. Calhoun has been so much noticed, and whose attachment to the South is so great that he will hardly allow a Northern man to be its admirer or friend. His is an impetuous, excellent-hearted, and indiscreet legislator. The noble form, straight, stout, and athletic, with rather dark complexion, and searching eye, is Mr. Bart, of South Carolina, a nephew of Mr. Calhoun. He is a high-toned gentleman, and a reliable man; though distant and reserved until well-acquainted. The next that passes is Isaac E. Holmes, of the same State, with figure under the medium size; a countenance which seems to be absorbed in thought; a prominent nose, eyes whose researches are occasionally aided by a glass which is suspended from a guard chain. Such are the exterior characteristics of the man whose votes at the beginning of the session were called "scattering." Mr. Holmes is a gentleman of attainments, and a great wit. The two members now coming out of the main door, are brothers in law, Hon. Richard Parker and Gen. Willson, of Virginia, the first a nephew of Mr. Ritchie, of the Union, the last the author of one of the bitterest attacks upon Thaddeus Stevens, yet heard in the House. That remarkably handsome man, with grey hair, expressive and benevolent countenance, is Chauncey E. Cleveland, of Connecticut, the ultra Free Soiler. He is in company with Mr. Waldo, a Democratic member from the same State, a tall, spare man of fifty odd, with grey hair, and resolute expression of face. He is not inclined to sectional parties; but takes his stand on the broad platform of the National Democracy. The two gentlemen standing on the south-east corner of the landing, are intimate friends, and will be recognized as Thomas Ross, of Pennsylvania—whose keen black eye, direct manners, and frank expression, show him to be equal to any crisis—and Timothy R. Yonaz, originally of New England, but now a member from Illinois—a very intelligent, popular and attentive member. Everybody in Congress will rejoice that he has recovered from his recent illness. The two now going down the broad steps are Louisiana members, Harmanston and Le Sere, both rather below the ordinary size, but able and useful in their representative capacity. They are intimate associates, and are nearly always seen together. Next to them is Isaac E. Morse, of the same State, a slender, straight and wiry frame, a face full of humor and kindness, a voice that seems to have been made to utter jokes and witticisms. He is an original, and possesses dry humor that is irresistible. He is always in his seat, and attends diligently to his duties. Do not fail to notice the next that passes by. The sparkling face, the merry eye, the elastic step, all point you to Robert W. Johnson, the only member from Arkansas, and the new of glorious old Tennessee. A model member is Johnson. The throng is nearly over, and now only an occasional presidential winds his way to the avenue. Ah! here are two of the Main delegation, Thos. J. D. Fuller and Collier Sawtelle—both tall, good looking Yankees, and both admirable representatives. But the dinner hour is at hand, and if we desire to get a seat at the National, we, too, must descend from this elevated platform. There are still others worthy of notice; but we must wait for another day.

The members of the present Congress, who fought in the war with Mexico, are on the whole, remarkably able and influential representatives. Nearly all are good speakers. Their distinctive merits, apart from their military services, must sooner or later have advanced them to political position. We have already pointed out Colonel Davis and Colonel Bissel. The first was in the House when the war broke out, and when he came back, it was to carry his broken frame into the Senate, of which he is now a conspicuous member. Bissel could not long have remained out of public life; for

