

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

R. W. Weaver, Proprietor.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

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Choice Poetry.

THE CONQUEROR WORM.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

Lo! 'tis a gala night
Within the lonesome latter years!
An angel throng, bewinged, bedight
In veils, and down'd in tears,
Sit in a theatre, to see
While the orchestra breathes fitfully
The music of the spheres.

Mimes in the form of God on high,
Mutter and mumble low,
And hither and thither fly—
—Mere puppets they who come and go
Arbitrating vast formless things
That shift the scenery to and fro,
Flapping from out their Condor wings
Invisible Wo!

That Motley drama!—oh, be sure
It shall not be forgot!
With its Phantom chased for evermore,
By a crowd that seize it not,
Through a circle that ever returneth in
To the self same spot,
And more of Madness, and more of Sin,
And Horror the soul of the plot.

But see, amid the mimic rout,
A crawling shape intrude!
A blood-red thing that writhes from out
The scenic solitude!
It writhes—it writhes—with mortal pang,
The mimes become its food,
And the angels sob at vermin fangs
In human gore imbued.

Out—out are the lights—out all!
And, over each quivering form,
The curtain's funeral pall,
Comes down with the rush of a storm,
And the angels, all pallid and wan,
Uprising, unavailing, affirm
That the play is the tragedy, "Man,"
Its hero the Conqueror Worm.

A New Projectile.

Every person has read of Jules Gerard, the lion-killer, and his wonderful encounters in the jungles of Africa. When Gerard came back to Paris the last time from his favorite amusement in Africa, he suggested to Desormeaux, the well known gunmaker of the Boulevard des Italiens, the idea of inventing a ball that would explode when it arrived in the animal's body. The new projectile is about the size of the Minie ball; its penetrating force is equal to the common ball. Arrived at the animal's body, it explodes like a bomb, and, of course, causes the sudden death of the animal. It shot into the lungs of an elephant, for example, the ball in exploding disengages carbonic acid gas, and the animal, which from its size might otherwise survive for a short time, will suddenly fall asphyxiated. A few days ago a party of gentlemen accompanied M. Desormeaux to a slaughter house in the environs of the city. There the new projectile was tried on five horses which were standing tied to a fence waiting to be shot. They were each shot in the lungs, the ball exploded, and the animal fell dead. The experiment was completely satisfactory. Since then, M. Desormeaux, to demonstrate the practicability of his new projectile as a substitute for the harpoon in the destruction of whales, has gone to Havre, with the hope that a whale would present itself to be killed, but to try the experiment on an artificial whale that would respond in its resistance to a real one. The experiment was entirely successful, and those who witnessed it assert positively that the substitute for the harpoon is found.

TO THE GIRLS.

Ladies, you caged birds of beautiful plumage, but sickly look; you pale petals of the parlor, vegetating in unhealthy shades of a greenish complexion, like that of a potato in a dark cellar—why don't you go out in the open air and add lustre to your eyes, and vigor to your frames? Take early morning exercise—let loose your corset strings and run up the hill for a wagger and down again for fun. Liberty thus exercised and enjoyed, will render you healthy, blooming and beautiful—as lovely as the Graces; prolific as Devera. The buxom, bright-eyed, rosy-checked, full-breasted, bonning lass—who can darn a stocking, mend trousers, make her own frocks, command a regiment of pots and kettles, feed the pigs, milk the cows, and be a lady within in company, is just the sort of a girl for me or any other young man to marry. But you, ye puny, lolling, scrawny, wasp-waisted, doll-dressed, putty-faced, consumption-mortgaged, novel-devouring daughters of fashion or idleness—are no more fit for matrimony than a pullet is to look after a family of fourteen chickens. The truth is, my dear girls, you want, generally speaking, more leg exercises, and less sofa; more pushing and less piano; more frankness and less mock modesty; more corned beef steak and less bishop. Loosen yourselves a little; enjoy more liberty and less restraint of fashion; breathe the pure atmosphere of freedom; become something nearly as lovely as the God of nature designed—Dove, Jr.

From the London Times, July 7. THE AFRICAN LABOR QUESTION.

