

Raffsmann's Journal.

HERE AS THE WIND, AND AMERICAN TO THE CORE.

BY H. BUCHER SWOOPE.

CLEARFIELD, WEDNESDAY, OCT. 3, 1855:

VOL. 2.—NO. 10.—TOTAL, 62.

CREATION OF EVE.

BY MRS. E. H. EVANS.
"And the evening and the morning were the sixth day."—Gen. i. 5.
"Twas dawn, ever dawning—yet brightly on high,
The morning star shone in the pearl-dusted sky;
Twas dawn over Eden, and dimly, 'twas fair,
Showed valleys and streams in the pure binary air.
There Silence and Stammer, twin spirits, reclined,
Enwined by the breath of the lower world wind,
To the brightest and least that have birth in a flower,
That it seemed like a vision by fancy displayed.
Light had you gazed in each covert of green,
What wonders of post-thrilling life had you seen;
From beings of grandeur, of grace and of power,
To the brightest and least that have birth in a flower,
Then, gem-like in beauty, with soft-drooping hair,
Each warble of Eden had fluttered to her ear;
With golden wings, and rapturous delight and fair,
They seemed, as if painted by angels in air.
Yet strange was the stillness, no song, no living spirit,
Rehumbled the spheres round mounted and set;
Why came not the sun from his palace on high,
To witness the glories of day in the sky?
But in pale glory, a translucent ray,
From a better, in the shadowy distance,
Ah, well knew the angels that favored retreat,
For it tinged the lower world's hereditary meet.
There, motionless as death, yet all radiant and fair,
A form, with whose beauty thought might come,
Lying, yet still, as if by death to repose, (part
With a check and a bosom like new-fallen snow,
No glow in the breast, no gleam of glory there,
In the soft, silken tresses of sunny-head hair,
No robes of adorning in loving embrace,
Entold those limbs that were careless in grace,
Could an angel but die—so transcendent her air,
That you'd deem a lost seraph you gazed upon there,
So lifeless, the hands, though by soft rays caressed,
So silent the feet, that on hills as prest,
But hark! a calm voice, yet with sweet rapture,
"Is the voice of her Maker, and intent to life,
Sensely arising, with soul-beaming eyes,
She woke into rapture, north Eden's bliss sides.
A moment she stood, as in staid repose,
Ere her cheek and her lip were the hues of the rose,
Then slowly, adoring, she knelt on the sod,
And veiled her bright brow in the feet of her God.
Then forth looked the sun like a monarch on high,
While the angel of glory in pomp departed;
All Eden, melodious, rejoiced to receive,
From the hand of Jehovah, the beautiful Eve!"

REGNI SOMNIA VANA; OR, PAY THE PRINTER.

