THE SUSQUEHANNA REGISTER.

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

VOLUME 26---NUMBER 49. MONTROSE, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, DEC. 4, 1851. WHOLE NUMBER, 1401.

"Poet's Corner."

For the Susquehanna Register.

The Editor's Walk.

The editor sat in his room,
An article cooking with art;
All round him was still as the tomb,
And cold as the editor's heart.
His devil for copy had asked
In a manner more urgent than civil—
As the devil returned not to him,
He knew he must go to the devil.
Then directly his napless head
He hid in his napless hat;
"Should a paddy this way drive his cab,"
He said, "I should hail him as *pat*."
For the rain it came down on the run,
On the panes, as he saw with much pain;
Like a dun that will never have done,
The east wind kept calling again.
And the night was as black as pitch,
And the mud was about as deep;
All along the flooded streets,
As a well-fed alderman's sleep.
While he buttoned his threadbare coat,
He was still debating whether
To attempt to weather the storm,
Or storm about the weather.
But he opened the door at last,
When the wind, the mischievous elf,
At once put his candle out—
Then the editor "put out" himself!
Scarce three steps he took in the mud,
Low bowing to stem the blast,
When perforce stock still he stood,
For though *slow* he found he was *fast*.
Then a desperate effort he made
His foot to draw out from the hole,
And when at last he got loose,
Alas! he had lost his *sole*.
Then he flourished his cane like Cain,
And he said, (I'm afraid he swore,)
"I have met with a loss again—
I was ne'er so behind before."
Still the rain kept falling faster,
And the wind kept rising higher—
And he felt, as he limped along,
That he never was wetter or drier.
Worse times he felt in the mud,
As any flounder flat;
But his cup seemed full to the brim
When he lost his brimless hat.
Could you the editor see
As 'mildered he stands in the dark,
What a very dark sight 'would be—
But he talks to himself now, hark!
"Where am I, and what," I would ask,
But e'en echo won't answer to-night;
Perhaps I have frightened her off,
For I can't be much else than a *fright*;
Tho' my head it is plainly *bare*,
And my feet are as plainly *fowl*—
But I ask not for the wisdom,
But only the eyes of the owl.
Do the city talkers dream,
As they snore in bed to-night,
That many a heart is heavy
Because it is not light.
Did they leave the lamps unlighted,
Along each city track,
Because they found some moonshine
Set down in the almanac?"
His mind having freed something further,
He renewed his evening walk;
But little he dreamed, poor mortal,
He approached the end of a dock.
"Oh, were I fish," he said,
Or mermaid—ocean's daughter"—
A step—and he found himself
A floundering in the water.
Some say that there he was drowned,
Some say he was born to be hung,
But whether he went to the devil,
Has never been said or sung.

Hermose, 1851. H. H. F.

Selected Miscellany.

From Chamber's Journal.

The Widow of Cologne.

In the year 1641 there lived in a narrow, obscure street in Cologne, a poor woman named Marie Marianni. With an old female servant for sole companion, she inhabited a small, tumble-down, two story house, which had but two windows in front. Nothing could be more miserable than the furniture of this dark dwelling. Two worm eaten, four-posted bedsteads, a large deal press, two rickety tables, three or four old wooden chairs, and a few rusty kitchen utensils, formed the whole of its domestic inventory.

Marie Marianna, despite the wrinkles which nearly seventy years had left on her face, still preserved the trace of former beauty; there was a grace in her appearance, and a dignity in her manner, which prepossessed strangers in her favor whenever they happened to meet her; for this was rarely. Living in the strictest retirement, and avoiding as much as possible all intercourse with her neighbors, she seldom went out, except for the purpose of buying provisions. Her income consisted of a small pension, which she received every six months. In the street where she lived, she was known by the name of "The Old Nun," and was regarded with considerable respect.

Marie Marianni usually lived in the front on the ground floor, where she spent her time in needle-work; and her old servant, Bridget, occupied the upper room, which served as a kitchen, and renewed herself in spinning.

Thus lived these two old women in a state of complete isolation. In the winter however, in order to avoid the expense of keeping up two fires, Marie Marianni used to call down her domestic, and cause her to place her wheel in the chimney corner, while she herself occupied a large easy-chair at the opposite side. They would sometimes sit thus sewing or spinning, without exchanging a single word.

One night, however, the mistress happened to be in a more communicative temper than usual, and addressing her servant, she said, "Well, Bridget, have you not heard from your son?"

