# THE STAR OF THE NORT

W. H. Jacoby, Proprietor.]

Truth and Right-God and our Country.

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# CYPAIR OF WHILE NORTHING WM. H. JACOBY,

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e year.
siness Cards of five lines, per annum,

#### ORIGINAL POETRY.

#### THE DYING CHRISTIAN.

DY LILLIAN.

'The evening's calm and sacred hour, I feel the sweet, the magie power, Of unseen spirits hovering near—Spirits from a heavenly sphere—From round the great white throne they To guide my weary spirit home.

The world is fair, and bright, and gay, Flowers are blooming round my way; Fond friends surround we we'er I roam, Dear are the sweet delights of home. Earth's choicest treasures bid me stay, Yet gladly would I wing my way— From earth, with all its loys my home, To heaven where my Redeemer reigns.

'Tis hard to sever each fond tie,
And thus, in life gay morn, to die,
Earth's pleasures tempt us, but alas!
They're transient—ass flash they pass,
Like mist, they hover round us, near,
We grasp them—and they disappear.

The wealth of earth was never given To draw our souls away from Heaven, But lont us, while below we dwell, To use, but not to love too well. Then let us fix our hopes, our love, On things abiding, things above, That when from earth we're called to part, We'll meet death with a willing heart.

My breath grows short, my pulse is low, My fluttering spirit soon must go, Will soon be free from pain and care, In heavenly glory soon will share. With faith, to heaven I fift my eye, And calmly breathe my parting sigh, May the stone that marks my ashes, tell The passer by, that "All is well." truer How. March 1858.

#### Major Brown's Coon Story.

I was down on the crick this morning. said Bill Gates, "and I seed any amount of coon tracks. I think the agoin' to be powerful plenty this season."

"Oh, yes," replied Tom Coker, "I never

she went but up against the upper end of wouldn't use protaine language when she went but up against the upper end of wouldn't use protaine language when she wouldn't

"You say you never hearn tell o' the like o' the coons?' Put in Major Brown, an old veteran who had been chewing tobacco in silence for the last half hour, "Why you don't know ennything 'bout 'em! If you'd "Drive on!" I yelled to the driver. a come here forty years ago, like I did, you'd a thought coons! I jest tell you, boys, you couldn't go amiss for 'em. We hardly ever thought of pesterin' 'em much, for their skins weren't worth a darn with usthat is, we couldn't get enough for 'em to pay for the skinnin'."

"I recollect one day I went out a bee huntin'. Wal, arter I'd lumbered about a huntin'. Wal, arter I'd lumbered about a good while, I got kinder tired, and so I leaned up agin a big tree to rest. I hadn't much more'n leaned up afore somethin' gave me one of the allfiredest nips about the seat o' my briches I ever got in my life. I jumped about a rod, and lit a runnin', and n a runnin' for over a hundred yards when think, sez I, it's no use runnin', and I'm snake bit, but runnin', won't do enny good. So I jest stopped and proceeded to examine the wound. I soon seed it was no make bite, for thar's a blood-blister pinched on me about six inches long.

"Think, sez I, that rather gits me! What thinkin' about 't awhile, I concluded to go back, and look for the criter, jess for the curiosity o' the thing. I went to the tree and poked the weeds and stuff all about; but darned the thing could I see. Purty soon I sees the tree has a little split a runnin' along up it, and so I gits to lookin' at that. Dreckly I-sees the that. Dreckly I-sees the split open about hall an inch, and then shet up agin; that I general and inch, and then shet up agin; then I sees it open and shet right along as regular in the very dence could it a bin? Arter sees it open and shet right along as regular

eplit tree, but what in thunder was makin' it do it? At first I felt orfully scared, and thought it must be somethin' dreadful: and then again I thought it moutn't. Next I thought about hants and ghosts, and about n' home and sayin' nothin' about it and then I thought it couldn't be enny on Thus we had it-out past the Red House 'em, for I'd never hearn tell o' them a pes-terin a feller right in open daylight. At last the true blood of my ancestors riz up in my veins, and told me it 'ud be cowardly to co home and not find out what it was: so I My only hope was reaching Degroot's My only hope was reaching Degroot's go home and not find out what it was; so I lumbered for my axe, and swore l'd find out all al out it, or blow up. When I got back I let it into the tree like blazes, and purty there is the draw was up, and a sloop going through. "Driver." said I. "jump that soon it cum down and smashed into flinders -and what do you think? Why it was rammed and jammed smack full of coons from om. Yes, sir, they's rammed in so close that every time they breathed they