BY FELIX POÛDE.
After a lapse of some years in business, I found that I would have to yield to the monetary stagnation that pervaded the whole country, and make an (in)voluntary assignment of all my goods, chattels, etc., into the hands of my creditors. But like many unfortunate individuals, I assigned to a contingent friend, the silver dollars, in lieu of keeping up appearances after the general excitement had subsided. For to be reduced from roast chickens, turkeys, and champagne, to red herrings, beer-shins and spruce beer, is a reduction to which that arithmetic rule will not apply; and therefore, all unfavorable conditions are exonerated from censure on that score. For it will be acknowledged by every reflecting person, that when a man enters into the Hymeneal bliss of connubial felicity, he takes upon himself, to protect and provide, for the object of his affections, and they will also acknowledge, that he is certainly exensible in leading his coffers at the expense of others, whose loss would be trifling, when compared with the loss, that would have been sustained, had the assignment to the contingent friend not been made.
Unfortunately for me when I failed in business, I neglected to have my printer's subscription bill discontinued, and the balance due the publisher by me, after having availed myself of the insolvent law, being appended to the amount incurred prior to my failure, I inadvertently acknowledged the whole bill, and paid it as the usual bill should. Feeling somewhat secured from my creditors, I could ride out of an afternoon accompanied by my wife, with some degree of sang-froid, knowing that all my bills were paid with the one exception.
During our customary ride one afternoon, we happened to stop at a garden, where delicious viands sent aloft their curling steam, and the sparkling champagne foamed from the silver necked sinner, displaying such prismatic hues, in the little reflection of sunlight, which broke thro' the waving foliage with which we were surrounded, in such magnificence, that it would have delirious the diadems of all the crowned heads of Europe, and divided them into comparative nothingness. It was indeed a splendid garden, and feeling that freedom and buoyancy of spirit, which only can feel when all his debts are paid, (with the one exception) we perambulated the shady groves and straggery, with all the pomp and magnificence. After enjoying the walk a little while, we seated ourselves at a table (upon which were laid a number of newspapers,) and ordered the attendant to furnish us with some Vanilla Ice Cream, and in the interim of having it served, ruminated over the papers, and found some of them very odd; just as I was about depositing them on the corner of the box, I espied in one of the oldest, "the Assignment of ————" I threw it passionately from me—my face exposed the carnation, and the beating monitor within throbbled with increased emotion.
"What is the matter?" exclaimed my wife, turning towards me. "Oh! nothing," said I gravely, "only I've had a faint spell." "A faint spell! why if one should judge from your appearance, I should think you had a fever—why your face is deeper in color than that rose," pointing to a beautiful deep colored cabbage rose. "Yes! my dear, but you should not judge from external appearances, for if the pangs of seeing your name—"
"Ice cream!" ejaculated the attendant, shrilly, and after having placed it upon the

table, and received the equivalent, darted off with post haste. We ate it for some minutes in silence, and the cooling effect of the refreshment, caused the mercury in my blood to descend at least nineteen and a half degrees.
"What did you mean, my dear," asked my wife, "when you said the 'pangs of seeing your name'?"
"The pangs of seeing your name," responded I! "I meant the pain of feeling your frame—that is—you know—the pain which I felt—but no matter, I feel better now, and a beautiful little bird, settled upon the bough of an adjacent tree, and sang in such a sweet strain—that both of us were lost in reveries of the 'till it flew away."