"No Madame, although the Frankfort post has come in."

"You see, Bridget, it is folly to reckon on the affection of one's children; you are not the only mother who has to complain of their ingratitude."

"But, madame, my Joseph is not ungrateful; he loves me, and if he has not written now, I am certain that it is because he has nothing to say. One must not be too hard upon young people."

"Not too hard, certainly; but we have a right to their submission and respect."

"For my part, dear lady, I am satisfied with possessing, as I do, my son's affection."

"I congratulate you, Bridget," said her mistress with a deep sigh. "Alas! I am also a mother, and I ought to be a happy one; three sons, possessing rank, fortune, glory; yet here I am, forgotten by them, in poverty, and considered importunate if I appeal to them for help. You are happy, Bridget, in having an obedient son—mine are hard and thankless!"

"Poor, dear lady, my Joseph loves me so fondly!"

"You cut me to the heart, Bridget; you little know what I have suffered. An unhappy mother, I have also been a wretched wife. After having lived unhappily together during several years, my husband died, the victim of an assassin. And whom, think you, did they accuse of instigating the murder? Me! In the presence of my children—ay, at the instance of my eldest son—I was prosecuted for this crime!"

"But, doubtless, madame, you were acquitted?"

"Yes, and had I been a poor woman without power, rank or influence, my innocence would have been publicly declared. But having all these advantages, it suited my enemies purpose to deprive me of them, so they banished me, and left me in the state which I am now in!"

"Dear mistress!" said the old woman.

Marie Marianni hid her face in her handkerchief, and spoke no more during the remainder of the evening.

As the servant continued silently to turn her wheel, she revolved in her mind, several circumstances connected with the "Old Nun." She had often surprised her reading parchments covered with scales of red wax, which on Bridget's entrance, her mistress always hurriedly replaced in a small iron box.

One night Marie Marianni, while suffering from an attack of fever, cried out, in a tone of unutterable horror, "No, I will not see him! Take away your red robe—that man of blood and murder!"

These things troubled the simple mind of poor Bridget, yet she dared not speak of them to her usually haughty and reserved mistress.

On the next evening, as they were sitting silently at their work, a knock was heard at the door.

"Who can it be at this hour?" said Marianni.

"I cannot think," replied her servant, "it is now nine o'clock."

"Another knock! Go Bridget, and see who it is, but open the door with precaution."

The servant took their solitary lamp in her hand, and went to the door. She presently returned, ushering into the room Father Francis, a priest who lived in the city. He was a man about fifty years old, whose hollow cheeks, sharp features, and piercing eyes, wore a sinister and far from hallowed expression.

"To what father, am I indebted for this late visit?" asked the old lady.

"To important tidings," replied the priest, "which I am come to communicate."

"Leave us, Bridget," said her mistress.

The servant took an old iron lamp, and went to her fireless chamber.

"What have you to tell me?" asked Marie Marianni of her visitor.

"I have news from France."

"Good news?"

"Some of which may prove eventually so."

"The stars, then, have not deceived me?"

"What, madame!" said the priest, in a reproving tone, "do you attach any credit to this lying astrology? Believe me, it is a temptation of Satan which you ought to resist. Have you not enough real misfortune without subjecting yourself to imaginary terrors?"

"It is a weakness, father, it is one I share in common with many great minds. Who can doubt the influence which the celestial bodies have on things terrestrial."

"All vanity and error, daughter. How can an enlightened mind like yours persuade itself that events happen by aught save the will of God!"

"I will not now argue the point, father; but tell me rather what is the news you have of France?"

"The nobles' discontent at the prime minister has reached its height. Henri d'Effiat, the grand equerry of France, and the kings favorite, has joined them, and drawn into the plot the Duke de Bouillon, and Monsieur his majesty's brother. A treaty, which is upon the point of being secretly concluded with the king of Spain, has for its object, peace, on condition of the cardinal's removal."

"Thank God!"

"However, madame, let us not be too confident; continue to act with prudence, and assume the appearance of perfect resignation. Frequent the church in which I minister, place yourself near the lower corner of the right hand isle, and I will forewarn you of my next visit."

"I will do so, father."

Resuming his large cloak, the priest departed, Bridget being summoned by her mistress to open the door.

