

# THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

R. W. Weaver, Proprietor.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

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## THE STAR OF THE NORTH

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## MIDNIGHT IN THE HOUSE OF MURDER.

BY ELIZABETH OAKS SMITH.

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

(Shakespeare.)

"Mr. ULLMAN—The hall was very dark—the gas turned off."

"CORNER—Had it never been so before?"

MR. ULLMAN—Oh, yes; but it seemed unusually dark."

[Coroner's Inq't on the Burdell Murder.]

Up the staircase—slowly—slowly—

Walked the wreny feet that night;

Hollow echoes answer lonely

To the foot, however light.

Up the staircase, to the broad stair,

Turns he sharply to the right,

There is anguish in the still air,

There are shapes athwart the sight.

No, the eye was only teased,

Diamond-like, a hidden ray;

And by this, the darkness measured,

Shows its darkest eye the day.

Was that sigh a human sighing?

Was that groan from human heart?

Was that sob from lips in dying?

There's a whisper—"Who depart?"

Murky thick the blackness seemeth,

As he gropes through the gloom,

Like to one, who sleeping dreameth,

That he wakes within a tomb.

And the balustrade, the spiral stone,

Has a cold sepulchral damp,

And the heavy air folded,

Gleams and gloom like dying lamp.

There's a vapor, fomid, stealing

Over all the shuddering sense,

Like a charnel house, revealing

What we are, the spirit in being.

Sure, the darkness is appalling—

Deeper than all midnight gloom—

Voices muffled, shrieking, calling,

Such as fill a haunted room.

Thrills the flesh beneath the fingers

Of a dim and shadowy band,

And a breathing faintly motioned,

Now, a touch is on the hand,

Now, a presence slowly gliding

Up the stairs before his feet,

Without footfall, stilly sliding,

Making darkness more complete.

Sure, the way is very darksome—

Sure, the stillness voice hath found—

For through all the chambers lonesome,

Comes a call as from the ground.

Thus the stranger upward wending,

Marked how deep the deepened night,

Never knowing the wild rending

Of a soul upon its flight.

Unannealed, and prayerless, driven

To the judgment seat on high—

Unrepented sins unshriven,

"God be merciful," the cry,

Smothered ere it left the portal

Of the terror-stricken brain—

Oh! the cry, so more than mortal,

May we never hear again.

For the blood of this, our brother,

Cries from out the startled earth,

And unwillingly our mother

Takes up the monstrous birth;

All her children, where they languish

In her caves and cells profound,

Answer back the cry of anguish—

"Human blood is on the ground."

And it reached the deep pavilions

Of God's everlasting throne,

Calling forth its many millions,

Startled at the anguish-tone.

High archangels downward bending,

From their crystal walls to know,

What poor human heart is rending

In its agonized woe.

Gentle spirits, grief-enfolding,

Chant evangelic low and sweet,

How God's love is ever holding,

Mercy nearest to His feet;

"God be pitiful," are chanting,

From their dear, supernal spheres,

With their white wings downward flaring,

Where exhale poor human tears.

Not alone the dear God leaves us,

But with cheering hand and voice—

Thus assuaging all that grieves us,

Doubling joy when we rejoice.

We are needed each to other,

In the battle-field of life—

We are needed, friend and brother,

Household links—the husband, wife.

We must walk with kind endeavor—

Not alone, but linked in love,

That God's angel hands may never

Fail to see us from above—

And the cherubim all flaming,

As of old at Eden's gate,

In God's book our record naming,

Round our paradise shall wait.

The Pavement in London.

The pavement of London is one of the greatest marvels of our times. It covers nearly three thousand acres, two-thirds whereof consists of what may be called mosaic work, done in plain style, and the other two thirds flagging. Such a series of works far transcends in quantity, as it excels in quality, the Appian Way, which was the wonder of ancient Rome, and which would cut but a poor figure as contrasted with one of our common streets. The ancient consul's way was but fifteen feet wide in the main, and was filled with blocks of all shapes and sizes, jointed together and paved only on the surface; the length of its devious course, from north to south of Italy, was under three hundred miles. The paved streets of London number over 5000, and exceed 2000 miles in length.—*Building News.*

## WILLIAM F. PACKER,

THE DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE FOR GOVERNOR OF PENNSYLVANIA.

