

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

R. W. Weaver, Proprietor.

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THE STAR OF THE NORTH

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Choice Poetry.

Talk not to us about our hoops Or of our skins, nor what of loops, We'll wear just what we please, For every body now doth need Protection from the woolly breed, If she regards her ease.

Was ever earth more crushed with trash Than you who grow the vile mustache, And, with a spring hand, Deal out to us in endless rhyme That wearing "hoops" is all a crime? But this we understand.

There's some of you look quite feline, While others look somewhat canine, And some seem both combined; Just as it seems to suit the taste Of would-be men in hottest haste, If they but had a mind.

Then, too, in this progressive age, A woolly face is all the rage, A human head to mask; Which makes one look so very prim, Like every other woolly-jim, But here just let me ask,

Is there a hole about your head In which to put your daily bread? If so, where is the place? For, I declare, no one can see Where such a spot can fairly be, About your woolly face.

And if you have it in use, And filled with vile tobacco, All ready for a snuff-bowl, Upon some lady's fancy dress, Or in the face of loveliness— What don't fall on your shirt.

To smoke, and chew, and raise a crop Of rag-ent wool and act the fop, With time and money spent, Just fills you up of uselessness, While, too, you are to filthiness A walking monument.

And as you walk the streets abroad, Like some great awkward, lazy lout, With a long nose to puff, You think yourself most wondrous wise, And like the road quite large in size— But hold, I've said enough.

From Lieut. Harber's "My Last Cruise."

LIFE IN JAVA.

We have made the acquaintance of a Mr. L. M. Squires, an American resident of eleven years, and who subsequently joined the Hancock in the capacity of assistant naturalist. We were smoking our cheroots in the porch of the Amsterdam Hotel.

"While we were thus smoking in the cool evening breeze, we were joined by several gentlemen, acquaintances of Mr. Squires, and who were presented to us. The usual comments upon the state of the weather were got off with happy success, and then every one began to wait for his neighbor to say something else. Finally, one of the new arrivals, an Englishman, asked me abruptly, if I had ever seen a native under the influence of the 'muck'?"

"The what?" I asked.

"The muck! the running muck."

"I replied in the negative, adding that I had never before heard the expression.

"He expressed great surprise at this, and proceeded to tell us that the running muck was often productive of many deaths.

"I thought this a rather singular piece of information to come by itself, but contented myself with observing, 'You don't say so?'"

"The Englishman cleared his throat, and very large, called for a glass of 'arf-and-arf,' and continued as follows:

"Some few of the natives here consume quantities of opium in various forms; and the result is that, in due course of time, their features become sharp, the skin is drawn over them like parchment, and losing their minds, they become more ferocious and bloodthirsty than tigers themselves. Armed with the long and flexible kris (a sharp dirk knife, whose edges are wavy and of a beautiful temper,) they rush frantically from their houses—and run as swiftly as their limbs will carry them—sometimes naked—sometimes clothed, always mad. Rushing through the crowded streets in this way, their only aim seems to be to destroy life—stabbing, biting, cursing, kicking every one whom chance throws across their path.

"As soon as he is seen in this state, terror proclaims the news far and wide. 'Amoak! amoak!' is screamed by the whole population, just as 'fire! fire!' is in our own cities. Every man grasps the first weapon that comes to hand, and follows the flying path of the common enemy. Very long spears, and, however, preferred to the shorter kris; and with these they pen him up in a corner, and lance him to death with as much or more gusto than they would a tiger. As many as forty persons were once killed by one of these maniacs before he could be 'cornered,' and yet there is no law against the use of opium."

The word "muck" is a corruption of the Japanese "amok" to kill; and this latter is seldom heard, except when some poor wretch is ranging the frightened town with strained muscles and starting eyes, and with death closing around his path at every stride.

From the Public Ledger.

"THE VALUE OF A GOOD WIFE."

A SERMON preached in Pine Street Church, Philadelphia, on the sudden death of a female member of the Church.

BY REV. THOMAS BRAINERD, D. D.

