

# 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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## THE REGISTER.

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For the Susquehanna Register.

### Morning.

BY LYDIA J. GILES.

The morn is here with all her charms,  
Calling in gentle tones, arise!  
Nor longer rest in Morpheus' arms;  
Come view the gorgeous tinted skies.

Haste thee, to breathe the balmy air,  
Which bears such freshness on its wings;  
'Twill life, and health, and peace inspire,  
To smell the sweet perfume it brings.

A watchful hand the orient gates  
Unfolds for Phœbus, king of day,  
Who in his vest chariot waits,  
To traverse his accustomed way.

And now, as he the race begins,  
He stoops to lift the misty veil  
From Nature's form, and smiling, flings  
A shower of light o'er hill and dale.

But look! what gifts are scattered here!  
Gems, which the sable night hath left  
On every blade of grass appear,  
And glitter from each mossy tuft.

Not ocean pearl, nor diamonds rare,  
Meet for a place on kingly brow,  
Can with these crystal drops compare,  
Which gild earth's morning nature o'er.

The flowers, which through the dusky night  
From chilling damps have veiled their eyes,  
Now lift their heads to greet the light,  
And waft sweet incense to the skies.

And list! what joyous melody  
Floats out on every breeze of air;  
What wild, harmonious minstrelsy  
The willing ear of man may share.

The feathered warblers—Nature's choir,  
From every bush, from every grove,  
With voices far more sweet than lyre,  
Pour forth their songs of joy and love.

Then haste, to breathe the balmy air,  
Inhale the freshness which it brings,  
Those matchless tones of music hear,  
Borne on its incense laden wings.

Mesheppen Hills, June, 1850.

For the Susquehanna Register.

To the Rev. H. Humphrey, on the death of his wife,  
Jane C. Milen Humphrey.

The conflict is ended—the soul freed from clay,  
And Jane is at rest where wild storms never  
rise;

Though thy future is darkened, thy hopes swept  
away,  
Canst thou wish her again from her home in the  
skies!

Melancholy on the wings of the summer-wind borne,  
A voice from that newly-made grave, answers  
"No."

"When I think of my own loss, I cannot but  
mourn;  
But the thought of her gain, bids my tears  
cease to flow."

Aye, to know was to love her; yet like some sweet  
flower,  
That bloomed fairest in shadows, she shrunk  
from the view

Of the multitude—few felt the soul-winning power  
Of her charms; or the wealth of her mind  
ever knew.

See has gone! but her image will ever remain,  
Brightly traced in the scenes of the golden-hued  
past:

"I'll be sweet—though the pleasure is mingled  
with pain—  
Breath of her still, as I looked on her last—  
The depth of thy sorrow those only can know  
who have felt the same pang—the soul's  
thrill—  
As the shaft from Death's quiver, has laid these  
hopes low."

Thy home, once so happy, seems dreary and lone  
The spirit of gladness hath vanished away—  
The star that illumed it has left its bright throne—  
But in heaven it shines, with a holier ray.

Do spirits departed, e'er visit again  
The scenes they have left, some sweet message  
to bring

To loved ones that still on earth tarry! O then  
Oft will Jane, o'er thy couch, wave her radiant  
wing.

Yes! again in sweet converse, your voices may  
blend—  
An angel of hope she may prove to thy soul—  
A soother of grief, till life's troubles shall end—  
Thy joy, as the years of eternity roll.  
Brooklyn, July, 1850.

## Getting into the Wrong House.

BY FRANK DOANE.

"For me I adore  
Some twenty or more,  
And love them most dearly."

Such was the light air hummed by a young man one evening in the month of September between the hours of 7 and 8, as he turned into a court leading out of Washington street where was his boarding-house.

The character of the air suited well the appearance of the aforesaid young blade, for, as he turned into the court, the light of the lamp illuminated him; he was tall and somewhat slender, but finely formed; his pale, and handsome features, large bright eyes, with very large circles around them, told of late hours and excitement.

His exterior frock coat, buttoned at the top by a single button, pants of a snuff-colored hue, white vest, and chain fastened at its lower hole, attached to the dunes knows what in his vest pocket—boots, hats and dicker of the latest fashion, and switch cane, completed the *tout ensemble* of our hero.

