

John East

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

R. W. Weaver Proprietor.

Truth and Right—God and Country.

Two Dollars per Annum.

VOLUME 2.

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, JANUARY 23, 1851.

NUMBER 52.

THE STAR OF THE NORTH
 It published every Thursday Morning, by
R. W. WEAVER.
OFFICE—Up stairs in the New Brick building
 on the south side of Main street, third
 square below Market.
 TERMS—Two Dollars per annum, if paid
 within six months from the time of subscrib-
 ing; two dollars and fifty cents if not paid
 within the year. No subscription received
 for a less period than six months: no discon-
 tinuance permitted until all arrearages are
 paid, unless at the option of the editors.
 ADVERTISEMENTS not exceeding one square,
 will be inserted three times for one dollar,
 and twenty-five cents for each additional insertion.
 A liberal discount will be made to those who ad-
 vertise by the year.

TOO YOUNG TO LOVE.
 BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.
 They say you are too young to love,
 Too young to be united;
 In scorn they bid us both renounce
 The fond vows we have plighted.
 They send thee forth to see the world,
 Thy love by absence trying;
 Then go; for I can smile farewell—
 Upon thy truth relying.

I know that Pleasure's hand will throw
 Her silken nets about thee;
 I know how loathsome I shall find
 The long, long days without thee.
 But in thy letters they'll be joy;
 The reading,—the replying
 I'll kiss each word that's traced by thee,
 Upon thy truth relying.

When friends applaud thee, I'll sit by,
 In silent rapture being;
 And, oh! how proud of being loved
 By her they have been praising.
 But should Detraction breathe thy name,
 The world's reproach defying,
 I'd love thee,—land thee,—trust thee still,
 Upon thy truth relying.

Old Put's Gallows.
 An Incident of the Revolutionary War.
 Near Peekskill, not far from the main
 road, stands a clump of forest trees, among
 which an aged Yew-tree is somewhat conspicu-
 ous.
 It bore for a long time, and still bears, I
 believe, the name of "Old Put's Gallows,"
 from the fact that many a Tory spy, skinner,
 and thieving cow-boy had swung from its
 branches when Putnam commanded on the
 lines.
 In the early part of August, 1777, General
 Tryon was at the British outpost near King's
 bridge. It will be remembered that at the
 commencement of the Revolution, and a full col-
 or of the British regulars.—After the war
 broke out he was placed on active service,
 and raised to a general's rank, with power to
 recruit and equip a Tory corps or brigade
 from the Americans who yet remained loyal
 to the crown and Government of Britain.
 For a long time it had been a favorite pro-
 ject with Putnam that an attempt should be
 made to recapture the city of New York,
 and from all accounts, it appears that Wash-
 ington did not like the plan, but with pru-
 dent caution did not wish to hazard at the
 time the risk of a defeat. Putnam, however,
 made several feints and false movements at
 his outposts to alarm Sir Henry Clinton; in
 which he succeeded, and thus kept the Brit-
 ish troops within the city for its protection,
 that otherwise, aided by the fleet, would
 have been ravaging the adjacent shores of
 other States. It became necessary to Sir
 Henry Clinton that he should know the
 position and condition of Putnam's troops more
 accurately, also endeavor if possible to as-
 certain what parties in the city gave Putnam
 such accurate information of his, Clinton's,
 plans.
 Tryon was busy raising his new levies,
 and for him Sir Henry Clinton sent
 General Tryon, he said, "I must know
 the position of Putnam's troops and their
 number, including his fresh battalions of
 militia. You ought to find some one—a na-
 tive—that has enlisted in your corps that will
 go into the highlands and obtain if for you
 the reward shall be liberal, and if success-
 ful, the person shall be advanced a grade."
 "I think I have such a man, Sir Henry, a
 sergeant in De Lancey's regiment. He enlisted
 only a week ago, and is intelligent and
 ambitious. He has friends on the other side
 that do not know that he has joined us yet?
 The very man Go and send him. Gen.
 Tryon was absent about two hours, for he
 had to send to Harlem, where the sergeant
 was stationed, undergoing a drill with
 others of the new levies under their officers.
 "I've seen the man and had a long conver-
 sation with him," said Tryon, when he en-
 tered. "He is willing to undertake it on one
 condition, and that is only a condition of
 pride."
 "What is it then?"
 "That he shall receive a lieutenant's com-
 mission at once. He will then depart in the
 instant you require, and is confident of suc-
 cess."
 "Do you know him to be worthy of reli-
 ance?"
 "From all that I can learn, and from my
 own judgment I should not doubt it in the
 least."
 The young sergeant soon made his ap-
 pearance. He was not more than three and
 twenty years of age, of good personal ap-
 pearance, and a cunning twinkle about his