"The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her. So that he shall have no need of spoil."—Prov. xxxi, 11.

The richest blessings are not always the most obvious. It is the hidden moisture which refreshes the flower. It is the hidden spring which supplies the well. It is the nutrient, buried in the earth, which feeds the fibres of the vine and tree, and thus develops the nourishing grape and the shady oak. The noisy cataract is not so beneficial as the gentle rill that glides almost without a murmur, and is best known by the lively green of its border, and the flowers which deck its meandering course. In the lightning's flash there is sublimity, but in usefulness it yields to the gentle taper, that lights up a cottage evening. Mankind are moved by exhibitions of power. They are affected by social changes, which leave their mark over the death of statesmen and heroes—over scholars and millionaires—but few have ever devoted time and thought and eulogy to mark their estimate of the value of a good wife—a good mother—a good woman.

In this respect, as in most others, the Bible is in advance of human wisdom, and above human aptitude and tendency. It selects for its most elaborate, carefully worded and emphatic eulogy, the domestic virtues of a faithful wife and mother. As the light of Lome is almost the only radiance which cheers the darkness of man's earthly lot, King Solomon turns aside to pronounce a benediction upon her who presides as a guardian angel at that altar.

There was sufficient reason for this. What are the outside revelings of pleasure worth to him who is compelled to return to a filthy and disordered home? What is fame worth to him who meets discord and reproach at his own door and in his own chamber? What can wealth do for him whose household is devoid of taste, order and comfort? What can the admiration of a crowd avail to him whose own fireside is heartless and desolate?

It is not wonderful, then, that the wisest of men, King Solomon, estimating things at their real value, should ask, "Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies."

Elsewhere, it is said, "A prudent wife is from the Lord," and the gift is worthy of the giver.

The text, speaking of such a wife, says: "The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her." There is a peculiarity in this language. Ordinarily it is the office of divine truth to weaken our confidence in earthly blessings. Thus it is said: "He that trusteth in his own heart is a fool." "Trust not in man, whose breath is in his nostrils." "Put not your trust in princes." "Trust not in uncertain riches." Human friendships are treacherous. Wealth is to ocol to fill a warm heart. Fame hangs on a breath of air, and comes and goes, rises and falls, by the caprices of a crowd. God ordinarily represses all earthly things as vanity.

But in the text he seems to "make an exception in favor of a virtuous woman—of a true and faithful wife. He says: "The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her."

And for what may the husband trust in such a wife?

I. He may trust in her unselfish and permanent affection. I say it with reverence, God loves the love of his creatures; and man, made in God's image, craves the love of others, as essential to his own happiness. The man that asks no love is a monster. The man who expects none is a child of despair. There may be hearts so frozen by selfishness, or ossified by pride and egotism, or paralyzed by disappointment, as to be indifferent to affection.

But these are icebergs, drifting in darkness, on Polar seas; cold, barren, desolate. In them no tree or shrub plants a root; no flower sheds its fragrance there. No melody of living joy is chanted there. God found that it was not good for man to be alone, chiefly because he needed the conscious affection of a female heart, to soften the asperities of his own, and thus give completeness to his being.

In the deep, full affection of a wife's heart, the husband finds that appreciation and interest which every soul covets. This stimulates his enterprises. This makes him brave in peril. This cheers his hard labor. This comforts him under irritation, slander, reproach, in the outside world.

To meet this craving of man woman is adapted.

She is not ambitious of wealth or fame.—She shrinks from great changes and great perils. She is not fitted for the struggles of the forum, the conflict of arms or the labors of the field. Her home is her earthly heaven; and she holds a loving heart to cheer him, to whom God has given a loftier ambition, a deeper craving of earth's wealth, a stronger arm and a higher courage.

Subjected, by the ordinance of God and the laws of the land, to abide a sterner will than her own; she is furnished with a wealth of affection which makes her burden of subordination light, and melts and moulds to tenderness the controller of her destiny.

