

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

E. W. Weaver, Proprietor.]

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

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THE STAR OF THE NORTH

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From the New York Evening Post. SONG OF THE STREET.

Rushing round the corners,
Chasing every friend,
Plunging into banks—
Nothing there to lend—
Pitifully begging
At every man's feet,
Bless me! this is pleasant,
"Shining" on the street.

Merchants very short,
Running neck and neck,
Want to keep a going—
Paying for a check!
Dabbles in stocks,
Bills as blue can be,
Evidently wishing
They were "fancy free."

All our splendid railroads
Get such dreadful knocks,
Twenty thousand balls
Could't raise their stocks;
Many of the Boars
In the trouble sharing,
Now begin to feel
They've been over-bearing.

Risky speculators
Tumbling with the shock,
Never mind stopping
More than any clock;
Still they give big dinners,
Smoke and drink and sup,
Doing all the better
For a winding up.

Banking institutions,
Companies of "trust,"
With other people's money,
Go off on a bust;
Houses of long standing
Crumbling in a night—
With so many "smashes,"
No wonder money's tight.

Gentlemen of means—
Having lots to spend—
Says a 1-2-3 sympathy
Nothing to have to lend;
Gentlemen in want—
Willing to pay double—
Find they can borrow
Nothing now but trouble.

Half our men of business
Wanting an extension,
While nearly all the others
Contemplate suspension;
Many of them, though,
Don't appear to dread it,
Every cent they owe
Is so much to their credit.

Bookers all are breaking,
Credit all is cracked,
Women all expanding
As the banks contract.
Panic still increasing—
Where will the trouble end,
While all hands want to borrow,
And nobody can lend!

Ranning round the corners,
Frying every source,
Asking at the Banks—
Nothing there, of course,
Money getting tighter,
Misery complete—
Bless me! this is pleasant
"Shining" on the street.

Four boxes govern the world—the cartridge box, the ballot box, the jury box, and the band box.

A Lady: a sensitive plant that thrives only in the centre of a large erinoline fence. Rarely seen by the most practised eye.

The Naegoches "Chronicle" very gravely asks why a boy in constricts is like Texas? and at once proceeds to answer the question, by saying it is because he has a Gal-veston.

"Jones, that must have been Brown that passed. Wonder why he didn't speak? Oh, I remember, I lent him five shillings last time I saw him."

In Ohio there is a family so lazy that it takes two of them to steeze—one to throw the head back, and the other to make the noise.

A fellow was brought before a court lately, who was so fat that he had to be tried one half at a time. He may certainly be called a great rogue.

Julius—Why am de beloved of my heart, Miss Dinah, do sunflower of de hill, like a kind ob cloth dey make in Lowell?
Sam—I don't know, nigger, why?
Julius—Cos she's an unbleached She-ling.

The papers are bragging of an invention by which leather can be tanned in ten minutes. We have seen the human hide, however, tanned in five. Some schoolmasters can do it in less than two.

A cotemporary in printing the speech of one of the Bunker Hill celebration orators, describing the place where the battle was fought, made it instead, the place where "the bottle was bought."

A would-be gentleman, the other day, called at the post office at Loughborough, (E) and displayed his ignorance of natural history or the French language, or both, by requesting to be supplied with a stamped envelope!

The recent marriage of Mr. Day with Miss Field presents this singular anomaly, that although he gained the field she won the day.

Manners and Customs—What Chinese Eat.

In general the diet of the Chinese is various, wholesome and well cooked. Many of their dishes, it is true, are unpalatable to Europeans on account of the vegetable oil in which they are cooked, and the garlic that almost universally taints them. But, judging from the exhalations that assault one's olfactory in passing American restaurants and kitchens about dinner time, our countrymen would be likely to make no serious objection to taking dinner with a Celestial on account of the alliaceous plants, with which the viands are flavored. As for the other offensive ingredients in the dishes of John Chinaman, namely, the vegetable oil, it is of any other kind in the world but the product of the castor bean, we cannot imagine it to be more disgusting than such strong hog's fat and rancid butter, as mingle so plentifully in almost all American attempts at the culinary art. The very perfume of the ingredients mentioned is frequently strong enough to bear up an egg, and for that reason are every where used to "raise" pie crust and short cake.