"At length we found ourselves seated in the vehicle, and on our road home—after having arrived there, I ordered my groom to ride 'Charley' down, and provide for him in the best manner—and then hastened to my parlor, just as the clock told the hour of seven. The departing sun was casting his last golden rays upon the chimney, tops, as I reclined upon my sofa with a fevered brow—a doze which gradually and imperceptibly stole upon me—gradually, such a pleasant dream, that it is really delightful to think upon—it dreamed that I was enjoying all the luxuries of life—that my bills were paid (with the exception of one)—when the door bell rang so violently, that it awoke me from my unrefreshing slumber, yet, pleasant reveries of the imagination.
"Who can that be! involuntarily thought, as the servant's pattering of feet gradually increased in sound, as she approached the parlor door. "Sir, a young gentleman wish to see you on very tickler business." "Well, invite him in!" I said I, gruffly and quickly; why keep him waiting, he may be some one bringing my bonus money—or a check for it. The young gentleman was ushered into the presence of an honest man, the noblest work of the immortal God! For reader, that's a good law—it pays a man's bills, and relieves his mind from all apprehension and ranks him among the nobler class of society; that is, among those who pay all their bills at one time, at a certain place where they invite all their creditors to come, through the columns of a newspaper.
"Good evening sir, have the honor of being in Mr. ———'s company?" "That is my name; set down sir, here is a chair; pray, be seated, while I call for more light." "Where Zooky, Zooky! bring another candle—bring half a dozen!" and another some half-dozen candles were paraded on the table. Come, draw up to the table, young man, and let us arrange the business—and have the final settlement—you know punctuality is the life of business.—The young man brought forth a large bundle of papers, and placed one of them in my hand—but it was so miserably scrawled upon, that I was forced to apply my spectacles before the orb of vision—which I found after a considerable enquiry, and hunting for—I begged the young man's pardon for detaining him so long—and judge reader my indescribable surprise, chagrin, and mortification, when I found that instead of its being the bonus money, which I said nothing about to any body save the parties interested, that it was an old bill of subscription to a newspaper, which the collector had nearly worn out by carrying it in his pocket for a long time. "Can you inquire that bill this evening sir?" "Blood! no, no, no, young man—this is the business; you ain't the person I took you to be—I can't pay that bill! nor I won't pay it!" "I have no time for collecting money, 'rousting me from my sleep' from such pleasant dreams! all for the sake of a poor printer's bill!" Almost choked with rage, I told him in a tone of thunder to tell the publisher that I would settle it when convenient and not before—and so saying, I left the parlor, and hastened to the kitchen, where I found Zooky half asleep. "I gave her one box on the ears, which made her jump higher than she ever did! At Bethel!" "You black huzzy! I'll learn you to admit any collector who's after money!" by telling me on my "tickler business," when I expect bonus money, get along you black imp!" "Why massa!" "Not a word, not a word, from your black lips, or I'll knock your teeth down your throat," and then paced the entry—at length found myself in the parlor—what became of the collector? "Heaven only knows." I resumed my station on the sofa once more, and was soon wrapped in the arms of Morpheus, and surrounded by Eurytomia's beauties.
Methought that thirteen distinct raps were made on the parlor door, which was adjacent to my sofa and near my head. "Come in!" said I—and immediately their advanced the manes of some departed editor, and immediately following in one long train, the earthly tabernacle of thirteen publishers, thirteen compositors, and as many printer's devils, whose ghostly countenances, emaciated forms, and serotinous skins, struck terror to my very inmost soul. I was seized with phrenzy—cold drops of perspiration started thro' every pore of my skin. So rapid did my heart beat, that it would have exceeded the clapper of a fire-bell during a conflagration. To move, I could not. It seemed as tho' I was bound by invisible chains in the regions of departed spirits, and among such "fendish" ones, that I could not bear to look upon, after they were all ranged before me, the devils grinning like hyenas, the leader held out into the following

