

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

John Bull

W. H. JACOBY, Proprietor.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

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STAR OF THE NORTH

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Choice Poetry.

There's beauty every where I go,
There's beauty every where—
Amid the country wood and lanes,
And the city thoroughfare,
The rising sun is beautiful,
And radiant in its light;
The moon shines out in splendor,
Must the stillness of the night.
The city domes rise bold amid
Surrounding scenery,
Like conquerors with glory crowned,
Returned from victory.
The ocean waves dance merrily,
Like diamonds sparkling bright;
The mountain tops are tipped with gold,
Bathed in a flood of light.
The birds sing sweetly as they fly
Amid the greenwood trees;
The busy ants are toiling on;
And merrily hum the bees.
There's music to the soul in this,
There's beauty every where,
In summer or in autumn,
Or the spring time of the year.
There's beauty in the winter,
When the snow is on the ground,
When north winds whistle shrilly,
And icicles are found.
When Christmas comes again once more,
And absent friends return,
And gather round the social hearth
To see the yule log burn;
When mistletoe and holly deck
Our walls in robes of green;
Oh, Christmas is as happy a time
As any I have seen.
But there's something far more beautiful
Than aught that's mentioned here,
Than city, country, wood, or grove,
Or seasons of the year—
More beautiful than ocean,
The mountains, or the vale,
The sun in all its glory,
Or the moonbeams shining pale.
Oh, the brightest beauty in the world,
Is a kind and gentle smile
Which from a loving heart proceeds,
And gladdens earth awhile.
It cheers the soul and dissolves
The shadows of the night,
It sheds a ray of kindly hope,
A wounded heart makes whole.
Oh, could I choose a boon from Heaven,
I know what it would be;
Not honor, riches, glory,
But a loving heart for me.

A CHARMING CREATURE.—A young clerk has been for the last four years employed in the counting-house of Paris, a merchant, in the Spanish trade. This latter has a niece brought up in Spain, and an orphan. She is not beautiful, but refined and intelligent. At balls which she attended here, the past winter, escorted by her uncle, she danced but little, the truth being that she was seldom invited, except when the young clerk chanced to be present and offered the civility of requesting her to be his partner in a quadrille. It was thus that their acquaintance was made and ripened.

A fortnight ago the clerk obtained permission from Mademoiselle Fabrica to demand her hand in marriage from her guardian, his employer. The latter seemed surprised, and received the proposal with coolness. However, after a long consultation with his niece, he gave his consent, and the marriage took place as soon as the necessary formalities could be accomplished. Two days subsequently, at breakfast, the young bride, observing the discontent of her husband at being obliged to return to his business so early in the honeymoon, said, "Well, don't go to-day. Don't go any more!" "Not to the counting-house, my love! That is easy enough to say, but—" "It is easy enough to do, also." "Indeed! how so?" "Nothing more simple in the world. I have a million and a half of fortune! In my apparently modest position I determined to choose a husband with a good heart. Do you blame me?" The gentleman's reply is not recorded.

A BAD BRIDGE.—The Cincinnati *Nonpareil* tells this:—On the upward trip to Dayton, on Saturday, we noticed in the cars a gentleman and lady seated in close juxtaposition, and judging from their conduct, one would imagine that they were exceedingly intimate. In front of the comfortable pair, sat two gentlemen, editors of two German papers in this city. When near Dayton, the train passed through a long, dark bridge. Amid the thundering and rattling of the cars could be heard a noise, that sounded for all the world like the concussion of lips. Such hearty smacks startled all the party.—As we emerged into daylight, one of the German editors slowly drew his spectacles down over his nose, and exclaimed:—"Well, looks dat ish a tam bad bridge. I hears his smack one, two, three, four times."—The lady drew down her veil, and for the remainder of the trip the pair looked mute and dumb.

A young girl attended a ball on West, recently dressed in short dress and pants. The other ladies were shocked. She quietly remarked that they would pull up their dresses about the necks, they ought to be, their skirts would be as high as hers!

A DUEL IN JEST.

In a grave old German essay upon duelling, there is a story somewhat pointless, yet, inasmuch as it is true, worth noting as a picture of chivalry at romps in the year sixteen hundred and nineteen.