The extraordinary position of our tropical colonies was forcibly illustrated in the discussion which occurred in the House of Commons on Friday evening respecting the introduction of labor into British Guiana. At the very moment that the high price of sugar is making itself felt most keenly, and a failure is apprehended in the supply of that material which furnishes the very life blood of British trade, Mr. Thomas Baring reminds the Legislature that our Colony of Guiana contains 50,000,000 acres of the most fertile land in the world, that it has every advantage of internal communication, with an extensive seaboard for the resort of shipping; it is within a month or six weeks' sail of our shores, and could produce cotton and sugar in all the abundance that consumers or manufacturers could desire.

One element only is wanting to the realization of these natural bounties, and that is the labor of man. The soil, the climate, the capacities of all kinds are favorable in the extreme; the territory is our own, and it lies within easy reach; but there are no laborers forthcoming to turn these advantages to account. Even those peculiar elements which are said to be wanting to the agriculture of India—energy and capital—are not lacking in Guiana, for British planters are established in the Colony, and are prepared with all other requisites, if they could obtain the hands to do the work at good wages. Nothing beyond this is needed to bring plenty into our markets, and relieve the anxieties which, as our readers saw, have been again expressed on behalf of our staple manufacturer.

In this world it is usually found that embarrassments of this description admit of removal by proceedings fraught with a double benefit. The abundance of one district is made to ease the necessities of another, and both gain alike by the establishment of an equilibrium. Our colonies want labor; other countries are overstocked with it. In China, for instance, the population has so far outgrown the territory that the Chinese go off in swarms, like bees, to any quarter of the world which will receive them. In India, again, though the redundancy is not quite so striking, the country teems with life, and labor is so cheap that it barely admits of being battered for subsistence. From India, therefore, and from China, labor has found its way to the colonies in question, but so great is the distance and so serious the impediments interposed, that, except in the case of the Mauritius, the supply has been very insufficient. That island, however, furnishes an excellent illustration of the state of things which might be brought about—Within the last few years, as Mr. Labouchere informed the House, it has received from India no fewer than 100,000 Coolies. This reinforcement of workmen has enabled the planters to cultivate sugar not only at a profit but "at a greater profit than by slave labor," while the high prosperity of the colony thus induced, "so far from being purchased at the expense of inhumanity towards these laborers, enabled them to accumulate property and settle on the island, or, if they returned to their native country, they carried the fruits of their industry with them. All this while, it must be remembered, that the slave trade itself undergoes heavy discouragement from such successful competition, and that our own markets experience the benefit of most reasonable importations; so that all parties together—the colonial proprietor, the British consumer, and the actual laborer—derive advantage from the system, which injures nobody except the slaveholder. We do not see how a stronger case could possibly be made out. By the simple agency of labor, one of our colonies is able to amass wealth, to stock our markets with its exports, to benefit the population of another land, and to act like a thorn in the side of the slaveholder. For the want of this same agency, others of our colonies are running to ruin, are exporting but little produce, are doing no good to anybody, and are permitting the slave merchants to thrive in the absence of the competition they might establish. If these facts do not make a case for supplying not only Guiana but our other settlements too with free labor in proper abundance, we are at a loss to see how any proposition can be proved at all.

What is the obstacle in the way? The distance. If the West Indies, said Mr. Labouchere, had not enjoyed the same advantages as the Mauritius, it was "owing to their geographical position in relation to the source of the supply of labor not being so favorable." But is there only one such source? Is not Africa as populous in many parts as India? Is it not as conveniently situated in regard to the West Indies, as India is with regard to the Mauritius? And above all, are not the Africans pre-eminently fitted by nature for tropical labor? Every one of these questions must be answered in the affirmative. It is easier to bring negroes from Africa than Coolies from India or Chinamen from Hong Kong, and when brought they would make the best of laborers. We are driven, therefore, to seek elsewhere for reasons against the proceeding, and such arguments were produced by Mr. Labouchere in the debate, and will be found embodied in a letter from Mr. M. Forster, which we publish to day. According to these views the condition of the native Africans is such that to go to the coast with a demand for their services would infallibly generate a system of kidnapping in the interior of the country, and, in fact, as far as Africa is concerned, would revive the slave trade, and destroy the more legitimate pur-

ents which the partial repression of this trade has suffered to spring up.