"I am loved at home," says the husband or the son; and this thought nerves his principle in the hour of temptation, and gives solace to hardships on the land or on the lone sea.

The treasure of a wife's affection, like the grace of God, is given, not bought. Gold is power. It can sweep down forests, raise cit-

ies, build roads and deck houses. It can bribe silence or noisy praise. It can collect troops of flatterers, and inspire awe and fear; but, alas! wealth can never purchase love. Bonaparte essayed the subjugation of Europe under the influence of a genius almost inspired—an ambition insatiable—and backed by millions of armed men. He almost succeeded in swaying his sceptre from the straits of Dover to the Mediterranean; from the Bay of Biscay to the Sea of Azoff. On many a bloody field his banner floated triumphant; but you will all bear witness that his greatest conquest was the unbought heart of Josephine—his sweetest and most priceless treasure, her outraged and unchanged love. If man have failed to estimate the affection of a true-hearted wife, he will be likely to mark the value of his loss, when the heart which loved him is stilled by death.

II. The heart of her husband doth safely trust in a faithful wife for companionship. The family relation gives retirement without solitude, and society without the rough intrusion of the world. It plants in the husband's dwelling a friend who can bear his silence without weariness—who can listen to the detail of his interests with sympathy—who can appreciate his repetition of events, only important as they are embelmed in the heart. Common friends are linked to us by a slender thread. We must retain them by ministering in some way to their interest or their enjoyment.

As we cannot always give novelty and interest to our conversation; as we cannot always make it for the interest, convenience and pleasure of our friends; as we adhere to us, as we are liable to those pecuniary and social vicissitudes which may tax their patience or their purses, our ordinary friends, like summer birds, are liable to come and go—to be coldest when we most need sympathy—and absent and indifferent, when we most need their support.

What a luxury it is for a man to feel that in his own home there is a true and affectionate being, in whose presence he may throw off restraint without danger to his dignity; he may confide without the fear of treachery; and be sick or unfortunate without being abandoned.

If in the outward world he grow weary of human selfishness, his heart can safely trust in one whose soul yearns for his happiness, and whose indulgence overlooks his defects. No wonder he says:

"My every earthly joy to blend, And harmonize my life, Give me a true, a tender friend, And be that friend, my wife."

III. The heart of a husband doth safely trust in a faithful wife for personal comfort.

Who is it that gives care to the neatness, order and tidiness of our dwellings, our halls, our parlors, our bedchambers? Who is it that consults our tastes, our affinities, our repugnances; and so regulates our tables, our couches, our apparel, as to minister to our comfort?

Who is it that supplies our lack of interest in ordinary things, and sends us out into society prepared to meet the claims of decency, taste and propriety? Who caters for our appetites and swelters in heated kitchens for our indulgence; and often, unthank'd and unblest, plies the needle, in the lone evening, for our benefit?

Who is it that schemes by rigid economy to get the most elegance and comfort from the least tax on our incomes? Who furnishes the ready pin, the napkin, the bandage for our wounds, the cup for our thirst, the friction for our aching head, the medicine for our pains? What angel of mercy is it that watches by our sick pillow, bears all our complaints and irritations, and moves with muffled step when we slumber?

The assiduous of a faithful wife are so common, so various, so cheerful, so unexpecting, that husbands are likely to regard her kindness as they do the sunlight and the dews of heaven—matters of course—to be received without gratitude. But the constancy which makes them familiar—to a rightly constituted mind—deepens the sense of obligation. While the husband safely trusts in the companion of his years for his personal comforts, she has a right to expect that her beneficence shall be appreciated. If not, he will be likely to find her worth in her loss. Her absence or death, is, to the little world of home, like the loss of the glowing sun, which alone protects our earth from eternal darkness and frost.

IV. The heart of a husband doth safely trust in a faithful wife for counsel.

It is difficult to find a friend who is so deeply interested in our welfare as to take the trouble to study our perplexity—so conversant with us and our affairs as to understand our wants and dangers—so morally brave as to venture to tell us unwelcome truths—so perfectly disinterested as to assure us that no selfishness prompts his advice—and so persevering as repeatedly to urge that which is for our benefit.