Scene.-A fashionable city party-lo necked dresses a prominent feature—Mis Barrelpindings addresses her country cousin

" Coz Sam, did you ever see such a glo Never since I was weaned," replied

A Dub!in paper contains the following advertisement: To Let—the upper pa of a cellar-to a small family rent low. P. S. Privileges on the sidewalk for a pig.

#### A RACE WITH A WIDOW,

"Merciful Jehosaphat and big onions, what a time I've had with that widder.—We chartered an omnibus for two on Christmas, and started. Widder said I, where we go to ? She blushed, and said she did'nt like to say. I told her she must say."

"Well Jehuel, if you insist upon it and I

am to have my choice, I had rather go to

church."
"What for, widder?" said I.

"What for, widder?" said I.

"Cause I want to know," said I.

"Well—(blushing redder than beef)—
it is such cold weather now, and the nights
are awful cold, and—ob, Jehuel I can't

"Oh, pshaw, widder spit it out what do

The widow riled. She biled right over like a quart of mik on the fire and burst out

ith—
"If you can't understand me, you're a eartless brute so you are." "Hold your horses!" said I. What's all

this about? I am not a brute, nor never was, and if a man called me that I'd boot And then biled right over, and unbutton-

ed my coat collar to keep me from bustin' off my buttons. The widder saw I was going to explode, or else collapse my wind pipe, and she flung her arms around my ck, put her lips to mine, I cooled right

neck, put ner mps to down.

"Jehuel, dear!" said she, in an insinuatin' way, and a voice as sweet as a hand organ, "Jehuel, honey I want to go to church to get mar—no I can't say it all, you finish

the word. Jehuel, sweet.

"Oh you stupid Jehuel, dear, I mean the word marriage love."
"Married, widder!" said I, "did you

"Indeed I did, Jehuel, love !"

"Look here marm, my name isn't Je-huel Love, nor Jehuel Dear, nor Jehuel Sweet. I'd have you know. And I won't get married to nobody but one, and you are not

the she."

Oh, pewter pennies, but didn't she rave!
She made one dash at me, I dodged, and she went butt up against the upper end of the omnibus. Crash went the comb, and the she." I've jest got one of the best coon dogs in all she rose again, and made one more dash at me. Ldropped—she went over me and butted the door of the omnibus. The strap broke and out she went—her gaiter boots

"Woman overboard!" eried a passing

sailor.
"Stop that White Coat—breach of promise-reward-Herald-published," shriek-ed the widow, in tones of moral agony while tears of blood streamed from her beautiful

pug nose. "Drive on! drive on!" I shouted.

"Where to ?" asked the driver.
"To the devil—to Harlem—to Macomb's

Dam-anywhere so that we escape matrimony and the widder."

He started, so did the widder, and then

we had it up the avenue, the bus having the start of about a hundred yards. Foot by foot the widder gained. Thinks I, Jehuel, you are a goner, I thought it best to lighten ship. So first I hove overboard the straw Still she gained on me. Then overboard

went the cushions. But still she gained. " More team, driver, for mercy's sake

more team !" I yelled. "We are going faster than the law allows now," he answered." Thirteen miles an

on she came again. Once more I could see a clock a tickin'."

"Think, sez I, what in all creation can is mean? I know'd I'd got pinched in the "Drive," said I, "kill them horses or get

another mile out of them

"Will you pay for them ?" he said.

"Yes, yes," said I, "only save me from the widder." By cracky we did slide; the widder no longer gained, but held her own beautifully

ses, the draw was up, and a sloop going through. "Driver," said I, "jump that bridge and I'll make your fortune for life sure as you're born.

