

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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"Poet's Corner."

SOME THINGS LOVE ME.

BY T. H. READ.
All within and all without me
Feel a melancholy thrill,
And the darkness hangs about me
Oh, how still!
To my feet the river glideth
Through the shadow, sullen, dark:
On the stream the white moon doth
Like a barge;
And the linden leans above me,
Till I think some things there be
In this dreary world that love me—
Even me!

Gentle buds are blooming near me,
Singing sweetest breath around me,
Countless voices rise to cheer me
From the ground,
And the love birds come to hear me,
In the tall and windy pine,
Your sadness of its spirit
Into mine:
There it swags and sings above me,
Till I think some things there be
In this dreary world that love me!
Even me!

Now the moon hath bathed to me,
On the stream I see it away,
Swinging boat-like as 'twould woo me
Far away!
And the stars bend from the azure,
I could reach them where I lie:
And they whisper all the pleasure
Of the sky:
They there hang and smile above me,
Till I think some things there be
In the very heavens that love me—
Even me!

Now when comes the tide of even,
Like a solemn river slow,
Gentle ebb as to heaven,
On the glow;
Loving eyes that tell their story,
Speaking to my heart of hearts;
But I sigh—a thing of glory
Soon departs:
Yet when Mary soars above me,
I must think that will be
One star more in heaven, to love me—
Even me!

The Old Bachelor's Defence.

I do not blame a bachelor,
If he leads a single life—
The way the girls are now brought up,
He can't support a wife.
Time was when girls could curd and spin,
And wash, and bake, and brew;
But now they are so delicate,
If they were caught to do.
I do not blame the bachelor—
His course may be great,
To think to wed a modern Miss,
If small be his estate.
Time was, when women could help to buy
The land they'd help to till,
And saddle Dobbin, shell the corn,
And ride away to mill.
The bachelor is not to blame,
If he's a prudent man,
He won't meet with a single life,
'And do the best he can.

GOOD MORNING!

"Oh, I am so happy!" a little girl said,
As she sprang like a lark, from a low trundle bed.
'Tis morning—bright morning! Good morning!
Papa!

Oh, give me one kiss for good morning, mamma!
Only just look at my pretty canopy.
Chirping its notes—'Good morning to Mary!
The sun is peeping straight into my eyes—
Good morning to you, Mother Sun, for you rise
Early to wake up my little and me.
And make us as happy as happy can be."

"Happy you may be, my dear little girl,
As the mother struck softly a clustering curl—
"Happy you can be—but think of the One
Who wakened this morning, both you and the sun."
The little girl turned her bright eyes with a nod—
'Ma, may I say then, 'Good morning to God?'

"Yes, little darling one, surely you may,
Kissed as you kneel every morning to pray.
Mary knelt solemnly down, with her eyes
Looking up—'Good morning—into the skies:
And two little hands that were folded together,
Softly she laid on the lap of her mother.
"Good morning, dear Father in Heaven," she said—
I thank thee for watching my snug dark night,
For taking good care of me all the dark night,
And waking me up with the beautiful light.
Oh, keep me from naughty things all the long day,
Dear Father, who taught little children to pray!"
An angel looked down in the sunshine and smiled,
But she saw not the angel, that beautiful child.

Original Communications.

For the Susquehanna Register.

HOPE.

BY L. SMITH.

Hope like an angel of love bears us on its wings of rapture, above the streams of sorrow, which so often float before us.
It has in view, in the unseen future, a radiant star, for which it leaves behind the present gloomy scene, and sails on its inspired wings. In all the meandering situations of life, in adversity and prosperity, in our most gloomy hours, and in brightest prospects, it hovers around our pathway. When the sun of prosperity is wrapped in a cloak of darkness, hid from our vision, and nothing but clouds, dark and dense, roll before us, it with the shield of perseverance, soars above the charm of disappointment, into those fields which are spangled with gems of bliss.

When we are called to wade through streams of sorrow and misery, it leaves the haven of glittering anticipations, and launches upon the billows with its fascinating sails, its decked flag, and gay streamers to shield us from the howling tempest of disappointment, and wait us to the harbor of prosperity and peace. It speaks in pathetic language to the heart, broken and afflicted, and excites them to quicken their pace in search of solacing rills. And when brighter days begin to dawn, and more inviting prospects beam in our pathway, the sublime boon of hope proclaims in words of transport, that those cheering stars will continue to shine, and enhance in magnitude. It takes a lofty flight, and wings its way to the summit of imagined glory, and hides beneath its wings the darkest shades of the picture, but depicts the brighter and firmer side in glowing colors. Hope lifts the bowed brow, fights the path of life, and leads to wealth, honor, and renown. It walks with the rich, and poor, high and low, from the earliest dawn of life until the night of death. When the youth launches upon the sea of life, the wide expanded sails of hope, with bright and alluring fancies, are unfurled before the youth's mind. And although disappointment clouds his vision in a garb of despair, causing a flood to intervene between their vision and the sun on which they had gazed with so much delight, this friend of perseverance and zeal causes the obscure scene to recede, and take its flight to an unknown clime. But when the years of childhood expire, and the sports and amusements of the same lose their charm, and influences and a thirst for more mature sources of enjoyment, is imbibed, hope points the prospect bright of reaching those fountains which are then looked upon as fountains of pleasure, which excite the young sailor on the billows of life, to direct his ship in that course which is illuminated by the light of hope. And it continues to lighten in the earthly career of man until life departs. It stands beside the bed of pain, and sorrow, and is an un-failing friend in the midnight home of sickness, and at the noontide sun of health. It walks with us until the curtain of death is drawn, and the sun of life is set. It leads the mind to contemplate the future with high expectations, and sanguine anticipations of success. It magnifies indications of prosperity and diminishes impediments to the car of happiness. Hope invites the farmer into the field of toil, nerves the arm and encourages the heart, to till the soil and prepare it for the reception of the harvest seed. It entices the wealth-thirsty to leave their happy homes and circles of friendship, to climb the rugged Rocky Mountains, or cross the ocean, to reach the distant land of California for glittering gold. It hovers around the youth at the late hour of night, when he is laboring to soar in the midday of a mental sky, and inspire the pure air of wisdom. And by the same, brave and bold warriors are led to face the cannon's mouth, and witness the heart-thrilling scenes of the battle field.