From that time, during several months, the old lady repaired regularly each day to the church—she often saw Father Francis, but he never spoke, or gave her the desired signal. The unaccustomed daily exercise of walking to and from church, together with the sickness of hope deferred, began to tell unfavorably on her health; she became subject to attacks of intermitting fever, and her large, and bright eyes seemed each day to grow larger and brighter. One morning, in passing down the isle, Father Francis for a moment bent his head towards her, and whispered, "All is lost!"

With a powerful effort, Marie Marianni subdued all outward signs of the terrible emotion which these words caused her, and returned to her cheerless dwelling.—In the evening Father Francis came to her. When they were alone, she asked him, "Father, what has happened?"

"Monsieur de Cinq Mars is arrested!"

"And the Duke de Bouillion?"

"Fled!"

"The treaty with the king of Spain?"

"At the moment it was signed at Madrid the cunning cardinal received a copy of it."

"By a secret agent, who had wormed himself into it."

"My enemies, then, still triumph!"

"Richelieu is more powerful, and the king more subject to him than ever."

The same night the poor old woman was seized with a burning fever. In her delirium, the phantom man in red still pursued her, and her ravings were terrible to hear. Bridget, seated at her bed side, prayed for her; and at the end of a month she began slowly to recover. Borne down, however, by years, poverty and misfortune, Marie Marianni felt that her end was approaching. Despite Father Francis' dissuasion, she again had recourse to the astrological tablets, on which were drawn, in black and red figures, the various houses of the sun, and of the star which presided over her nativity. On this occasion their omens were unfavorable; and rejecting all spiritual consolation—miserable in the present, and hopeless for the future—Marie Marianni expired in the beginning of July 1642.

As soon as her death was known, a magistrate of Cologne came to her house, in order to make an official entry of the names of the defunct, and her heirs.—Bridget could not tell either, she merely knew that her late mistress was a stranger.

Father Francis arrived. "I can tell you the names of her heirs," he said, "Write—the king of France; Monsieur the Duke of Orleans; Henrieta of France, queen of England."

"And what," asked the astonishsd magistrate, "was the name of the deceased?"

"The High and Mighty Princess Marie de Medicis, widow of Henry the IV, and mother of the reigning king!"

The Death of Josephine.

Darkness and clouds surrounded the pathway of Napoleon. In vain he struggled to retrieve his fortune. The last engagement at Leipsic decided his fortunes for the time and consigned him to Elba.

Napoleon was an exile, but in his retirement he did not forget the only being he ever really loved, his Josephine. He immediately addressed a letter to her breathing the same spirit towards her that he had always manifested, rather congratulating himself that his head and spirit were freed from the enormous weight of care, and intimating that hereafter his pen should be a substitute for the sword.

"The world," said he, "has as yet, only seen me in profile. I shall now show myself in full. How many things have I to disclose! how many are the men upon whom a false estimate has been placed!—I heaped benefits upon millions of wretches! What have they done in the end for me? They have all betrayed me—yes all. I except from this number the good Eugene and yourself. Adieu! my dear Josephine. Be resigned, as I am, and never forget him who never forgot, and never will forget you. Farewell, Josephine.

NAPOLEON."

Upon reading these tidings so terrible, Josephine was overwhelmed with grief, and immediately answered his letter, breathing the same spirit of devotion to him, who was once her husband, that had always characterized her noble heart, and entreating him to say but the word, and she would fly to him. The remaining circumstances connected with her illness and death we give in the language of Mr. Abbott.

A few days after this letter was written, the Emperor Alexander, with a number of illustrious guests dined with Josephine at Malmaison. In the evening twilight, the party went out upon the lawn in front of the house for recreation. Josephine, whose health had become exceedingly precarious, through care and sorrow, being regardless of herself in devotion to her friends took a violent cold. The next day she was worse. Without any very definite form of disease, she day after day grew more faint and feeble, until it was evident that her final change was near at hand. Eugene and Hortense, her most affectionate children, were with her by day and by night. They communicated to her the judgment of her physician that death was near. She heard the tidings with perfect composure, and called for a clergyman to administer to her the last rites of religion.

Just after this solemnity the Emperor Alexander entered the room. Eugene and Hortense, bathed in tears, were kneeling at their mother's side. Josephine beckoned to the Emperor to approach her, and said to him and her children, "I have always desired the happiness of France. I did all in my power to contribute to it; and I can say with truth; to all of you now present, at my last moments, that the first wife of Napoleon never caused a single tear to flow."