his abilities are of that stern and steady character which command regard even from opponents. Colonel Jere. Clemens, of Alabama, came almost direct to the Senate, from the battle-field. He is now in close conversation with Governor Brown, and is seated next to him in the House. He is quite young, has long black hair, a settled countenance, and an elastic, wiry figure. In debate he is fluent and fearless; impassioned and indiscreet. Some of his speeches have been strong, and his readiness to grapple with the older Senators, shows that he has confidence in himself and his cause. He was a Taylor Democrat, in 1848, and ran against Governor Fitzpatrick in the Alabama Legislature, the regular Democratic nominee, and defeated him. From the place where we now sit, at the Reporters' desks on the right of the Speaker, we can see the heroes as they come in to write letters before the hour of twelve. The heavily-built man, now going over to the Whig, or left side of the House, is Colonel Humphrey Marshall, of the Louisville, Kentucky, district. His full, ruddy face, indicates alike good nature and obstinacy. He is a fair speaker, and a brave man. Colonel Marshall fought with distinction in the early battles of the war; but he came very near being defeated by Dr. Newton Lane, (a Democrat,) when he ran for Congress. You will notice the person with a bald head, standing in conversation with Mr. Winthrop. That is Colonel Baker, an Englishman by birth and now a Whig representative from Illinois. He has a strange expression of countenance; and the disciple of Lavater would not be apt to call it the expression of a resolute man. Nevertheless, he fought well for the country in Mexico, is an easy, stirring, but somewhat wordy Speaker. Everybody remembers his theatrical appearance in the hall of the House, during the war, in uniform, and his appeal in favor of certain necessary legislation for the army, then quartered on the crooked river of Rio Grande. The next character is Col. W. A. Richardson, also of Illinois. You can pick him out as a man among a thousand. There he is in conversation with Judge Douglas, of the Senate, whose successor he is in the House. His is a tall, large, frame with a countenance that could not more plainly represent a brave man, if it were in cast iron. He is an intense lover of tobacco, and a warm-hearted and impulsive man. His speeches are few but fearless; short but stirring; plain, practical, and direct.—He fought at Buena Vista with much gallantry, and is a sterling member of the Democratic party. Another of the heroes of the same war, and of the same field, is Col. Willis A. Gorman, of Indiana; and one of the "Right" or Democratic side. He is the member with the black hair, sparkling black eye, genteel appearance, and pleasing deportment. This is his first session; but he has already made his mark. His speech on the slave question was national and high toned. The member about the same size, and apparently about the same age,—say forty—now conversing with Linn Boyd, is Colonel George A. Caldwell, of Kentucky. He has been in Congress before, is an experienced politician, a bold speaker, and won unflinching laurels by his bravery in Mexico. Ohio contributes a hero-representative, in Major Hoagland; the tall, well-proportioned member, with a face that wins upon you at once; and that soldiers' bearing so hard to imitate. He has not yet spoken; but when he does he will no doubt make a hit. Tennessee has also a representative on the floor, who did his country service in the same far-off battle-fields. You will see him there in conversation with Andrew Ewing, of the Nashville district.—Ewing being the straight, youthful-looking man, with sharp and intelligent face.—His companion is the gallant Colonel Savage, so well-remembered by all who served in the battles of the valley; a figure about medium size, a prominent Roman nose, a piercing eye, and a calm, retiring demeanor. The military skill of Col. Savage is well set-off by good abilities as a speaker and a representative.

There is one significant and suggestive trait among these gallant men in Congress, with rare exceptions. They are national in their feelings. They treat the slave question as patriots, rather than partisans. They worship the Union. They venerate the Constitution. The idle bluster of extremists of either side, excites only their contempt. They do not understand the valor that expends itself in epithets, and the argument that explodes in reproaches. They are all personally calm, quiet, and unobtrusive.—What a lesson such a fact should teach those who are doing all to imperil a Republic which these brave members would give their hearts' best blood to protect from danger!

Before us, in the aisle, you will not fail to be attracted by gentleman with hat in hand, in earnest conversation among a group of listening members. He is himself not a representative, but he is "a character." That is Whitney, the projector of the great rail road to the Pacific; a glorious idea, truly and one which he advocates with a zeal and a constancy, rarely witnessed. His head and face bear a striking resemblance to Napoleon, as represented in the bust of that mighty captain; and none see him for the first time without being impressed by the likeness. The person now passing along the main aisle, with hat on—the House not being in session—erect figure, florid complexion, and rather thin face, is Caleb Cushing, of Massachusetts, formerly a member of Congress for the Newburyport District, and a