In considering these arguments we find the compass of the controversy very conveniently narrowed. It is not alleged that the position of the negro, once landed in Guiana or Jamaica, would be otherwise than good, or that his rights as a free laborer on British territory could not be effectually secured.—All that is said is that he could not be procured on the shores of his birth without giving occasion to fearful wrong. As to his freedom, regarded in the abstract, there is hardly room for discussion about it. With few exceptions, the tribes about the coast live in a state of slavery naturally and constantly in so far as concerns subordination to the will of a master. They may not be ill-used or overworked, but they are at the command and disposal of a lord. At present they are engaged in the manufacture and exportation of palm oil and other such products, but if a demand were made for them, their kings, or masters, would instantly sell them, and then resort to war to procure others, who would be sold in the same way.—The necessary consequence of such a system would be the revival of the slave trade atrocities in the first stage. The horrors of the middle passage would, of course, have no existence, nor would the negro have anything to fear when he was landed at his destination; but the effect on Africa itself would be deplorable. Negroes, in short, there, are natural slaves, born so, and kept so. If no slave market is opened, their masters are content with reasonable service; but if they can make a better thing of it by selling them outright they will infallibly do so, and steal others to keep up the supply. Such, as we understand it, is the case of those who, like our correspondent, are averse to the proposed system of supplying our colonies with free labor from Africa.

Upon this reasoning we can only observe that whereas the anticipated advantages are, as we have shown, enormously great, the apprehended evils are certainly somewhat circumscribed. As regards the Negro himself, it is hardly possible to deny that under proper supervision he would be far better off in a British colony than he is at home under the rule of a master, who, as our correspondent admits, could and would, if thwarted or offended, whip him or starve him into submission, or even murder him outright.—Such conditions of service would certainly be well exchanged for those under which the Coolies of the Mauritius realize freedom and independence. All that is desired is that these petty kings, if once they get an opportunity of shipping their subjects in any capacity whatsoever, will take to this trade so kindly as to forsake other occupations for that of manstealing.

We will not here inquire whether such propensities could be encountered by any checks, but will accept the argument on its own ground. Granted that a demand for negroes will generate intestine war in Africa, does not such demand exist now? Whence come the thousands of slaves yearly landed in Cuba, and the thousands who die on the passage? And what is the effect of such an exportation? Clearly, this intestine war must be prevailing as it is, but all the other horrors of the slave trade too. This war, in short, is but part and parcel of the free slave trade which free labor would put down, and the question is not whether we should or should not run the risk of creating a demand for negroes on the coast of Africa, but whether, as we have never yet been able to extinguish such a demand, we should not attempt to take it in hand ourselves, with a certainty of suppressing all its abominations in every stage of the proceeding but one, and with it at least a chance of mitigating them in that stage also.

The Dead Babe.

Do not bend over that little cradle so hopelessly, with such passionate grief. See a tear has fallen on the marble cheek, and dimmed its whiteness; think thee, bereaved mother, no stain of sin shall ever wring a drop like that from those gentle eyes. Better the pallor on the velvet cheek of that dead, innocent babe, than the blush of shame that might God knows best, paint it a fadeless red, hereafter. Better the chill of that fair brow, because in heaven, the elated brow, (the spirit) wears a crown of glory, than the many forehead, stamped with cares, crossed with toiling thought, or perhaps, branded with dishonor. Better the helpless, passive folding of those little hands, than the uplifted arm that might smite a brother to the earth; for think, mother, every Cain has once been pure, as lovely perhaps, as that dead babe of thine.

God takes in mercy; he gave thee an angel, and he has called it home a little before. Around thee, there will be comfort from a spirit-babe; folding its little wings by thy side, and comforting thee when thou art in affliction. How sweet, thy soul is loosed from the bands of earth, to feel the soft arms of a little child waiting thee to the eternal mansions.

A PRITING REBUKE.—Having in my youth notions of severe piety, says a celebrated Persian writer, I used to rise in the night to watch, pray and read the Koran. One night, as I was engaged in these exercises, my father, a man of practical virtue, awoke while I was reading. "Behold," said I to him, "thy other children are lost in irreligious slumber, while I alone wake to praise God." "Son of my soul," he answered, "it is better to sleep than to wake to remark the faults of thy brethren."

THE STAR OF LOVE.