strain, "Presumptuous man! How art thou fallen! why that favored brain, thy lack-lustro eye—thy quivering and guilty frame lie there surrounded by the ill-gotten paraphernalia of worldly things—knowest thou not that there is one unpaid bill, from which you have not been exonerated! behold these poor feeble forms, these skin and bone, these printer's devils, the result of your dishonesty now encircling you as the ocean surrounds the rock. There is no chance for escape until the equivalent for services rendered is paid.
But spirits come, we must away.
The time, 'twill soon be dawn of day.
The magic spell is working well—
He'll pay—he'll cash the printer's bill,
Put if perchance he should delay,
We'll haunt him then, both night and day;
We'll track his mind! we'll rattle his frame!
Come, strike! the blue, the brimstone flame.
And they then glided swiftly out of the passage, leaving a long blue streak of fire behind them—and gave thirteen distinct raps on the door, the last one as if to rivet it upon my mind, was so much louder than the rest that it jarred the whole fabric; I awoke, and bounded quickly from my couch. I found that it was the twelfth hour of the night—that the candle was about making its finale, and cast but a flickering blueish light round the apartment. I verily thought that I was beyond redemption. However, but little time elapsed before I was once more restored to the senses of the world (and fearing lest the last four lines which the ghosts of the typographical fraternity sung immediately before the departing ghost were verified) I resolved to "pay the printer's" bill in full—and also to pay in addition to that sum, one year's subscription in advance, and to urge on all my acquaintances to "pay the printer's," who might happen to be in arrearsages to them. Accordingly as soon as light broke in, and told 'twas morn, I withdrew to my small counting-room and counted the true amount, and thro' the course of the morning, I dropped in at the publication office and fulfilled my two first resolutions—after having done so I related my dream or vision to the publisher, who enjoyed himself with such a hearty laugh, that I verily thought I could hear his riss-crack. I told him the entire story was given by thirteen distinct raps, and the same number at departure. I enquired of him the reason that thirteen distinct raps were made,—he stated that it was univocal with "pay the printer's," that all persons who were in arrears to printers when they have shuffled off this mortal coil, were haunted with the representative of each and every printer that worked at the office, to which the bill was due, and that publishers, etc. in general were the last men to push their bills due by subscribers and advertisers, and to make up for the tardiness in asking for their money they in some instances only accommodate their delinquent subscribers with a small specimen in a prospectus of that which await their substance to their slipping in to the "sly arms of death." Thus thirteen raps are made, which signifies "pay the printer's," that is, there are thirteen letters in those words, and after non-paying subscribers have died—they join other departed spirits, and in the shape of publisher, editor, compositor, or devil, and harass and torture the living occasionally, until they pay the money justly due to the proprietors of newspapers.
Reader! the above is the vision of a "snop" which lasted but about ten minutes, it plainly shows in bold relief, that the rapidity with which the imagination can be extended, is incompatible with any other earthly thing—I have always paid the printer—I have never availed myself of the insolvent law—but being irritated on the evening when the above transpired,—produced probably, the translation of the matter, the fickle fancies of a distempered brain.
WASHINGTON.—He was not a despot. He founded the political liberty, the same as the national independence of his country. He used war only as a means of peace. Raised to the supreme power without ambition, he descended from it without regret, as soon as the safety of his country permitted. He is the model for all moderate chiefs. Now you have only to examine his life, his son's, his acts, thoughts, his words; you will not find a single mark of contumacious, a single moment of independence, for the favorite ideas of democracy. He constantly struggled even to weakness and sadness—against its exactions. No man was ever more profoundly imbued with the spirit of government or with respect for authority. He never exceeded the rights of power, according to the laws of his country; but he confirmed and maintained them in principle as well as in practice, and as firmly, as loftily, as he could have done in an old monarchial or aristocratic state. He was one of those who knew that it is no more possible to govern from below in a republic than in a monarchy—in a democratic than in an aristocratic society.
A DEPOPULATED WORLD.—I am led to think," says Schlegel, "that the earth, if wholly divested of its inhabitants, would present a more melancholy aspect, should it retain its fertility and beauty, than if wrapped up in a pall of darkness, surrounded by dead planets and extinguished suns."