General in the late war with Mexico, in which, without having an opportunity to meet an enemy, he made many friends by his skill and his energy. Beyond all doubt, he is one of the ablest men in this country, whether regarded as a statesman, a writer, a speaker, or a scholar. His speech in the Massachusetts Legislature, in 1847, upon the duty of the State to clothe the regiment he had raised, at the moment they were suffering from the severity of the weather, was a piece of oratory worthy of Sheridan or Burke. The contrast he drew, in the course of his speech, between Calhoun and Webster, and between South Carolina and Massachusetts, was original and overwhelming. He visits Washington often. The gentleman now advancing with fresh English complexion, and glowing red cheeks, and a high-toned, and high-toned representative. In the same range you will see Franklin W. Bowdoin, of the same State, one of the most thrilling speakers in the House, and one of the best representatives. We never shall forget the manner in which, in May, 1848, he retorted upon a delegate in the Baltimore Convention, who made a fling at President Polk, by classing him among the "outsiders." Samson G. Harris is another of the delegation from this State—an experienced, popular and agreeable representative. His pleasant face and frank deportment prove at once that he is a man of heart. Ohio is fortunate in having several powerful speakers and active men in her delegation. Mr. Disney is the successor of Mr. Faran, of the Cincinnati district, and is the neat, well-dressed gentleman sitting near R. H. Stanton, of Kentucky—a thoughtful face, but an enthusiastic disposition. His report on the Galphin robbery, signed by himself, Messrs. Feasterston, and Mann, reflects high credit upon him. David R. Carter is a new member from the same State, and sits near Judge Thompson, on the "extreme right"—the member with very black eyes and pale face, and stout frame. He is a humorous and ready speaker. Dr. Edson B. Olds, of the Circleville district, who sits near him, is well known as a capital popular speaker; and Mr. Sweetser, from the Columbus district, has already taken part in debate, and displayed decided ability. Both of these are also new members. You ask for William J. Brown, of Indiana? There he is, in the vicinity of Mr. Carter, a member of ordinary size, with the appearance of having suffered severely from sickness. He has been very much abused, for the fact that he never spoke in regard to the speakers' chair; but that affair has never led us for a moment to doubt that he was an honest man.

There are always more or less distinguished gentlemen in Washington during the session of Congress, who generally obtain admission on the floor, under the rules. Here are two Pennsylvanians, Colonels Wilson M. Caudles and Samuel W. Black, of Pitsburg. The fine figure, courtly manners, hair tinged with grey—person clad in black—will recall the first to his many friends; while the keen eye, bright face, straight form, and quick movements, well distinguished the latter, whose valor in Mexico, earned for him undying laurels. The erect and elastic figure—a face lighted up with an air of command—an eye that moves quickly—is Commodore Robert F. Stockton, of New Jersey, a name famous in undying story, as identified with some of the noblest feats of daring on record. Mark well the next character. That gentleman now standing in conversation with the Speaker, at one of the entrances to the passages between the seats, with hat and snuff box in hand, is Wm. L. Marcy, the very distinguished Secretary of War under Mr. Polk. He is "a historical character" as "John Sergeant" said of General Taylor. A mild, benevolent, good humored countenance, and an air of repose and equanimity wonderfully at variance with his bold and masterly reply to General Scott. Look at him well; for he is emphatically a man of the age, and has made his mark upon the imperishable annals of our country.

A Hoosier was called up to the stand, away out West, to testify to the character of a brother hoosier. It was as follows:

"How long have you known Bill Bush-wack?"
"Ever since he was born."
"What is his general character?"
"Letter A. No. 1. 'Bove par a very great way!"
"Would you believe him on oath?"
"Yes—sir—on, or off, or any other way."
"What in your opinion are his qualifications to good character?"
"He is the best shot in the prairie or in the woods; he can shave an eyewinker off a wolf as far as a shooting iron will carry a ball; he can drink a quart of brandy any day, and chaw tobacco like a boss."
"Now, girls," said our friend Mrs. Bigelow to her daughters, the other day, "you must get husbands as soon as possible, or they'll all be murdered."
"Why so, ma?" inquired one.
"Why, I see by the paper that we've got a most fifteen thousand post offices, and nearly all on 'em dispatches a mail every day—the Lord have mercy upon our poor widows and orphans!" and the old lady stepped briskly to the looking glass to pat on her new cap.