There is a moment, in every man's existence, on which turns his future destiny.—There are many such moments; for oftentimes life hangs upon a thread, and if the thread is not cut, it requires but a touch to change the whole direction of the future. But in every man's life there is at least one, and in that of young Sheikh Houssein it occurred thus:

It was not often in those days that travelers crossed the great desert. Few Europeans came to Egypt, and fewer still went to Sinai. But there was a time when Houssein was called to Cairo to meet a noble party of western travelers, a gentleman and two ladies, who were making a pilgrimage to Sinai and the Holy Land, and who wished to possess in crossing the desert. He saw the gentleman, and readily engaged to reform the desired service.

It was not until the party had left the Birket-el-Haj that he met them, where they were encamped, by moonlight, on the sand that stretches away to Suez. As he sprang from his mare, before the tent-door, he was startled by such a vision as he had never before seen, but thought he had dreamed of in his waking dreams.

She was slight, fair, and, in the moonlight, pale as a creature of dreams. Was this one of the hours of his fabled paradise? No; he rejected the thought, if it rose. There was no spot in all the heaven of Mahomed fit for an angel like this. Away, like the sands on the whirlwind, like the clouds before the sun, like the stars at daybreak: away swept all his faith in Islam, and in an instant the Sheikh Houssein was an idolator, worshipping as thousands greater than he had done, the beauty of woman! Perhaps he might have quenched his thirst for the unknown at some other fountain, but this was enough now. He had found that wherewith to fill the void, and he was content.

Love was a new emotion, a sensation he had never before experienced, and it satisfied him. Did she love him? That was a question which never occurred to him. What did he care for that? He was not seeking to be loved! He was looking for employment for his own soul, and he had found it, and that was enough.

The tradition goes on to describe his long crossing of the desert—how he lingered among the hills of Sinai; how he led them by Akaba and Petra, and detained there many weeks in the city of Rock; how the fair English girl faded slowly away, for she was now dying; how he carried her to the holy city, weary, well-nigh dead, he carried her to the mountain of the Ascension. And all this time he watched over her with the zealous care of a father or a brother, and the quick heart of the lady say it and understood it all. And sometimes he would try, in broken words, to tell her of his old belief and his ideas of immortality, and she would read in his hearing sublime promises and glorious words that were in a language that he knew nothing of, but which he half understood from her uplifted eye and countenance.

How he worshipped that matchless eye! He worshipped nothing else, on earth or in heaven.

It was noon of night under the walls of Jerusalem; and in a white tent close by the hill on which the footsteps of the ascending Lord left their hallowing touch, an English girl was waiting his bidding to follow him.

Outside the tent, upon the ground, with eyes fixed on the everlasting stars, lay a group of Bedouins, and apart from them a little way their chief, silent, motionless—to all that was earthly, dead. A low voice within the tent broke the stillness of the night, but he did not move. A voice was uttering again those words, of which the sound had become familiar to him already, the Christian prayer.

"Sheik Houssein!"

He sprang to his feet. It was her voice, faint, low, but silvery. The tent-door was thrust aside, and at a hand motioned to him to enter, he obeyed.

She lay on the cushions, her head lifted somewhat from the pillow by the arms of her sister; her brother, who spoke the language of the desert well, stood by her as the young Sheikh approached. His coolies were gathered around his head; only his dark eyes, flashing gloriously, was visible. She looked up into it and whispered; he half understood her before the words came through her brother's lips, as she told him the story of Calvary and Christ, and the cloud that received the King and Saviour returning to his throne.

It were vain to say he understood all this. He only knew that she was telling him of her hope are long to be above him, above the world, above the sky; and his active but bewildered mind wrought all this with ancient traditions, and having long so rejected the creed that did not teach him that she was immortal, as he fell back on the idea that the immortals had something to do with the stars, and as he lay down on the ground, close by the side of the tent, listening for every sound from within, he fixed his eyes on the zenith and watched the passing of the hoofs of the night, until she died. There was a rustling of garments, a voice of imperceptible sweetness suddenly silent, a low, soft sigh, the expiration of a saint; and that at that instant lay in the depths of the meridian blue, a clear star flashed on his eye, for the first time its silver radiance, and he believed that she was there.