A wife is such a friend, and a wise man will often seek her counsel.

Her love casts out fear. Her confidence inspires boldness. She is always at hand with her aid. Her eyes have seen all. Her ears have heard all. Her heart has felt all that pertains to our interest or our reputation. She is the husband's other self at a different angle of vision, watching with earnestness for his welfare.

And there is something in the ready, instinctive impressions of an intelligent wife which no sane husband should ever despise. She does not pause to collect facts, weigh arguments, and draw inferences.—Her impressive nature which renders her indisposed slowly to reason, is furnished with an instinctive perception of the right, which is better than logic.

It is wonderful how often, in nicely balanced cases, when we appeal to the judgment of a wife, how instantly she decides the question for us, and how generally she is right. In ordinary affairs within her province, the judgment of a wife is almost an instinct under the influence of a genius almost inspired—an ambition insatiable—and backed by millions of armed men. He almost succeeded in swaying his sceptre from the straits of Dover to the Mediterranean; from the Bay of Biscay to the Sea of Azoff. On many a bloody field his banner floated triumphant; but you will all bear witness that his greatest conquest was the unbought heart of Josephine—his sweetest and most priceless treasure, her outraged and unchanged love. If man have failed to estimate the affection of a true-hearted wife, he will be likely to mark the value of his loss, when the heart which loved him is stilled by death.

In the questions affecting the health of a husband—his good name—his morals—his companionships—his business enterprises—his religion—how often has the ready counsel of a wife held him back from danger, disaster and ruin. And how sad must be the brother here from whom such a counsellor hath been recently removed by death.

V. The heart of her husband doth safely trust in a faithful wife for competence.

It is true, there are some wives who cannot thus be trusted. Actuated by a foolish vanity of dress, furniture and equipage, and reckless of a husband's toils, anxieties and pecuniary embarrassments, they will sustain a certain style in the present, even if they have to trample on a husband's broken heart and ruined reputation in the process. These are the wives that drive husbands to wild speculation, to fraud and embezzlement, to debts never to be paid, to lottery gambling, to desperation and a premature grave.

But I am happy to believe that such cases are few. As a general fact, the principle of justice, economy and thrift is strong in the heart of a woman. Her home destiny qualifies her for a minute regard to the details of domestic economy, and her love for her husband and regard for the welfare of her children dispose her to use wisely and sell the earnings entrusted to her control. She is the one that obeys Christ in "gathering up the fragments that nothing be lost." Hers is no hireling's eye and hand. The husband lays his purse in her lap, assured that the comfort and respectability of his house, and the interest of his property are safe in her keeping. He hath, says the text, "no need of spoil." He has no need of false pretence—of over-trading and grasping speculation—of over-riding and despising over-tasked energies and feverish dreams; for his wife regulates his family expenditures by his fair income, and is contented with her lot. How crushing is the augmented responsibility, when a husband realizes that such a caretaker is no more at the head of his household!

VI. The heart of a husband can safely trust in a faithful wife in the care and training of his children.

A father regards his children as a heritage from the Lord. His sense of parental responsibility, his yearning and absorbing affection, their dependence, their perils, their inexperience, their confidence—all combine to press them on his heart. But while these little ones, dearer to him than his own life, demand constant tenderness and care, this father must be abroad for their support. He is a soldier, and must dwell in camps. He is a captain, and must for months and years make his home on the deep. He is a merchant, and from morn to night must go where merchants congregate. He is a banker, and must be found at the desk. He is a mechanic, and must ply his trade. He is much abroad; when he returns he is too absorbed, too weary, too impatient, to sympathize with his little ones, to teach them their prayers and smooth the pillow of their slumbers.