In Valencia a noble lord whom the discreet chronicler calls, as he calls all the persons in the tale, by a fictitious name, held a feast at the wedding of his daughter. Being the eldest knight of his order, he invited all his brother knights from far and near to assist at his festival, and there were among the guests many young nobles who were only candidates for investiture. Among these was one the number of whose ancestors was not greater than the number of the apostles. He was snubbed; and a young braggart, Fracasio who had but two ancestors missing out of a pedigree that went back all the way to his distinguished father Adam, was especially merry at the expense of the youth who had only twelve grandfathers to mention. At dinner, Fracasio sat near his victim, and in sport threw into his face a cup of Spanish wine, that drenched the curl out of his hair and spoiled the beauty of his pointed collar. Next to the young man sat a knight who was about to be his brother-in-law, being already pledged to his sister. By this knight the insult was at once repaid in kind. Another cup of wine was thrown at the aggressor.—A friend of Fracasio's who happened to sit at the other table, hurled then his cup of wine at the new combatant, but this in its passage sprinkled no less than six people, who immediately filled their six cups and threw them all at the new champion. The six cups of wine, travelling down the table, sprinkled many guests, and in a short time there was a general discharge of full wine from both sides of the table. The lights were quenched. The table was thrown down, the guests struggled with one another in the dark. But all this riot was maintained in jest; no knight dishonored himself by the drawing of a deadly weapon. When the lights were rekindled a general amnesty was declared, the tables were restored, and everybody returned quietly to the celebration of the wedding feast except one knight, who had the mouth of a lion and a chicken's beak.

This knight, Roderick, mingled big threats with the laughter of his comrades. He was not to be changed so easily. He never left unpunished a curl who by daylight rubbed against his clothes in passing, and was he to forgive those who brought their hands too near him in the dark! It was true that he had not been taken by the wrist. But somebody had lain with his nose against the boot-sole. Who was that man? For he must have his blood. The other knights sought to appease their friend with reasonable and good-natured words.—When these failed they returned to their cups and paid no further heed to him.—Roderick stood apart still fulminating a neglected wrath until at last he also returned to the table and grewled as he drank until he had drunk himself into a stupid silence.—Somebody then advised that he should be carried up to bed, and he was put to bed by his companions.

In the morning Roderick awoke somewhat uncertain as to his position. He slept in the same room with twelve or fourteen other knights of his own rank. They were talking in their beds to one another. He leigned sleep that he might be guided in his conduct by their manner of discussion. They were very charitable to their comrade, as knights ought to be. Their poor friend Roderick was an honest fellow, but he had been troubled in his cups last night. There was no sword and gunpowder whatever in their mention of him. This caused him to take heart. He had humbled himself by looking like a tipsy braggart, he would give them to understand that if he had used bold words overnight, he was a doughty man also when he was sober in the morning. His courage must not at all be set down to the wine cup. Suddenly, therefore he jumped out of bed in visible wrath, threw open the window, and called to his servant in the courtyard for his sword and pistols. He had been put to bed last night; he would fight the man who degraded him by putting him to bed. His expectation was, that his friends would as they have done before, entreat him to be reasonable, and that he would according be reasonable after having shone his pluck.

But that which had been pitied in Roderick drunk was despised in Roderick sober. The knights only shrugged their shoulders, and their braggart friend, bound to act out his part, left them with a terrible air of displeasure.

"What is this?" they said when he was gone. "Is this endurable? Which of us sent the man to bed? Who is it that has to fight him?" "The friend who first suggested sending him to bed was I," said Gaston Cibo. "It was I too who lighted him to bed with the leg of a chair. Fetch me some paper!" So Gaston had pen and paper brought and set up in his bed to write a challenge of tremendous length which he was required to read to the whole chamber. It was declared to be improperly abusive. It would drive Roderick mad with rage and compel a mortal issue to what ought to be a fight and cool duel ending perhaps with a flesh wound.

"I shall not wet my pen twice for this here," Gaston said.

The challenge therefore was sent, but was not opened by Roderick, in the presence of the squire who delivered it.