She called upon the portrait of the emperor; she gazed upon it long and tenderly; and then, fervently pressing it in her clasped hands to her bosom, faintly articulated the following prayer:

"O God! watch over Napoleon, while he remains in the desert of the world. Alas! though he hath committed great faults, hath he not expiated them by great sufferings! Just, God, thou hast looked into his heart, and hast seen by how ardent a desire for useful and durable improvements he was animated. And may this image of my husband bear me witness that my latest wish and my latest prayer were for him and my children."

It was the 29th of May 1814. A tranquil, summer's day, was fading away into a cloudless, serene and beautiful evening. The rays of the setting sun, struggling through the foliage of the open window, shone cheerfully upon the bed where the empress was dying. The vesper songs of the birds which filled the groves of Malmaison floated sweetly upon the ear, and the gentle spirit of Josephine lulled to repose by these sweet anthems, sank into its last sleep. Gazing upon the portrait of the emperor, she exclaimed, "L'isle d'Elbe—Napoleon!" and died.

Alexander, as he gazed upon her lifeless remains, burst into tears, and uttered the following affecting yet just tribute of respect to her memory; "She is no more; that woman who France named the beneficent, that angel of goodness is no more. Those who have known Josephine can never forget her. She dies regretted by her offspring, her friends, and her contemporaries."

For four days her body remained shrouded in state for its burial. During this time more than twenty thousand of the people of France visited her beloved remains. On the 2d of June at midday, the funeral procession moved from Malmaison to Ruel, where the body was deposited in a tomb of the village church. The funeral services were conducted with the greatest magnificence, as the sovereigns of the allied armies joined the French in doing honor to her memory. When all had left the church but Eugene and Hortense, they knelt beside their mother's grave, and for a long time mingled their prayers and their tears. A beautiful monument of white marble, representing the empress kneeling in her cornation robes, is erected over her burial-place, with this simple but affecting inscription:

EUGENE AND HORTENSE
TO
JOSEPHINE.

Correction of a Misstatement respecting "Astoria."

SUNNYSIDE, Nov. 10, 1851.

To Henry R. Schoolcraft, Esq.

Dear Sir—In your "personal Memoirs," recently published, you give a conversation with the late Albert Gallatin, Esq., in the course of which he made to you the following statement:

"Several years ago John Jacob Astor put into my hands the Journal of his traders on the Columbia, desiring me to use it. I put it into the hands of Malte Brun, in Paris, who employed the geographical facts in his work, but paid little respect to Mr. Astor, whom he regarded merely as a merchant seeking his own profit, and not a discoverer. He had not even sent a man to observe the facts in the natural history. Astor did not like it. He was restive several years, and then gave Washington Irving $5,000 to take up the MSS. This is the history of 'Astoria.'"

Now, sir, I beg leave to inform you that this is *not* the history of Astoria. Mr. Gallatin was misinformed as to the part he has assigned me in it. The work was undertaken by me through a real relish of the subject. In the course of visits in early life to Canada, I had seen much of the magnates of the North West Company, and of the hardy trappers and fur traders in their employ, and had been excited by their stories of adventurous expeditions into the "Indian country." I was sure therefore that a narrative, treating of them and their doings could not be too full of stirring interest, and to lay open regions and races of our country as yet but little known. I never asked nor received of Mr Astor a farthing on account of the work. He paid my nephew who was then absent practising law in Illinois, examining and collating manuscript journals, accounts and other documents, and preparing what the lawyers would call a brief for me, Mr. Fitzgreene Halleck, who was with Mr. Astor at the time, determined what the compensation of my nephew ought to be. When the brief was finished I paid my nephew an additional consideration on my own account, and out of my own purse. It was the compensation paid by Mr. Astor to my nephew which Gallatin may have heard of, and supposed it was paid to myself; but even in that case the amount as reported to him, was very greatly exaggerated.

Mr. Astor signified a wish to have the work brought out in a superior style, supposing that it was to be done at his expense. I replied that it must be produced in the style of my other works and at my expense and risk; and that whatever profit I was to derive from it must be from its sale and my bargain with the publishers. This is the true history of "Astoria," as far as I was concerned in it.

During my long intimacy with Mr. Astor, commencing when I was a young man, and ending only with his death, I never came under a pecuniary obligation to him of any kind. At a time of public pressure when, having [illegible] part of moderate means in [illegible] I was straitened and obliged to seek accommodations from monied institutions, he repeatedly urged me to accept loans from him, but I always declined. He was too proverbially rich a man for me to permit the shadow of a pecuniary favor to rest on our intercourse.

