

# THE SUSQUEHANNA REGISTER.

"THE WILL OF THE PEOPLE IS THE LEGITIMATE SOURCE, AND THE HAPPINESS OF THE PEOPLE THE TRUE END OF GOVERNMENT."

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## Past Memories.

BY J. G. WHITTELL.

How thrills, once more, the lengthening chain,  
Of memory at the thought of thee!  
Old hopes which long in dust have lain,  
Old dreams come thronging back again,  
And boyhood lives in me,  
I feel thy glow upon my cheek,  
The fullness of the heart is mine,  
As when I learned to hear thee speak,  
Or traced my doubtful eyes to thine.

I hear again thy low replies,  
I feel thine arm within my own,  
And timidly again  
The fringed lids of hazel eyes  
With soft, brown tresses overloven,  
And memories of sweet summer eves,  
Of moonlit walk and willow way,  
Of stars and flowers, and dewy leaves,  
Of smiles and tears more sweet than they.

Ere this, thy quiet eye had smiled,  
My picture of thy youth to see,  
When half a woman, half a child,  
Thy very artlessness beguiled,  
And fully self seemed wise in me;  
I too can smile, when o'er that hour,  
The lights of memory backward stream,  
Yet feel the while that manhood's power  
Is vainer than my boyhood's dream.

Years have passed on and left their trace  
Of graver care and deeper thought,  
And unto me the calm, cold face  
Of manhood, and to thee the grace  
Of woman's pensive beauty brought.  
On life's rough blast, for blame and praise,  
The schoolboy's name has widely flown;  
Thine, in the green and quiet ways  
Of unobtrusive goodness known.

And wider yet, in thought and deed,  
Our still diverging paths incline;  
Thine, the General's stern creed;  
While answers to thy spirit's need,  
The simple line,  
For thee, the priestly rite and prayer,  
And holy day and solemn psalm;  
For me, the silent reverence, where  
My brethren gather, slow and calm.

Yet hath thy spirit left on me  
An impress Time has not worn out,  
And something of myself in thee,  
And shadow from the past, I see  
Linger e'en thy way about;  
Not lightly can the heart unlearn  
That lesson of its better hour,  
Nor yet has Time's dull footsteps worn  
To common dust that path of flowers.

The following amusing parody on the burial of Sir John Moore, was put up by some correspondent of the Philadelphia Daily News, as a sort of burlesque on the late writings of the Pennsylvania office in the removal of one *Simon Drum* from a Post Office in a western county of this State.

**Sir Simon Drum.—A Parody.**  
"Not a drum was heard," etc.  
We buried him deeply, far from of sight,  
[His forty year's service remembering,]  
By the struggling *Union's* misty light,  
By the gas-lamps dimly burning.

No useless parchment enclosed his breast,  
Nor in sheet, nor in shroud, we wound him,  
But he lay like a "martyr," taking his rest,  
With his friends all sobbing around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,  
[You had better believe *nothing shorter*!]  
But we earnestly thought of the fate of poor Stubbs,  
And we joyfully spoke of the "morrer."

We thought as we laid him up on the shelf,  
And took away his commission,  
How shockingly bad old Ritchie would feel,  
That we hadn't first asked his permission.

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,  
And of her cold ashes upraised him,  
But nothing he'll wrack, if they let him sleep on  
In the grave where Fitz Henry laid him.

Quickly and gladly we laid him down,  
From the place he had managed so queerly;  
We carried not a line, we raised not a stone,  
But we "left him alone most severely."