For three-score years after that, there was on the desert, near that group of palm trees and lonely spring, a small turret built of stones, brought a long distance, one by one, on camels. And in this hut, or in its

summit, lived a good, wise man, beloved of all the tribes, and especially followed by his own immediate tribe, who, with him, rejected Mohammed, and worshipped and unknown God, through the medium of the stars, and especially one star, which he had taught them to reverence above all others.

At length there came a night when the wind was abroad on the desert, and the voice of the tempest was fierce and terrible. But high over all the sand-hills, and over the whirling storms of sand, sedate, calm, majestic, the immutable stars were looking down on the plain, and the old man in his tower beheld them, and went forth on the wind to search their infinite distances.

That night, said the tradition, another star flashed out of heaven beside the star that the Arabs worshipped, and the Sheikh Houssein was young again in the heaven of his beloved!

Let us leave him to the mercy of tradition, nor seek to know whether he reached that blessed abode.

Getting to Heaven by way of New Orleans.

The Philadelphia correspondent of the New York Dispatch gives the following:

A few days since, a young man who had long been attached to a church, and who was about to leave for New Orleans, came to bid his pastor farewell. "And so you are going to that degenerate place New Orleans, are you?" said the pastor. "Yes, sir, but I don't expect to be influenced by any extraneous pressure of any kind," responded the young man with considerable earnestness. "Well, I am glad to see you so confident. I hope the Lord will guide you. But do you know the temptations which exist there?" "Not particularly, sir." "Well, I do. You'll find rancorous venom in the guise of Paris, tempting the very elect; and rare wines and potent drinks; and you'll find fine company, and night brawling, and gambling, and dissipation, and running after the lusts of old man Adam." "Still, sir, I hope to combat these successfully." "I hope you will my dear Christian brother, was the reply. I hear you will, and let me give you this much for consolation in case you should fall from grace. The tempter is worse than the sin, and the greater the temptation, the more merit there is in resisting it. The man who goes to Heaven by way of New Orleans, is sure to have twice as high a place in eternal glory as he who reaches Paradise through the quiet portals of Connecticut or Pennsylvania.

Merit and Position.

The difference between a man of merit and a man of position is this: the latter is the man of his day, the former is the man after his day.

There was a king in England when Shakespeare lived there, and doubtless every child in the realm knew his name familiarly; but how many knew the name of the poor playwright? But now, almost every child who speaks the English language, knows of Shakespeare and his writings. How many of them knew of James and his writings? Very few. Thus the man of high position died with his position and his day; but the man of merit only began to live when he died.

The author of "Don Quixote" is known by his works throughout the world; but who can tell about the men of position—the kings, if a king—or the nobles, or the fine ladies who lived when Cervantes was writing the adventures of the "Knight of the Rueful Countenance"?

Who was Governor of Virginia when Patrick Henry fired his fellow-men with his eloquence? Yet every American boy knows of Patrick Henry. And yet we think that the Governor must have been better known in his day than the orator.

Thus it is: position is a thing of to-day, while merit is a thing of all time; and when joined to that rarest of things—an upright, blameless Christian life—it becomes a star in sterner, a never-ending light in the eternal sky of truth.

Evil Speaking.

The following anecdote is related of the late excellent J. J. Gurney, by one who, as a child, was often one of his family circle: One night—I remembered it well—I received a severe lesson on the sin of evil speaking. Severe I thought it then, and my heart rose in childish anger against him who gave it; but I had not lived long enough in this world to know how much mischief a child's thoughtless talk may do, and how often it happens that talkers run off the straight line of truth. S. did not stand very high in my esteem, and I was about to speak further of her failings of temper. In a few moments my eyes caught a look of such calm and steady displeasure, that I stopped short. There was no mistaking the meaning of that dark, speaking eye. It brought the color to my face, and confusion and shame to my heart. I was silent for a few moments, when Joseph John Gurney asked, very gravely:

"Do not know any good thing to tell us of her?"

I did not answer; and the question was more seriously asked:

"Think: is there nothing good thou canst tell us of her?"

"O, yes I know some good things, but—" "Would it not have been better, then, to relate these good things, than to have told us that which would lower her in our esteem? Since there is good to relate, would it not be kinder to be silent on the evil?" "Charity rejoiceth not in iniquity," thou knowest."

LOVE GIFTS.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

I've brought thee spring roses,
Sweet roses to wear,
Two buds for thy bosom
And one for thy hair;
I've brought thee new ribands
Thy beauty to deck,
Light blue for thy love waist,
And white for thy neck!