William F. Packer is above the ordinary size; his robust frame, with rounded contour; his fair complexion, tinged with the rosy hues of a healthy and vigorous circulation; his capacious forehead, indicating great intellectual power; his intelligent countenance and agreeable manners, render his personal appearance at once prepossessing and commanding. In 1846 he was duly elected a member of the House of Representatives from the district composed of the counties of Lycoming, Clinton and Potter; but by a mistake in carrying out the returns of one of the townships in Clinton county, his opponent was returned as elected, and actually served during the whole of the session, before the mistake was discovered. In 1847, the people of his district appeared to be determined to manifest their views by a vote so decisive as not to be mistaken or defeated, and he was accordingly elected to the House of Representatives by a majority exceeding fifteen hundred over his competitor. Although this was his first appearance as a member of a legislative body, his knowledge of the public interests, his acquaintance with parliamentary rules, and his business capacity were so universally known and acknowledged, that he was at once chosen by his fellow members to preside over their deliberations as Speaker of the House.

The selection of a new member to a post of such great responsibility, and requiring such varied and extensive abilities, may be regarded as a high honor, in which Gen. Packer stands as the sole recipient in his native State. Such a recognition of pre-eminence abilities, is of rare occurrence everywhere; and it is believed never occurred before in Pennsylvania. In 1848 he was re-elected to the House. The brilliant achievements of a brave and successful General, who was a candidate for the Presidency had produced disastrous results to the Democratic party throughout the Union, and had given the Whigs a large majority in the Senate of Pennsylvania, and reduced the Democratic members in the House to a bare equality in number with their opponents. Notwithstanding this circumstance, and although every member was in attendance at the organization of the House, Gen. Packer was again elected Speaker of that body. Considering his known attachment to Democratic principles, his great influence and continual activity as a writer and as a public speaker in sustaining the principles and candidates of the Democratic party, his second elevation to the Speaker's chair must be regarded as an honorable and magnanimous tribute to his talents and integrity, and to the impartiality and ability with which he had discharged the high duties of the office of the previous session. This compliment was in fact richly merited. General Packer possesses a mind well stored with useful knowledge. Although self-taught his education has not been neglected. He is familiar with the current literature, and with the teachings of history and philosophy. Although not a member of the legal profession, he is a much better lawyer than many who belong to it. His thorough acquaintance with the legal principles, and with constitutional and parliamentary law, eminently qualify him for the duties of the chair. And so satisfactory were his decisions upon many difficult questions which arose during his two official terms as Speaker, that they have been in no instance reversed by the House. Indeed if we are not mistaken, an appeal was never taken from any decision pronounced by Gen. Packer as Speaker, except in one solitary case; and on that occasion, upon hearing his reasons and the authorities cited in support of his decision, the judgment of the chair was unanimously sustained; the gentleman who took the appeal, acknowledged his error and voted against his own appeal to sustain the decision of the chair; it is proper to add, in this place, that General Packer is one of the most powerful debaters which our country has produced. In the primary assemblies of the people, and in their legislative halls, his eminent abilities in this respect have been frequently displayed and always acknowledged. In a government resting upon public opinion, the discussion, in public assemblies of the people, of the principles and measures to be opposed as detrimental, or advocated as advancing the public interest, is absolutely indispensable to success. The freedom of debate is emphatically the aliment of self-government, which goes hand in hand with free discussion in our public journals. The freedom of speech and the liberty of the press are the palladiums of public liberty. But the temple would soon be overthrown by the strong arm of tyranny unless its columns were constantly supported by the power and patriotism of her writers and orators. In this age of progress, the man who is unable to express his views to his fellow-citizens, and to discuss the measures of government before the assemblies of the people, will be left so far behind in the political race as to be soon forgotten. General Packer's distinguished abilities as a writer and as an orator, take him out of this category and place him in the front rank of our most useful, influential, and promising citizens.