As we said before, he was humming a tune as he went into the court. Passing up he ceased and his thoughts, if they had been uttered, would have been something like this:

"Some forty or fifty more, I should have said, Byron was a hard one; one of the boys, decidedly; hang it if he wasn't the very personification of his Don Juan—he went on the principle of 'go it while you're young,' and he did it with a vengeance."

During these cogitations he reached, as he supposed, his boarding-house. Ascending the steps, he sent his hands on an exploring expedition in his pockets, and extricating an instrument resembling a portable poker, with a joined handle. Inserting this instrument into a round hole in the door, he effected an entrance.

On entering, he was somewhat surprised at the disappearance of the hat-tree and table in its place.

"Where the deuce is that hat-tree gone, to now, I should like to know," he mentally exclaimed, throwing down his hat. "How awful quiet it is just now!" he continued, proceeding to the sitting room. Finding it in total darkness, he was still more surprised.

"June is every body dead, I wonder—I'll have some light on the subject anyhow," and with that determination he crossed the room to a new mantel-piece, to search for a match. He placed his hand on something that made him utter an exclamation of surprise.

"By everything that's blue, it's a lady's shoe! extraordinary events must have transpired during my absence—a sofa here," striking against one placed under the mantel-piece. "They have been pilfering the personal estate around at a terrible rate. Ah! a lady's shoe! O! mein Gott! 'tis the Dutchman said."

"Charles, is that you?" whispered a soft voice at that moment, and a warm hand clasped his own.

"Whew! what the deuce is to pay now?" he almost ejaculated in surprise; but recovering himself, he answered in a whisper, "yes, dearest, it is I—over the left," he said to himself.

"I see how it is; I am in the wrong house and this damsel thinks I'm Charles; no matter, I'm in for it now, and might as well put it through."

So thinking, he seated himself by her side on the sofa, with one hand clasped in hers, and the other rested her waist.

"Charles," said she, "what made you so late! I have been waiting for you this half-hour."

"The deuce you have," thought he. "Indeed, I am very sorry, but positively I could not come any sooner," he said.

"The deuce you have all gone away this evening," she said, "and I shall make the most of our time, by kissing your hand."

"We will," was the reply, as he kissed her, and imprinted several kisses on her cheek.

"I wonder who I am kissing in the dark," thought he during the operation.

"Why, Charles, I should think you would be ashamed of yourself; you never did so before."

"Charles must be a very bashful youth," thought our hero.

"Charles, you mustn't do so," she exclaimed; "what do you mean?"

"I am making the most of my time," was his innocent reply.

"You remember the last time I saw you, you said you would tell me to-night when we should get married," said she.

A whistle nearly escaped the lips of our hero; "I should say immediately," he thought, "but she might mistrust, and that would be no go."

"The time, dearest," he answered, "will be when it will be most convenient for you."

"O! how glad I am!"

"What a pickle I should be in if the folks should pop in all of a sudden," he thought at that moment; and as the thought passed his mind, a latch-key was heard tumbling at the door.

At this ominous sound, his companion sprang to her feet, greatly frightened.

"O dear!" was her exclamation, "what shall I do! Here comes the folks."

"What shall I do?" was the question of our hero, as he looked to his feet.

"O dear! O dear!" she bitterly exclaimed, "where shall I hide you? There's no

closet, and you cannot get out of the room before the folks will see you! O mercy! I shall lose my place! There, the door is opening—quick—quick—hide under the sofa, it is a high one."

He didn't stop to think of a better place, but popped down on the floor, and commenced crawling underneath. His progress was greatly accelerated by her feet, which she applied quite heavily to his side.

"Thunder! what a plantation she's got," said Gus, as it came in contact with his ribs. He found the space under the sofa quite narrow, so much so that he was obliged to lay flat on his face.

"Whew! they keep a cat in this house." "Hist! there they come—two—three—three daughters, the old man and woman, and two gents, friends of the ladies I suppose. Here they are down on the sofa; how I should like to grasp one of those delicate little feet. Gads! she would think the devil had her. I wonder how long I have got to stay here! I hope the conversation will be edifying."

In this manner his thoughts run for the space of an hour. By that time he found his situation anything but pleasant, not being able to move an inch. There were no signs of their departure, judging from their conversation, which was lively at first; and not knowing how long he should have to stay in such quarters, caused him to anatomize them most severely; and he got wore to such a pitch that he let an oath accidentally slip through his lips.

