

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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Choice Poetry.

THE LIGHT AT HOME.

The light at home! how bright it beams
When evening shades around us fall;
And from the lattice far it gleams,
To love, and rest, and comfort call.
When woe and grief the toils of day,
And strife for glory, gold, or fame,
How sweet to seek the chiding blast
Where loving lips will kiss our name
Around the light at home!

When through the dark and stormy night,
Wayward wanderer homeward hies,
How cheering is that twinkling light,
Which through the forest gloom he spies!
It is the light at home. He feels
That loving hearts will greet him there,
And safely through his bosom steals
The joy and love that banish care
Around the light at home!

The light at home! when ere at last
It greets the seaman through the storm,
He feels no more the chilling blast
That beats upon his manly form.
Long years upon the sea have fled,
Since Mary gave her parting kiss,
But the sad tears which she then shed
Will now be paid with rapturous bliss
Around the light at home!

The light at home! how still and sweet
It peeps from yonder cottage door—
The weary laborer to greet—
When the rough toils of day are o'er!
Sad is the soul that does not know
The blessings that the beams impart,
The cheerful hopes and joys that flow,
And lighten up the heaviest heart
Around the light at home!

AFFECTS OF THE COMET IN 1712.

The return of a great comet had been predicted to appear in 1712, which caused great alarm in England. The following amusing account is taken from an old paper of the period:

"In the year 1712, Mr. Whiston having calculated the return of a comet which was to make its appearance on Wednesday, the 14th of October, at five minutes after five in the morning, gave notice to the public accordingly, with the terrifying addition that a total dissolution of the world by fire was to take place on the Friday following. The reputation Mr. Whiston had long maintained in England, both as a divine and a philosopher, left little or no doubt with the populace of the truth of his prediction. Several ludicrous events took place. A number of persons in and about London seized all the barges and boats they could lay their hands on in the Thames, very rationally concluding that when the conflagration took place there would be the most safety on water. A gentleman who had neglected family prayer for better than five years, informed his wife that it was his determination to resume that laudable practice that same evening; but his wife having engaged a ball at her house, persuaded her husband to put it off till she saw whether the comet appeared or not. The South Sea stock immediately fell to 5 per cent, and the India to 11; and the captain of a Dutch ship threw all his powder into the river, that the ship might not be endangered.

"The next morning, however, the comet, appeared according to predictions, and before noon the belief was universal that the day of judgment was at hand. About this time 223 clergymen were ferried over to Lambeth, it was said, to petition that a short prayer might be penned and ordered there being none in the church service on that occasion. Three medals of honor buried their collection of novels and plays, and sent to the booksellers to buy each of a Bible and Bishop Taylor's 'Holy Living and Dying.' The run upon the bank was so prodigious, that all hands were employed from morning to night in discounting notes and handing out specie. On Thursday considerable more than 7,000 kept mistresses were legally married in the face of several congregations. And to crown the whole, Sir Gilbert Heathcote, head director of the bank, issued orders to all the fire officers in London, requiring them to 'keep a good look out, and have a particular eye on the Bank of England.'"

The Verdant Groomsman.

On no occasion do people seem more prone to commit blunders than at a wedding. The following funny incident actually happened in a neighboring town. In the midst of witnesses, the clergyman had just completed the interesting ceremony which binds, in the silver bonds of wedlock, two willing hearts, and stretched forth his hand to implore the blessing of Heaven on the union. At this point, the groomsman seeing the open hands reached out, supposed it was the signal for him to surrender the marriage fee, which was burning in his pocket. Accordingly, just as the clergyman closed his eyes in prayer, he felt the pressure of two sweet half dollars upon his palms. The good man hesitated, appalled at the ludicrousness of his situation; but coolly deposited the money in his pocket, and proceeded with his devotions.

GNAWING A FILE.

There was once an old house, and in that house lived an old rat. By means of cracks and knot-holes, and sundry holes of his own making, he had an extensive circuit through the whole house. From front to L., and from cellar to garret, wherever there was anything that would minister to the comfort of his outer man, he was sure to find it and help himself. One room was used as a granary, and the door was kept carefully closed. The old rat used to hear the sound of the grain, as it was poured upon the floor, or into the barrels, and a strong desire possessed him to know, from personal observation, what was in the room. But there was no way for him to gratify that desire but by making an entrance through an oak board partition.—So, one night, after all was quiet in the house, he sat himself vigorously about the undertaking; and though he found it rather a jaw-aching operation, yet he kept up such an incessant nibbling, that long before daylight his task was accomplished, and his head toiled was rewarded by a plentiful repast at the pile of grain. For some days and nights he passed in and out at pleasure, and enjoyed his living, without let or hindrance.