small black eye, denoting no want of confi-
 dence in his own good opinion. Sir Henry
 was so well pleased with him that his in-
 structions were soon completed; and receiv-
 ing his commission, the young lieutenant
 bade the British commander farewell, and re-
 turned in a few days with the desired infor-
 mation. On reaching his quarters he changed
 his military apparel for a plain countryman's
 suit, ripping the lining of his cocked hat un-
 der which he placed his commission, which
 he carefully re-sewed, saying to himself:
 "I think when Miss Rosa Milford sees my
 commission, as an officer in his Majesty's
 service, she will no longer refuse the hand of
 Nathan Palmer."

The next morning he left the farther out-
 posts at Kingsbridge, on horseback, where
 Gen. Tryon had accompanied him, to pursue
 his expedition. It was a beautiful morning,
 and he looked forward with all the anticipa-
 tions of pleasure, and hope gleamed warm-
 ly in his breast. He passed the neutral
 ground without molestation, and advanced
 into what was considered the American dis-
 tricts without being troubled by any of the
 occasional travellers on the road, although
 every one was armed and carried a musket.
 Now then he met an American yeoman
 or farmer with whom he was acquainted,
 that knew not of his defection for he was
 born in that section of the country, and re-
 sidents within a wide circle were then consid-
 ered neighbors.—Late in the afternoon he
 came within sight of the regular American
 outposts, when he turned off the main road
 by a narrow one that led to a mill and dwell-
 ing on the banks of a small but rapid
 stream.

Let us for a moment look into the dwell-
 ing and notice its inmates. One was a girl
 of about eighteen, and a fine rustic beauty,
 engaged in some trifling housework, but
 mainly listening to the conversation of a
 lively-looking, brown-complexioned young
 man, in a half military garb. It is evident
 that what he said pleased her, for she
 looked at him from time to time, as she
 smiled archly, with fondness.—These two
 were Rosa Milford, the miller's daughter,
 and William Townley, a neighboring farm-
 er's son, an ensign in the American army,
 lying near.

"Who is that, William, coming toward the
 house on horseback?"
 "As I live," said the young man, "it is your
 old spark, that sly rascal, Nathan Palmer,
 the dominic's nephew, who despised him
 and cast him off. The rogue, I heard in a
 private letter this morning, that he had en-
 listed in the refugee corps. If I knew cer-
 tain, he would swing for it. Depend upon
 it, Rosa, he is here for no good purpose."
 "Do not be seen, William, leave me to
 manage him."

The young man left by a back door, not
 out of hearing, as the Tory lieutenant and
 spy entered by the front. He advanced with
 a bold step.
 "Rosa, I have but little time to spare, and
 want your answer at once. Read that."
 He took the commission from the lining of
 his hat, and placed it before her.
 "Some difference between holding a com-
 mission in King George's service and being
 a ragged continental!"

"Nathan Palmer," said Rosa, sternly, "I
 always disliked you—now I hate you," and
 she handed him his commission.
 "Do you refuse to be my wife now?"
 "Your wife! Leave the house, or I shall
 be tempted to loose the dog at the mill upon
 you."