## CHANGE OF FORTUNE. A Plain Statement of Facts.

Some sixty-five or seventy years ago, a vessel from Boston arrived at one of the wharves in London. Among the hands on board, was one by the name of Tudor, a steady, respectable, and well looking young man, who acted in the capacity of both cooper and sailor. Very early one morning and before any hand that Tudor had come upon deck, a young, beautiful and tolerably well dressed female came tripping down the street to the vessel, and inquired of Tudor, for the Captain. She told him that she had not yet awoke, but she insisted upon seeing him without delay, and with Tudor's permission, proceeded to his berth, and arousing him addressed him with,

"Good morning, Captain, I have called to see if you will marry me."  
"Marry you?" replied the astonished captain, believing her to be a suspicious character. Leave me in peace, if you know what is for your interest."  
She next went to the mate's berth and asked him if he would marry her, and receiving an answer similar to the captain's, she went upon deck, where Tudor was engaged in some business, and put the same question to him.

"With all my heart," answered Tudor, in a half serious and half jocular manner.  
"Then," said she, "come along with me."  
Tudor left his work and followed her, with motives which he afterwards declared he could never satisfactorily account for even to himself. By the time they had reached the principal streets of the city many of the shops had been opened. The lady entered a barber's, followed by Tudor, beckoned him to be seated, and ordered the knight of the razor to take off his beard and hair, both of which operations he unquestionably greatly stood in need of. She footed the bill, and they left the shop, but soon entered a hat store. She requested that the best lot of beavers in the store might be placed upon the counter, and then told Tudor to select such a one as suited him. He soon did this, the price was paid by the lady. Tudor threw aside his old Tarquinian, and left the store with his companion, in a beaver that would not have disgraced his Majesty the King himself. The next visit was to the shoe store, where Tudor was seen long in selecting a pair of boots, nor the lady in paying for them.

Tudor by this time was puzzled to divine the object the lady had in view, and it must be acknowledged he was apprehensive all was not right. But fully aware that he had committed no crime to make him dread the face of any man, he was willing to see the end of the farce which he considered them fairly commenced, he was determined to press forward, prepared for the worst, trusting every thing to his guide and companion. He solicited from the lady an explanation of her designs, but she told him to be silent and ask no questions, and immediately led the way into a clothing store, with Tudor on her side. Here she was told to select the best suit of clothes in the store that fitted him, with corresponding articles of clothing; and the sailor in his doublet, tar bedaubed pantaloons and checkered shirt, was in a few minutes metamorphosed into a fine gentleman, as far as appearance was concerned, as had walked the streets of that great metropolis in the habiliments of a gentleman, as far as at that moment, was paid by the lady.

Tudor's amazement was now complete. He neither knew what to say or think. Who the lady was, what her intentions were, he could not even surmise. He again asked for an explanation insisted upon one; but the only answer he received was, "Follow me and be not alarmed, you will be explained to your entire satisfaction."  
One thing Tudor was obliged to acknowledge—the lady, thus far, had done by him as well as he could have wished; he therefore resolved to ask no more questions, and to comply with all her requests and demands. Presently she conducted him into a magnificent office, and politely requested the matter of the law to unite her and companion in the bands of matrimony. This was something of a damper to Tudor, but nevertheless he silently yielded, the ceremony was soon commenced, and in a few seconds the couple were pronounced man and wife.

Without uttering a word, or even exchanging a kiss, Tudor and his wife now left the magistrate, but not however, until she had given him a guinea for his services. The couple passed through the streets in silence—Tudor hardly knowing what he was doing, or what he had done, certainly ignorant of where he was going or what awaited him; and the thoughts that occupied his wife's mind, the reader will soon be able to judge for himself.

Turning the corner of the street, Tudor beheld a few rods distant from a man, a splendid dwelling, towards which the wife seemed to direct her steps as well as his own, and into the front door of which they soon entered. The room into which Tudor was ushered by his wife, was furnished in a style of the greatest magnificence. She sat him in a chair, telling him to make himself comfortable for a minute or two, and then passed into another room.