But the proprietor at length discovered the hole which he had made through the partition, and at once concluded that he would lay an embargo upon that sort of fun; so he thrust a nail into the hole.

The next time the old rat essayed to pass in he found a slight impediment in his way; and he tried in vain to remove it. At last said his ratship, "I know what I have done. I can gnaw off that stick, for it isn't half as thick as the oak board through which I gnawed the hole." So at it he went again. He thought the file was a good deal harder than the board, but he was not deterred not to give it up. Indeed, it was a prominent article in his creed, never to back out. "Ah, a workman is known by his chips," said he, as he looked and discovered quite a little pile, that looked very much like ivory saw-dust, though he wondered that his chips should be so light colored. "I shall fetch it yet," said he, and he applied himself with renewed vigor.

But at length he discovered some blood on the file where he had been gnawing.—He instantly clasped his paw to his bleeding mouth, when behold! he made this discovery: that instead of gnawing the file, the file had actually gnawed his teeth down to the gums. For a moment he stood quite confounded. At last he said, "for once I made a fool out of myself." And so he had; for he was not only obliged to go superfluous to bed, but what was of vastly more consequence, he had lost a good set of teeth which would be quite indispensable in procuring his future suppers. And here we will leave his ratship, in order to make an application of the story.

Men ought to be wiser than rats; but they are not, for they also frequently gnaw a file. A person gnaws a file when, just for the sake of having his own way, he obstinately persists in doing that which is against his own interests—that which injures himself a vast deal more than anybody else.

Here is an illustration: A boy carelessly hit his foot against a stone, and as a natural consequence it ached dreadfully. He instantly made up his mind that he would have his revenge. So he sat down and went to beating the stone with his fist; and he only desisted when he ceased to feel any pain in his foot, in consequence of the more severe pain in his bruised knuckles. Now he had his own way—he took his revenge, but it was gnawing a file.

Here is another: A boy whose name I feel a little delicate about mentioning, once got a little grumpy at something which his mother required him to do; so when he was called to dinner, to show his independence, said, with pouting lips, "I don't want any dinner." Now he was hungry enough, but he was determined he would not eat, out of spite. He overheard his sister say, "Guess he'll get hungry by supper time;" but he thought within himself, "You'll see." So he nourished his wrath to keep it warm, and when his sister called him to supper, he grunted out more groutily than ever, "I don't want any supper."

But as he turned to go off he heard his mother say, "You'll be a cheap boarder at this rate." So he had the blessed satisfaction of having his own way, and went superfluous to bed, where he repented at his leisure. There he lay and thought the matter all over again and again. He finally came to the "unanimous conclusion" in his own mind that he was a great fool for having done as he had; for he had injured no mortal living so much as himself. It is almost unnecessary to add, that he had a remarkable good appetite for breakfast; and that, from that he was of the unshaken opinion that it was miserably poor policy to gnaw a file.

We might give illustrations equally pertinent from those of riper years, but we forbear.

MONEY HOARDED.—According to the Treasury estimate, there are in this country about \$250,000,000 in gold, of which little more than a fifth is in the banks—leaving little short of \$200,000,000 to be found elsewhere. The Treasury hoards very commonly from twenty to twenty-five millions, leaving probably \$175,000,000 to be sought among the people. Allowing \$50,000,000—a liberal estimate—to be in actual use, there remains \$125,000,000 which is hoarded by the people, and to an extent six times exceeding the Treasury.

MY BIRTH-DAY.

Many are the gay and also sad associations interwoven with this name—with this day—which can never be erased while reason asserts her empire. There seems to be a talisman in it, that can call images from the past, with a quickness and clearness that almost overwhelm us. The deep fountains of memory are stirred, and as wave after wave rolls on, discovering some long-forgotten treasure rising up from its hidden depths, we gaze and wonder that they remain so fresh and undimmed; and rejoice that they are still in our possession, not having been swallowed up in the dark waters of oblivion.