"Hark! what's that?" exclaimed one, but the others heard nothing.

"Jesu Maria! thought Gus, "what a narrow escape. If any of the others had heard it, I should have been discovered, then a pretty plight I would have been in. I should have been taken for a burglar."

While thus congratulating himself on his escape, a shawl belonging to one of the ladies which hung over the back of the sofa, slipped behind him. It was soon missed, and a search was commenced.

"It must have fallen behind the sofa," surmised the owner.

"I'll ascertain," said one of the young men rising from the sofa. Seizing one end, he whirled it nearly into the middle of the room.

Gads, what a scream! The young ladies nearly fainted away at the sight of Gus on his face.

"Burglar! thief! robber!" cried the heads of the house, retreating towards the door.

"Complimentary," said Gus, looking up. The two young men seized and raised him to his feet.

"Give an account of yourself; how came you here?" said one of them.

"Theives! robbers! watch!" screamed the ladies.

"Step your noise!" shouted the old gentleman, as Gus commenced an apology.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Gus, "you have found me concealed under the sofa in a burglarous manner, but 'pon my soul, 'twas for a very different purpose."

He then went on and gave a lucid explanation, and in such a manner that it set the old man in a roar of laughter.

The girl was then called to be questioned about the matter.

"I shall see now at any rate, who I have been skylarking with," thought Gus, as her steps were heard on the stairs. A moment more, and the daughter of Ham, black as the ace of spades, strode into the room.

Such an apparition of darkness struck our hero dumb. For a moment he was a model of amazement; but a roar of laughter from all in the room restored his shattered senses, and he then became fully aware of his ridiculous position.

"Where's my hat?" he faintly articulated and he rushed from the room.

Until sleep closed his eyes did that roar of laughter ring in his ears, and when sound asleep, a vision of a "niggress" flitted before him.

## A Scene in Court.

"I call upon you," said the counsel, "to state distinctly upon what authority you are prepared to swear to the mare's age."

"Upon what authority?" said the ostler, interrogatively.

"You are to reply, and not to repeat the question put to you."

"I don't consider a man's bound to answer a question afore he's had time to turn it in his mind."

"Nothing can be more simple sir, than the question put. I can repeat it. Upon what authority do you swear to the mare's age?"

"The best authority," responded the witness gruffly.

"Then why such evasion? Why do you not state it at once?"

"Well, then, if you must have it."

"Must I must and will have it," vociferated the excited counsellor, interrupting the witness.

The following lines upon the death of President Harrison, strike us as eminently applicable to General Taylor:

Lay his sword on his breast! There's no spot on its blade  
In whose creaking breath his bright laurels will fade!

'Twas the first to lead on at humanity's call—  
It was staked with sweet mercy when "glory" was all!

As calm in the council as gallant in war,  
He fought for his country, and not his "honor"!  
In the path of the hero with pity he trod—  
Let him pass—with his sword—to the presence of God!

Follow now, as you list! The first mourner to-day  
In the nation—whose father is taken away!  
Wife, children and neighbor may mourn at his funeral!

He was "lover and friend" to his country as well!  
For the stars on our banner, grown suddenly dim,  
Let us weep, in our darkness—but weep not for him!

Not for him—who, departing, leaves millions in tears!  
Not for him—who has died full of honors and years!  
Not for him—who ascended Gads' ladder so high  
From the round at the top he has stepped to the sky!

It is blessed to go when so ready to die.

## Answering our own Prayers.

In the vicinity of B—, lived a poor but industrious man depending for support upon his daily labor. His wife fell sick and not being able to hire a nurse, he was obliged to confine himself to the sick bed and the family.

His means of support being thus cut off, he soon found himself in need. Having a wealthy neighbor near, he determined to ask him for two bushels of wheat, with a promise to pay as soon as his wife became so much better that he could leave her and return to his work. Accordingly he took his bag, went to his neighbor's, and arrived while the family were at morning prayers. As he sat at the doorstone he heard the man pray very earnestly that God would clothe the naked, feed the hungry, relieve the distressed, and all that mourn.

The prayer concluded, the poor man stepped in and made known his business, promising to pay with the avails of his first labor. The farmer was very sorry he could not accommodate him, but he had promised to loan a large sum of money and depended upon the wheat to make it out; but he presumed neighbor—would let him have it.