In bills of fare in the Middle Kingdom, dogs, cats, rats, snakes, worms, figure more prominently than in ours. But the nation which enjoys the highest reputation for its cuisine in the world, has an equally authentic claim to preeminence for its comprehensive appropriation of the bounties of nature to the sustenance of man. Fricassees are rarely or never prepared to be composed of canine hams, grimaltin loins, rats, snakes and worms. This the elegance of neither the French nor American taste would permit. But who knows what part of animated nature is some times hidden under the sweet suspicious "ragout, or is disguised in fumbly refectories by the all embracing name of soup! Repiles and semirepiles, such as eels and frogs, are not articles of food in China alone. Even creatures of a lower order, so low indeed that they can hardly be said to live at all, such as muscles, oysters and clams, are greedily eaten by some, and strange to relate, the two latter bear an exceedingly remunerating price, though notwithstanding their inward graces, they must be classed in outward semblance among the most repulsive naturally of the works of creation.

If the Chinese have been detected occasionally in pressing into the service of the kitchen creatures, which have not yet earned a favorable European or American reputation, it will be simply candid to remark, that these cases are probably occasional, where people have been caught with their—*we mean, in dishabille.* Another thing must be said in their excuse. According to Barrow, there is a wider difference perhaps between the rich and the poor of China than in any other country. The wealth, which it permitted would be expended in flattering the vanity of its possessors, is now applied to the purchase of dainties to pamper the appetite.

The animal food consumed by the Chinese is probably less in proportion to the whole, than that of other nations of the same latitude. One dish of fish or flesh and sometimes both, is the usual allowance on the tables of the poor. Rice, millet and wheat furnish most of the cereal food. Its long and common use is indicated by the number of terms employed to describe it, and the variety of allusions to it in common phraseology. Rice is cooked by steaming, and bread, vegetables, and other articles in the same manner. Wheat flour is boiled into cakes, dumplings and other articles, not baked into bread; but foreigners at Canton are supplied with baked loaves of a pretty good quality. Maize, buckwheat and barley are not ground, but the grain is cooked in various ways alone or mixed with other dishes.

China abounds in culinary vegetables—Legumins and cruciferous plants almost fill their gardens; peas, beans, cabbage, broccoli, kale, cauliflowers, cress, colwort, lettuce, southern spinach, celery, dandelion, succory, sweet basil, ginger, mustard, radishes, artemia, amaranth, tacea, pig weed, (*chenopodium*) purslane, shepard's purse, clove, garlic, leeks, shallots, onions, chives, carrots, gourd, squashes, cucumbers, water-melons, tomatoes, turnips, brinjal, pumpkins, okers, and a multitude more are cultivated and used as greens or otherwise. Beside these, several kinds of water plants are in request, as the nelumbium, taro, water cultraps and water chestnuts, the last when boiled tasting like new cheese. The sweet potato is the most common tuber, for though the Irish has been cultivated in the vicinity of Whampoa for scores of years, it has not entered into common consumption.

We subjoin some easy rules for trying tea. Prove it by putting a small quantity in a cup, pour on it pure spring water at boiling heat, place the saucer also filled with boiling water over the cup to increase the heat, and after a sufficient time for the leaves to unfold themselves has elapsed, examine their appearance and the color of the infusion. If it be Bohea, the infusion will be of a deep yellow color with a taste not over austere. If it be Congo or Cong-tee, which is a finer kind of Bohea, the infusion will be of a lighter color, inclining to green, but the flavor not so agreeable. If it be Sushong, one of the finest kinds of Black tea, its leaves should be freed from spots, the infusion should have a delicate greenish tinge and a very agreeable odor. The Pekoa tea gives a light green tinge to the water, and has a sweet violet smell. The Padre Sushong has long flat leaves, not shrivelled, gives a reddish hue to the water and has less flavor than other kinds. The Imperial tea, collected from young Bohea plants, has large leaves of a

beautiful green color, communicates a green tinge to the water, and has a slight smell of soap.

The green teas are Tongo, Hyson and Tehatcha, which, when of a small kind, is called Ganpowder.