The subject of this sketch is thus before the reader, and we see what he is now. Let us look into his past history that we may understand the means by which he has acquired his present eminence. He was born in Howard township, Centre county, on the 2d of April, 1807. He is descended from a highly respectable family who belong to the Society of Friends; but they were Whigs of the Revolutionary period, and were attached to the cause of the country in her struggle for liberty. His grand-father, James Parker, was

born in 1725, on a farm in New Jersey, where the town of Princeton now stands. His father also named James, was born in Chester county, Pa. On the maternal side he is connected with the Pettit, a large and influential family in Pennsylvania. When Packer was but seven years old his father died leaving a widow and five small children. At this tender age he was under the necessity of contributing to his own support, and that of the family, by the most severe and exhausting labor; and some years after at the age of twelve years, he traveled from Bellfonte to Sanbury, for the purpose of learning the printing business with his cousin, Samuel J. Packer, formerly a distinguished Senator, and then editor of the *Public Inquirer*, a paper which advocated with great ability the re-election of William Findlay for Governor, in 1820.—Some time after the defeat of Mr. Findlay, the *Inquirer* was discontinued, and in 1823 General Packer returned to Bellfonte to complete his knowledge of the printing business, in the office of the *Bellfonte Patriot*, then under the control of Henry Petriken, Esq., who was subsequently distinguished as a Senator. General Packer completed his apprenticeship in May, 1825, and was employed as a journeyman at the profession of the great Franklin, on the public printing in Harrisburg, in the years 1825, 1826, and 1827. In the latter year he purchased an interest in the *Lycoming Gazette*, at Williamsport, Lycoming county; and in 1829, upon the decease of his partner, Mr. Brandon, became the sole owner of that time honored Democratic journal. His years already number more than half a century, and it still carries at its head the motto: "Be ye just and fear not." &c, which was placed there nearly thirty years ago by the present Judge Lewis, of Lancaster, joining the town.

It is still a flourishing and influential journal, and is at present conducted by C. D. Eldred, Esq., a gentleman of fine abilities and exalted judgment. While the *Gazette* was under the control of General Packer, which was about nine years, it supported the election of Andrew Jackson, Martin Van Buren, George Wolf, and other Democratic standard bearers of that period; and the cause of Democracy was greatly indebted, during these contests, to the discreet counsels of General Packer, and to the power of his pen made known through the editorial columns of his paper.—In 1829, General Packer intermarried with the daughter of Peter Vanderbell, Esq., a respectable citizen of Williamsport, who had occupied various official stations, indicative of the public confidence of his fellow-citizens. Miss Vanderbell was the grand daughter of Michael Ross, Esq., a gentleman distinguished for his energy of character, and strength of mind. He was at one time the owner of the land whereon the borough of Williamsport now stands; and his descendants continue extensive proprietors of valuable lands adjoining the town.

In 1832, shortly after the improvement system had commenced in Pennsylvania, and after the West Branch Canal had been adopted as a part of the system, through the vote and influence of the Philadelphia members, the West Branch Improvement was left out of the Improvement Bill, and thus threatened with abandonment. Had this decision been adhered to, the people of that section would have derived no benefit from the large expenditure of the public money for improvement purposes. Public meetings were immediately held, addresses were delivered, resolutions adopted, and, among other strong measures, a direct appeal was made to the people of Philadelphia City and County against the suicidal policy of their own members. This last measure had the desired effect; and the Philadelphia members, under the influences brought to bear upon them from their own immediate constituency, retraced their steps, and voted for the West Branch Improvement, and it was thus saved!

In all these proceedings, General Packer, although a very young man, bore a leading part. To his efforts, more than to any other individual, are the people of that section of the country indebted for the construction of their valuable canal. As the work progressed, the public voice very properly called for his appointment as Superintendent, which office he held until the spring of 1835. He discharged the duties of his station to the satisfaction of the people, and disbursed without a dollar's loss to the State, while he held the office, more than a million and a quarter of the public money! His accounts were all regularly and properly settled. In 1835, Gen. Packer was the warm friend of Gov. Wolf, and received the Democratic nomination for the Senate, but as the Democratic party was that year distracted by the unfortunate gubernatorial contest between the friends of Wolf and Muhlenberg, a portion of the friends of Muhlenberg coalesced with the Whigs in favor of Alexander Irvine, then a Muhlenberg man, but since United States Marshal under General Taylor, and General Packer was defeated. In 1836 he united with Messrs. Parke and Barret, in the publication of the *Harrisburg Keystone*. The paper itself is the best evidence of the eminent abilities of those three gentlemen as editors. This connection continued until 1841. Mr. Parke is now engaged in the practice of the law, and Mr. Barret, after a season of retirement from public life, has again made his appearance in the editorial chair, and his abilities will, no doubt, insure him an appropriate reward. In 1838 General Packer distinguished himself by his political tact and the power of his eloquence as a speaker at the public meetings of the people, in advocating the election of David R. Porter, then the Democratic candidate for Governor. In 1839 he was appointed Canal Commissioner, in connection with Hon. Jas. Clarke and Hon. E. B. Hubley, and continued