We remember the heart-felt joy which we were wont to greet the annual return of this day, in years gone by; when, free and wild as the bounding roe, we were eager to spring forward through the bright vista of years, impatient of the slow progress we were making—and imagining that when we should reach the wished-for goal of sixteen or eighteen summers, that was spread out before us in all the rainbow colors of young fancy, we should enjoy perfect, unbounded happiness.

But alas! those childish visions are too often doomed to destruction. With years, advance care and trouble also; and when we reach that desired period, we find the glories we so much admired are wanting.—They have vanished like the rosy tints of a morning cloud; and we exclaim, in the bitterness of our feelings, "Give us back the days of childhood." And we experience a sort of dread of advancing farther from those happy hours, and anxiously desire to stop our rapid progress. But no, it may not be. Another year is fast hastening on, and we are irresistibly impelled forward with a speed we never before sufficiently realized.

The reason of these feelings is, not because we are so much more unhappy now than then, but our anticipations were too highly colored, too glorious by far, to be ever consumed here—for we expected nought but happiness; and it is this bitter disappointment of our most glowing hopes, that causes our regret. Those fairy dreams of bliss live but in memory's magic halls, where they will still be treasured as records of the past. We dislike to think we are indeed growing old—that the time is coming when we shall be no longer young; and our feelings are similar to those that naturally arise on quitting the pleasant haunts of early years; we would rather stay where we know it is pleasant, than wander forth, we know not whither, in search of others more so, though we feel obliged to make the attempt. We have received such a sad lesson, that we feel afraid to venture on—for we know not whether success shall attend our steps, or not.

Oh, who can lift the dark veil of the future and tell what is in store for us, whether good or evil, happiness or misery? Who can tell us how low we may sink in degradation and woe, or how high we may rise in the scale of moral and intellectual being? Although many may pretend, there are none that can pierce the thick curtains of coming years, and gaze with unclouded vision on scenes that are yet to transpire. The present alone is unveiled—we read what it presents, but ever what we there behold, we cannot understand. How many chapters in our history we find strange and inexplicable. "Mysterious are thy ways, O Lord," and mysteries though they are, they will ultimately be explained to our perfect understanding. Though darkly clouds may gather over us, and the fury of the wild hurricane be madly raging around, and the fierce storm-king, with voice of thunder and eye of fire, be threatening us with instant dissolution—still fearless and undismayed we will trust in the living God who has the power to still the tempest and preserve us unharmed. The clouds will soon disperse, and sunshine and gladness will again cheer and illumine our hearts.

Thus with the eye of faith and light of hope, we can perceive a Being to whom we can trust the events of life, and believe them wisely ordered. May this faith, this hope, ever be ours; and in the workings of Providence, may we behold a father's hand, a father's love. And as we advance in years and knowledge, may we realize the true value of time, and rightly improve it. If vain repinings and useless regrets arise over the days that are past—even over childhood's happiness and the beautiful but faded prospects of youth—may we have strength to check and destroy them, learning to be content with our lot, whatever it may be.

DEBT.—Blessed is he who can slap his breeches pocket in the face of the world, and triumphantly exclaim—"Behold, ye good people! Lo, ye heavily laden debtors! come and look upon a man—who owes not a dollar!" We would travel far to see such a creature; we would contribute liberally towards providing a glass case in which his embalmed remains should be preserved after death, as a sacred relic to posterity—a specimen of an almost extinct species in the nineteenth century—the Cash Philosopher! Him no duns can harass, nor the approach of inevitable pay-day disturb. His substance no avaricious lawyer can devour, nor their ruthless myriads seize upon. He, securely armed in specie, scrites at the dread sheriff, and defies his power. He is cheerful even on the awful eve of quarter-day. He alone is a free citizen—only he can feel truly independent! Happy mortal!

A good conscience is better than two witnesses; it will consume grief as the sun dissolves ice. It is a spring when you are thirsty; a stall when you are weary; a screen when the sun burns; a pillow in death.

STUMP SPEAKING.

In alluding to the challenge of Judge Wilmit to General Packer, to "stump" the State together, the Philadelphia Bulletin says stump speaking

"Is by all odds the fairest mode of presenting candidates, and the principles they represent, before the people. Both parties are heard in the persons of their chosen standard bearer, and every side of a public question is exhibited, instead of one side, as is usually the case at political meetings."