The leaves of the Tongo are longer and more pointed than those of the black tea, and ought to be of a bright color without spots. It is of an inferior quality when its leaves are yellow, or its smell like that of pilehards. Its appearance should be livid, and its infusion green.

The Hyson, when of a good quality, has a livid color, tinged the water with a lively green. Its leaves are bright without spots, and entirely unrolled after infusion. It has a slight odor of roasted chestnuts. The Tehatcha is rolled up in a round form like a pea.—*Newark Advocate.*

An Abolitionist Quizzed.

Under this caption a Holly Springs (Miss) correspondent of the Memphis Eagle and Enquirer relates the subjoined anecdote:

The following amusing scene actually occurred last Summer between a citizen of our town and a Yankee on board one of the Northern steamboats, perhaps upon the Hudson:

Our Southern friend discovered a disposition in a very genteel-looking man on board the boat to open a chat with him, and nothing loth to hear what his friend had to say, he indicated by his manner that he was approachable; whereupon the following dialogue ensued:

Yankee—Well, sir, I wish to ask you one question; I hope it will be no offense.

Southern—Certainly not, I will hear you with pleasure.

Yankee—Well, sir, is it true that they work negroes in the plow at the South?

Southern—I will answer you in the favorite method of your own countrymen, by asking you a question or two.

Yankee—I admit the right, sir.

Southern—How many negro men do you suppose it would require to draw a good large one horse plow?

Yankee—Well, I suppose six or seven—say seven.

Southern—What are they worth per head?

Yankee—Well, I suppose \$800.

Southern—That would be \$5,600. Now, what would one large, strong horse cost?

Yankee—I guess about \$160.

Upon this the Southerner looked a little quizzical at his neighbor, who, without waiting to hear the conclusion, started and stammered:

Well, I—I—knew it was a lie.

Velocity and Colors of Lightning.

The lightning of the first two classes does not last for more than one-thousandth part of a second; but a less duration in passing than one millionth part of a second is attributed to the light of electricity of high tension. In comparison with this velocity, the most rapid artificial motion that can be produced appears repose. This has been exemplified by Professor Wheatstone, in a very beautiful experiment. A wheel made to revolve with such celerity as to render its spokes invisible, is seen for an instant with all its spokes distinct, as if at rest, when illuminated by a flash of lightning, because the flash had come and gone before the wheel had time to make a perceptible advance. The color of lightning is variously orange, white, and blue, verging to violet. Its hue appears to depend on the intensity of electricity and height in the atmosphere. The more electricity there is passing through the air in a given time, the white and more dazzling is the light. Violet and blue-colored lightning are observed to be discharged from the storm clouds high in the atmosphere, where the air is rarefied and analogous. The electric spark is said to pass through the receiver of an air pump ex:hibiting a blue or violet light in proportion as the vacuum is complete.—*Peerman's "Physical Geography."*

GUN COTTON.

Gun Cotton, it is said, cannot safely be raised to more than about one quarter of the temperature which powder will bear. In using gun cotton, it is also necessary to exercise much care not to get the charge too large, and in refining its quantity the powder is often much decreased. By experiment it has been found that cannon burnt with a charge of gun cotton of about one-fourth the quantity of powder necessary to burst them. Again a gun can ordinarily be fired with a medium charge of powder from twenty-five thousand to thirty thousand times before it bursts, while even with a very small charge of the gun cotton a gun rarely stands more than five hundred discharges. All the means adapted to render gun cotton less explosive have been unsuccessful, except where there have been attended with too great loss in the powder.

Do you sell peas? asked a green looking fellow, as he lounged into a confectionery in Wellington street. "Yes, sir?" replied the gentlemanly proprietor. "Yes, sir, all sorts, sir; what kind of pie will you have sir?" "Well, I think I'll take a maggie."

Prosperity won't do for some folks,—there's Jonathan John got three shillings and nine pence the other day, and has been in a state of ruin ever since.

Our friend, Miss Brown, ever since she had a new silk dress, hasn't been worth a penny in the useful way.

For making people sober and sensible, you must keep them three doors this side of prosperity.

Studying Human Nature.