"Good bye, Miss Rosa," he said, grinding
 his teeth in anger. "Look to your father's
 mill—your house—yourself—I will be ven-
 ged!" And he mounted his horse and rode
 swiftly away.
 Rosa hastened to the back door to look
 for her lover. He was just leaving for the
 camp, and the wave of his hand indicated
 that he knew Palmer's errand. He hasten-
 ed to the camp, had an interview with Put-
 nam, and the latter issued his private orders.
 Palmer came into the lines that night with
 the freedom of an old companion and hav-
 ing as he supposed accomplished his errand,
 was about taking his departure, when he
 was arrested, and the fatal commission was
 full proof of his guilt as a spy. After a
 brief trial he was ordered to be hung on
 Put's gallows the next afternoon.

Before the hour of execution came, Tryon,
 who heard of the arrest, sent in a flag, de-
 claring it murder to hang a mere civilian who
 happened to be a royalist, and threatened re-
 taliation. He was not aware that Palmer's
 commission had been found upon his person.
 Putnam wrote back this brief and
 memorable note:

HEADQUARTERS, Aug. 7, 1777.
 Sir:—Nathan Palmer, a Lieutenant in your
 King's service, was taken into my camp
 as a spy. He was tried as a spy; he was
 condemned as a spy, and you may rest as-
 sured, sir, he shall be hanged as a spy.
 I have the honor to be, etc.
ISRAEL PUTNAM.
 His Excellency, Gen. Tryon.
 P. S. Afternoon. He is hanged.

Such was "Old Put"—prompt to execute
 and decide. The hickory tree still remains
 standing near Peekskill.

TELEGRAPH FOR CALIFORNIA—The U. S.
 Senate, the other day, received the petition
 of Josiah Snow, A. B. Snow, and associates,
 of the Atlantic and Pacific Telegraph, for
 a subscription or donation of \$300,000, in
 aid of a Telegraph Line from the Mississippi
 to California, to be finished in eighteen
 months from the passage of the bill. It
 was referred.

Scene in a Railroad Car.
 BY OCEANUS.
 'Tis often said that truth is stranger than
 fiction. To such as would doubt the ver-
 acity of the same as a test, I advise to take a
 downward trip in any of the 27th st. cars, in
 N. Y., on any Sunday evening between the
 hours of 9 and 10. It is a well known fact
 that those cars, like an omnibus in a rainy
 day, are never full—not even when its in-
 mates are packed as close as sardines in a
 case, for the conductor is sure to find a lit-
 tle more room on the platforms, and if need
 be off the roof itself.

'Plenty of room, marm. Gentlemen will
 please give their seats to the ladies,' says the
 conductor, as an elderly lady squeezes
 through the crowd.
 'Will you take my seat?' asks a young
 gentleman.

'Don't do it, Charlie, you will tire your-
 self standing,' whispers his sweet heart.—
 The lady by edging, squeezing, and pushing,
 arrives at length to the proffered place.
 'What the devil do you mean by that—sure
 if any lady is to be seated, ye should give it
 to the lady wid me, who's bin standing iver
 since we left.'

'I'll give it to whom I please.'
 'Don't mind him, Toddy, I'm a better la-
 dy nor she is, for all her fine silk dress and
 jewels.'
 Ting, ting, goes the bell.
 'Let this lady out—make room towards
 the door.'
 'Blood and nouns! kape off me toes and
 be d—d till ye.'

'Pardons, Monsieur, excuse—it be von
 vat you call, sacre blue achidient!'
 The moment the lady rises to leave, some
 twenty persons rush forward, jostling her
 and themselves to secure the resting place.
 'Corce out of that—this lady got in the
 seat first.'
 'No, she did not.'
 'I say she did, and I'll have the place if I
 have to fight for it.'

'Conductor stop this way if you please.'
 'Yes, sir, I will if I can, allow me to pass
 if you please, you are so crowded that I
 cannot.'
 'Plenty of room for a dozen yet,' calls out
 the driver. In they come, some three or
 four.
 Ting, ting, ting.

'Driver, stop! bawls out an old lady, 'if
 you take any more in I'll complain to the
 mayor.'
 'Sorry I can't oblige you madam, but I
 must have full fare or I shall lose my stev-
 alish, (To the horses.) Get up.'
 'Can't you spit your nasty tobacco juice
 clear of my shoes?' asks a dandy.
 'Tell me that again and I'll smash a chaw
 in your face.'