We doubt whether stump speaking is the fairest mode of presenting candidates and their principles to the people, and we deny that every side of a public question is exhibited so fairly or so completely as may be done through the newspapers. A public speaker pleases a miscellaneous audience more by his address than by the substance of the discourse. A flashy speaker who can tell a good anecdote will come off with flying colors, when a strong-minded man who searches a fallacy to the core and logically presents the reasons which are not the foundation of political action, is voted a bore, and is listened to with impatience. A dexterous debater, familiar with a single question of public policy, will have the address to keep that question uppermost whether one of another public concern or not, though on others he may be a child in argument, and would lamentably fail. Much depends upon the temper of an audience which is being addressed, and where the audience allows its feelings to prevail, reason works just so much more to a disadvantage. Political differences rouse feelings more strongly than any other influence, and political discourses are always tinged with the bitterness of partisan animosities. People, therefore, do not go out to public political meetings for fair discussion; and to reason and meditate as partisans for a party triumph, their minds thoroughly prepossessed, and their determination already made. Public political gatherings, as they are known in this quarter, are only "demonstrations" intended for effect, to rouse the dormant by excitement. The reason of this is that the minds of voters in this country are reached by means of the newspaper press. Every man nearly reads, and in time of political excitement he delights in political discussions. Newspapers address tens of thousands of readers, while the best stump speaker, endowed with stentorian lungs, could not make himself heard by that many hundreds. It is in the newspapers that we have every phase of a question presented, and when he goes to the public meeting he is familiar with the reasons for and against a public measure as any stump speaker can be. If a people having acquired such a difference do not make themselves acquainted with all sides of a public question, it must be from prejudice or mental laziness; and how would oral discussion move such people to a full and candid investigation of public questions.—*Phila. Ledger.*

Rising in the World.

You should bear constantly in mind that nine-tenths of us are, from the very nature and necessities of the world, born to gain our livelihood by the sweat of the brow. What reason have we then to presume that our children are not to do the same? If they be as now and then one will be endowed with extraordinary powers of mind, those powers may have an opportunity of developing themselves; and if they never have that opportunity, the harm is not very great to us or their descendants. The path upward is steep and long; but by industry, care, skill, and excellence, the present parent may lay the foundation of a rise under more favorable circumstances, for his children. The children of these take another rise, and by-and-by the descendants of the present laborer become gentlemen. This is the natural progress. It is by attempting to reach the top at a single leap that so much misery is produced; and the propensity to make such an attempt has been cherished and encouraged by the strange projects that we have witnessed of late years for making the laborers virtuous and happy by giving them what is called education. The education which I speak of consists in bringing up to labor with steadiness, with care and with skill; to show them how to do as many useful things as possible; to teach them to do all in the best manner; to set them an example in industry, sobriety, cleanliness, and neatness; to make all these habitual to them, so that they shall never be likely to fall into the contrary; to let them always see good living proceeding from labor, and thus to remove from them the temptations to get at the goods of others by violent and fraudulent means.—*W. Cobbett.*

The Atlantic Telegraph Cable.—A letter from Captain Hudson, to the Navy Department, says the wire intended for his ship was all coiled in the Niagara, and the probability was that they would start for the Cove of Cork on the 27th ult. The work of laying the cable would probably begin about the 1st of August, and it was expected that the Niagara would run out her half first and then accompany the Agamemnon on her way to Newfoundland, the other end of the line.—*Ledger.*

Flowers have bloomed in our prairies and passed away, from age to age, unseen by man, and multitudes of virtues have been acted out in obscure places, without note or admiration. The sweetness of both has gone up to heaven!

FARM LIFE.

"O Friendly to the best pursuits of man,
Friendly to the thought, to virtue, and to peace,
Domestic life; in rural pleasure passed!
Few know thy value and few taste their sweets;
Though many boast thy favors, and affect
To understand and choose thee for their own!"
Cotter.

Education is by no means confined to schools. These are but rudimental and auxiliary to that training which is begun in the cradle and finished only at death. The nursery days of our life, and its business pursuits, have an important bearing upon the formation of character. What a man does, as well as what he studies in books, educates him. The scenes amid which his boyhood is passed, out of school, the objects which occupy his thoughts, the problems he daily solves in earning his bread, quite as much shape character as the scenes and problems of a school room. Agriculture is the largest and most important of all our material interests, the occupation to which the largest portion of our countrymen are born. It is a matter of interest to consider the bearing of this pursuit upon the characters of those who are engaged in it.