The Buffalo Republican tells a story which we don't believe, but it is so good that it is worth repeating simply as a joke.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, dressed in native common clothes, was studying human nature as exhibited in the highway and by-ways of New York. In the course of his philosophic peregrinations he went into a mock auction shop. He stood awhile on entering, and reflected doubtless, how any one could be lost to all sense of truth and honesty as the auctioneer in question, endeavoring to palm off his worthless trash to the inexperienced in the city ways, as good, as valuable, and finally the auctioneer called out—

"Mr. Beecher, why don't you bid?" He was greatly astonished, as we can well imagine, at finding himself known in this place, and, as he had supposed in his supposedly careless dress. He immediately left and started for the residence of one of the church in the neighborhood, and requested him as an act of kindness, to go down and inquire of that person who had sold himself to Satan for the love of gain how it was he knew him in that disguise. The neighbor kindly consented, and on entering the "Potter Bank" shop he addressed the auctioneer:—

"How is it that you know Henry Ward Beecher so well as to be able to recognize him in his disguise?"

"How do I know him? Why, I have been a prominent member of his congregation for the last five years and own the fifth pew from the front!"

LYING IN BED WITH THE HIGH HEAD.

It is often a question among persons who are unacquainted with the anatomy and physiology of man, whether lying with the head elevated, or even with the body, was the most wholesome. Most persons consulting their own case on this point, argue in favor of that which they prefer. Now, although many delight in bolstering up their heads at night, sleep soundly without injury, yet we declare it to be a dangerous habit. The vessels through which the blood passes from the heart to the head, are always lessened in their capacities when the head is resting in bed higher than the body; therefore in all diseases attended with fever, the head should be pretty nearly on a level with the body; and the people ought to accustom themselves thus to sleep to avoid danger.

PEPPY LOVE LITERATURE.

The public appetite has been satiated with this sort of stuff, and the romantic flash papers, with a highly immoral tone, are already beginning to wane. That "puffing and blowing" has sent their circulation up like a kite, there is no doubt; but they will "come down like a stick," is equally certain. Sensible people, and even foolish boys, girls, and men-millers, who patronize the blood-and-murder papers, are getting sick of it, and now seek something more solid and useful. Well, we are glad to note the change. The great increase of crime, such as seduction, elopements, suicides, murder, etc., may be attributed in no small degree to the pestiferous and wicked literature by which the country has been flooded of late, through flash story papers.—Parents should carefully exclude from their children should carefully exclude from their families the vile trash scattered broadcast over the country.

EXPLAINING THE MEANING OF THE WORD MYSTERY.

"I say, Murphy, what's the meaning of mystery? I was reading the paper, and it said 'twas a mystery how it was done.'"

"Well," said Murphy, "Pat, I'll tell ye. See, when I lived with my father, a little gossamer, they give a party, and my mother went to market to buy something for the party to eat, and among a lot of things, she got a half a barrel of pork, ye see. Well, she put it down in the cellar, bes' her soul, for safe keeping, till the party come on, do ye see. Well, when the party come on, my mother sent me down cellar to get some of the pork; do ye see; well, I went down to the barrel and opened it, and fished about, but didn't a bit of pork could I find; so I looked around the barrel to see where the pork was, and found a rat-hole in the bottom of the barrel, where the pork had all run out and left the brine standing, do ye see?"

"Hould on, Murphy! I should on! wait a bit; now tell me how could all the pork go out of the barrel, and leave the brine standing?"

"Well, Pat," said Murphy, "that's what I'd like to know myself, do ye see; there's the mystery."

"Mother, where's Bill?"

"My son, don't let me hear you say Bill, again. You should say William!"

"Well, mother, where's William?"

"In the yard, feeding the ducks!"

"On, yes, I see him now. But mother what makes the ducks have such broad—*brood*—*Williams*?"

"Go out with your brother, directly, you little scamp, or I'll cuff your ears!"

"One day, an Irish laborer was brought to the Edinburgh Infirmary, badly injured by a fall from a house top. The medical man in attendance asked the sufferer at what time the accident happened?"

He replied, "Two o'clock, yet honor."

On being asked how he came to fix the hour so accurately, he answered,—

"Be jabers, an' didn't I see the people at dinner, through a window, as I was coming down, sure."

The saying that there is more pleasure in giving than receiving, is supposed to apply chiefly to kicks, medicine and advice.