Oh, bright is the beauty
That woe's the to-night;
But brighter affection,
And lasting as bright!
I've brought thee, what's better
Than ribands or roses—
A heart that will shield thee
Whatever wind blows!

'Tis gladness to view thee,
Thus beaming and gay;
And walking in sweetness
As if thou wert May!
The spring of thy being
As lovely to see;
And oh! what's diviner,
Affianced to me!

A Biography of Dr. Kane by Dr. Elder.

Messrs. Childs & Peterson announce that they will soon publish a memoir of the late Dr. Kane, by Dr. Wm. Elder. This, to very many persons, on both sides of the Atlantic, must be gratifying news, and the forthcoming work will doubtless be looked for with lively interest. Certainly no nobler subject for biography has been furnished within the present century, and we are glad to think that it has been committed to entirely competent hands. The gentleman who has been engaged to prepare the book for the press, is not only able to perform the task with all desirable literary ability, but his rare earnestness of character, and fitness to appreciate fully the importance of the undertaking, afford a guarantee that he will execute it conscientiously, and, therefore, thoroughly. He has, we learn, been furnished with the necessary materials for his purpose by the family of Dr. Kane, and by Mr. Grinnell, Lady Franklin, and all those who had any available knowledge to contribute. In view, then, of the completeness of the data supplied, and the eminent qualifications of Dr. Elder to make the best possible use of it, we may confidently promise that the biography he is employed upon, will not only possess the absorbing interest which belongs to the events of a very remarkable life, but be invested with that additional charm which the most vigorous and vivacious style of narrative can impart to the heroic incidents of personal history.

As regards the need for such a memorial, there can, we think, be no doubt. Apart from any gratification it may afford the immediate friends and relatives of the deceased, or the curiosity of the age in which he lived and acted out the marvellous career of self-sacrificing adventure, peril and endurance which has won for him a wide and glorious renown among his cotemporaries, there is a moral significance in so illustrious a life, which requires that it should be preserved and transmitted for the benefit of posterity. Highly as we estimate the services that Dr. Kane rendered to science in his explorations, and the probable results to which they may yet lead, and as much as we prize the modest, though fascinating and intelligent record he has left of his last expedition, we hold that the chief worth of all he has been and all he has done, consists in the shining example of human character which he has bequeathed to his race everywhere, and the salutary influence which that example may continue to exert in succeeding generations of men. That is the true, the paramount value of all biography that deserves to be written, and we venture to say, that an instance of individual history, comprised within a period of thirty odd years, more deserving of permanent record and better fitted to stir strongly all the springs of virtuous emulation, than that of the young Arctic hero, is not embraced in human annals. The world knows already the prominent events of his later years. It has read in his own simple narrative the scene of thrilling danger, of severe suffering, and of marvellous fortitude through which he passed in his devoted search for the lost English navigators amid the frozen regions of the pole. But these are but manifestations of character which make it the more important that we should penetrate into and discern the processes and agencies of education which ultimately expended into and bore such noble fruit. The man, therefore, who, in writing his biography from the beginning, admits us to a clear, familiar view of the inner life of Dr. Kane—a view of the workings of his soul in its growth towards that heroic breadth and depth of development, that greatness of proportion and generous vigor of tone which were revealed in action and achievement, will perform a work which alone can enable us to understand the admirable character and career which are the subject of it, and make them a luminous guide to others who may aspire to like virtues and like distinctions. Dr. Elder, we believe, will endeavor to do this, and our knowledge of his talents and his zeal assures us that he will satisfactorily accomplish his task. Until the volume is issued from the press, the impatience to peruse it will doubtless increase, and we dare to predict, that, when received, it will be found one of the most originally written, most interesting, and practically useful memoirs ever given to the public.—Philadelphia Ev. Journal.

If a girl thinks more of her heels than of her head, depend upon it, she will never amount to much; for brains which settle in the shoes never get above them. Young gentlemen will please make note of this.

Reveries of a Drunkard.

"I think liquor's injuring me; it's a spoiling my temperament. Sometimes I get mad when I am drunk, and abuse Betty and the brats—it used to be Lizzie and the children—that's some time ago; I can just mind it.—When I used to come home often, she used to put her arms round my neck, and kiss me, and call me dear William.