THE TWO FARMER BOYS.
BY W. H. GARDNER.
On one of those sultry summer days in June, when all nature seems imploring the Great Disposer of events for water to relieve the earth of its thirst, and prevent its becoming barren from drought, two boys were at work in fields adjoining. They were farmer boys, and thus far through life had passed much of their leisure time together.
A scene of beauty, of surpassing beauty, surrounded them. It was a home scene—a scene which will ever remain stamped upon the tablet of memory. Broad acres of beautiful farming land, covered with luxuriant growing crops, were all displayed in all their beauty before them. 'Twas such a scene as only farmers behold, and few beside farmers are capable of enjoying.
Let us approach and make the acquaintance of these farmer boys, who we have said were at work. Martin Brown is the son of an affluent farmer—Jerry Freeman is the child of poor parents, but he is now an orphan. Martin has had superior advantages; Jerry's opportunities for obtaining knowledge have been meagre. But hear them, that ye may judge if for they are approaching the place where we stand by the fence, each at the same time.
"A fine day," declares Jerry, leaning on the handles of his cultivator, raising his hat, and wiping the sweat from his high forehead.
"A plague on such fine days—so hot—corn all drying up—I would like to know what there is particularly fine about this day?" replies Martin.
"We have a beautiful place to work in here!"—at the same time with his eye, noticing the surrounding beauties of hill and valley—and can see much to enjoy," observed Jerry.
"Well, I would like to know who could enjoy this, and be hard at work! I can see but little to enjoy," responds Martin.
"Why, we may enjoy the scene about us—the lovely view of wide-spreading fields of grain, meadow and forest; and yonder are the distant hills, looking so beautifully blue behind the clouds."
"Pshaw! Jerry," answered his companion, with a derisive laugh, "I can see nothing in this view you have pointed out, worthy a look or thought. We have nothing in this town worthy one's attention, and I'm getting tired of the intolerable lonesome life I am leading."
"I am contented," responded Jerry. "I find much time for reading, and subjects of wonder, inquiry and admiration, daily present themselves to my notice." A laugh followed this expression of content by Jerry, and the boys separated.
"We have heard enough of this conversation, as above, to learn that while at work, different thoughts, feelings and incentives to action possess them. Observe closely, and you will discover in the look, air and manner of the one, evidence of contentment, and a desire to become acquainted with more of the world than what his own eyes rest upon—speaking plainer than words that he is happy. The other wears no look of sunshine, his eye gives forth no light, and the manner in which he does his work, shows it to be prompted by any love save that of his calling.
An hour later, and we will discover the secret of this difference. The air, which has hitherto been sultry and oppressive, begins to move—the corn leaves, which were wilted, rolled, and dry, begin to rustle—and a roar of distant thunder breaks the stillness. Low down in the western horizon, dark clouds begin to appear—they increase, and in dark masses roll on, covering the sky. The wind freshens—the leaves turn up—the swallow flies rapidly, darting here and there—the thunder was more continuously—'twill rain—it rains—much needed, welcome rain is falling. The boys anticipating but a slight shower, retreat to a grove near by, where sheltered by the leafy branches, they await its cessation.
"How beautiful!" remarked Jerry, as the rain came pouring down, and falling on the parched earth, raised clouds of misty vapor.
"Beautiful!" exclaimed his friend, with an accent not to be misunderstood. "Eg goes up skipping, rain will come down dripping."
"Come, Jerry, let's turn out our horses, and go up to the corners, for I think it will rain all the remainder of the day."
"No!" replies the other. "I have been reading at home, and would rather read than pass my hours in such conversation as I would hear at the corners."
"Reading!" replies his friend, with another peculiar emphasis; let your reading go until some other time; we will have fun up there, with the boys who always assemble there on rainy days." Jerry was firm, and Martin ceased to urge. Here is the secret revealed.—Martin has lost all relish for thought or observation, and is only happy while in company with others of kindred habits. Reading he hates, and up he goes to the corners.
Who has not witnessed the change that now came over Martin Brown? It was not a rapid change—great changes never are. It was a gradual, radical change. First it blinded him to the beauties of nature and religion, and then to the enjoyments of home—until finally he saw beauty only in the achievements of the clown, or in being the chief actor in a bar-room club, or some kindred amusement.
Great was the change in taste, worth, and influence of our friends in ten years. Arrived