"I'll do it or die !" he cried. And he did it. The widder jumped after us, fell into the Harlem river, and hasn't been heard o

Some poetaster wrote the following for the Hartford Review, but it almost killed

Long is the moon
That brings no eve;
Tall is the com
That no cob leaves;
Blue is the sky
That never looks yeller;
Hard is the apple
That never grows meller;

But longer and bluer and harder and tall Is my lady love—my adorable Poll.

"IF I WERE A MAN."

Don't I wish that I were aman! Wouldn't set the beaver-hatted population an examn! Wouldn't I ple of brilliant perfec make myself generally agreeable to all the ladies, and talk to 'em as if they had souls above bonnets! What a glorious man I should make!

I wouldn't stand on the hotel steps and puff clouds of villaneous tobacco smoke in-to the eyes of all the pretty girls that go past, nor spit on the pavements to spoil their little shoes and injure their tempers.

I wouldn't set my huge heel down on the

trains of their silken dresses, to tear 'em half off; and I think—I'm not quite sure, but I thinks-I'd knock down the first brute who dared to complain of the circumference of their garments!

And when they come into a car or omni-bus, I wouldn't stick my nose into a newspaper, or look abstractedly out of the window, nor get up grumbling, "Always the way with women!" Not a bit of it! I'd spring up like a patent India-rubber-ball, and if the old batchelor on the right-hand side, and the spruce clerk on the left-hand side, didn't congress themselves into the smallest possible space, to make room for the crinolines, I'd know the reason why!

And then, when I get married (for to what end was I created, if not to pay the milliner's bills of some blessed little bit of womankind, j wouldn't I make a model hus-band! Do you suppose I should bother her sweet life out of her, by grumbling because a paliry button had dropped off a shirt collar, or a string off a dickey? Do you think I'd explode like a camphene lamp every time I found a rip in my gloves? I'd like to see myself stooning to any such little. to see myself stooping to any such little-

I wouldn't consult the almanac every time she bought a new bonnet, to see just how many weeks she had worn the old one; and I wouldn't snarl like a cross tiger cat whenever the coffee happened to be cold or the beaf-steak raw, just as if I wanted her to abase herself in dust and ashes, and burn up her rosy little face before the kitchen fire while I sat with my heels on the table, reading the paper in the next room. I wouldn't use profane language when she asked me to button up her sweet little gaiinfalliable test of patience and meekness.

I wouldn't gorge myself with wine and oysters and cigars at a fashionable downtown restaurant, while my wife dined at home on cold mutton, and then look as black as an over-charged thuddercloud, when the grocer's "little bill" came in : I wouldn't expend a small fortune in diamond shirt-studs, extravagant broad-cloth, and fancy canes and then mutter about "hard times" when she ventured to ask me for half a dollar to buy check for the ba-

by's aprons! And I rather think I'd go shopping with her too, when she hinted to that effect, instead of inventing excuses about Smith, or Brown, or the club—aye, and pay her bills, too, without screwing up my mouth as if I had the cramp in my face! And if she looked into a shop window and admired a thirty-dollar collar, I'd walk straight in and buy it for her, instead of feigning to be absorbed in the signs opposite, and "forgeting to hear" what she said.

When I came home at night, I wouldn't make a bear of myself, behind the evening

over one of my ragged old coats.

Good gracious, what a wide field for improvement there is among the benighted ons of Adam! It puts me completely out of breath to think of half the reforms I'd

A young lady recently remarked that she could not understand what her brother George Henry, saw in the girls, that he liked them so well, for her part, she would not give the company of one young man for that of twenty girls.

The following question is now before the Sand Lake Debating Society. "Which
do women like the best—to be hugged in
a polka, or squeezed in a sleigh?" We
shall issue the decision in an extra. The Tyrant Sway.

BY G. P. MORRIS. The heart that owns thy tyrant sway,
What'er its hopes may be,
Is like a bark that drifts away
Upon a shoreless sea!
No compass left to guide her on,
Upon the surge she's tempest-torn—
And such is life to me!