'Uh-to-la-la-loo!'
 'Oh my new dress! Conductor, here's a
 man vomiting!'
 'Poh! what a stench—open the windows!'
 'Na, na ye man do that, my tairin is na
 weel, and the cauld wind will be hurtful!'
 'What's that ye say, (hic) what the devil
 are ye stopping for, driver, (hic) did ye never
 see a man drunk (hic) before?'
 'Oh, my new dress is spoiled!'
 'Serves ye right—what business had ye
 to come in with it on!'

'Begar, zar, is dis vat you call mannares,
 here?'
 'Yohn, shall we not bettare jump out?'
 'Yaw, I tink it more bettare as good for to
 go.'
 'Si still, if you please; if you are going
 farther down, don't move, it will cause con-
 fusion,' says the conductor.
 'I say Tom, give us a chaw of tobacco.'
 'Here, help yourself!'
 'What in the de'il shall I do with the old
 quid—the windows are all down, and I don't
 like to hurt the women's dresses. All the
 gentlemen that are between here and the
 door, will much oblige by passing this old
 ooper out.'

'D—d it, sa, do ye mean to insult me
 with your nasty tobacco?'
 'Keep cool, gents.'
 'Conductor, this lady is fainting—let us
 out.'
 Ting, ting.
 'I'll have her seat, anyhow.'
 'Madam, you must be tired—sit on my
 knee.'
 'What do you mean, sir—that lady is my
 wife.'
 'Who said she wasn't? I only asked her
 out of politeness.'
 'O mine cod, mine cod!'
 'Vat ish to matters, Hans?'
 'Dat shentlemans mit hish paccy-box has
 trown te schouff inter mine eyesh.'
 'Ma, ma, that little boy is tickling me.'
 'I ain't only put my arm around her to
 save it from being broken.'
 'Don't squeeze me, sir, I'm not a
 doll.'
 'Divil a hupporth I'll move for ye—didn't
 I pay my sarpence as well as ye for all yer
 dandy clothes?'

Scenes such as these are of frequent oc-
 currence. Cars that were made to seat
 conveniently twenty persons are often, by
 the cupidity of their conductors, made to
 stow sixty or seventy, and such a heteroge-
 neous mass of human clay are they, that to
 give a just idea of its ludicrous appearance,
 requires actual observation; for to describe
 it correctly is out of the power of a Hogarth.
 To those who doubt, and have a spare six-
 pence, I say go and judge for yourselves—
 promising however, that you must expect to
 have your olfactory nerves tested to the ut-
 most. Such as can bear the infliction will
 find their money not uselessly spent, for
 they will learn more of human nature in
 one short half hour than some learn during
 their whole life.

UNCLE BILL.
 Uncle Bill Griffin, or Uncle Bill, as he
 was commonly called, with an irreverent
 disregard of his patronymic, did not retire
 from the shophandlery business till he was
 worth something more than a plum. Not
 being blessed with a son to continue his
 name and inherit his fortune, he lavished all
 his tenderness and all his care upon his
 daughter. Sweet Molly Griffin, thou wert as
 unlike a bull-dog. His face was as hard as
 a Dutch nut-cracker—thine as soft as a re-
 celeaf. He was the veriest miser in all crea-
 tion—thou'oldest spend thy pocket money
 as liberally as a prince of Wales.—In his
 household management Uncle Bill was a
 consummate skin-flick; indeed says that he
 used to soak the back-logs in the cistern, and
 was after the lamp oil, and he was aided and
 abetted in all his niggardly schemes by a
 vinegar-faced housekeeper, who was the
 sworn enemy of all good cheer, and sinned
 from a pure love of meanness. Yet pretty
 Mary had no reason to complain of her
 father's penuriousness, as far as she was
 concerned. He sent her to the best schools,
 and gave her a carte blanche on the most
 expensive milliners, and when she walked
 Washington street on a sunny day, there
 was not a more gaily bedecked damsel from
 Cornhill to Essex street.