Mrs. Partington asked, very indignantly, if the bills before Congress are not counterfeited, why there should be so much difficulty in passing them?

facing the Speaker on the right, whose quiet manners and general intelligence have made him many friends. He has not yet spoken, but contents himself with attending to those other duties which it is so important to have properly discharged. The very tall member, with down look and stooping shoulders, now crossing over to the left, is John Wentworth, of Illinois, the editor of the Chicago Democrat, a strange compound of a politician, decided-limboresculet to the Whigs than to the Democrats. He has patient constituents, truly, to be permitted to act like he does, and retain his place. Four or five seats from the front, on the Democratic side, you will be impressed by the appearance of a member of noble stature, dark complexion, and black eyes—generally dressed with care and elegance: that is Mr. Inge, of Alabama, an able, energetic, and high-toned representative. In the same range you will see Franklin W. Bowdoin, of the same State, one of the most thrilling speakers in the House, and one of the best representatives. We never shall forget the manner in which, in May, 1848, he retorted upon a delegate in the Baltimore Convention, who made a fling at President Polk, by classing him among the "outsiders." Samson G. Harris is another of the delegation from this State—an experienced, popular and agreeable representative. His pleasant face and frank deportment prove at once that he is a man of heart. Ohio is fortunate in having several powerful speakers and active men in her delegation. Mr. Disney is the successor of Mr. Faran, of the Cincinnati district, and is the neat, well-dressed gentleman sitting near R. H. Stanton, of Kentucky—a thoughtful face, but an enthusiastic disposition. His report on the Galphin robbery, signed by himself, Messrs. Feasterston, and Mann, reflects high credit upon him. David R. Carter is a new member from the same State, and sits near Judge Thompson, on the "extreme right"—the member with very black eyes and pale face, and stout frame. He is a humorous and ready speaker. Dr. Edson B. Olds, of the Circleville district, who sits near him, is well known as a capital popular speaker; and Mr. Sweetser, from the Columbus district, has already taken part in debate, and displayed decided ability. Both of these are also new members. You ask for William J. Brown, of Indiana? There he is, in the vicinity of Mr. Carter, a member of ordinary size, with the appearance of having suffered severely from sickness. He has been very much abused, for the fact that he never spoke in regard to the speakers' chair; but that affair has never led us for a moment to doubt that he was an honest man.

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THE BLUE JUNIATA.

WILD ROVED AN Indian girl,
Bright Alverata,
Where sweep the waters
Of the blue Juniata.

Sweet as an anielope,
Through the forest glowing,
Loose were her jetty locks,
Wavy tresses flowing.

Sweet was the mountain song
Of bright Alverata,
Where sweep the waters
Of the blue Juniata:

"Strong and true my arrows are,
In my painted quiver,
Swiftly glides my light canoe,
Down the rapid river.

Bold was my warrior good,
The love of Alverata,
Proud waves his snowy plume,
Along the Juniata.

Soft and low he speaks to me,
In his war whoops sounding,
Waves his voice and thunders loud,
From height to height resounding."

So sang the Indian girl,
Bright Alverata,
Where sweep the waters
Of the blue Juniata.

Fleeting years have born away
The voice of Alverata,
Still sweep the waters
Of the blue Juniata.

Our Notions of Tobacco.

Some years ago the Messrs. Fowlers asked the Editor of The Tribune for a written statement of his opinion of the use and effects of Tobacco, which was given. Finding the letter in a neat twenty-five cent book just issued by them entitled "Tobacco: its History, Nature, and Effects on the body and Mind, by JOEL SWAY, M. D. with the Opinions of Dr. Nott, Rev. H. W. Beecher, &c. &c. and finding it to express our present sentiments on the subject, we make room for it. Cannot our young donkeys who are just learning to bruff themselves by the vile weed be somehow induced to read and think?