The only monied transaction between us was my purchase of a share in a town he was founding at Green Bay; for that I paid cash, though he wished the amount to stand on mortgage. The land fell in value and some years afterwards when I was in Spain, Mr. Astor, of his own free will, took back the shares from my agent and repaid the original purchase money. This I repeat was the only monied transaction that ever took place between us and by this I lost four or five years' interest of my investment.

My intimacy with Mr. A. was perfectly independent and disinterested. It was sought originally on his part, and grew up on mine, out of the friendship he spontaneously manifested for me, and the confidence he seemed to repose in me. It was drawn closer when in the prosecution of my literary task, I became acquainted from his papers and his confidential conversations, with the scope and power of his mind, and the grandeur of his enterprises. His noble project of the Astoria Literary, conceived about the same time, and which I was solicitous he should carry into execution during his lifetime, was a stronger link of intimacy between us.

He was altogether one of the most remarkable men I have ever known; of penetrative sagacity, massive intellect, and possessing elements of greatness of which the busy world around him was little aware; who like Malte Brun regarded him "merely as a merchant seeking his profit."

Very respectfully,
Your friend and servant,
WASHINGTON IRVING.

Want of respect for Labor.

One of the greatest errors and follies of the present age is a disposition to withhold from labor—we mean manual labor—that respect which is certainly due it. It entails more wretchedness upon a community, and makes more worthless, miserable loafers, than rum, the game of hazard, or anything else. It is the father of idleness, and idleness is the father of almost every other evil. We have intimated that idleness is the natural and legitimate offspring of the evil to which we allude. Why is it so? Labor is not respected as it should be, and young men are left to learn a trade, or hold the handles of the plough, hence they go into some overcrowded profession, or literally do nothing at all. The father does not think it respectable for his sons to work for a living, so he turns him out without a trade or business qualifications, upon the community, to make his way along as best he can. He does not know how to do anything, and he consequently does nothing. "An idle man's brains is the devil's workshop." Whilst idle he forms habits of gaming, intemperance, and licentiousness.

And again, the honest mechanic, who earns his bread by daily toil, sees the soft handed, soft headed, greasy-haired brainless idler, received into better (?) society—Heaven save the mark—and courted and flattered and caressed—whilst he, with a thousand times more brains, with sterling virtues, and an honest name, is neglected and unnoticed. This chagrins, disgusts, and discourages him—he becomes tired, ashamed of his humble, tho' honourable calling—he quits his business, contracts habits of idleness, dissipation, and probably ends his career in misery, and crime.

Nor do the errors of society stop here; they are extended to the humble seamstress; no matter what her standing, intelligence and merit may be, she is tauntingly spoken of and ranked with the lower order of beings, by this better society, because she labors for a living. We say again, these errors of society could be remedied, for they are not entertained by any other portions of our community but those who are not of the higher order of intelligence, and are unable to discriminate between true merit and an honest calling.

These pictures are not overdrawn—but they are the frequent occurrences of real life. None are so blind as not to have witnessed them. That spurious aristocracy—which is tolerated even in this republican country—that does not rightly appreciate or duly respect honest labor, is responsible for much of this ruin and wretchedness.

Sermon of Dow Jr.

Text—"If ye are honest, honorable men, Go ye and pay the printer."

My Dear Friends:—The debt that sits heaviest on the conscience of a mortal—provided he has one—is the debt due to the printer. It presses harder on one's bosom than the night-mare, galls the soul, frets and chafes every unoubling sentiment, squeezes all the juice of fraternal sympathy from the heart, and leaves it dryer than the surface of a roasted potatoe. A man who wrongs the printer out of a single cent can never expect to enjoy the comfort of this world, and may well have doubt of finding happiness in any other.