Fighting the Tiger at Chicago—\$25,000 Won at 'ero

A few evenings since, while the honest and peaceful citizens of this great metropolis were dozing upon their pillows, and those only waked whom vice or crime kept from slumber, a curious scene was transpiring in the inner apartment of one of the most fashionable and well known faro banks in this city. The parties present were not numerous. At one side of the table, and at the right of the dealer, sat a certain well known Kentucky gentleman, now a resident of this city, and very popular as an auctioneer. Opposite to him were two clerks from dry good stores on Lake street. At the foot of the table were three young gentlemen connected with certain of our city banks, and four professional gamblers. The game commenced at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. It was now past 3 o'clock in the morning, and the contest was kept up with undiminished vigor. Fortune early in the evening had declared for the gentleman on the right of the dealer; and although luck occasionally deserted him, it again and again returned, until his winnings were enormous.

He had up to this time won \$18,000. The perspiration stood in beaded drops upon the brows of the young men, and as they nervously laid down their counter on the squares, their hands shook with an emotion they could not conceal. Even the practised coolness of the professional gamblers deserted them, and they gnawed their lips in an undisguised anxiety. The Kentucky gentleman suddenly laid down checks to the amount of \$6,000, and as the dealer began to draw out the cards from the silver box in which they lie, left the table, and walked to the sideboard. The cards are dealt, and the \$6,000 are lost! This reduces the winning of the Colonel to \$12,000. A temporary cessation of the gametakes place. A hasty supper is taken: the Colonel proposes to play no more. The others object: they are firm in the belief that luck has changed, and that they will win their losses which have been fearfully heavy, back again. The Colonel consents, and the game is resumed. It is now five o'clock. Day has begun to break, but the thick curtains of the apartment keep out the strengthening light.

The young men consult among themselves. The Colonel won \$2,000 again.—He is now winner to the tune of \$14,000. They put their funds together, place it in the hands of one of the clerks, and the Colonel is to play until he loses it all, or until he wins back what they have already lost.

The game goes on. The Colonel wins \$1,000—then loses \$3,000. Hope springs again in the breasts of the young man.—Their representative makes a bet of \$5,000. The company gather round with desperate interest. The cards fall from the box—they lose! Their funds are reduced to \$6,000—for they have lost some to the bank, beside that paid to the Colonel. And now their agent bets more cautiously—first \$1,000—then \$500. He loses steadily. His last is reached. He is pale as death—his pallor is reflected in the faces of his comrades. He places their last stake on the cloth. The Colonel doubles it upon the opposite color. The cards are dealt—but only for a moment the \$500 is shoved over to him, and \$500 more from the bank—and the game is over. The Colonel rises with \$28,000 winnings in his pocket. The other leave the table, having lost nearly all that sum—the bank itself coming out nearly even.

Our Changing Climate.

Washington Irving speaks of our climate in the following terms:—
Here let us say a word in favor of those vicissitudes of our climate which are too often made subject of excessive repining. If they annoy us, they give us one of the most beautiful climates in the world. They give us the brilliant sunshine of the south of Europe, with the fresh verdure of the North. They float over summer sky with gorgeous tints of fleecy whiteness, and send down cooling showers to refresh the panting earth and keep it green. Our seasons are full of sublimity and beauty. Winter with us hath none of its proverbial gloom. It may have its howling winds and chilling frosts and whirling snow storms, but it has also its long intervals of cloudless sunshine, when the snow-clad earth gives redoubled brightness to the day, when at night the stars beam with intense lustre, or the moon floods and landscape with her most limpid radiance. And the joyous outbreak of our spring, bursting at once into leaf and blossom, redundant with vegetation, and vociferous life; and the splendor of summer, its morning voluptuousness and evening glory, its airy palaces of sun-lit clouds piled up in a deep azure sky; and its gusts of tempest of almost tropical grandeur, when the forked lightning and bellowing thunder-volley from the battlements of heaven shake the sultry atmosphere; and the sublime melancholy of our autumn, magnificent for its decay, withering down the pomp of a woodland country, yet reflecting back from its yellow forests the golden serenity of its sky. Truly we may well say that in our climate, "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge."

At a hotel table the other day, a boarder remarked to his neighbor:—"This must be a very healthy place for chickens." "Why?" asked the other. "Because I never see any dead ones about."