Of course, several very nice young men
 in varnished leather and white kids, fell
 over head and ears in love with her, and
 there was a larger number of whiskers col-
 lected outside of the meeting she attended
 on Sunday than darkened the door of any
 other metropolitan church.

Yet cold was the maid, and tho' legions ad-
 vanced,
 All drilled in Ovidian,
 Though they languished and ogled, protected
 Like shadows, they came, and like shadows
 they glanced,
 From the pure polished ice of her heart.

Besides, Uncle Bill was a formidable guar-
 dian to his attractive daughter. Did he not
 fire a charge of rock-salt into the inexpre-
 sibles of Tom Billkins, when he came seren-
 ating with a cracked guitar? Didn't he
 threaten to kick Towle for leaving a valen-
 tine at his door. Wasn't he capable of up-
 heard of atrocities? The suitors of pretty
 Mary were all frightened off the course by
 her ogre of a father, except a steady young
 fellow who rejoiced in the name of Samp-
 son Bittles, and who was admitted to book-
 keeping in a wholesale grocery store in
 Commercial street. The old gentleman re-
 ally liked Bittles; he was so staid, so quiet,
 and so full of information. He was a regu-
 lar price current, and no man on 'change
 was better acquainted with the value of
 stocks. Why Mary liked him, it is more
 difficult to conjecture, for he was very defi-
 cient in the small talk that young ladies
 so fond of, was averse to monstaches, dis-
 liked the opera, thought the ballet immor-
 al, and considered waltzing indelicate. Per-
 haps his good looks compensated for other
 deficiencies, or perhaps her horror of dying
 in a state of single blessedness induced her
 to countenance the only young man Uncle
 Bill was ever known to tolerate.

One evening Bittles screwed up his cour-
 age to the task of addressing the old man
 on the subject nearest to his heart.
 'Mr. Griffin,' said he, 'I've had some-
 thing here for a long time, and he made up
 a horrible face, and placed his hand some-
 where near his heart.'
 'Dyspepsia?' said the old man.
 'Your daughter,' gasped the young one.
 'Well, what about her?' asked Uncle Bill
 sharply.

'I'm in love with her,' said the unhappy
 clerk.
 'Humbag!' said Uncle Bill.
 'Fact!' rejoined Bittles.
 'What's your income?' inquired Griffin.
 'Eight hundred,' answered the applic-
 ant.

'It won't do, my boy,' said Griffin, shak-
 ing his grim locks, 'No man on a salary
 shall marry my daughter. Why, she's the
 finest girl in Boston, and it takes capital to
 marry a fine girl. When you have thirty
 thousand dollars to begin with, you may
 come and talk with me.'

Bittles disappeared. Six months after that
 Miss Mary Griffin received a letter, with an
 endorsement of Uncle Sam, acknowledging
 the receipt of forty cents. It ran thus:

SAN FRANCISCO, California, 1849.
 Dearest Mary—Enclosed, you will find a
 specimen of California gold, which please
 hand your father, and oblige. Have to ad-
 vise you of my return to Boston. Please tell
 your father that I have made fifty thousand
 dollars at the mines, and shall, wind and
 weather permitting, soon call upon him to
 talk over that matter, and arrange terms of
 partnership.
 Yours to command,
SAMPSON BITTLES.

Mary, as in duty bound, handed the epis-
 tole to her father, who was overjoyed.
 Some weeks elapsed, and the return of the
 steamer to New York was telegraphed. Grif-
 fin was on the qui vive to see his future son-
 in-law.

On the day of his expected arrival, he
 met a Californian who came home in the
 same ship.
 'Where's Bittles?' he inquired.
 'Oh, he'll see you here before a great
 while,' replied the Californian.
 'Has he been lucky?'