And what is life when love is fled?

The world, unshared by thee,
I'd rather slumber with the dead,
Than such a waif to be!

The bark that by no compass steers,
Is lost, which way so'er she veers—
And such is life to me!

## THE STOLEN KNIFE.

Many years ago, when a boy of seven or eight years there was out thing which I longed for more than anything else, and which I imagined would make me supremely happy. It was a jack-knife. Then I would not be obliged to borrow father's every time I wished to cut a string or stick, but could whittle whenever I choose, and whenever I pleased. Dreams of knives, bows and arrows, boats, &c, all manufactured with the aid of that shining blade, haunted me by day and night.

It was a beautiful morning in June, that my father called me, and gave me leave, if I wished to go with him to the store. I was delighted, and taking his hand, we started The birds sang sweetly on every bush, and everything looked so gay and beautiful, that everything tooked so gay and beautiful, that my heart fairly leaped for joy. After our arrival at the village, and while my father was occupied in purchasing some articles in a remote part of the store, my attention was drawn to a man who was asking the price of various jack-knives which lay on the counter. As this was a very interesting subject to me, I approached, intending only to look at them. I picked one up, opened t, examined it, tried the springs, felt the polished surface. Oh! if it were only mine, thought I, how happy I should be! Just at thought I, how happy I should be: Sustain this moment happening to look up, I saw that the merchant had gone to change a bill was relished as sauce piquante to a Frenchman. With this introduction enters the

me. For fear that I might be tempted to do wrong, I started to replace the knife on the

along, my thoughts continually rested on haunts. But the deer were closely housed the knife, and I kept my hand in my pocket and did not afford him a single shot. Wearall the time from a sort of guilty fear that it would be seen. This, together with carrying the bundle in my other hand, made it difficult when his eyes fell upon a large gander that cult for me to keep pace with my father.— had pitched into the lake some sixty yards
He noticed it and gave me a lecture about from shore, and was swimming temptingly walking with my hands in my pockets.

Ah! how different were my thoughts then, from what they were when passing the same scenes a few hours before. The song of the birds seemed joyous no longer, but sad how he was to get it out. and sorrowful, as if chiding me for my wicked act. I could not look my father in the dog could not swim across without Leing face, for I had been header is precepts, broken one of God's commandments, and ly attacked attempting a passage. become adhief. As these thoughts passed through my mind, I could hardly help crying, but concealed my feelings, and tried to think of the good times I would have with paper and answer savagely, when she time idly asked what I was reading, "Women can't understand politics!" No, indeed!—
I would read her all the anecdotes, play with the children, pull the pussy's ears, and think of the good times I would have with my knife. I could hardly say anything on my way home, and my father thinking I was either tired or sick, kindly took my burden, and spoke soothingly to me, his guilty say. No score did we reach home I wouldn't go to evening parties, and flirt desperately with other ladies, and talk about "my poor, dear wife, whose ill health precluded her enjoyment of society," when I knew very well that she was sitting at home alone with the eat, and crying her eves and to de the title of the dear to my heart, and I burst into tears.—

As soon as my voice would allow me, I made a full confession. He did not flog me as some fathers would have done, but eats wife, whose ill health precluded her enjoyment of society," when I felt truly penitent for the deed I loved him more than ever, and promised never never alone with the eat, and crying her eves and to do the title of the deed I loved him more than ever, and promised never never alone with the eat, and crying her eves and to do the title of the deed I loved him more than ever, and promised never never alone. pany, I then returned to the store, and on

and promised never again to take what was

A lady wishing the service of a dyer, vas referred to an excellent workman. The lady asked:

"No ma'am, I'm a living man-but I'll

#### THE WILD GOOSE.

A DANGEROUS FEAT.