The first one here to address her, was her uncle who, on seeing her enter the room, jumped in astonishment from his chair, and calling her by name, demanded how she had escaped from her room, and where she had been. Her only answer was,

"You find in human shape, I allow you just one hour to remove your effects from this house. The actual possession of my property you long deprived me of, and vainly thought you had made arrangements by which you could have deprived me of it through life; but I am now mistress of my own house, for I was this moment married, and my husband is now in the front room."  
A short time previous to his death, an arrangement was entered into between Mr. A. and a brother of his, by which his brother was to have possession of his dwelling house, his servants, horses, carriage, and every other property as had not been deposited in banks for the benefit his daughter, to the time of her marriage, when the possession of them was to be given up to her husband. It was the condition of the agreement that in the case Eliza died without marrying, the property was to go to her mother and her family.

In its bud. It was nothing less than this: to shut her up in one of the centre rooms in the third story of the house; to prevent her leaving it by keeping the doors and windows thoroughly bolted, and refuse her associates, by telling them, when they called, that she was either at school or was at some of the shops on business, or had taken a ride in the country for her health, and to see some of her lovers, as they unaccountably called something else equally destitute of truth.

Eliza generally received her meals through a small door, in the evening, from the hands of her unfeeling aunt, to whom her cries for liberation from the lonely and dismal prison house, were no more effectual than they would have been had they been directed to the air which she inhaled. Three years was the unfortunate girl thus shut out from all communication with the world, when one morning her scanty breakfast was carried to her by an old female servant of her father. Eliza once more discovering the face of her old friend and servant, burst into tears, and attempted several times to speak, but was unable to do so, and understood the meaning of these incoherent sobbings, and said, herself unable to speak from emotion, "Hush, hush, Eliza, mistress, speak not, I understand all. Your tyrant aunt was taken suddenly ill last night, and the doctor says it is doubtful whether she long survives. I will see you again at noon and at evening. Some of your old servants have long been planning your escape, and are now on their way to effecting it," and without waiting for Eliza's thanks and blessings, tripped down stairs.

Eliza although unable for some time to partake of her simple repast, did so at last with a better relish than she had ever known before. Her old servants were still about the house and were bent upon her rescue. Most welcome, soul-inspiring intelligence!

"What!" said she to herself, "is it possible that I am to be delivered from this vile place of confinement! Is it possible that there lives one who seeks my liberation and happiness? Is it possible that all connected with the establishment—my own establishment do not possess hearts of adamant?—God spare me, but I have seen that a woman of sense and she never repented of her choice; not even when her five-year lover returned, after an absence of four or five years, disposed to be as ardent attentive as ever. The lady felt that this creation as well as her own, was not to be rejected upon."

"The days are growing intolerably long!" she politely remarked, after having endured him for above an hour.  
"All days are alike to the miserable," insinuated David.  
"I am sorry to hear you are so miserable; pray, tell me your complaint, and I probably can suggest a remedy."  
"Can you not divine?" demanded he.  
"I should judge from your complexion, you were *billious*," harmonized Mrs. Smith.  
The baffled David bit his lip, but renewed the charge.

"I have changed, Amelia, or you would know the cause of my sufferings—you behold a victim of unrequited love."  
"Pardon my obtuseness," said the lady, suppressing her position. "Marriage does change one's countenance, but I would have sworn for *loves affairs*."  
David looked uncertain whether to renew the charge, and Mrs. Smith intimated that household affairs required her attendance elsewhere.

"Ah!" sighed the stupid insensate, "you were made for better things! Such beauty should be seen in a *married* woman."  
"I trust I am not inferior to my husband and children," Amelia replied, hoping those talismanic words would protect her from further insults. "And a wife desires no better lot, than to be allowed to minister to the comfort of those she loves."  
"Can it be possible," exclaimed David, indignantly, "that you are being contented with such a life! Have you no regrets for all you have relinquished?"