at manhood, and assuming its responsibilities and duties, Mr. Freeman was a man of knowledge, talent, worth and influence. Mart Brown was yet a loafer—a loafer in language, habits and appearance—his influence gone, his person neglected, his property squandered; he presented a sad spectacle of the result of spending his youthful leisure hours "at the corners."
The Lord's Prayer.
A friend, says one of our contemporaries, tells us an anecdote of Booth, the great tragedian, which we do not recollect having seen in print. It occurred in the palmy days of his fame, before the sparkle of his great black eye had been dimmed by that bane of genius—strong drink.
Booth and several friends had been invited to dine with an old gentleman in Baltimore, of distinguished kindness, urbanity, and piety. The first, though disapproving of theatres and theatre-going, had heard so much of Booth's remarkable powers, that curiosity to see the man first, in this instance, overcame all his scruples and prejudices. After the entertainment was over, lamps lighted, and the company seated in the drawing-room, some one requested Booth, as a particular favor, and one which all present would doubtless appreciate, to read aloud the Lord's prayer. Booth expressed his willingness to afford them this gratification, and all eyes were turned expectantly upon him. Booth rose slowly, and reverently took his chair. It was wonderful to watch the play of emotions that convulsed his countenance. He became deathly pale, and his eyes, turned trembling upwards, were wet with tears. As yet he had not spoken. The silence could be felt. It became absolutely painful, until at last the spell was broken as if an electric shock, as his rich-toned voice, from white lips syllabled forth, "Our Father who art in Heaven! &c., with a pathos and fervid solemnity that thrilled all hearts. He finished. The silence continued. Not a voice was heard or a muscle moved in his vast audience, until from a remote corner of the room a subdued sob was heard, and the old gentleman (their host) stepped forward with streaming eyes and tottering frame and seized Booth by the hand. "Sir," said he, in broken accents, "you have afforded me a pleasure for which my whole future life will feel grateful. I am an old man, and every day from boyhood up to the present time, I thought I had repeated the Lord's prayer, but I have never heard it before, never."
"You are right," replied Booth; to read that prayer as it should be read has cost me the severest study and labor for thirty years, and I am far from being yet satisfied with my rendering of that wonderful production. Hardly one person in ten thousand comprehends how much beauty, tenderness, and grandeur can be condensed in a space so small and words so simple. That prayer of itself sufficiently illustrates the truth of the Bible, and stamps upon it the seal of divinity."
So great was the effect produced (says our informant, who was present) that conversation was sustained but a short time longer in subdued monosyllables, and almost entirely ceased; and soon after, at an early hour, the company broke up, and retired to their several homes, with sad faces and full hearts.
THE BASIS OF THE ATLANTIC.—Modern science, says the Baltimore America, has made many discoveries in relation to the ocean, its depths, and its beds or basins. According to Mr. Charles R. Weld, who recently made a tour through the United States and Canada, the vast sea-wed meadows of the Atlantic, which cover a space sometimes as large as France, teem with life, and deep-sea soundings which reveal the sea floor of the greatest depths, show that the bottom of the ocean is frequently paved with calcareous and silicious shells. The Atlantic basin is a vast trough, bounded on one side by America, and on the other side by Africa, and rising out of this trough are mountains higher than the loftiest Himalayas, from peak to peak of which huge whales hold their course with the same serenity with which eagles pass from crag to crag, and valleys deeper than any trodden by the foot of man, within those oozy folds the great waters lie in perpetual repose. Depths have been sounded in the Atlantic greater than the elevation of any mountain above its surface.
Another modern writer speaking of this great basin, says that could its waters be drawn off so as to expose to view this great chasm, which separates continents, and extends from the Arctic to the Antarctic, it would present a scene rugged and grand beyond description. The very ribs of the solid earth would be brought to light, and we should behold at one view, in the mighty cradle of the ocean, the sad remains of a thousand fearful wrecks, and their countless human skulls buried in heaps of pearl and inestimable stones, which he concealed upon the bottom of the deep. From the top of the Chimborazo to the bottom of the Atlantic, at the deepest place yet reached by the plummet in a vertical line, is nine miles. The deepest part of the North Atlantic is probably somewhere between the Bermudas and the Grand Banks. The waters of the Gulf of Mexico are held in a basin whose greatest depth is about a mile.
A lot of fellows went on a deer hunt the other day, in Arkansas, and in less than three hours, captured five girls and a woman.