With tearful eye and a sad heart, the poor man turned away. As soon as he had left the house the farmer's little son stepped up and said, "Father, did you not pray that God would clothe the naked, feed the hungry, relieve the distressed, and comfort the mourners?"

"Yes, why?"

"Because, father, if I had your wheat, I would answer that prayer." It is needless to add, that the Christian father called back his suffering neighbor and gave him as much as he needed.

Now Christian reader, do you thus answer your own prayers?

My brother when you fear your parish will be destitute of a pastor, for lack of competent support, do you pray God that the Church may not be left as a flock without a shepherd; and then rising from your knees, use every means, both through your purse and through your influence, to answer that prayer!

My sister when you hear or see the wretchedness to which sin, in one form or another, has reduced multitudes of your own race, from the fullness of your own heart, pray to a merciful God to pity and relieve them; to it that your prayers go no unanswered!

## He had his Hat.

The following squib was written by one of the public schools of Philadelphia: I am not aware of its author, but it appeared in print, and it's too good to be lost.

It seems that a few hours' exertion of mischief had greatly enlarged the "treachery" in the upper stories of the young "ideas," and they took and aimed the balustrades from top to bottom with mud, and when the master came in he very naturally laid his hand on it when he mounted the stairs. He was soon aware of his sad mishap, but said nothing about it until the scholars had all been called in and had taken their seats, when he acquainted them with the fact, and said, he would give any one five dollars who would inform him who had had a hand in it.

At this moment up jumped a little red-headed urchin who said, "Thir, you thay you'll give any one five dollar who'll tell who had a hand in it?"

"Yes."

"Now, thir you'll not whip me, will you?"

"No."

"Well, thir, y— Now you wont whip?"

"You young scamp, I'll lick you if you don't tell pretty soon."

"Thir, y— Oh, I don't like to."

"Go on, or I'll kick you alive!"

"Well, thir, you had a hand in it!"

## The Mistake of a Night.

Queer things occur "amid the blaze of the moon," but queerer still take place among the still hours of night. The following, for instance, is one of the queerest in the category, and as Watts says,

"The deeds of darkness we have done,  
Must all appear before the sun."

It may not be quite improper to make it public, positive that the parties therein concerned will not object thereto, as their identity must remain a mystery to the inquisitive.

It was upon a public occasion, when all the hotels in—call the place what you will—were filled from top to bottom. Landlords economized room and space with amazing cunning, packing as many as three fat men in one bed on a dog day night too; or stretching their guests, head and points upon the floor in such capacious confusion as to make to a particular body a matter of serious doubt Boniface could not put out a single individual but he could put him away somehow or other.

One of these good-natured hosts, however, was sadly perplexed where to lodge a particular friend. He could not, consistently with correct notions of amity, run a pole out of the window and request his friend to roost for the night, as a Kentucky landlord is reported to have done when pressed for room; and it was only after a good deal of calculation that a bright and generous idea came to his and his friends relief.

"My old woman is gone to see her folks, said he, and won't come home till to-morrow, now you take my bed, for I shan't have occasion for it, so long I must attend the folks and keep them 'ar chaps scattered on the dinner hall floor from fighting."

Accordingly the guest took possession of Boniface's bed—sunk up to his nose amongst the feathers, and soon went to the land of Nod, thinking his stars for having escaped from the confusion below. Had he known what some poet had written, with a chuckle, smothered in his two pair of pillows he might have exclaimed,

"In this tumultuous sphere, for thee unfit,  
How seldom art thou found Tranquillity!

He slept and snored, but it was for a little while only. An intruder appeared and the awoke with the inquiry,

"It's my old man—go to sleep again, was the reply given in female accents, but don't take up all the bed."

"It ain't your old man," said the stranger, whose nose, by the way, singularly resembled that of Boniface, whose wife the reader has already guessed to be the new comer. Being very bashful, the poor fellow drew the clothes over his head, and in smothered tones besought the landlady to clear right square out.

Just as I expected, exclaimed the old woman, drunk again when the house is full of folks what can steal, rob, and murder the hull on us, and she proceeded to the bed side, and groping in the dark, contrived to uncover the unfortunate man's head, and then he had to take it in every sense of the word.

Being a bachelor he had merely heard of matrimonial combing down of the locks, but his experience of the operation so far outstripped his conceits that he bellowed murder.