"I have relinquished nothing, sir," said Mrs. Smith with dignity. "If you mean the society of a *girlhood*, it is as distasteful and unmeaning as the society of a *childhood*. If you allude to lovers, they are silly, uninteresting, and *unprofitable*; and I have never seen a man who has power to protect me from their importunities. And now, sir, good morning!" and the indignant Amelia swept from the apartment.  
Like the Irishman, who was unceremoniously ejected from the stairs, David understood that he was expected to depart, but he could not conceive it possible that Amelia was really indifferent to his attentions. He remembered the days when she leaned on his arm in all the confidence of early love; and he would not believe that all her youthful tenderness had faded from her heart. Her conduct was the result of *pride*, reasoned he, of duty—anything but indifference—and then to pretend to be fond of such an old bore as Smith! Pshaw!

One day when the Smiths were at dinner, a note was brought to the lady, which she read, and handed to her husband.  
"I do not deserve to be tormented thus," said she, while tears of indignation suffused her beautiful eyes.  
Smith regarded her with surprise, and read as follows:  
"I will call this evening at twilight. If you are faithful to your early love, receive me as your uncertain light."  
"Nonsense, Amelia, the fellow's a fool!" said Smith. "I'll give necessary orders to the servants, and take care that you shall no longer be annoyed by his importunities."  
Many a fiery husband would have horsewhipped the offender, and thus given a ruinous publicity to the affair. Not so Mr. Smith.

The liver came at the appointed time, and was shown into the parlor, where the twilight was deepened and darkened by the window drapery. Mrs. Smith was abroad, but her husband demurely summoned her handmaid.  
"Dinah, your mistress is suffering from headache and seasickness; carry her her velvet ribbon and brooch and fasten them about her neck. Stay—do not carry a light, and tread softly. You will find her on the sofa in the parlor."  
The colored girl went in search of the ribbon, and her master stole noiselessly into the back parlor, to note the result of his directions. Presently, Dinah entered and paused a moment at the door, then perceiving a figure in a reclining attitude on one of the sofas, she lightly advanced, and stooped over her supposed mistress for the purpose of adjusting the ribbon. Mr. Dashwood recognized the shadowy outline of a female figure, he felt the soft touch of an arm about his neck, and the measure of his joy was full. He ardently returned the supposed embrace, when Mr. Smith quickly drew a match along the wall, and applied it to the gas-burner, beside which he had stationed himself. The apartment was illuminated with a flood of light, and revealed the afflicted negroes struggling in the arms of her pertinacious lover. Mr. Dashwood released his prisoner as Mr. Smith advanced.  
"I beg you will not allow me to disturb you," said Smith blandly.  
Dashwood stood for a moment confounded, and then rushed into his study, where he was received with expressions of surprise, by half a dozen of the P. club, who had surrounded the window for

## From the Lady's Wreath. DAVID DASHWOOD'S ADVENTURE.

BY MRS. JULIE H. CAMPBELL.

Mrs. Smith was a superb woman! So declared the doting Job Smith, and so said a score of lovers, as they unaccountably called something else equally destitute of truth. Eliza generally received her meals through a small door, in the evening, from the hands of her unfeeling aunt, to whom her cries for liberation from the lonely and dismal prison house, were no more effectual than they would have been had they been directed to the air which she inhaled. Three years was the unfortunate girl thus shut out from all communication with the world, when one morning her scanty breakfast was carried to her by an old female servant of her father. Eliza once more discovering the face of her old friend and servant, burst into tears, and attempted several times to speak, but was unable to do so, and understood the meaning of these incoherent sobbings, and said, herself unable to speak from emotion, "Hush, hush, Eliza, mistress, speak not, I understand all. Your tyrant aunt was taken suddenly ill last night, and the doctor says it is doubtful whether she long survives. I will see you again at noon and at evening. Some of your old servants have long been planning your escape, and are now on their way to effecting it," and without waiting for Eliza's thanks and blessings, tripped down stairs.