ADVERSITY OF HONOR.—In a small neat comfortable room, sat the ruined family. The old man was reading, or thought he read. In a few weeks, the snow had come down upon his head with heavy fall. In a few weeks his cheeks were lined and lengthened—he has been held—so ruthlessly held—face to face with misery, that his smile which was as constant as the red in his cheek had well nigh vanished. Now and then as he exchanged looks with his daughter, it glistened a little, played about his mouth, to leave it only in utter blankness. Still he went on reading; still he turned page after page; and believed he was laying in a stock of knowledge for his future life. For he had again—he would tell his daughter with neither youth to fight the storm, nor the hope of youth to whittle away the long dark, dreary watch—to sing the daylight in, but this he would not think of. At least he thought he would not. He felt himself as strong as ever; yes, even stronger. He could not have hoped to have borne the blow so well. He was never better; never. His glorious health was left him; and, therefore why despair? In this way will the brain of the stout man cheat itself. It will feel whole and strong; and for the wicker cracks and flaws, they are not to be heeded. Mere trifles. And then some day, some calm and sunny time, that peace has seemed to choose for itself, for a soft sweet pause—with the tyrant-brain secure and vain-glorious—the trifle kills. In this way do strong men die upwards. Gilbert Carraways at our first meeting, set about all the creature delights of life. He was the lord of abundance. The man who had nothing to do with want and misery, but to exercise the noblest prerogative of happy humanity—namely, to destroy them wheresoever he found them preying upon his fellows. Wealth was gone. He was poor; but in his poverty were thoughts that might glorify his fire-side. He had used his means for good; and at least, might feel enriched by the harvest of his recollections. With his face lengthened, and dim, there was a dignity in the old man that we did not think we ever recognized at the hall. For he had to bear a load of misery; and he sat erect, with his spirit conquering, looked serenely about him.
EARLY DAYS OF NAPOLEON.—Thiers, in his "History of the Consulate," relates some very strange and previously unknown particulars respecting the early life and penury of Napoleon Bonaparte. It appears that after he had obtained a subaltern's commission in the French service, and after he had done the state good service by his skill and daring at Tolon, he lived for sometime in Paris, in obscure lodgings, and in such poverty that he was often without the means of paying ten sous (sd.) for his dinner, and frequently went without any meal. He was under the necessity of borrowing small sums, and even worn-out clothes from his acquaintances! He and his brother Louis, afterwards King of Holland, had at one time, but one coat between them, so the brothers could only go out alternately, turn and turn about.
At this time the chief benefactor of the future Emperor and conqueror "at whose mighty name the world grew pale," was the actor Talma, who often gave him food and money. Napoleon's face, afterward so famed for its classic mould, was, during this period of starvation, harsh and angular in its lineaments, with projecting cheek bones. His meagre fare brought on an unsightly cutaneous disease, of a type so virulent and malignant, that it took all the skill and assiduity of his accomplished physician, Corvisart, to expel it after a duration of more than ten years. The squallid, emaciated, and the splendid Emperor afterward—the threadbare habitment, the imperial mantle—the hovel and the palace—the meagre food and the gorgeous banquet—the friendship of a poor actor, the homage and terror of the world—an exile and a prisoner—such are the ups and downs of this changeable life, such the lights and shadows of the great and mighty.
THE COMPANY OF WOMAN.—He cannot be an unhappy man who has the love and smiles of a woman to accompany him in every department of life. The world may look dark and cheerless without—enemies may gather in his path—but when he returns to the fireside and feels the tender love of woman, he forgets his cares and troubles, and is a comparatively happy man. He is but half prepared for life, who takes not with him, to soothe and comfort him, that friend who will forsake him in no emergency—who will divide his sorrows—increase his joys—lift the veil from his heart, and throw sunshine amid the dark scenes. No; that man cannot be miserable, who has such a companion, be he ever, so poor, despised, and trodden upon by the world.
AID FOR NORFOLK.—The Odd Fellows Lodge of this borough (West Chester, Pa.) has contributed to the relief of the Norfolk and Portsmouth sufferers, the sum of \$7,50, and they have also through a committee composed of their members, collected from other citizens of the town a sum of \$26.89. The Episcopal Church, of this borough, has previously sent on \$41.00 for the same cause.