There are those who consider this a menial occupation—degrading to the body by the toil it imposes, and belittling to the mind by the attention it requires to the mute details of its business. They regard its implements as the badges of servility, and look with disdain upon the plow boy's lot. They depreciate the influence of farm life upon the social and mental culture, and look upon the rustic man as a type of boorishness and ignorance.—They think it mainly a business for brute muscles, where mind can achieve no conquests, and where skillful labor finds a poor reward. They think the way of men of genius is inevitably hedged up upon the farm—that there is no heroic work to be performed, no laurels to be won. If he would do the deeds worthy of his manhood, gain wealth, gain honor, make himself a name that will live, he must turn to nobler occupations.

If those who are strangers to the farm alone cherished this view, we could abide it in silence. But when farmers themselves admit this impeachment of their calling, and the pestilence of this heresy finds its way into our firesides, and makes our sons and daughters discontented with our rural homes, it is time to speak out. If comparisons must be made, which are inevitable, the shadows shall not fall upon the farmer's lot. It is time that other callings were stripped of that romance in which they are veiled, and that the sons of the farm should know what they have in prospect when they turn their backs upon the homes of their youth. It is meet that they should better understand the blessings of their lot, its capacities for improvement, and its superiority to all other occupations. We would arrest that feeling of disquiet which keeps so large a part of our rural population perpetually longing for new fields of enterprise. We would have them settled, at least a portion of them, in the old parish, and bend their energies to the improvement and adornment of their homes.—*Rec. Clift.*

The Form of Continents Determined by the Sun.

PROFESSOR PIERCE'S DISCOVERY.
The scientific circles at Cambridge have been recently interested in an observation of Pierce, not yet published, upon the form of the Continents. If we elevate a terrestrial globe until the Arctic and Antarctic circles are tangent to the wooden horizon, and then cause the globe slowly to revolve, we shall find that a majority of the lines of elevation in the earth's crust—i. e., coast lines and mountain ranges—will, either as they rise or as they go down, coincide in passing with the wooden horizon. For example, the main coast of the United States tending northeast, will, if carried on in a great circle, graze the Arctic circle, and the coast of Florida and Labrador tending northwest will graze on the other side. The same is true of the east coasts of South America and Africa, the coasts of the Red Sea, of Italy, of the Black Sea, of Hindostan, of New Zealand, &c. The Arctic and Antarctic circles are also coast lines, being always tangent to the horizon.

It is almost impossible to exaggerate the importance of this fine discovery, proving, as it does, by geological facts, that the obliquity of the ecliptic has been essentially unchanged since the dawn of creation, and that solar heat was the agent to carry out the second day to let the dry land appear. The lines of separation between light and darkness, between solar heat and the coolness of night, traveling daily for two months in summer, and again for two months in winter, in such a position as to coincide in passing with the lines of upheaval, indicates unmistakably that it was connected with the determination of those lines; the slight expansion and shrinking being sufficient to determine the line of rupture of the crust.—From a comparison of the forms of the continents, Professor Pierce also draws the order of their upheaval; showing, for instance, that the Western Continent is older than Europe, and that the Gulf Stream, during the second day of creation, caused the great variety of outline in that continent.—*Christian Examiner.*

SPOTS ON THE SUN.—According to observations made by M. Rudolph Wolf, Director of the Observatory of Berne, it appears that the number of spots on the sun have their maximum and minimum at the same time as the variations of the needle. It follows from this, that the causes of these two changes on the sun and on the earth must be the same, and consequently, from this discovery, it will be possible to solve several important problems, in connection with these well-known phenomena, the solution of which has hitherto never been attempted.

SIAM.

Sir John Bowring has given an account of SIAM, and the two kings of that country. He says:—

"Persons who know little of the state of Siam, will be surprised to learn that the first king is well versed in the works of Euclid and Newton; that he writes and speaks English with tolerable accuracy; that he is a proficient in Latin, and has acquired the Sanscrit, Chingalese and Pagan languages, that he can project and calculate eclipses of the sun and moon, and occultations of the planets; that he is fond of all branches of learning and science; that he has introduced a printing press, with Siamese and English type; and that his palace and table are supplied with all the elegancies of European life. He lived twenty-seven years in retirement before he came to the throne, and during that time he acquired the accomplishments which make his reign a memorable and most beneficial era in Siamese history. He was born in 1804, and is now consequently fifty-three years of age."