He may be rich; but can money buy a heart to love these little ones as he loves them? Who will listen to their hundred grievances? Who will be unwearied by their clamor? Who will settle their little controversies? Who will answer their thousand questions? Who will watch their incipient ailments, and patiently abide their nights of fever? Who will guide their opening intellects and train to strength their forming minds? Who will impress daily and hourly lessons of taste, refinement, self-control, benevolence and piety? Who will teach their lisping tongues to pray? Who will bear them, in tears and entreaty, to the altar of Him who on earth took little children in his arms and blessed them?

The heart of a husband safely trusts all this to a faithful wife and mother. She represents all his affections, and more than all his patience and care.

The highest confidence ever implied by one human being in another, is exhibited in the satisfied, confiding security with which a father gives up his children—his greatest treasures, to the sole guidance of a mother.

When such a mother is removed by death, when the eyes that watched are dim, when the heart that yearned is still and cold, where can the husband and father find solace but in resignation to the mysterious will of God?

Such a wife and mother hath been suddenly cut down in this church. An intelligent, amiable, sincere, true-hearted wife and mother, is a treasure not alone to her family, but to the world; and in the loss of such an one, we have all occasion to mourn to-day.

In view of this subject, I would ask wives and mothers now present, to remember that life is uncertain. Valuable as they are to their husbands, their children, they are liable, like their sister, at any time to be down and die. How carefully and prayerfully should they then live. How much do they need a practical and earnest piety, that their responsible duties may be all done and well done. As their children are liable to be handed over

to the care of strangers, how necessary that they be led early and safely to Christ.

I view of this subject, I would ask husbands here, to appreciate those who make the joy of their dwellings. Are not the kindness of wives often unnoticed, unthanked, unregarded? Remember, that these companions of your existence fill offices of dignity and high usefulness. They are shut out from the world's applause; let them rest in the assurance of your gratitude and consideration. When you see them still and cold in death, it will not grieve you to remember that your love has thrown sunshine into the shade of their allotment, that your prayers and example have given them aid in the right training of your children.

In view of this subject we see how much necessarily exists for personal and family religion. Wives are torn from their husbands, mothers are separated from their darling children. The wand of death leaves the most cheerful family circle cold and desolate. There is but one relief. The pious dead are not lost, and in our deepest sorrows we are allowed to look up and say—

"There is a world above, Where parting is unknown; A long eternity of love, Formed for the good alone, And faith beholds the dying here Translated to that heavenly sphere."

At the grave of the good, we may well adopt the language of the Apostles: "Lord, to whom shall we go, for thou alone hast the words of eternal life?" Life here is a shadow—Heaven is a fixed and immutable reality; and "Blessed are the dead that have died in the Lord, for they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

In respect to her whom we all mourn, we may say—

"Now take thy rest in thy shadowy hall, In thy mournful shroud reposing; There is no blight on thy soul to fall, No mist on its light is closing. It will shine in glory when time is o'er, When each phantom of earth shall wither, When the friends that deplore thee sigh no more, But lie down in the dust together. Though sad winds wail in the cypress bough, Thou art resting calm and untroubled now."

THE BRIDLE.

"Don't go without a bridle, boys," was my grandfather's favorite bit of advice.

Do you suppose we are all teamsters or horse jockeys. No such thing.

If he heard one cursing and swearing, or given to much vain and foolish talk, "that man has lost his bridle," he would say—Without a bridle, the tongue, though a little member, "boasteth great things." It is "an unruly evil full of poison." Put a bridle on, and it is one of the best servants the body and soul have. "I will keep my mouth with a bridle," said King David, and we can't do better than follow his example.

When my grandfather saw a man drinking and carousing, or a boy spending all his money for cakes and candy, "poor fellow," he would say, "he's left off his bridle." The appetite needs training; let it loose, and it will run you to gluttony, drunkenness, and all sorts of disorders. Be sure and keep a bridle on your appetite; don't let it be master. And don't neglect to have one for your passions. They go mad if they get unmanageable, driving you down a blind and headlong course to ruin. Keep the check-rein tight; don't let it slip; hold to it steadily—"Never go out without your bridle, boys."