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Dashwood stood for a moment confounded, and then rushed into his study, where he was received with expressions of surprise, by half a dozen of the P. club, who had surrounded the window for

the purpose of witnessing his interview with Mrs. Smith. The discomfited hero departed in the night boat, and was never heard of afterward, while Mr. Job Smith preserved to this day, as mementoes of his precipitate flight, the hat, gloves, and cane, as well as "The oat he left behind him."

## Easy Joe Bruce.

BY H. HASTINGS WELLS.  
"When-come?" whistled Mr. Joseph Bruce, or perhaps we should rather say Joe Bruce, for as he was a noble, easy fellow, nobody thought of calling him more than half his name, or of any thing else that belonged to him—"I see by the paper that Hawk & Harry have assigned. I meant to have secured my debt, yesterday." He left his coffee half drunk, stumbled over the threshold, and went almost at a run to the counting room of Hawk & Harry. One half that speed on the day before would have saved his debt—as it was, he was just in season to put on his name at the bottom of a dozen and a half preferred ones, to receive ten per cent. He went back to his unfinished breakfast with what appetite he might.

"Why did you neglect this so long, Mr. Bruce?" said his helpmeet and comforter.  
"I meant to have attended to it yesterday, my dear."  
"You meant! That is always your way Mr. Bruce. You carelessly neglect your business to the last moment, and then put yourself in a haste and a heat for nothing, my dear."  
"Really, Mrs. Bruce, did not allow him a chance for him to defend himself. On the vent in the most approved conjugal manner, to berate him for his carelessness and inattention."  
"Really, Mrs. Bruce—"

And it was really Mrs. Bruce, for few of the females, and none of the masculine gender, could have kept their heads so long. Certainly Easy Joe could not. The clatter of a cotton-mill would not have been a circumstance, to the din she raised—may we doubt whether a philippic against some of those said mills, from the lungs of Benton Towns, could have been heard above her voice. Easy Joe pulled a cigar-case out of his pocket—clapped his feet on the fender—and in a moment the smoke rendered his ears impervious to the bleat of that gentle lamb, his spouse, so placid was his countenance, as the vapor escaped in graceful volumes from his mouth. People overshoot the mark sometimes—Mrs. Bruce did. Had she spared her emotion, the morning's loss would have indicated her husband to have been punctual to his business for one day at least. As it was, he took a sort of pride in neglecting it under her lecture.

"Breeze away, Mr. Bruce."  
"Breeze away, sir! Breeze away! I wish I could impart one tittle of my energy to you, Mr. Bruce!"  
Bruce springing to his feet, and crash! came an elegant clock down upon the heads of the pair.  
"There, Mr. Bruce! That clock has stood there three months without fastening—a single screw would have saved it—but—"  
"You meant! Mr. Bruce, you meant what you said, the damage, nor Hawk & Harry's note!"  
Bruce seized his hat and cloak. In a few minutes he was on "Change. Nobody would read in his face any traces of the late matrimonial business, and nobody would have suspected from his countenance that Hawk & Harry failed in his debt, Easy Joe Bruce.

"Well, Mr. Bruce, they've routed him."  
"Who?"  
"Our friend Check Pingree was chosen President of the bank this morning. One vote would have stopped him."  
"How very lucky. I meant to have been present to vote for Check myself."  
"Never mind, Bruce," said another. "You are a lucky man. The news of the great fire at Speedville has just reached town by express, and I congratulate you that you were fully insured."  
"Not a penny!" said Bruce. "My policy expired last week, and I meant to have got it renewed this morning."  
Joe posted home in no very happy humor. When an easy man is fairly up, he is the most uneasy and unreasonable man in creation.