The Cottage Door.

How sweet the rest that labor yields
The humble and the poor,
Where sits the patriarch of the fields
Before his cottage door!
The lark is singing in the sky,
The swallows on the eaves,
And love is beaming in each eye
Beneath the summer leaves!

The air amid his fragrant bowers
Supplies unpurchased health,
And hearts are bounding 'mid the flowers,
More dear to him than wealth.
Pence like the blessed sunlight plays
Around his humble cot.
And happy nights and cheerful days
Divide his lowly lot.

And when the village sabbath bell
Rings out upon the gale,
The father bows his head to tell
The music of its tale—
A fresher verdure seems to fill
The fair and dewy sod,
And every infant tongue is still
To hear the word of God.

O, happy hearts! to him who still
The ravens when they cry,
And makes the lily reach the hills
So glorious to the eye—
The trusting patriarch prays to bless
His labors with increase;
Such ways are "ways of pleasantness,"
And all such "paths are peace."

French Gaity in Florence.

It is understood that the French camp here will be broken up before long. Regiments are leaving and others continue to arrive. The French soldiers appear to be happy and content, and so far, very well satisfied with this part of Italy. They are much more lively than the Italians. Towards evening the camp is a picturesque and beautiful sight. Dances are improvised, and a variety of games are played. The soldiers sing and smoke, and drink with a relish the red wine of the country, inferior to that of their own France. Going over the field one sees, not unfrequently common soldiers sitting in the openings of their tents, reading French journals which have been lent them by the officers, or sent to them by friends at home. The Italians ask the soldiers the same question which they put first to all strangers, knowing well enough what the reply will be—"How do you like Italy?"

It is said that the French soldiers express their admiration of the beauties of the country with so much warmth that it immediately sets the natives thinking whether they may not naturally wish to prolong their stay. From the camp the prospect is one of the most beautiful that is presented even in this region of uncommonly beautiful views.—On one hand, only a few miles distant, is a long range of low mountains, their bases dotted with villas, and their summits swelling into the sky, until the soft tints of green and gray of the one blend in agreeable harmony with the deep and mellow blue of the other. Opposite the mountains are the cool green groves of the Cascine, and over the trees, at a little distance, are seen the picturesque old towers of Florence. In the evening the great number of little fires kindled for the very uronomic purpose of making the pot boil help to increase the interest of the scene. The thin blue smoke floats slowly away, or hangs like a veil over the field.

On the whole the soldiers in camp are comfortably placed. The French soldier seems determined to be happy in spite of the many drawbacks connected with the slavish life which all soldiers must lead.—Poor fellows, they have all our sympathy. They are generous and brave. They love their country, and only too much for mere military glory. They serve faithfully the masters which they find over them. They fight and fall like heroes, and our admiration is won for their noble and unselfish sacrifice, although at first they might have preferred to be left to cultivate their peaceful fields in their much loved France, rather than moisten with their blood the land of strangers. And then, how many mothers and sisters and brothers are left to weep and wait without seeing their again.

LEAVE YOUR LAND IN GOOD HEART.—It should be the object of every tiller of the soil to leave his land in good condition after the removal of a crop, and, at the same time, obtain as much remunerating returns as possible. This can be done only by husbanding all the sources of fertility on the farm, and adding thereto in every available manner. This is the Alpha and Omega of progressive agriculture. Never boast of a "bank account," if it is obtained at the expense of your farm.

THE HAMMER.—The hammer is the universal emblem of mechanics. With it are alike forged the sword of contention and the plowshare of peaceful agriculture. In ancient warfare the hammer was a powerful weapon independent of the place which it formed. The hammer is the wealth of nations. By it are forged the ponderous engine and the tiny needle. It is an instrument of the savage and the civilized. Its merrily cling points out the abode of industry; it is a domestic deity, presiding over the grandeur of the wealthy and ambitious.

Not a stick is shaped, not a house is raised, a ship floats, or a carriage rolls, a wheel spins, an engine moves, a press speaks, a vine sings, a spade delves, or a flag waves without the hammer.