Many a daring adventure had Aleck Brent in his lonely quarters by Pawah lake. During Indian times it was esteemed a coura-geous thing for the noted braves to lurk Aleck's cabinet and wait for the scalp; but every such attempt proved a miscarriage, and every miscarriage cost an Indian life or two. So they learned discretion at length, and sought other war trails, wherein there was less danger.
Then Aleck remained unmolested, and

was allowed to grow grey-headed, and in due time to disappear altogether from the field of human action without further inter-

The history of this man, hermit yet hos pitable, taciturn yet full of interesting lore, is the history of a race whose fortunate des cription immortalized Cooper. They are fading fast away, and to find them, even now, requires a journey far beyond the ultima thule of cockney travelers and city sportsmen. The reader will not complain, especially he who loves wild romance and startling peculiarities of character have long remained fading and useless in my memo

Many a daring adventure had Aleck Brent in his lonely quarters; of such was the fol

owing. The lake by which his cabin was pitched was a horrid pool; in summer the head quarters of alligators, water moccasin snakes and gar-fish; in winter, backed by the Miss issippi river, until it frequently backed Al-eck clean out of his little home and drove him to the hills. Why he lived in such an aguish spot none could say. Probably it was for the convenience of the fish, which were abundant, and to be handy to the deer and bear that came down to the lake to drink. But whatever the cause, there lived edge of the blades with my thumb, and Aleck; summer and winter, for thirty years, thought I could never cease admiring their fishing when he choose, hunting a day or two in the week—just long enough in fact to knock down a fat buck or bear—and drinking the lake water until its very slime

story of the Wild Goose.

One rainy, bleak March day, Aleck found. counter, but an evil spirit whispered, "Put upon examination of his larder that his proit in your pocket; quick!" Without stop. ping to think of the crime or its consequen-ces, I hurriedly slipped it into my pocket, er, that the hunter who was getting rheu and as I did so, fely a like the observation of unity of dark, and no one noticed it, nor did the till the last piece of dried venison gave out. merchant miss the knife. merchant miss the knife.

We soon started for home, my father giv.

So with an ill-natured growl, he shouldered an old gun that had done him service since ng me a parcel to carry. As we walked a boy, and took the way to his favorite deer ied and wet, he took back with the uncon fortable prospect of sleeping supperless,

about, quite regardless of his propinquity.
With but little reflection Aleck leveled assing the same
The song of upon the water, before he had time to think

The alligators were so abundant that a

ly attacked attempting a passage.
But night was coming on, his canoe was

no supper.

Aleck stripped his bucksins for the attempt. He attached his hunting knife by a throng to his neck, took a stout chunk for support and a club for defence, then boldly plunged in. The first dash nearly chilled put the question to any sensible fellow between the ages of eighteen and twenty-eight and see what he'll say!

I'd make a point of always asking my wife's advice, before I went to vote, and proceeded into the house. I saw by his looks

I'd make a point of always asking my proceeded into the house. I saw by his looks city with which Aleck's fins were moved, and converse my head, gazing down very sorrowfully at me. The stick dropped from my hand, and an appetite to match all three.—

It is unnecessary to remark upon the velocity with which Aleck's fins were moved, been distinctly heard talking to her child wife's advice, before I went to vote, and doing just as she said about it—then I'd be sure to be always right. And if any bachselor friend of mine had the impudence to ask me to an oyster supper, without including my wife in the invitation, do you suptime the sure of the invitation, do you suptime to an oyster supper, without including my wife in the invitation, do you suptime to the supper of the supper

> as his pursuer thrust his ugly nose high up on the mud at his feet. not my own.
>
> My father is long since dead; and never fail to load before leaving his tracks?—gave My tather is long since dead; and never do I think of my first theft, without blessing the memory of him whose and teachings and gentle corrections have made it, thus far in my life and forever, my last.—Moore's way, the enraged hunter, putting the muz zle of his piece into his very mouth, fired ball down the throat he had so narrowly escaped, a mode of operation that killed him as quick as such hardy chaps eve

lie.
Will the reader believe me, that Aleck Brent was reckless enough to plunge again into the lake and bring out the bird—ever to her milliner for a bonnet; said, "You are while his enemy was floundering half dead We to make it plain, but at the same time smart, as I set in a conspicuous place in church." upon the shore, and hundreds more were within the sound of his voice!