"The second king, (his brother,) appears to be equally estimable:—

"My intercourse with the second king was, in all respects, most agreeable. I found him a gentleman of very cultivated understanding; quiet, even modest in manners; willing to communicate knowledge, and earnest in search of instruction. His table was spread with all the neatness and order that are found in a well regulated English household. A favorite child sat on his knee, whose mother remained crouched at the door of the apartment, but took no part in the conversation. The king played to his guests very prettily on the pipes of the Laos portable organ. He had a variety of music; and there was an exhibition of national sports and pastimes, equestrian feats, elephant combats, and other amusement; but what seemed most to interest the king was his museum of models, nautical and philosophical instruments, and a variety of scientific and other curiosities. These kings reign, each in prescribed limits, in perfect harmony. This double monarchy is an old institution of Siam, and is popular with the people."

The Siamese, by the report of Sir John, are an amiable and intelligent race, with a high degree of civilization in all that relates to social institutions. They profess the faith of Buddha, and seen affectionately, though not bigotedly, attached to it. They are willing to engage in controversy with our missionaries, and show much acuteness in their arguments. The author relates:—

"I found no indisposition among the Siamese to discuss religious questions, and the general result of the discussion was: 'Your religion is excellent for you, and ours is excellent for us. All countries do not produce the same fruits and flowers, and we find various religions suited to various nations.' The present king is so tolerant that he gave three thousand slaves, (prisoners of war) to be taught religion by the Catholic missionaries, saying: 'You may make Christians of these people.' Pallegoix, the Catholic bishop, who is a great favorite with his majesty, reports several conversations with the first king, which do honor to his liberal spirit. 'Persecution is hateful,' he said; 'every man ought to be free to profess the religion he prefers;' and he added: 'If you convert a certain number of people anywhere, let me know you have done so, and I will give them a Christian governor, and they shall not be annoyed by Siamese authorities.' I have a letter from the king, in which he says that the inquiries into the abstruse subjects of Godhead, 'we cannot tell who is right and who is wrong; but I will pray my God to give you his blessing, and you may pray to your God to bless me; and so blessings may descend upon both.'"

THE VATICAN.—The word "vatican" is of ten used, but there are many who do not understand its import. The term refers to a collection of buildings on one of the seven hills of Rome, which covers a space of 1200 feet in length, and about 1000 in breadth. It is built on the spot once occupied by the garden of the cruel Nero. It owes its origin to the Bishop of Rome, who, in the early part of the sixth century, erected a humble residence on its site. About the year 1000, Pope Eugenius rebuilt it on a magnificent scale. Innocent II., a few years afterwards, gave it up as a lodging to Peter II., King of Aragon. In 1605, Clement VII., at the instigation of the King of France, removed the Papal See from Rome to Avignon, when the Vatican remained in a condition of obscurity and neglect for many years. It is now the repository of multitudinous treasures of art.

Speculation in the New Crops of Wheat.—Great competition, the New York Courier says, exists in that city, in buying up the new crop of Southern wheat, which has resulted in prices being paid higher in proportion than present prices of flour, and as the general expectation on 'Change is, that flour must decline when the new crop begins to come in, this movement excites much comment, for it is felt that no effort of speculators can sustain prices in the absence of a foreign demand and with a full crop. The abundance of the present season cannot be controlled by speculators, no matter how much they may be favored by the paper credit system.—*Leiger.*

SINGULAR.—It is said that the rose of Florida, the most beautiful of flowers, emits no fragrance; the bird of Paradise the most beautiful of birds, gives no song; the cypress of Greece, the finest of trees, yields no fruit; dandies, the shiniest of men, have no sense; and ball room belles, the loveliest creatures in the world, are very often ditto—and a little more so!

DO RIGHT.