A German in Cincinnati made a bet of \$50 that he could drink half a barrel of lager in twenty four hours. Seeing how he was going on, the other party paid him \$10 to stop and throw up the bet.

A Rich Sketch.

Take we now our readers to the romantic slopes of the Alleghanies.
The time at which our story opens, is a bright evening in the month of December. All is peace and happiness! The snow banks lay piled in fantastic shapes, while the husbandman gathers the rich ripe grain.
The rattlesnake glides all over the plain in one place, and the deep solemn notes of the bull-trog are heard in the distance. In the midst of all this rural happiness stands the fine old mansion of Hans Von Snizzle.
It is very ancient—indeed, we might say, an extremely antiquated—mansion, built in the most modern and approved style.
It was erected in the year 1340, by Christopher Columbus, for an illustrious ancestor of Von Snizzle, said ancestor having narrowly escaped hanging in Faderland! This house was now a model of architectural beauty—one side being constructed of mud, in the shape of the letter Z, and the other side of pine logs shaped to represent something so entirely original that no one could tell what it was intended for.
But the jewel of this noble mansion was the beautiful Candelaria Catherine Eugenia Von Snizzle or, as the zealous youths of that fair region of country delighted to call her, "The Trembling fawn of the Alleghanies."

Hers was, indeed, a rare and wonderful beauty! And it was no marvel that she should be beautiful, for she had been delicately nurtured on sourkroot, pork and slate pencils. She had also enjoyed plenty of the best exercise, such as washing dishes, driving the cows to pasture and milking them.

Let us now give a brief description of the beautiful maid, our heroine.
She had long, silken, colored curls, about an inch in length, eyes like a bull-dog's in fly time, and a nose like a compressed pomegranate. Her complexion was a cross between brick dust and green paint, which, with considerable dust, made her look extremely sweet, but, at the present moment, she looked unusually beautiful.

She was sitting behind the barn playing with a young pig, her bright eyes beaming with pleasure. But look! Her attention was suddenly drawn from the gambols of her pet, by the resounding footsteps of an approaching horse. She looks up, and sees, at a little distance, the Skew-eyed Rancier of the Mountains. She trembles with joy as she beholds him; and truly he was a well educated to excite pleasurable emotions in the head of any maiden.—He was tall, slim, and well-formed five feet three inches in height, six feet in circumference, and weighed two hundred and twenty pounds.—He was mounted on a fiery young charger twenty years of age, which could on an emergency go three miles an hour. The youth was armed with a light serviceable rifle, which would discharge one out of ten times, two pistols without triggers or locks, and a case knife of the best cast steel. He was dressed in a fashionable hunting suit, consisting of calf, brindled colored homespun unmentionables, torn in both knees, a sheep skin coat, and calico shirt. As he espied the blooming maiden, he threw a fat skunk, the produce of a chase, at her feet, with the exclamation—
"I am luckier than usual to-day."

In a gentle voice, which sounded as a cracked cow-bell, she reproved him for an incurable immet danger, and at the same time thanked him for the luscious game.
The youth was visibly affected; and exclaimed, in a strong Dutch accent:—
"Now, Cindy Eugeny Catrina, do you like me so that you should care a snap whether that darned skunk should spoil my clothes and make me sick? Come I'm waiting for an answer; tell me, do you take a shine to me?"

With frantic eagerness he waited, and finally he was considerably relieved by hearing her affirmative answer of—
"I shouldn't wonder."

It was good enough. He gave a cry of joy, and clasped her to his heart.
The remainder of this thrilling tale may be found in the "Coal Skuttle of Diamonds," a moral and religious paper published by Rory O Flanagan. The date upon which it commences is the 33d of November, A. D. 1147.

In that and following numbers, the eventful life of our heroine is traced, who, because she broke plate while washing dishes, was driven from home by our cruel father; how her lover subsequently discovered and married her; how the day of retribution followed for her father, old skin-flint Von Snizzle; and how he died, leaving all his enormous wealth, consisting of an acre of swamp lands, and a counterfeit cent piece, to his daughter.

Other things to numerous to mention, are also related, and we advise all to read it.

When!—A fly trap, invented by a Yankee, which costs one dollar, caught in a dining room in a hotel in Manchester, N. H., seventeen hundred flies in one minute.