The High Price of Provisions.—The universal complaint that provisions are to high is not without foundation.

Now that a dollar, for most practical purposes, should buy more than it has done for years, it is a curious thing, to say the least, that it will hardly command the usual quantity of the food which composes the necessities of life. If one wishes to purchase furniture, or dry goods, or horses, or carriages, or stocks, any thing, in fact, except bread meat, vegetables, milk and butter, he can obtain them greatly cheaper than he could six months ago. Not so, however, with provisions. As yet, the products of the soil have been able to resist, in a large degree, the downward tendency of prices.—These high prices of agricultural products under a contracting currency, whose purchasing power should every day be growing greater, are not founded in reason, and cannot be maintained. From every quarter of the Union, for example, we hear only of abundant crops. Under any circumstances, therefore, the price of wheat must have come down; but in the present stringency of the money market, a heavy decline has occurred, and is still in progress. Farmers, to sell their products, must accommodate the price to the general decline. Accordingly, at all the great central points of the West, grain has fallen in price. The necessity of economy, which four families out of every five is feeling, will tend still further to bring down wheat. The needy will be compelled to eat sparingly, the prudent will be careful to avoid waste. What is true of this great cereal, is true also of other staple agricultural products. It will take time to effect this reduction, but it is just as inevitable as the contraction in the amount of money which measures and controls prices. But as all prices under such a process come down together, their relative values are not altered, or, in other words, the same amount of flour or potatoes will exchange for the same amount of groceries or dry goods, or any other exchangeable value which the owner of the flour and potatoes may need. The value of every product is measurable in a less amount of dollars but in the same amount of products. The process of reduction is slow, because every productive interest is fighting, though independently, against it; but a sure one, because the interests of all the consumers, a larger number, are united to effect it.

A QUESTION OF LAW AND LONGITUDE.

Among a great number of cases which have been submitted to the Surrogate of New York, a curious one has recently arisen, growing out of the matter of the estate of Patrick McGlosky, who died in Paris, leaving a legacy of \$6,000 to a niece residing at Dubuque, Iowa. It is now ascertained that the testator and the legatee both died about the same hour, on the same day. If the legatee died first, (as is supposed,) the legacy lapsed; but if she survived the testator, then the legacy vested. The case, therefore, turns upon the relation of solar to true time; or, in other words, it is a question which a *difference of longitude* must decide. *The New York Post* remarks that the difference between the solar time at Paris and Dubuque is a little more than six hours, and adds:

Suppose the testator to have died at 10 o'clock, A. M., the time at Dubuque corresponding to this, at the precise moment of the event, would have been near 4 o'clock on the same morning. Then, if the legatee had died at Dubuque at 4 o'clock, and the testator in Paris at 10, the instant of their death would have been identical. Assuming the above as the hour of the testator's death in Paris, if the legatee died at Dubuque at 8 o'clock, A. M., of the same day, though the legacy apparently reverts to the estate in point of true time, the legatee actually survived the testator some four hours, and the legacy bequeathed vested in her and her heirs.

THE WAY A YANKEE MADE A DOZEN CHICKENS.

One of those peculiarly sized dogs, called Yankees, which the profane would denigrate as "produces in abundance, lately emigrated and settled down in the vicinity of Chesnut hill. He was the very picture of a mean, sly Yankee, but as he put himself to work in good earnest to get his house in rights, the neighbors willingly lent him a hand. After he got everything fixed to his position, a thought struck him that he had no chickens, and he was powerful fond of sucking raw eggs. He was too honest to steal them, and too mean to buy them. At last a thought struck him—he could borrow. He went to a neighbor, and accosted him:

"Wal, I reckon you had got no old hen nor rooster; you would lend me for a few weeks?"

"I will lend you one with pleasure," replied his neighbor, picking out one of the finest in the coop. The Yankee took the hen home, and then went to another neighbor and borrowed a dozen of eggs. He set the hen on the eggs, and in due course of time she hatched out a dozen of chicks.—The Yankee was again puzzled—he could neither tend the hen, but how was he to rear the eggs? Another idea, and whoever saw a Yankee without one—came to his relief—he would keep the hen until she laid a dozen eggs. He then returned the hen and the eggs to their respective owners—marking as he did so:

"Wal, I guess I've got as fine a dozen of chickens as you ever laid your eyes on, and they didn't cost me a cent neither."