A wealthy merchant remarked a few days since that he was fully convinced from his own experience, that the means to achieve success lay in a nut shell—so to speak. "When I say success," said he, "I mean not only the accumulation of fortune, but the ability to enjoy it—to live a useful, happy life." What is the use of much wealth if we know that it was obtained by wronging the widow and orphan, by the tricks of trade, selling articles for what they were not, and a thousand modes of unfair dealing? Can a man be happy if he knows he has stripped a poor family of its last dollar, sent a dagger to its very heart, drawn away the final drop of blood, leaving their bodies writhing in throes of untold agonies, pinched by hunger and cold, their spirits dejected and gloomy—hope crushed out and despair fast hurrying them on, on to ruin? Granting that men grow better by doing kindly acts, and feel the better for seeing others do them, how sickening it must be to the true man to know that by false dealing he has curdled the milk of human kindness in one breast, turning it to bitter gall! If wealth comes by such means let it not come at all. Shall an active man, possessed of God-given powers, at his dying hour turn back to his past life and be able only to say: 'I have done nothing to add to the wealth of the world in gold or silver, or in artistic productions, but have coveted the labors of others, heaped treasures sordidly to myself, foolishly supposing that I might trample down all feelings and sympathies not directly productive of gain? Or shall he rather be able to say that, while I have industriously gathered wealth, I have done it with cheerful looks, kindly words, warm sympathies; I have done it by making things which have added to the comfort of men, by bringing within the reach of the poor great means of present enjoyment, the opening of a brilliant future, by throwing lights of sympathy on the dejected, lifting up the down-fallen, strengthening the weak, infusing in all a fervent belief in the brighter part of their being? Such a life will enable a man to throw off his wealth as a scale, at the last day, bearing away only the imperishable soul which has accumulated strength along with the mass of worldly goods justly and usefully obtained, would you, young man, belong to the latter class, do right. How much better to do right, if you die not worth a farthing, and feel that you have rather added to the good faith in the higher life on earth, than to die while rolling in the luxury, pomp, and pride of ill-gotten gains! Then do right! and if tempted for momentary ease and vanity to abuse your better nature rest assured that both the body and the spirit will suffer in a ratio corresponding to the transgression.—There is but one road to happiness and contentment—do right.

Peacock Aristocracy.

There is something in nature on which an aristocracy of blood or of talent may be predicated. But the aristocracy of wealth is ridiculously absurd, while that of dress is sublimely ridiculous. The peacock aristocracy of this country was handsomely rebuked at Washington not long since.

While Lord Napier, the English Minister, was busy at Washington, his lady sojourned at the Gilmore House, Baltimore. The fashionable circles were agitated by the presence of a live lord, and her ladyship received numerous calls and party invitations.—The American ladies of fashion, elaborately and gaudily attired in frounces and jewels, were surprised to find the English lady in excessively plain dress, totally free from all display, glitter and nonsense. Not a single jewel was visible upon her person. The wife of Lord Napier, however, is a lady of high birth, who can trace her descent from a long line of illustrious ancestors. She is nevertheless remarkable, though born and educated in the heart of European refinement and civilization, for the plainness of her apparel, the simplicity of her manners, and the entire lack of ostentatious pretension. She administers a severe rebuke to upstart, peacock vanity which distinguishes so many of our people.

A Beautiful Idea.

Away among the Alleghenies there is a spring, so small that a single ox, on a summer's day, could drain it dry. It steals its unobtrusive way among the hills, till it spreads out in the beautiful Ohio. Thence it stretches away a thousand miles, leaving on its banks more than a thousand villages and cities, and many thousand cultivated farms, and bearing on its bosom more than half a thousand steamboats. Then joining the Mississippi, it stretches away and away some twelve hundred miles till it falls into the great emblem of eternity. It is one of the tributaries of the ocean, which, obedient only to God, shall roll and roar till the angel, with one foot on the sea and the other on the land, shall lift up his hand to heaven and swear that time shall be no longer. So with moral influence; it is a river—a rivulet—a river—an ocean—boundless and fathomless as eternity.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE OF BURNS.—As Lord Crawford and Lord Boyd were one day walking over the lands in Ayrshire, they saw Burns ploughing in a field hard by.—Lord Crawford said to Lord Boyd, "Do you see that rough looking fellow across there with the plough? I'll lay you a wager you cannot say anything to him that he will not make a rhyme of!"

"Done," said the other, and immediately going up to the hedge, Lord Boyd cried out "Baugh!"

Burns stopped at once, leaned against the plough, and surveying the assailant from head to foot, he quickly answered—

"It's not Lord Crawford, but Lord Boyd,
Of grace and manners he is void—
Just like a bull among the tye,
Cries 'baugh?' at folks as they go by.
The wagger was of course you."