LETTERS TO MESSRS. O. S. & T. N. FOWLER.

GENTLEMEN: You ask me for a statement of what I know and think respecting tobacco. I have had a good deal of experience on this subject; in fact I once smoked nearly an inch of cigar myself. It served me right, and I never since had any inclination to outrage human nature and insult decency in any such way. I was then some six years old, and naturally aspiring to the accomplishments of manhood and gentility; but the lesson I then received will suffice for my whole life though it should be spun out to the length of Methuselah's. I have since endured my share of the fumigations and kindred abominations of tobacco, but I have inhaled none.

I wish some budding Elia, not a slave to narcotic sensualism, would favor us with an essay on "The Natural Affinities of Tobacco with Blackquandism." The materials for it are abundant, and you have but to open your eyes (or nostrils) in any promenade, (glorious Boston excepted,) in any village bar room, to find yourself confronted by them. Here Broadway sunny yet airy, with the atmosphere genial and inviting, so that fair maidens (and eke observing bachelors) through the two-shilling sidewalk, glad to enjoy and not unwilling to be admired.—Hither (as Satan into Paradise, but not half so gentlemanly) hies the host of tobacco-smokers, to puff their detested fumes into the faces and eyes of abhorring purity and loveliness, to sputter the walk, and often soil the costly and delicate dresses of the protractees with their vile excretions. And even should the smokers forbear to pollute the outraged but patiently enduring the flagstones with their foul saliva, the chowers will not be far behind (as the Revelator saw "Death on the pale horse, and Hell following after") industriously polluting the air of earth, as their precursors have poisoned the sweet breath of Heaven. How long, oh! how long, must all this suffer ed!

I have intimated that the tobacco-consumer is not indeed necessarily and inevitably, but naturally and generally—a blackguard; that chewing or smoking obviously tends to blackguardism. Can any man doubt it? Let him ride with uncorrupted senses in the stage or omnibus, which he insists on defiling with the liquid product of his incessant labors, seeming unconscious of its utter offensiveness; and when even the smoker, especially if partly or wholly drunk, will also insist on transforming into a miniature Tophet by his exhalations, defying a like the express rule of the coach and the sufferer's urgent remonstrances, if he can only say, "Why there's no lady here" "No ladies is his expression, but the plea is execrable enough, though expressed grammatically." Go into a public gathering, where a speaker of delicate lung, and an invincible repulsion to tobacco, is trying to discuss some important topic so that a thousand men can hear and understand him, yet whereinto ten or twenty smokers have introduced themselves, a long-nine projecting horizontally from beneath the nose of each, a fire at one end and a fool at the other, and mark how the puff, puffing gradually transforms the atmosphere (none too pure at first) into that of some foul and pestilential cavern, choking the utterance of the speaker, and distracting (by annoyance) the attention of the hearers, until the argument is arrested or its effects utterly destroyed. If he who

will selfishly, recklessly, impudently, inflict so much discomfort and annoyance on many, in order that he may enjoy in a particular place an indulgence which could as well be enjoyed where no one else would be affected by it, be not a blackguard, who can be what could indicate bad breeding and a bad heart, if such conduct does not? "Brethren!" said Parnon Strong, of Hartford, preaching a Connecticut election sermon, in high party times, some fifty years ago, "it has been charged that I have said every Democrat is a horse-thief; I never did. What I did say only that every horse-thief is a Democrat, and that I can prove." So I do not say that every smoker or chewer is necessarily a blackguard, however steep the proclivity that way; but show me a genuine blackguard—one of the boys, and no mistake—who is not a lover of tobacco in some shape, and I will agree to find you two white black-birds.
HORACE GREELY.