"Mrs. Bruce, by staying at home to hear you scold, I have lost thousands. I meant to have got insured this morning—I did not—Speedville is burned down, and I am a beggar."  
"Why did you not do it yesterday, Mr. Bruce?"  
"I was thinking of Hawk & Harry."  
"Thinking! Why did you not secure yourself?"  
"I meant to, but—"  
"But—use no buts!"  
"You are in excellent spirits, Mrs. Bruce."  
"Never in better."  
"Vastly fine, madam. We are beggars."  
Mrs. Bruce sat down, clapped her feet on the fender, after her husband's manner in the morning.  
"We are beggars, madam!" Bruce repeated.  
"Very good—I will take my guitar, and you shall shoulder the three children. We'll play under Mr. Hawk's window first, and then under Mr. Harry's, and then we will beg our way to Speedville, to the aid of the ashes of what was once your factory—just what you meant to have insured. I should like begging above all things."  
"You abominable woman! I shall go mad."  
"Don't! I beseech you, Mr. Bruce. They put mad beggars in Bedlam."  
Bruce sprang for the door. His wife intercepted him. "Here, Joseph, is a paper I meant to have shown this morning."  
"A policy! And dated yesterday?"  
"Yes you meant to get it renewed to-day—meant it should be done yesterday—so I told your clerk, from you, to do it. Am I not an abominable woman?"

"When I said so, I was in a pet. I meant—"

"Where was that Joseph. Now tell me who is first on Hawk and Harry's assignment."  
"Your brother."  
"His claim covers you both."  
"You are angel!"  
Easy Joe became an altered man, and his wife was released from her watch over his out-door business. She died some years before him—but we are half inclined to suspect, that after her death Joe was partially released into his old habits—so true it is, that habit is a second nature. Both were buried in the graveyard at Speedville, and our suspicions are founded on something like the following conversation—between the grave digger and his assistant:  
"Where are we to dig Mr. Bruce's grave?"  
"I don't know exactly. His will says, next to his wife."  
"Where was she laid?"  
"That I don't know. Easy Joe always said he meant to place an obolus over her, but it never was done."  
Reason.—A few days since a Grand Jury out South ignored a bill against a negro for stealing chickens, and before discharging him from custody, the Judge made him stand reprimanded; he concluded as follows: "You may go now John, but (shaking his finger at him) let me warn you to never appear here again." John—with, for beastly insolence, a new row of beautiful ivory, replied—"I wouldn't be in dis time Judge, only de constable P. club, who had surrounded the window for