This was the bridle my grandfather meant—the bridle of self-government. Parents try to restrain and check their children, and you can generally tell by their behavior what children have such wise and faithful parents. But parents cannot do everything. And some children have no parents to care for them.—Every girl must have her own bridle, and every boy must have his; they must learn to check and govern themselves. It becomes easier every day, if you practice it with a steady and resolute will. It is the foundation of excellence. It is the cutting and pruning which makes the noble and vigorous tree of character.

Learn all You Can.

Somebody has given the following excellent advice, which is worthy of being treasured up by everybody. "Never omit an opportunity to learn all you can. Sir Walter Scott said even in a sage-coach he always found somebody to tell him something he did not know before. Conversation is generally more useful than books for the purposes of knowledge. It is, therefore, a mistake to be morose and silent when you are among persons whom you think are ignorant; for a little sociability on your part will draw them out, and they will be able to teach you something, no matter how ordinary their employment. Indeed, some of the most sagacious remarks are made by persons of this description, respecting their particular pursuit.

Hugh Miller, the famous Scotch geologist, owes not a little to the fame of observations made when he was a journeyman stone mason, and worked in a quarry. Socrates well said that there is but one good which is knowledge, and but one evil which is ignorance. Every grain of sand helps to make the heap. A gold digger takes the smallest nuggets, and is not fool enough to throw them away because he hopes to find a huge lump some time. So in acquiring knowledge, we should never despise an opportunity, however unpromising. If there is a moment's leisure, spend it over a good book, or instructive talking with the first person you meet.

The corner stone of the National Clay Monument, at Lexington, Ky., was laid on the 4th inst., with imposing ceremonies.

THE WIFE.

She who sleeps upon my heart Was the first to win it; She who dreams upon my breast Ever reigns within it. She who kisses off my lips, Wakes their warmest blessing; She who rests within my arms Feels their closest pressing.

Other days than these shall come, Days that may be dreary— Other hours shall greet us yet, Hours that may be weary; Still this heart shall be thy throne, None but thou has done it; Still these lips shall meet thine oft As billow meeteth billow.

Sleep, then, on my happy heart, Since thy love hath won it— Drea n, then, on thy loyal breast, None but thou has done it; And when age our bloom shall change, With its wintry weather, May we in the self-same grave Sleep and dream together.

ROYAL ANECDOTE.

As Joseph II., Emperor of Austria, was driving his one-horse cabriolet, dressed in the garb of a private citizen, he was accosted by a soldier, who mistaking him for a man of the middle class, requested a seat in the vehicle.

"Willingly," replied the Emperor; "jump in, comrade, for I'm in a hurry."

The soldier was soon seated alongside of the Emperor, and became very loquacious. "Come comrade," said he, slapping the Emperor familiarly on the back, "are you good at guessing?"

"Perhaps I am," said Joseph, "try me."

"Well, then, my boy, conjure up your wit, and tell me what I had for breakfast!"

"Sour kroust!"

"Come, none of that, comrade, try it again."

"Perhaps a Westphalia ham," replied the Emperor, willing to humor his companion.

"Better than that," exclaimed the soldier. "Sausages from Bologna, and Hockheimer from the Rhine."

"Better than that—d'y'e give it up?"

"I do."

"Open your eyes and ears, then," said the soldier, bluntly. "I had a pheasant, by Jove, shot in the Emperor Joe's park, ha, ha!"

When the exultation of the soldier had subsided, Joseph said quietly:

"I want to try your skill in guessing, comrade. See if you can name the rank I hold."

"You'r a—no—hang it! you're not smart enough for a cornet."

"Better than that," said the Emperor. "A lieutenant?"

"Better than that."

"A captain?"

"Better than that."

"A major?"

"Better than that."

"A general?"

"Better than that."

to rest himself whenever two or three men meet upon the foot pavement and begin to talk: he is listening to what they say."—Another was also very ingenious. This was an elderly looking invalid, closely wrapped up, attended by a livery servant, and who had ensconced himself in the very middle of a group of sitters of both sexes, whom the first rays of this premature sunshine had seduced to what are usually the haunts of a month later. Others again (and a great many) were dressed as workmen—some in blouses, some in working jackets; several were attired in "shabby genteel" costume, looking like poor professors, or employees; while some were as elegantly dressed, and appeared as gentlemanlike as the generality of dancers in Paris ball-rooms.