A Bachelor's Reverie.
Fifty-to-day! fifty; little chance now of my getting a wife and house-full of "little responsibilities," as Fanny Wright calls them. Heigho! I'm getting to be—no, not "a middle-aged-gentleman," for I've been that, any time the last ten years ago; no, I'm a gentleman declining in years, and I may advertise for a housekeeper without giving a handle to scandal to make free with my character. Twenty-five years ago, and I should have afforded the man who foretold this: that I should be sitting this day in an arm-chair, newspaper in hand, breakfast before me, one foot on a cushion, and only one cup and two eggs on the table. Newspapers are stupid things; I'd much rather chat over my morning meal. Why the deuce am I not married! Nobly makes tea fit to drink now; and the toast never comes up to me hot. What capital tea Lucy Smith used to make. Poor Lucy! I wonder what makes me think of her? People said Lucy and I would certainly make a match, and so would I, I suspect, if it hadn't been for that cursed cousin of hers. I'm sure she would have married me if I had asked her, but I kept putting it off day after day, and he—cut me out, and be hanged to him. I was a young gentleman then, and thought I could marry whenever I liked. They went away to the west and got rich; he's a member of Congress, and she has grown fat, and rides about in her carriage, with two or three grown up daughters; pretty girls, too, as I'm told, but they'll never be like their mother. I've a ribbon of hers, that she used to wear round her slender waist, that I bred her little brother to steal for me, with the load of my fowling-piece; and sometimes, when it rains, I feel sentimental, I take it out of my writing-desk, and look at it awhile, and think I'll throw it into the fire—but I don't! though, and though it is yet in the secret drawer with my mother's picture, and the last lock of my own hair. They make capital wigs by the way; nobody seems to suspect that my curls are not the natural crop. Lucy used to say that my hair was beautiful, and I'm almost certain that she cut off a lock once, when I was asleep on the sofa. I wonder whether she has lost any of her splendid tress; mine have stood it out pretty well, but they're going. Parny said they would last a long time, and he ought to know. I must go to him and get him to make me a couple of new ones. What shall I do with myself to day? I've given up business and made money enough to last me my time. I've no one to leave it to after I'm gone. Where's the use of going on adding dollar to dollar, and acre to acre, unless one has children to set up? Nine marriages in the paper to-day! Nine husbands and wives created since yesterday morning. I dare say they'll all have young sprouts—say four a-piece on the average; that's thirty-six little mouths to be stuffed with bread and butter, and seventy-two little feet to buy shoes for, and two hundred and eighty-eight little fingers to wash and keep clean! No fool of a job that for the nine papas and mamas? I was always remarkably fond of children.

There is a new married couple moved into the house over the way, on purpose to plague me, I do believe; they seem to be very fond of each other, and deeply happy. There's a gig come to the door, every afternoon, and he hands his wife so carefully in it, and she smiles so brightly as they drive off, that I'm almost tempted to wish they might break their necks before they come back. That's a nice looking girl that has come to stay with them during the honeymoon; she's the bride's sister or something, I dare say; the prettiest lot and the most rosy-eyed eyes I ever seen—except Lucy Smith's. I wonder whether she's engaged to be married; I don't see any very suspicious young men come to the door, and—But what the deuce is it to me whether she is or not? I'm an old bachelor, and must go down to the grave without leaving anybody to cry for me. I should like, though, to see the girl nearer; it's easy enough to get introduced into the house, and though I'm too old to marry, there's no reason that I know of, why an old man like me shouldn't do the polite thing to a new-comer into the neighborhood. I've a new coat coming home, the tmy artist says, will make me look fifteen years younger—rather impudent, by the way. And I'm not so amazingly old, after all. When I sat down to breakfast, I felt rather blueish, and thought myself quite a Mathusalem. Poh, no such thing; I can walk as briskly as ever—almost—I can ride, sing, dance, no, I'd better leave out dancing. But what of that? I'm a good-looking middle-aged man, tired of living alone, and hang me but I'll make one more try for the ring, if I die for it. There's a pretty girl over the way, and I'll send over a basket of grapes with my compliments.

Joel Gilbert