'Yes—fifty thousand at the lowest calcu-
 lation. But he's going to try a game over
 here. He means to tell you that he's been
 robbed of all his gold on his way home, to
 see if you have any generosity and disinter-

estedness—to see whether you'd give your
 daughter to him, gold or no gold.'
 'Sly boy!' chuckled old Griffin. 'I'm
 much obliged to you for the hint, I'll act ac-
 cordingly. Good morning.'
 Now it happened that the Californian
 was a good friend of Bittles, and that the sto-
 ry of Bittles's misfortunes was absolutely true
 he having been robbed of every ounce of
 his hard-earned gold dust on his way home.
 So it may be supposed he called on Griffin
 with a very lugubrious and woe-begone air.
 'My dear boy,' said Uncle Bill, 'I am de-
 lighted to see you, and pleased to hear of
 your luck. I welcome you as my son-in-
 law. But what the deuce is the matter with
 you?'

'Alas, sir!' said Bittles, 'I made fifty
 thousand dollars at the mines—'
 'Very hard luck!' interrupted the old
 gentleman, chuckling.
 'But on my way home, I was robbed of
 every ounce—and now how can I claim your
 daughter's hand?'

'Sampson Bittles,' said Uncle Bill, very
 cunningly, 'if you haven't got fifty thousand
 dollars you deserve to have it—you've work-
 ed hard enough to get it. You shall have
 my daughter, and the marriage shall be cele-
 brated to-morrow night. In anticipation of
 your return I have had you published. And
 while you're talking to Mary, I'll draw a
 check for \$50,000, so that you may go into
 partnership with a sufficient capital.'

'But, sir, I am a beggar.'
 'So much the better—you'll work the
 harder to increase your fortune.'
 'My dear sir, how can I thank you?'

'By making my girl a good husband—
 There—go—go—and tell Mary the news.'
 Bittles did tell her the news, and they
 were married. He went into business on
 the fifty thousand furnished him by his father-
 in-law, and was so extraordinarily prosper-
 ous, that Uncle Bill was more convinced
 than ever that the story was a regular Mu-
 chanesean. Once or twice he tried to repeat
 it, but the old gentleman always cut short
 with:

'I know all about it. Had it put in the
 papers, too, eh? Oh, it was a terrible affair.
 Lost your all! Poor fellow! Well, I made
 it up to you—and now I won't bear another
 word about it.'

When Uncle Bill departed this life, his
 immense property was found to be equally
 divided between his daughter and son-in-
 law; the testator bequeathed to the latter
 his share to compensate him for the loss he
 sustained on his return from California. The
 old miser had died in the full belief that Bittles
 never lost the gold dust.

How to Make Room in a Crowd.
 A rich and influential citizen of Hartford,
 Ct., who is guilty of a little darker skin
 than his brethren happened to be present in
 New York City, on the occasion of a great
 public meeting on the Battery, at which the
 celebrated Black Hawk, then on his tour
 throughout the country, was to make a
 speech, Colonel P.—and his friend P.—
 also a citizen of Hartford, walked down to
 the Battery, but found the crowd so large
 and dense, that they could not gain a posi-
 tion within hearing distance of the stand
 erected for the speakers.—After some delib-
 eration, the Colonel proposed returning to
 the hotel, but his friend demurred. 'I can
 manage, with your permission, Colonel, to
 get a seat for each of us upon the platform.'
 'How can that be done? I can hardly push
 my way into the crowd, and how shall we
 affect an entrance with our bodies?'

'I'll tell you, Colonel. Just let me an-
 nounce you as Black Hawk, and we shall be
 ushered directly into the inner circle. Only
 a little indelicacy, you know! What say
 you?'

'Agreed—but we must make our onset at
 another point.'
 They passed round to the other side, near
 the entrance from Broadway, and the Colo-
 nel removed his hat, and assumed an air
 of aboriginal dignity, while his friend P.—
 cried in an exulting loud voice,
 'Room, gentlemen! Make way! Make
 way for the great chief, Black Hawk!'