"When I come home now, she takes her pipe out of her mouth, and puts her hair out of her eyes, and looks at me, and says something like, 'Bill, you drunken brute, shut the door after you; we're cold enough, having no fire, without letting the snow blow in that way.'"

"Yes, she's Betty and I'm Bill, now. I aint a good bill neither—spect I'm a counterfeiter—won't pass—a tavern, without going in and getting a drink. Don't know what bank I'm ob; last Sunday I was on the river bank—drunk.

"I stay out pretty late now—sometimes I'm out all night. Fact is, I'm out pretty much all over; out of friends, out of pocket, out at elbows and knees, and always outrageously dirty—so Betty says; but then she's no judge, for she's never clean herself.

"There's one good quality I've got—I wont get in debt; I never could do it. There, now, one of my coat tails is gone; got tore off, I s'pect, when I fell down here. I'll have to get a new suit soon. A fellow told me, the other day, I'd make a good sign for a paper-mill; if he's not so big, I'd lick him. I've had this shirt on 'or ninety days, and I'm afraid it won't come off without tearing. I aint no dandy, although my clothes is nearly all grass-ian style. I guess I tore this hole in my pants, behind the other night, when I sat down on a nail in the carpenter's shop. I've got to get it mended up, or I'll catch cold.

"Lend me three cents, will you? I feel an awful goneness—clear way down into my No. 9."

Don't You do it.

When a petulant individual politely observes to you, "you had better eat me up, hadn't you?"—don't you do it.

When a clique of warm friends want you to start a paper to forward a particular set of views, and promise you a large quantity of fortune and fame to be gained in the undertaking—don't you do it.

When you have any business to transact with a modern financier, and he asks you to go and dine with him—don't you do it.

Should you happen to catch yourself whistling in a printing office, and the foreman tells you to whistle louder—don't you do it.

If on an odd occasion your wife should exclaim to you, "now tumble over the cradle and break your neck, do!"—don't you do it.

When a horse kicks you, and you fell a strong disposition to kick the horse in return—don't you do it.

When you are shining very expeditiously round town, in search of somebody with something over, who can assist you with a loan, and you are suddenly anticipated by somebody, who wants to borrow from you—don't you do it.

When you are offered a great bargain, the value of which you know nothing about, but which you are to get at half price, "being it's yours"—don't you do it.

When a young lady catches you alone, lays violent eyes on you, expressing "pop" in every glance—don't you do it.

Watering Places.

People are beginning to find out that fashionable watering places are great humbugs. They are frequented almost exclusively by a set of parasites, whose sole business it seems to be to dress in "loudness" style, make offensive remarks about each other, and, generally, to practice envy, hatred, malice, and all sorts of uncharitableness. Sensible and pleasant people avoid these places, and go to some quiet retreat, where they can get something fit to eat, and enjoy a vacation in a rational manner. We shall find this year the artists, authors, and literary and professional men, with a strong spice of the business community, comfortably and quietly located by the sea or mountain side; while the so-called fashionable resorts will be almost entirely deserted.

ANECDOTE OF DEAN SWIFT.—A man and woman one night, in a violent storm, knocked pretty steadily at Dean Swift's door, and at length roused him from his slumbers.—He rose, and throwing up the sash of his chamber window, asked what they could want. They answered they wanted to be married immediately, and called for that purpose. "No," says the Dean, "can't you wait till morning? it is now 1 o'clock."—They stated some urgent reason for proceeding without delay. The Dean found it in vain to parley. "Well," said the Dean, still keeping his head out of the window, and talking with the bride and bride-grooms in the street, "if it must be so I'll marry you now. Attend!

"Under the window in stormy weather I join this man and woman together; Let none but He, who made the thunder, E're put this man and woman asunder."

KEEP YOUR OWN BOOK CLEAN.—John, said a clergyman to one of his flock, "you should become a teetotaler—you have been drinking again to day." "Do you never take a wee drap yourself, sir?" inquired John.—"Ah, but John, you must look at your circumstances and mine." "Verra true," quoth John, "but sir, can you tell me how the streets of Jerusalem were kept so clean?" "No, John, I cannot tell you that." "Well, sir, it was just because every one kept his own door clean!" replied John, with an air of triumph.