"The place where you may see the most of these gentry," said M., "is—if you will come as far as the round point of the Champs Elysees—the fountain. It is their gathering place; they know that, in the course of the day, they can always be sure to find each other there." Sure enough, when we reached the fountain, we found a small circle of these police hogs; and as we approached, our informant designated them to us.

"You see the seely looking man with a bundle of papers under his arm, the journeyman painter lolling against the edge of a basin, the dandy examining the play of the water through his eye glass, and that tall, raw, ragged youth trying to make a bit of a boat sail along. Well, I know every man of them. They are all monarchs (police spies). As we passed quite close to these individuals, we noticed that our companion was evidently known to them; but, as he himself remarked, "they did not venture to bow" to him. Further on, however, close to the Triumphal Arch, we met an elderly man dressed extremely well, and carrying "respectability" in every feature. "To this one, if you like," said M., "I will speak;" and he accordingly accosted him thus:

"Well, so and so, then you carry on your trade still? I should have thought it was pretty nearly time to retire from business."

"Ah! Monsieur le Perfect!" was the answer of the man, who could not make up his mind to treat as an ordinary mortal him who had once been his immediate superior, "I really cannot consent to give up my young men and the fair ladies; they interest me—I have the habit of them!"

This needs explanation. The man in question is especially charged to watch over a certain class of ladies in their relationship with young men of family; his observations all went to prove that never, in any time, had the youth of France been so immoral, so degraded; but he always ended by saying he could not give them up yet, because he had "the habit of them."

I confess that this little out-of-door insight into the "manners and customs" of the Parisian police amused me much; and I have thought that, sketched as it is from "the life," it might not be without interest to your readers.

THE CARNIVAL OF ADJECTIVES.

Foremost among the freaks of language is the capering of adjectives. They skip and bound and surge and roar in such various ways, and with such grotesque effect, as to keep up a constant carnival. Not infrequently they are made to confound qualities, appearances and senses, as in the case of the old lady who said that she loved oysters because they left "a pretty taste in her mouth," and who insisted moreover that she hated "an ugly smell;" and was very fond of "handsome music." Sometimes those which properly relate to size or form are applied incongruously to mental efforts, such as "a tall speech," "a big sermon," "a fat thought," "a huge argument." At other times they are tumbled together with significations so nearly synonymous as to render language rapid, of which these are specimens: "He is contented, satisfied and happy man," "a talkative, voluble and loquacious fellow," "a pleasant and agreeable companion," "a brutal and savage monster." Very often the finest adjectives in the vocabulary, rollick about with sad company: "a magnificent pig," "a superb shad," "a splendid cat," and the like, are examples of the free companionship. On the other hand those which are best suited to ordinary purposes are often found in the company of extraordinary things, affording a liberal but not philosophical fulfillment of the rule, that "adjectives belong to the nouns which they describe." This thought is suggested by the remark of the Cockney, on viewing the Falls of Niagara: "Decidedly, I may say very pretty," and by the observation of the Yankee—"a large water power, I reckon." What man of feeling is there who could have stood by and listened to such nonsense, without being impelled to thrash the simpletons who uttered it? But it must be remembered that the harlequins in this carnival enjoy a perfect freedom from restraint, and talk and act just as they please, and we must therefore forgive the Cockney and the Yankee, as well as numberless other offenders whose jollity would be disturbed by harsh treatment. So long as the world goes on as it does, the sport will be continued and enjoyed by a certain sort of people. Yet, in the meantime, we would suggest that "Adjectivians" is a new theme, and one which may some day be done up with embellishments in a public lecture with amazing effect—Penny-syllabizer.

It is a truth not unworthy of consideration, that those who obstinately refuse to give up abuses, will inevitably be called upon to surrender them.