### The only journeys he ever made to the nearest store, fifty miles distant. These

were for the purpose of exchanging a pack of bear skins for powder and lead. I met him upon one of these excursions, and accompanied 'him home. Nothing could be more dismal than his locality, unless it was dwelling. The cabin consisted of a single room about 12 feet square, made of poles and covered with bark. The in or poise and covered with bark. The in-terior was thickly hung round with skins, many of them large and valuable, among which I recognized those of a panther, wild-cat, for, bear and deer. A fine festoon of Indian scalps gave evidence of the barbar

ous tastes contracted from so long a residence nigh the aborigines

Amongst these, of which he was particularly proud, he pointed out the top-knots

of several distinguished braves. His bed was more luxuriant than the most fastidious city dame can boast, being com-posed of swan feathers and swan skins dressed with the feathers on. And here through the cold wet months the old man burrowed: a string of dried venison and a few fleeces of dried bear meat for his food: gourd of take water for his supply of drink : his patched yet faithful rifle hard by, and the panther might scream upon his very roof pole, he cared not. The wolf's howling through the long nights never disurbed his slumbers.

The alligators might splash the moss lake or build their mud heaps by the very side of his walls, or bellow in rage upon the adjacent sand bar, old Brent heard them not, or only heard them as the dweller in city walls hears the ordinary sounds of the thronged streets. Nothing was of interest to attract his attention, except the voice of man, and this for obvious reasons the gray hared hunter did not often hear.

My visit was protracted to a week, and when I offered him the parting hand, a convulsive twitching of his face answered the words of thankfulness and real esteem with which I acknowledged his hospitality. And now by the side of a Camanche war helmet, in my cabinet of curiosities, hangs the top-knot of a huge Creek warrior; slain by old Brent in his days of youthful strife. and presented me as the highest token of esteem that he could entertain towards his

A PRIMATIVE REPUBLICAN INSTITUTION The Baltimore "Exchange" says that the Maryland State House at Annapolis, is a venerable structure, to which the modern improvements have not been applied. In the council chamber and immense hickory fire warms the applicants for office who are want to approach, in fear and trembling, its temporary tenant. In the Senate chamber below, a corresponding fire place, of the amplest dimensions, sheds its cheerful blaze on the wisdom of the State assembled in that hall. The conscript fathers of the low-er house and library, are heated by a furnace, whilst the comptroller and court of appeals still cling to open fires and hickory logs. No gas illumines the dark places in this ancient pile—but whenever night sessions are held, hundreds of spermacetic candles, which once extinguished, though half burned, never appear again within those walls, shed their ineffectual glare upon the congregated wisdom of the State. A solitary watchman, who takes his round when he pleases, is the only guardian of this antirevolutionary edifice, and the invaluable ercords within it.

will go through without sustaining injury; and if a musket ball be fired into the water,

been distinctly heard talking to her child accross water a mile wile wide.

I gave her a rose—and I gave her a ring,
And I asked her to marry me then;
But she sent them all back—the insensible
thing,
And said she'd no notion of men.

And said she d no notion of men.

I told her l'd oceans of money and goods,

And tried her to fright with a growl;

But she said she was not brought up in the woods To be scared by the screech of an owl.

I called her baggage and everything bad— I slighted her leature and form, 'Till at length I succeeded in getting her mad, And she raged like a sea in storm, And then in a moment I turned and smiled, And she reged that it turned and smile, and then in a moment I turned and smile, And I called her my angel and all,

And she fell in my arms like a wearisome child,
And exclaimed—"We will mary next fall!"

Tom," said an impudent wag to a onceited fop, "I know a beeutiful girl who vishes to make your acquaintance. "Devilish glad to hear it-delightful and

ceautiful appearance, I suppose, ch?"
"Yes, very much so. She thinks you'd
make a capital playmate for her pretty little

Excit fop, shockingly sold.

An exchange paper says that the most dignified, glorious, and lovely work or nature is woman—the next, man—and thirdly the Berkshire pig.