to discharge with unsurpassed ability the highly responsible and difficult duties of that office, until the month of February, 1842, a period of three years. In May, 1843, Gen. Packer received the appointment of Auditor General of the Commonwealth. He continued to discharge the duties of this office until May, 1845, a period of two years. His office gave him a seat in the Cabinet of the Executive, and thus called into action his knowledge of men, of measures, and of the diversified interests of the Commonwealth. Holding jurisdiction over all the public accounts, the large expenditures of money for public improvements, and the numerous difficult questions and complicated cases which arose for adjudication, called for the exercise of the soundest judgment; and no mind, save one enlightened by an extensive acquaintance with common laws and equity principles, as well as with the statutes of the Commonwealth, could have discharged the duties of this exalted station. The settlement of the claims of the domestic creditors, with the other business of the office arising from the increased public expenditures for improvement and other purposes, rendered the duties of the Auditor General, far more burdensome than they have been since, or had ever been before, at any period in the history of the government. And the ability displayed by General Packer, his perfect mastery of every question which arose, and his impartiality in the discharge of his high duties, in the settlement of these questions, are acknowledged by men of all parties.

It may with great truth be said of General Packer that he is indebted to his own industry for the education and knowledge he has acquired, and to his own merits for the distinction to which he has attained. He is thoroughly democratic in his principles, and is always ready to devote his talents and his means to the success of those principles.—He is no empty talker about names and forms, following the substance and not the shadow. Springing from the people, he is always ready to do battle for their rights. Looking to them as the legitimate source of all political authority, he is ready to trust them with every power consistent with representative government. Aware of the nature of the federal compact, and of the unwillingness of the early statesmen of democracy to trust the central government with any but a limited authority, he is ever ready to stand by the state sovereignties in confining the General Government strictly within these powers created by the Federal Constitution. Men of eminence in the party to which General Packer belongs, may occasionally differ in the application of principles to particular cases, but all politicians, of the genuine Democratic school, subscribe to the great fundamental doctrine of the party, that "the powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people." Upon the steady support of this principle the permanency of the Union and the liberties of the people depend. Every extension of territory, and every increase of the great sisterhood of nations, of which our glorious confederation is composed, is but a new demand upon the patriot for a vigilant and energetic support of the ancient, safe and chief principles of the Democratic party, a strict construction of the Federal Constitution. So long as this principle of construction is adhered to by our public authorities, and by those who elect them with power, the rights of the people and of the States, will be protected against the usurping tendencies of a great central government.—With this principle constantly before us, and with our public men able and willing to maintain it either in the legislative hall, or in the judicial forum, we can have no fears of nullification or consolidation; but our great and glorious Union, standing as an illustrious example of the capacity of the people for self-government, shall not only secure its own greatness and perpetuity, but shall light all the nations of the earth in their onward march to freedom.

**The Grape in the East.**

The vineyards of Syria abound in the most luscious grapes imaginable, of which there are different kinds; one called the walnut, takes its name from its size, being as large as that fruit; another is the long grape, and another is small and round. There are other kinds beside, which it is necessary to mention. The English hot-house grape, good as it is, does not bear comparison with the Syrian grape. The quantity grown is enormous. Did the Syrians know how to make wine, Syria would soon become the wine mart of the whole world. What are not used as grapes, the natives dry into raisins, and the process is thus: The grapes are gathered in September, washed in a composition of lye, water and oil, after which they are spread on a mat to dry, and there they remain for about fortnight in the open sun, sprinkled once or twice every few days with this composition; they are then gathered and put into sacks of hair-cloth, and sold as raisins. Some grapes are made into a sort of treacle, called *Dibs*, while the refuse thereof is made into wine and arak.

**A PEACEABLE LIFE.**—The more quietly and peaceably we get on, the better—the better for ourselves, the better for our neighbors. In nine cases out of ten, the wisest course is, if a man cheat you, to quit dealing with him; if he be abusive, quit his company; if he slander you, to take care to live so that no body will believe him.