Henry String, of North Carolina, advertised, last month, that a gay young man had run off with his two daughters. This is the most reprehensible instance of two Strungs to one bow that we ever heard of.

THE LABORER.

BY S. BRADBURY.

The uncrowned sovereignty of him.
Who daily earns his bread.
On whom earth's idlers coldly frown,
And fierce as lions tread,
Is he to whom I am allied,
Whose wrongs I'll ever sing:
A brassy tiler at the forge,
At heart a real king.

Oh! there is not in all the world,
Such glory to be found,
As circles him whose hopeful heart
With labor's love is bound.
Oh! where would be the stering gold
That's worn by drowsy drones;
And where would be the monarch's wealth—
The pomp of transient throng—
If labor ceased to use its skill,
Its lusty deeds and ways,
Like summer beams when the sun
All golden rods the days!
For there are melodies that start
From labor's mighty chords,
As ever thrilled the human heart,
Fired with a blaze of words.

The toiler shed their bitter tears
For friends and kindred gone.
Yet, grand as thunder in the storm,
Sublimely struggle on.
The tyrants shed their fellow's blood,
And talk of heaven's decree;
Then strike like murderers where a State
Is burning to be free.

Ah! let the silken dandies scorn
The toilers of the land;
But let me feel the worker's heart,
His hard and wrinkled hand;
And let me labor for his class,
And win his honest thanks,
And I will own a joy unfeigned
In fashion's pampered ranks.

THE DEATH BED.

BY THOS. HOOD.

We watched her breathing through the night
Her breathing soft and low,
As on her breath the wave of life
Kept leaving it and fro.

So silently we seemed to speak,
So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our powers,
To eke her being out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied;
Our tears our hopes belied;
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came dim and sad,
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed—she had
Another morn than ours.

Wanted—An Honest Industrious Boy.

We lately saw an advertisement headed as above. It entreats every body an impressive moral lesson.

"An honest, industrious boy" is always wanted. He will be sought for, and loved; he will be spoken of in terms of high commendation; he will always have a home; he will grow up to be a man of worth and established character.

He will be wanted. The Merchant will want him for a salesman or a clerk; the master mechanic will want him for an apprentice or a journeyman; those with a job to do will want him for a contractor; others will want him for a lawyer; parents for a physician; religious congregations, for a pastor; parents for a teacher for their children; and the people for an officer.

He will be wanted. Townsman will want him for a citizen; acquaintances as a neighbor; neighbors as a friend; families as a visitor; the world as an acquaintance; and every body will want him for a boon, and finally for a husband.

An honest, industrious boy! Just think of it, boys; will you answer this description? Can you apply for this situation. Are you sure that you will be wanted? You may be smart and active, but that does not fill the requirement—are you kind? You may be well dressed and create a favorable impression at the sight—are you both honest and industrious? You may apply for a "good situation"—do you saw that your friends, teachers or acquaintances, can recommend you for these qualities? O, how would you feel, your character not being thus established, on bearing the words, "I will employ you." Nothing else will make us for the lack of these qualities. No wealth or honors, no power or influence, most work and labor, will your reading and thinking for places of profit and pleasure will be of little use.

PENNSYLVANIA BANK.

A committee appointed for the purpose has been investigating the affairs of the Pennsylvania Bank at Philadelphia, and it is thought the report will be unfavorable. It is said the liabilities of the Bank are about two millions of dollars—no more which there are assets appraised at one and three-quarters millions. Non-payers and depositors will probably be paid, but there will be nothing for the stockholders.

BLACK DINKS produce one good thing, they check gossiping. Mrs. Clackee has overcome her company since last summer, ready to spit, when she tries to gossip; but she has a double lock. He says, he notices that "the fire is a world of things." A good thing.

THE DYSPETIC.