"Oh, you ungrateful sinner! if you have hearts moistened with the dew of mercy, instead of gizzards filled with gravel, take heed what I say unto you. If there be one among you in this congregation whose account is not settled with the printer, go and adjust it immediately, and be able to hold your head up in society like a Giraffe; be respected by the wise and good—free from the tortures of a guilty conscience, the mortification of repeated duns, and escape from falling in the clutches of the devil, or the hands of lawyers which is about one and the same thing. If you are honest and honorable men, you will go forthwith and pay the printer. You will not wait for to-morrow—because there is no to-morrow; it is but a visionary receptacle for unredeemed promises; an addled egg in the great nest of future; the cheat of hope; the creditor's curse. If you are dishonest, low minded sons of Satan, I don't suppose you will pay the printer, as you have no reputation to lose, no character to sustain; no more's to cultivate. But let me tell you, my friends, that when you do it, your path to the tomb will be strewn with thorns. You will have to gather your daily food from brambles—your children will die of dysentery, and your wives will never want the idea of being [illegible]

[illegible] once called upon a sick person whom the doctor had given up as a gone case. I asked him if he had made his peace with his Maker? He said he thought he had squared up. I enquired if he had forgiven all his enemies? He replied yes. I then asked him if he had made his peace with the *printer?* He hesitated a moment, and then said he owed him something like about two dollars and fifty cents, which he desired to have paid before he bid good-bye to the world. His desires were immediately gratified, and from that moment he became convalescent. He is now living in the enjoyment of health and prosperity, at peace with his conscience, his God, and the whole world. Let him be an example for you my friends. Patronize the printer; take the papers and pay for them in advance; and your days will be long upon the earth and overflowing with the honey of happiness.

Ministering Spirits.

The re-union of parents and children in heaven, as well as of other earthly friends, is a cheering and delightful thought. And the idea that our departed friends may sometimes be near us, or wait to welcome us on the borders of the spiritland, is well suited to impress the mind.

A little girl, in a family of my acquaintance, a lovely and precious child, lost her mother at an age too early to fix the loved features in her remembrance. She was as frail as beautiful; and as the bud of her heart unfolded, it seemed as if won by that mother's prayers to turn instinctively heavenward. The sweet conscientious and prayer-loving child, was the cherished one of the bereaved family. But she faded away early. She would lie upon the lap of the friend who took a mother's kind care of her, and winding one wasted arm about her neck would say, "Now tell me about my mamma!" And when the oft-told tale had been repeated, she would ask softly, "take me into the parlor; I want to see my mamma." The request was never refused, and the affectionate child would lie for hours contentedly gazing on her mother's portrait. But

"Pale and wan she grew, and weekly—
Bearing all her pain so meekly,
That to them she still grew dearer,
As the trial hour drew nearer."

That hour came at last, and the weeping neighbors assembled to see the child die. The dew of death was already on the flower, as its life sun was going down. The little chest heaved faintly—spasmodically.

"Do you know me, darling?" sobbed, close to her ear, the voice that was dearest; but it awoke no answer.

All at once a brightness, as from the upper world, burst over the child's colorless countenance. The eyelids flashed open, the lips parted, the wan, cuddling hands flew up, in the little one's last impulsive effort, as she looked piercingly into the far above.

"Mother!" she cried, with surprise and transport in her tone—and passed with that breath into her mother's bosom.

Said a distinguished divine who stood by that bed of joyous death:

"If I never believed in the ministration of departed ones before, I could not doubt it now."

Matrimony made Easy.—That very interesting event in a woman's life must be very trying to the nerves of some of our delicate young ladies! No doubt your buxom widow who has buried her third husband, thinks it a very trifling affair, but she has lost the freshness of her feelings, and is not to be spoken of in the same breath with a blooming maiden. As the result of such philosophical investigation (for like Washington Irving, we have never experimented,) we incline to the opinion that a person can experience the sensation of getting married but once. However this may be we are glad to be able to state to those who have serious thoughts of committing matrimony, that it is in our power to give them a valuable hint as to the best mode of getting through the ceremony. We have heard of getting married by steam, and by telegraph, but we have now to propose a more original plan, which may be called "marriage made easy." We recently overheard two young ladies talking on this subject; one said she was sure she would faint, the other said when she got married she intended *to take Chloroform!* This is decidedly better than the plan of the bashful man who wanted to slide into matrimony by degrees. A white handkerchief applied to the nose, a moment passed in a blissful dream, and you awake in the promised land! Getting married by Chloroform, will undoubtedly, become very popular with sentimental young ladies.—*Exchange.*

What Is What.

What is fashion?

Dinner at midnight and headaches in the morning.

What is wit?

That peculiar kind of talk that leads to pulled noses and broken heads.

What is idleness?

Working yellow mountains on a pink subsoil—or a blue tailed dog in sky colored convulsions.

What is joy?