**NO GLASSES** are so bad for the eyesight as glasses of brandy.

## ESSAY ON LOAFERS.

BY "MEMO KARO."

The title of this may appear strange to many persons, but we are treating of a queer class of persons familiarly designated as loafers, can be found, in the summer months, basking his "wearied" limbs on the soft side of a white pine board; and in the winter months lounging around the counters of stores, or nestling close to the stove, thinking of the necessity but impossibility of his attendance in every place, at all times, while he should attend to everybody's business except his own. These idlers inhabit stores, and by their apparent drowsy state would be taken superficially as not to having the least idea of what is passing around them, but they are wide awake; they notice every gesture, every sale, every customer, and calculate the profits and advantages derived from the articles which are bartered away. Loafers are divided into two classes.

**First Class.**—The person belonging to this class you may think a great deal of; they may be particular friends; these are rather delicate to approach; still he is a "loafer," and should be classified as one. But, say you, it would be very important for me to consult a chosen friend of mine, on the propriety of removing his person from my property; that would be preposterous. But he is a loafer and should be treated as such. His continued presence in your store prevents many lady customers from coming in to purchase. If he does observe such hints as these and comprehends them, it does not reform him; for in a few days he is found occupying the same old place, reclining in an arm-chair, enveloped in a cloud of smoke, gently rising from an immense Havana; which he carefully removes from his mouth to give a clear passage for a volume of tobacco spit. While enjoying all these comforts, he would take it as an unpardonable insult if you should ask him to retire. This may meet the eye of some one who will no doubt see that it applies to his case exactly.

The second class consists of professional loafers, who can bear all the reproach that could possibly be heaped upon them, without taking the least insult from your remarks. The members of this class can always be found inhabiting printing offices and grocery stores, sitting on the counters, or stretched at full length on boxes and barrels, prying into everything that does not concern them, and carefully avoiding those which do; dictating to the attendants as if they were the supreme ruler of the establishment. Of such loafers a good kicking out of doors would be the shortest and most efficacious method of getting rid of them; they deserve such treatment.

**Loaferism** ranks the lowest of all acts natural to man. There are many genteel loafers who pop in once and a while to have a social chat with the proprietors. His occasional sittings do seem at first to retard the business from going about his work; but gradually his visits become a fixed fact, and his presence begins to be intolerable. To such then we would give a little advice, viz: Stay at home to keep the children quiet; if you have none, stay to keep the stove warm. Spend your evenings at home, for you hinder the merchant from regularly attending to his business, and it will attend to you. You must take it into consideration that you are losing all the time you are loafing; this time is more valuable than gold. Why not be reading useful books when you have leisure evenings. You are getting your character for loafing firmly set in the minds of those persons whose places of business you frequently inhabit. Take warning in time, before you are entered on their books as a practical, habitual idler. "For idlers destroy character."

**Dr. X.**—attended a masquerade ball. In the motly and happy throng he falls in with a fair pilgrim, in black silk, whose charming person, snow-white neck, and bewitching coquettish air awaken in his soul the most rapturous love. She casts upon him looks of the most languishing tenderness; he revels in the hope of having made a blissful conquest. He musters up his courage, and ventures to address her:

"Who art thou lovely mask?" asks Dr. X., almost melted in the glow of love.

"Is it possible you do not know me, Doctor?"

"No, upon my honor I do not know thee."

"Behold yourself, Doctor."

"Ah! thou art surely the gracious fairy who has appeared to me to day, for the fourth time to open to me the gates of bliss."

"You mistake, Doctor; I am no fairy."

"Ah—who art thou then?"

"I am the well known lady to whom you have now these nine weeks been indebted in the sum of two dollars and seven shillings for washing and ironing!"

The Doctor stood like a petrified hering.

**TENDENCY OF TOBACCO.**—Mr. Solly, an eminent writer on the brain, says, in a late clinical lecture on that frightful and formidable malady, softening of the brain, "I would caution you, as students, from excesses in the use of tobacco and smoking, and I would advise you to disabuse your patients' minds of the idea that it is harmless. I have had a large experience of brain disease, and I am satisfied now that smoking is a noxious habit. I know of no other cause or agents that tends so much to bring on functional disease, and, through this, in the end, to lead to organic diseases of the brain, as excessive use of tobacco."—*Ex.*

## One and Twenty.

With youth no period is looked forward to with so much impatience as the hour that shall end our minority. With manhood none is looked back to with so much regret.