There was a buzzing in the crowd, and in
 an instant it separated on either hand, under
 P.—'s waving cane, like the waters of the
 Red Sea, under the rod of Moses.
 The Colonel and P.—walked along the
 line, hardly able to meet, with becoming
 gravity, the curious gaze of thousands of
 eyes—but their object was accomplished—
 they obtained eligible seats, and the nick-
 name of 'Black Hawk' still sticks to Col. P.—
 President of the Bank, Hartford,
 Ct.—Yankee Blade.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.—A curious trial has just
 taken place in England. A man attempted
 to kiss a married woman, against her will,
 had his nose bitten off. He brought suit for
 damages. The jury, without hesitation, ac-
 quitted her; and the chairman said, that if any
 man attempted to kiss a woman against her
 will, she had a right to bite off his nose, if she
 had a fancy for so doing!

Still in the Garden of Eden.—There
 are a man and wife living in Paradise, New
 thumberland County Pa., whose names are
 Adam and Eve.

RELIEF RE-ISSUES.—The Harriburg Bank
 has recently made a re-issue of relief notes
 of the denomination of ones and twos.

From Graham's Magazine.
THE BURIAL OF LOVE.
 BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.
 Two dark-eyed maids, at shut of day,
 Sat, where a river rolled away.
 With calm, sad brows, and raven hair,
 And one was pale, and both were fair.

Bring flowers, they sang, bring flowers un-
 blown,
 Bring forest blooms of name unknown,
 Bring budding sprays from wood and wild,
 To strew the bier of Love, the Child.

Close, softly, fondly, while we weep,
 His eyes, that death may seem like sleep;
 And lay his hands, in sign of rest,
 His waxen hands, across his breast.

And make his grave where violets hide,
 Where star-flowers strew the rivulet's side,
 And blue birds, in the mist of Spring,
 Of cloudless skies and Summer sing.

Place near him, as ye lay him low,
 His idle shafts, his loosened bow,
 But be whom now, from sight of men,
 His waggish eyes in mirth he wound.

But we shall mourn him long, and miss
 His ready smile, his ready kiss,
 The pater of his little feet,
 Sweet frowns, and stammered phrases sweet.

And graver looks serene and high,
 A light of heaven in that young eye;
 All these will haunt us, till the hour
 Shall ache—and ache—and tears shall stour.

The bow, the band, shall fall to dust,
 The shining arrows waste with rust,
 But he whom now, from sight of men,
 We hide in earth, shall live again!

Shall break these clouds, a form of light,
 With nobler mind and clearer sight,
 And in the eternal glory stand
 With those who wait at God's right hand.

From the Albany Dutchman.
Cocktails and Peevishness.
 Peevish people are always unhappy;
 what they do themselves affording them but
 little more pleasure than what is done by
 other people. They get up with a growl and
 they go to bed with the hypo. If it rains, it
 makes them melancholly; and if it don't
 rain, they are in a continual stew about the
 absence of "cistern water."

As a general thing, females are more trou-
 bled with this complaint than the males are;
 and among the females, there is none who
 ranks higher in ill-nature than the wife of
 our friend Dabster. If he brings her home
 a pine-apple, she swears it's done to thro-
 her into the cholera-morbus, and take her
 from "them blessed infants;" while if he
 neglects to bring home fruit "when it's in
 season," she upbraids him for "a brute,"
 and insists that he thinks more of "that
 mink" across the street, than of his own
 flesh and blood. If he asks her to take a
 ride, she is sure it's done to "get her out of
 the way;" by breaking the limch-pin, invari-
 ably set down to a mean desire to save
 money for his next wife to make a fool of her-
 self with. In short, let Dabster do what he
 may, his sunshine is invariably clouded with
 his wife's ill nature. To better his condi-
 tion, he, a short time since, formed a con-
 nection with a brandy bottle; for, as he pa-
 thetically observed, artificial happiness is
 better than no happiness at all. Some of
 our readers, perhaps, will think Dabster's
 case is an extreme one, but it is not. There
 are scores of women in every community,
 whose husbands have been taught to love
 rum, not because they admired the article,
 but because they could not induce their
 wives to love them. If constant dropping
 will wear away affection.—We can not how
 much a man may cherish a woman—if peev-
 ishness cooks his meals and ill-nature
 shares them, his taste for forbidden calico
 would get the better of his resolution. How
 should a peevish wife expect to escape a
 husband's hate when she hates herself?
 Let us sing.