To count your money and find it overrun a hundred dollars.

What is conscience?

Something that guilty men feel every time it thunders.

What is [illegible]

To be away from home when people come to borrow books and umbrellas.

What is contentment?

To sit in the house and see other folks stuck in the mud. In other words to be a little better off than our neighbors.

What is justice?

The opinion of twelve drunken jurymen.

What is ambition?

[illegible] to become president of a village Jew pine log and [illegible] eyebrows.

Albany Barnburner.

Agriculture.

Milk and its Management.

Here, says the Pennsylvania Journal, are some wholesome suggestions in regard to milking and the management of milk, in the dairy, which we condense from an English work on the subject.

The operation of milking should be performed gently, not harshly. If harshly performed it becomes painful to the cow who not unfrequently brings into action her faculty of retaining her milk at pleasure. When gently performed milking generally gives pleasure to the cow. Many instances are recorded where cows would not let down a single drop of milk to one dairy maid, would let it flow in abundance whenever another approached them.

Cows that are ticklish or skittish should always be treated with the utmost gentleness, and when the udder is hard and painful, it should be tenderly fomented with luke-warm water and softly rubbed. Such treatment will bring the cow into good temper, and induce her to yield her milk freely.

Whenever a cow's teats become swelled or rounded, so as to produce foul milk, such milk, should on no account be mixed with the sweet milk, but be given to the pigs without being carried to the milk house lest its presence there should taint the atmosphere and prove injurious to the other milk.

It is well to comb and curry cows as it promotes cleanliness. The fact is where clean milk is an object, the comb and brush together with the [illegible] ing of the udder are indispensable.

Snuff-takers and slovens should never be permitted to assist about the dairy, nor should the milkers be permitted to enter it with a dirty apron covered with hairs from the cow house.

1. Of the milk from any cow at one time, that part which comes off the first is always thinner, and of a much worse quality for making butter, than that afterwards obtained; and this richness continues to increase progressively to the very last drop that can be obtained.

2. If milk be put into a dish and allowed to stand till it throws up cream, the portion of cream rising first to the surface is richer in quality, and greater in quantity, than that which rises in a second equal space of time; and the cream which rises in the second interval of time is greater in quantity, and richer in quality than that which rises in a third space of time; that of the third is greater than that of the fourth, and so of the rest; the cream that rises continuing progressively to decrease in quantity, and to decline in quality, so long as any rises to the surface.

3. Thick milk always throws up a much smaller proportion of the cream which it actually contains than milk that is thinner; but the cream is of a richer quality; and if water be added to that thick milk, it will afford a considerably greater quantity of cream, and consequently more butter than it would have done if allowed to remain pure; but its quality is at the same time greatly debased.

4. Milk, which is put into a bucket or other proper vessel, and carried in it to a considerable distance, so as to be much agitated, and in some part cooled before it is put into the milk pans to settle for cream, never throws up so much or so rich cream, as if the same milk had been put into the milk-pans directly after it was milked.

From those fundamental facts, the reflecting dairyist will derive many important practical rules. Some of these we shall enumerate, and leave the rest to be discovered. Cows should be milked as near the dairy as possible, in order to prevent the necessity of carrying and cooling the milk before it is put into the creaming dishes. Every cow's milk should be kept separate till the peculiar properties of each is so well known as to admit of their being classed, when those that are most nearly allied may be mixed together. When it is intended to make butter of a very fine quality, reject entirely the milk of all those cows which yield cream of a bad quality, and also keep the milk that is first drawn from the cow at each milking entirely separate from that which is last obtained, as the quality of the butter must otherwise be greatly debased without materially augmenting its quantity. For the same purpose, take only the cream that is first separated from the first drawn milk. Butter of the best quality can only be made economically in those dairies where cheese is also made; because in them the best part of each cow's milk can be set apart for throwing up cream, the best part of this cream can be taken in order to be made into butter, and the remainder of the milk and cream of the dairy can be turned into cheese. The spontaneous separation of cream and the production of butter, are never effected but in consequence of the production or acidity in the milk. Hence it is said that where the whole milk is set apart for the separation of cream, and the whole of the cream is separated, the milk must necessarily have turned sour before it is made into cheese; and the very freshest cheese can be made from milk which has never attained that state.

[illegible] "Wet feet," said a physician of the old school, "is one of the most effective agents death has in the field. It sweeps off more graves than all the [illegible] of war."