# SPRING.

What a maric word! How we delight to anticipate thy coming through the long and dreary winter months! We have awaited thee with anxiety. Thou art here at last .-We salute thee; we bid thee welcome.-Thou comest to infuse joy and gladness into every heart; thou art the harbinger of many good things in embryo; thou comest decked and adorned like a youthful maiden, with floral beauties entwined about thec-All nature rejoices : the feathered songsters are glad; they sing with sweeter notes; they delight to bask in thy warmth; in harmony and love they select their mates, and begin to build their nests together; they toil and care for their young, showing all the maternal fondness that is possible for a kind and tender parent to exhibit. Shall man-intellectual man-fail to profit by their example? We trust not. Thou infusest new life and vigor in the vegetable kingdom. Everything therein bids thee welcome, and puts on a gladsome appearance at thy approach; even the emerald turf is made to smile and greet thee; even the equatic animals rejo

Spring, like youth, is a season of anticipation. It is then that everything looks pation. It is then that everything looks charming and lovely; it is then we should dig, plant and delve. We anticipate much, and it is well that we do, for what is life without anticipation? In truth, it is the joy of life itself, although we often anticipate much that is never realized. Who can walk abroad on a lovely morning in May, when every tree and shrub is robed and adorned with the wedding garment of floral beauty —when the senses are greeted at every turn by vegetable odor of the most enchanting kind-when the grass itself is made to smile with joy-when the very insects are humming their notes of gladness, and greeting spring-we say who can, and not feel his pulse beat with a quicker stroke, and his heart leap with joy, and feel gratified to the beneficent Creator for all the beautiful and lovely things that He in his his goodness bestowed upon man, to cheer to en-courage, to gladden his heart, and to bring forth grateful emotions that will brighten his labor in his journey through life ? Who can doubt that spring is an emblem of eternal joy and felicity? We do not. We say that the man who can walk abroad and behold all these and not appreciate them in some degree, is unworthy to be called a man; he has a defect in his nature that he ought to be sorry for. How kind of the Creator to bestow upon man so many rare gems of floral beaubeautify his home. What is more lovely, when one is traveling, than to see a cottago nestled among honey suckles and climbing roses? How inviting to the traveler! How it bespeaks intelligence and virtue for the inmates! How it denotes the abidng-place of industry and contentment! Alas! we are sorry to say that in some parts of our country—even the old parts—those that have beep settled for more than two hun-dred years, there is but little of this taste to be seen. One may often travel for a whole day in some of the interior towns, and scarcely meet with any thing better than a com-mon May rose. These things ought not to be so, and we are sure they will not long re-main; plenty of good examples exist in va-rious parts of the country, and fashion is fast doing its work, nothing can long withstand her sway, as it is generally irresistable. In a few years it will be as rare to see FACTS FOR THE CURIOUS.—If a tallow candle be placed in a gun and shot at a door, it ioned short pants and long stocks. Who would wish to live without flowers? Where would the poet fly for his images of beauty,

en ringlets of the young bride, and strew her path with the fragrant bells when she leaves the church. We place them around coffin, and they become symbols of our affaded, wishes flown and scenes cherished the more that they can never return. Still we look to the far off spring in other valleys to the eternal summer beyond the grave, when the flowers that have faded shall again bloom in starry fields, where no rude winter can intrude. They come upon us in spring, like the recollections of a dream, which hover o'er us in sleep, peopled with shadowy beauties and purple delights, fancy broidered. Sweet flowers! that bring before our eyes scenes of childhood-faces reger to himself. The mossy bank by the wayside, where we so often sat for hours drinking in the primrose with our eyes; the sheltered glen, darkly green, filled with the perfume of violets, that shone in their intense blue like another sky spread upon the earth; the laughter of merry voices; the sweet song of the maiden—the downcast eye, the spreading blush, the kiss ashamed at its own sound-are all brought back the the memory by a flower.

"You have destroyed my piece of

"I can't do you much harm, John, for 'twas an amazingly small piece you had, anyway."