My sister when you hear or see the wretchedness to which sin, in one form or another, has reduced multitudes of your own race, from the fullness of your own heart, pray to a merciful God to pity and relieve them; to it that your prayers go no unanswered!

consistency in the milk way, and pepper with a shower of turning tops, comets, and heroon-roots from the crust of eternity. The onion of the soul! pickled pumpkin preserved crab of the garden of Prosperity. Thy glance is: as melting: as old butter summer time—thou art a drop of water for the cup of the gods; or the juice of a root pine apple.

## About the Census Again.

The Belvidere intelligence says: To save time to the farmer and to facilitate the labors of the officer, we would recommend the statements of the following matters be written down and left at home in order that business may not be retarded by the absence of the man of the house when the official calls. The question on the other sheets may be answered by any adult of the farm without difficulty.

1. Number of acres of improved land up to this farm.

2. Acres of unimproved land.

3. Cash value of farm.

4. Cash value of farming implements and machinery.

5-6. Number of Horses, Milch Cows, Oxen, and other cattle over one year old.

7. Number of Sheep over one year old. Number of Swine.

8. Cash value of stock.

9. Bushels of Wheat, Rye, Corn, Oat, Buckwheat, Potatoes, Cloverseed, Flaxseed raised during the year ending June 1.

10. Number of Tons of Hay raised during the same period.

11. Pounds of Butter, Wool, Flax, Beeswax, raised during the same period.

12. Value of animals slaughtered during the same period.

13. The value of Home manufactures during the same period.

## Hints to Young Men.

Destitute old men generally become so by youthful neglect or extravagance. A healthy and industrious young man can save at least fifty dollars per annum, which by the time he is too old to labor, would enable him to spend the evening of life in a tranquil home of his own, surrounded by those comforts and even luxuries, so grateful to declining age. But youth intent on present pleasures, seldom think of age; but spend present earnings in fine clothes, fast rides, late suppers, balls, etc., and thus often leave old age deprived even of life's necessities. Too many of them strut pompously about our streets fashionably attired, yet in debt even for boots and clothes; while others waste inherited fortunes in luxurious and even vicious indulgences, overtaken by poverty, they become dejected, think themselves fortunate to get work, live along from hand to mouth, and finally, disabled, are thrown upon the charities of a heartless world. Young men, so live that in advanced age you can not possess a competence and look back upon life well spent.

Violence of Party Spirit.—It is gratifying to observe, says the Albany Register, the uniform tone of kindness and respect, which the character of the late President spoken of by journals that were political opposers to him. The Washington Republic copying this expression says that in view of the license of intemperance which the opposition took in speaking of the late President, the contrast, presenting a change of regret over his death, is such an impressive illustration of their expressions.

It is a pity that my pen were dipped in the dyes of the rainbow, plucked from the wings of an infant's wit! then I might expect to let the burning brightness of that flame which thy thrilling love has enkindled. The sun-beam of sentiment! soft moonlight of modesty! thy voice is as gentle as the first stirring of an infant's dream—thy step light as the silken footed zephyr which fanned the wing of perfume the new-born paradise—thine eyes are two brilliant, stolen from a cherishing crown—thy lips are riven rose-buds, mistletoed by the honey-dew of affection—thy words are like drops of amber—thy teeth are stars set in a bed of verbona. Sweet spirit of the phor, double distilled essence of home-sown—great of my hopes—sauce of my dream—butter-milk castles of my fancy—innocence, logwood of perfection—let the julep of my dreams—wake my waking visions, and cherish my recollection. Thou art as handsome as an elephant—meek as a hyena, spotted as the struggling, smothered, as the mortal cracks of an ungreased streak of blue.

A SUGGESTION.—At a meeting of the Sons of Temperance, in Canada, a few days since, a young man, in addressing the ladies, said: Let me urge you ladies, one and all, not to countenance any young man who will not become a teetotaler. I would also beg of you to advise the young men to become Sons, and if you cannot accomplish this, make fathers of them!

A True Lawyer.—Alexander Hamilton was once applied to as counsel by a man having the guardianship of several orphans, who would on coming of age, succeed him to a valuable estate of which there was a defect in the title deeds, known to a certain Indian, who wanted to get rid of himself. Hamilton's less executor's statement, settle with these unhappy to the last cent, or I'll follow, and the man ornament to the bar, and in.

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