## Pillar of Salt—Lot's Wife.

The following account of a Pillar of Salt in the Dead Sea, fancifully called Lot's Wife, is taken from a Narrative of the U. S. Expedition to the Dead Sea, by one of the party:  
In pulling round the shores of the Sea we saw a immense column, rounded and turret-shaped, facing towards the southeast. This, we were told by an Arab, was the Pillar of Salt in which Lot's wife was encased at the overthrow of Sodom. With some difficulty we landed here, and our entrance commander and Dr. Anderson obtained specimens from it, and Mr. Lake took a sketch of it. Our boat's crew landed also, and their curiosity was gratified by their gathering specimens, some from its summit and others from its base. It was measured, and found to be sixty feet in height, and forty feet in circumference. We can assure you that Lot's wife was a person so large that her dimensions equaled those of this column. Many think that the statue of Lot's wife was equal to the pillar of salt which the Bible speaks of. Let that pillar be where it may, and whatever be its size, it will not probably credit that this is the pillar. These preconceived notions having much to do with the matter, they would have been ready to believe that she was once transformed into a column of very fine grained beautifully white salt, about five feet or a few inches more in height, and in circumference that of a common-sized person of the nineteenth century. Be that as it may, no two minds have perhaps, formed exactly the same opinion on the matter who have not visited this spot. But we are, around this immense column, and we find it is really of solid rock salt, one mass of crystallization. It is in the vicinity which is pointed out in the Bible in relation to the matter in question to be the only one of the kind here. And the Arab of the district to whom this pillar is pointed out, deprecates it to be that of Lot's wife, the identical tradition having been handed down from each succeeding generation, as the Americans will hand down to succeeding generations the tradition of Bunker's Hill Monument in Boston. My own opinion of the matter is, that Lot's wife having lingered behind in disobedience to the express command of God—given in order to occur her safety—regularly became enveloped in the descending fire, and formed the model or foundation of this extraordinary column. If it has been produced by common, by natural causes, it is but right to suppose that others might be found of a similar description. One is secretly averse to abandon the idea that it stands here as a lasting memorial of God's punishment a most deliberate act of disobedience committed at a time when he was about to show disfavor and regard for the very person. We carefully brought away our specimens, intending to show them to our friends in America, when we shall have the good fortune to arrive there and talk with them upon the subject. This end of the sea is very shallow, and its waters more dense, more salt than when they are of greater depth. Here it is one to five feet in depth. We now leave this "Pillar of Salt" and return to our boat's rigging laden with specimens from it. We cross the sea, and obtain soundings on our way. We had nearly reached us. We had braved all the dangers of the Jordan, in the stream and now we are to cross the Jordan, the dangers to which man is subject visits us. The fearful scorching *sirocco* rages around, threatening us with suffocation and blindness, and causing almost insupportable thirst. The fiery atmosphere seems as though it would do us to the very fate of the unfortunate citizens who now lie engulfed here and on our boat. My companions all stopped at the water, but we, four of us, were very precious. At the base of a huge cliff I looked up and saw about one hundred and fifty feet above me, and almost over my head, a mass of solid, shining gold, large as a bunch of scrawed hay! It seemed to be suspended by a single root, or vine. I had nothing with me but my gun; it was loaded with a ball, and my first thought was to fire and cut off the side of my approach; it was very precious. Here the reader was interrupted by a follow-up with a largely developed organ of creativity, his eyes transfixed with wonder, and tobacco juice running down each corner of his mouth, who breaks out with, "By thunder! I'd a fired!"

DOGMA.—Maintain a constant watch at all times against a dogmatic spirit; fix not your assent to any proposition to a firm and unalterable manner till you have some firm and unalterable ground for it, and till you have arrived at some clear and distinctness: till you have turned the proposition on all sides, and searched the matter through and through, so that you cannot be mistaken. And even where you think you have full grounds for assurance, be not too early, not too frequent in expressing this assurance in too premature and positive manner, remembering that heaven and earth always tend to mistake in this course, and so do we.

Miss Bremer tells us that the life of a new bachelor is a splendid breakfast, a tolerably dinner, and a most miserable supper.

The Best Yet.  
The Knickerbocker tells of a place down east where the gold fever rages with remarkable fury, which is not a little increased by the practical jokes of a young lawyer who pretends to receive many letters from the gold regions, which he reads to those gazing bumpkins who assemble at his office in order to have their credulity stretched. The following is his latest production:  
"We arrived at San Francisco three weeks ago yesterday, and after stopping there four days to recruit and make preparations we set out for the gold country. The country on the banks of the Sacramento is exceedingly fine, and the soil the most fertile. We passed several fields which had just been reaped, and were very rich in wheat, and in the midst of the reaping, we saw a few hundred bushels to the acre. There is, however, one drawback; this neighborhood is much infested with noxious serpents, and more than as likely as not, in picking up a bundle of wheat, you will take a huge rattlesnake in your arms! We passed along the river without making much stop, and soon came to the gold region. We found the gold in small grains or particles. My companions all stopped at the water, but we, four of us, were very precious. At the base of a huge cliff I looked up and saw about one hundred and fifty feet above me, and almost over my head, a mass of solid, shining gold, large as a bunch of scrawed hay! It seemed to be suspended by a single root, or vine. I had nothing with me but my gun; it was loaded with a ball, and my first thought was to fire and cut off the side of my approach; it was very precious. Here the reader was interrupted by a follow-up with a largely developed organ of creativity, his eyes transfixed with wonder, and tobacco juice running down each corner of his mouth, who breaks out with, "By thunder! I'd a fired!"

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