The latest case of usury is that of the loan of a shirt collar. The borrower was forced to return a shirt!

"This world is all a fleeting show," said a priest to a culprit on the gallows.—"Yes," was the prompt reply, "but if you have no objection I'd rather see the show a little longer!"

Getting aristocratic—The mercury won't circulate anywhere but among the "upper tens."

Industry and Economy Unfashionable.

Prudence, economy, care, and industry are universal labor-saving machines; they lead to happiness, wealth, and comfort.—The practice of these essential virtues, these indispensable habits, ought to be universally considered as one of the essential objects of a good education. No education can justly be considered a good one that is not a useful one; and this result can be accomplished with the greatest certainty by uniting physical with mental exercise; by occupying the youth of both sexes and all ages with some employment suited to their strength, that may be most useful and productive to themselves and others, conjointly with their moral and scholastic instruction; as the one alleviates by its change and variety the fatigue incident to the constant application of the other.

It only requires a small portion of attention and observation in examining the way by which those who are healthy, wealthy, and wise have reached that enviable position, in order to be convinced of the vast benefits to be derived from the practice of economy and industry, both morally and physically. All mankind must have some occupation, and whether it tends to good or evil, must very greatly depend upon early habits acquired in youth by education, which is the "foundation that influences all our future operations in life."

It would afford a useful lesson to the rising generation in this free country, to recur to the primitive history of mercantile matters in the United States, and see by what policy so large a portion of the commerce of the civilized world was secured by our merchants for many years. Where now is the vast wealth that was gained by them? Ask this "fast" generation which has so totally and so universally ignored their hardy virtues, their rigid economy, their untiring industry, their pains-taking prudence—and what answer would they give? A few rare instances, striking exceptions to the general rule, may be found of persons who have saved their profits by care and economy, but the vast majority have wasted what they got, and some of them are reduced to poverty and suffering. Most of those who are still really rich, owe their wealth and independence to habits of care, industry and economy, which was principally acquired by education; and a majority of those who have fallen into poverty, recklessness, negligence and extravagance, originating in a vicious, misdirected, and defective education. Luxury and extravagance force and thoughtlessness to borrow money from some one or more of the well-nigh innumerable banks in this country; the facility with which loans and discounts have been obtained has tempted multitudes to go far beyond their income in their mode of living, as to rush into ruinous speculations in order to keep up appearances to make an outside show, far beyond what they could afford. This love of show and parade springing from false pride, originated some of the most gigantic schemes of swindling upon record, which ended in the utter ruin of contrivers of them, as well as multitudes of others. The South Sea bubble, Law's swindling banking scheme, &c., &c., originated in this wild spirit of speculation, and though the first inventors of them managed to creep out of those concerns before the overwhelming crash came, yet they deserved to have suffered in common with their credulous dupes, to whom they had sold an empty cheat many a hundred per cent. above par.

"Take care of the pennies, the pounds will take care of themselves." The proverb is old, but it contains volumes of good advice. Old proverbs are said to be the condensed wisdom of ages, and they ought to be far more valued than the antiquarian rubbish handed down to us from the ancients, about whom a great deal of valuable time has been wasted to no good purpose. No one need be told that the first hundred dollars are far more difficult to accumulate than the next ten thousand, and so on. With out being careful of the cents, the first hundred dollars cannot be saved, neither the thousand, nor the ten thousand, can be possessed; that is, without attention to the cents, pecuniary independence cannot be obtained, and without pecuniary independence, in the present state of society, all other independence, indeed freedom itself, is but an empty name to the millions unless it facilitates the acquisition of pecuniary independence—if not it is a dead letter, a sound without meaning or substance, so far as the interest of the millions is concerned.

Few parents are careful enough to teach their children habits of industry and economy. They are not taught to be useful.—They are careless even as to their clothes; their habits of order are unregulated. They are snuffed to grow up heedless and inattentive to trifles, which make up the aggregate of human happiness. They are allowed to be indolent, extravagant, good for nothing; the pernicious error that it is respectable to be a lazy drone and vulgar to be industrious and useful, parent teach both by theory and practice. In nothing is the tyrant despot so oppressive in its pernicious decrees that it is more respectful to live the life of a pauper or robber, than it is to earn the bread by honest toil.