Freedom appears to the young man as the brightest star of our existence, and is never lost sight of till the goal to which he has been so long traveling is reached. When the mind and the spirit are young, the season of manhood is reflected with a brightness from the future, which nothing can dim but its own cold reality. The busy world is stretched out before our boyhood like the exhibition of mechanical automata. We behold the merchant accumulating wealth—the scholar planting his foot upon the summit of the temple of fame—the warrior twining his brow with the laurel wreath—and we yearn to struggle with them for supremacy. In the distance we see nothing but the most prominent part of the picture, which is success—the anguish of disappointment and delay is hidden from our view. We see not the pale cheek of neglected merit or the broken spirit of unfortunate genius, or the sufferings of worth. But we gaze not long, for the season of youth passes away like the moon's beam from the still water, or like a dew drop from the rose in June, or an hour in the circle of friendship. Youth departs and we find ourselves in the midst of that great theatre in which in binding, have upheld us, are broken, and we step into the crowd with no guide but our consciences, to carry us through the intricate windings of the path of human life. The beauties of the prospective have vanished. The merchant's wealth has furrowed his cheek. The requirements of the scholar were purchased at the price of his health—and the garland of the conqueror is fastened upon his brow with a thorn, the rankling of which shall give him no rest on this side of the grave.—Disappointment damps the ardor of our first setting out, and misfortune follows closely on our path, to finish the work and close our career.

How often, amid the cares and troubles of manhood, do we look back to that sunny spot in our memory, the season of our youth; and how often a wish to recall it escapes from the bosoms of those who once prayed fervently that it might pass away.

From this feeling we do not believe that living man was ever exempt. It is twined around the very soul—it is incorporated in our very nature, and will cling to us even when parental entreatment is broken, and when the law acknowledges the intellect to be full grown, may, at the time, be considered one of mere juveniles, yet after life will hang around it the emblems of sorrow, while it is hallowed as the last bright hour of happy youth.

**Kissing a Bachelor.**

A correspondent relates the following incident:—"We have a friend—a bachelor friend—very fond of the society of the ladies, but extremely modest and diffident withal. A few evenings since he went to make a call upon an acquaintance, who had recently taken to herself a wife, young and beautiful, and as a matter of course, overflowing with affection for her husband. Now this lovely wife for a week, like all other wives, could scarcely survive the brief absence of her husband for the discharge of his business, and always upon his return met him upon the threshold, and smothered him with kisses. It so happened when our friend called, that the husband was absent, but was momentarily expected by the fond and anxious wife. She heard his footfall upon the step, and supposing it to be her husband, rushed forth to meet him; and he had scarcely laid his hand on the bell-pull before the door flew open, and his neck was encircled by a pair of white arms, and burning kisses fell thick and fast upon his lips and cheeks—while a full and throbbing breast was strained to his bosom.

There was a trying situation for a diffident man, and our friend came near fainting on the spot; but fortunately, the lady discovered her mistake in season to prevent such a melancholy event, and he escaped from the house more dead than alive. The last we saw of him, he was leaning against a tree, fanning himself with his sombrero, in order to recover strength to regain his lodgings."

**Unwritten Kisses.**

A sensible cotemporary says: "The women ought to make a pledge not to kiss a man who uses tobacco."

So they had! but the deuce of it is, all the handsome men use it in some shape! And kissing is a little luxury not to be dispensed with! As to a female kiss, laugh! there is no effervescence in it—it is as flat as unmixed soda powder! If I'm victimized that way, I always take an early application of soap and water! You will see women practice it sometimes just to keep their hand in, (lips I mean) it is a miserable substitute—a sham article! done half the time to tantalize some of the male audience! I hope to be pardoned for turning "State's evidence," but I don't care a pin if I ain't. Now, kissing is a natural gift, not to be acquired by any bungler; when you meet a gifted brother, "take note of it," says Captain Cattle says—"There's your universal kisser, who can't distinguish between your kiss and your grandmother's, laugh! There's your philosophical transcendental kisser, who goes through the motion in the air! There's a girl! my senses! they say there's such a thing as "unwritten music," and "unwritten poetry," I have my private suspicions that there are "unwritten kisses."

**THE YOUTH OF OUR AGE.**