One of the most uncomfortable beings on earth is a dyspeptic. To the most of other invalids there is some hope of a change—some prospect of a determination to their complaints, or at least some occasional intervals of freedom from their affliction. To favor there is a speedy close, either in health, or in that final issue which puts an end to all troubles. The smallpox and measles come but once; and the gonorrhoea some intervals of ease. Even the consumption, wearing and enervating, does not deprive the patient of hope, but turns to him continually the bright side of things, and at the worst, terminates ere long in the peaceful grave. But for dyspepsia there is no hope, it is dark, discouraging, and cheerless in its progress, and affords no reasonable prospect of a determination. It will neither kill the patient nor depart from him. It is more hopeless than a sentence of imprisonment for life, for here there is some chance of a parlor.

It is curious to mark the effects of dyspepsia in the countenance, motions, and demeanour of the patient. Observe that man walking by himself, with a feeble gait, and inflexible step, pressing his hands on the region of his stomach, stooping in his attitude, and regarding nobody—in all probability he is dyspeptic. Cast your eye upon that man in the corner of the room, sitting apart from the rest of the company, seldom speaking unless spoken to, and satirical, or morose, when he does speak there is strong reason to conclude he is a dyspeptic. Look at that slender built man, with long, long fingers, projecting shoulder blades, and legs that indicate a plentiful lack of flesh; a countenance half way between pale and yellow, a slight tinge of yellow in his eyes, a dry skin, and hair that stands every way for want of moisture—there can be hardly a question but he is a dyspeptic.

Nothing can be more wayward and capricious than a dyspeptic stomach. It is almost as difficult to please a spoilt child, or a monarch reined by indulgence. It is faint without being actually hungry; and craves the stimulus of food without feeling the demands of a genuine appetite. It seems to ask a "little wine" for its "golden reins," and yet it dreads that the strength produced by wine to-day will be followed by increased debility on the morrow. It takes in food to satisfy a morbid craving, but shudders while it does so for the oppression which will inevitably follow.

Immediately after dining, the dyspeptic is visited by the spirit of drowsiness; slumber presses hard upon his faculties, and he feels it impossible, without some bodily or mental effort, to keep himself awake. He indulges in the disposition to sleep, and wakes but to repent of his indulgence. His mouth is parched and feverish, his head confused, and his whole body languid and uncomfortable. But whether he indulges in the afternoon nap or not, his sleep of the night is fit to be filled and unrefreshing; disturbed strange fancies and uneasy dreams, while long before morning he begins to turn from side to side on his uncomfortable pillow. He perceives a disagreeable taste on his tongue, though restless he feels no disposition to rise, and while at length he obtains sufficient resolution to leave his bed, he feels some faintness and lassitude that any sort of business or motion is a burden to him, and he is in some measure reprieved and prepared for the concerns of the day, by his accustomed beverage of strong coffee.

Among the ailments of a dyspeptic, the depressing effects of a rainy, misty, or cloudy day are not the least. On such a day, clothes of soiled, blue-wool, dress coat, and a disposition to hate the world, and all that is in it, seize and press upon him. He looks upon the darkness of everything, he feels gloomy and sad, and desires if ever he had a happy moment in his life, or ever shall. The world appears a very wretched world, unworthy the attention of a man of sense and containing nothing that one should wish for, whether of power, riches, nobility, or fame. But the clouds disperse, and with them vanishes most of the gloom from the dyspeptic mind. He is a slave to the caprices of the weather, and cloud and sunshine vary at will the scenery measure of the earthly enjoyment.—*Health Journal.*

The stock market. I seized my hat and rode good night to all, except the ass I counted, she came with me through the hall; she stood within the portal, and I gazed upon her charms, and oh! I longed that moment to clasp her in my arms. She looks about the room and says—how clear and bright thy shoes, I said I thought the frogs would all press me had ran soot. Then I seized a little powder, put my arms around her waist, and gazed upon those ruby lips I longed to touch to kiss. Said I, my nearest Son, I'll never see contented, if I have no sight without a kiss I'll surely grow discontented. Then up she arose for me mouth, and everything was fairly quick from her lips I seized a kiss, oh, Yankee double dandy! These aff are no home I started, I could no longer stare with a light beard and breeches, this, I whisked all the way. Hence went the truth, he basical youth, who seek for woman's bliss, no less will love until you move her feelings with a kiss.

A friend of ours says that he has been without money so long that his head seems "ready to spit," when he tries to recollect how a dollar looks. He says, he notices that "the fire is a world of things." A good thing.