It is said that Lord Brougham lately, in a playful mood, wrote the following epitaph on himself:—
Here, readers, turn your weeping eyes,
My fate a useful moral teaches:
The hole in which my body lies
Would not contain one-half my speeches!

There's beauty every where I go,
There's beauty every where—
Amid the country wood and lanes,
And the city thoroughfare,
The rising sun is beautiful,
And radiant in its light;
The moon shines out in splendor,
Must the stillness of the night.
The city domes rise bold amid
Surrounding scenery,
Like conquerors with glory crowned,
Returned from victory.
The ocean waves dance merrily,
Like diamonds sparkling bright;
The mountain tops are tipped with gold,
Bathed in a flood of light.
The birds sing sweetly as they fly
Amid the greenwood trees;
The busy ants are toiling on;
And merrily hum the bees.
There's music to the soul in this,
There's beauty every where,
In summer or in autumn,
Or the spring time of the year.
There's beauty in the winter,
When the snow is on the ground,
When north winds whistle shrilly,
And icicles are found.
When Christmas comes again once more,
And absent friends return,
And gather round the social hearth
To see the yule log burn;
When mistletoe and holly deck
Our walls in robes of green;
Oh, Christmas is as happy a time
As any I have seen.
But there's something far more beautiful
Than aught that's mentioned here,
Than city, country, wood, or grove,
Or seasons of the year—
More beautiful than ocean,
The mountains, or the vale,
The sun in all its glory,
Or the moonbeams shining pale.
Oh, the brightest beauty in the world,
Is a kind and gentle smile
Which from a loving heart proceeds,
And gladdens earth awhile.
It cheers the soul and dissolves
The shadows of the night,
It sheds a ray of kindly hope,
A wounded heart makes whole.
Oh, could I choose a boon from Heaven,
I know what it would be;
Not honor, riches, glory,
But a loving heart for me.

A CHARMING CREATURE.—A young clerk has been for the last four years employed in the counting-house of Paris, a merchant, in the Spanish trade. This latter has a niece brought up in Spain, and an orphan. She is not beautiful, but refined and intelligent. At balls which she attended here, the past winter, escorted by her uncle, she danced but little, the truth being that she was seldom invited, except when the young clerk chanced to be present and offered the civility of requesting her to be his partner in a quadrille. It was thus that their acquaintance was made and ripened.

A fortnight ago the clerk obtained permission from Mademoiselle Fabrica to demand her hand in marriage from her guardian, his employer. The latter seemed surprised, and received the proposal with coolness. However, after a long consultation with his niece, he gave his consent, and the marriage took place as soon as the necessary formalities could be accomplished. Two days subsequently, at breakfast, the young bride, observing the discontent of her husband at being obliged to return to his business so early in the honeymoon, said, "Well, don't go to-day. Don't go any more!" "Not to the counting-house, my love! That is easy enough to say, but—" "It is easy enough to do, also." "Indeed! how so?" "Nothing more simple in the world. I have a million and a half of fortune! In my apparently modest position I determined to choose a husband with a good heart. Do you blame me?" The gentleman's reply is not recorded.

A BAD BRIDGE.—The Cincinnati *Nonpareil* tells this:—On the upward trip to Dayton, on Saturday, we noticed in the cars a gentleman and lady seated in close juxtaposition, and judging from their conduct, one would imagine that they were exceedingly intimate. In front of the comfortable pair, sat two gentlemen, editors of two German papers in this city. When near Dayton, the train passed through a long, dark bridge. Amid the thundering and rattling of the cars could be heard a noise, that sounded for all the world like the concussion of lips. Such hearty smacks startled all the party.—As we emerged into daylight, one of the German editors slowly drew his spectacles down over his nose, and exclaimed:—"Well, looks dat ish a tam bad bridge. I hears his smack one, two, three, four times."—The lady drew down her veil, and for the remainder of the trip the pair looked mute and dumb.

A young girl attended a ball on West, recently dressed in short dress and pants. The other ladies were shocked. She quietly remarked that they would pull up their dresses about the necks, they ought to be, their skirts would be as high as hers!