No deed of merit, no act of honor, no work of importance would be accomplished without the animating influence of hope. We little realize how much we owe to this noble power of the mind. It is the great moving wheel of husbandry, trades, arts, and the improvements which mankind are blessed. The improvement of farms, the building of villages, cities, and the cultivation of the arts and sciences depend much upon the organ of hope. The farmer puts not his hand to the plow, the mechanic goes not to his work-shop nor the scholar to his books without a promise of reward. The hope of him who is toiling for pulchre fingers around the store-house of wealth, and of those who are striving to entwine the laurels of knowledge confer, by to the hill of science, under the light of imagination. The hope of him whose eyes are fastened on the wreath of fame, illuminates the path to the desired goal.

HOPE.

It penetrates sombre clouds, and lights on scenes of pleasure.
Hope calls the other faculties which man is endowed into the field of action.—
And were it not for this faculty there would be no attempt to drink from the fountain of wisdom, or ascend the pinnacle of fame, or accumulate wealth. Our hills, valleys, and plains, which are blossomed in summer days with a harvest rich, and cheering, would be nothing but dreary deserts.

Power of a Single Word.

For the Susquehanna Register.

A pebble dropped into the centre of the Ocean, may start a ripple that shall reach the farthest shore. So a single kind word will fall into the heart's emotional deep may excite a thrill of delight and encouragement, which shall travel on in brightness and sweetness, to the boundaries of our existence. Who shall tell the power of that single word? Who shall measure its ever growing, expanding influence upon the soul. The mother has seen its sunny glow upon the face of her smiling boy, as he joyously leaped from her arms to do her kind behests. The heavy-laden toiler has felt his burden and his jaded heart made light by a word kindly spoken. The sailor on the crested wave hears its sweet cadence amid the battle din of the tempest, and murmurs it in his nightly dream of home. The fallen soldier, bleeding out his life upon the fatal field, has heard above the battle clangor the fair voice of parting love, kindly "breathing his flame" and a smile has wreathed his dying lip. The despised inebriate who has long resisted the shafts of scorn and the blasts of shame, at its tailsmant touch, lets fall from his unheeded hand, the fatal cup, and from the grave of infamy comes forth to manhood and honor. The hardened criminal and outlaw, who has long dared the dungeon and the gibbet, weeps, and kneels and repents beneath the sway of kindness. And in the great battle of life, when our hearts grow faint, and our spirits tire, what so nerves our souls with fresh courage and vigor to dare and do as now and then a kind word. "A kind word," is a little thing, but it brings Eternity must tell."

HOME WRITER.

Montrose, Dec. 1852.

Selected Miscellany.

An Incident in the War of 1812.

At the battle of Plattsburgh, in 1812, during the day, and upon the 11th, the British commander on lake and land, there appeared before the commanding officer an unknown Indian, clad in the wildest savage costume, covered with war paint, and armed to the teeth, who gave information of the approach through the woods on the south bank of the Saranac, of a considerable body of the British, accompanied by a small band of Hurons, or Caribs, Indians, who acted as guides and scouts. It is well known that one column of the British army, under command of General Brisbane, had approached Plattsburgh from the west along the Beekmantown road, to the north of the Saranac. The American army was now entrenched on the south bank, in the angle formed by the river and lake. It will, therefore, be readily understood that the approach of this new force would place the Americans in a position sufficiently critical, to say nothing of the dangers to which they were already exposed.

The information brought by the savage was too important to be slightly regarded; and yet came in too suspicious a manner to be wholly trusted. The officer, therefore, thought it best to interrogate the messenger.

"Who are you, my friend?" said he.
"Mehican," was the laconic reply.
"What is your name?"
"Stockbridge Hank," answered the stranger.

"Where did you come from, and why are you here?" pursued the officer.
"Indian come from the Dutch rivers," replied he.
"But why are you here, I say?"
"Why are the Mehicans in the woods?" can the captain tell me that? replied the savage, his eyes flashing fire, "we came to fight the Mehicans, but we were repulsed." "Does anybody know this person?" asked the officer, turning to the bystanders; but no one replied, for no one knew him.

"What do you want me to do then?" said the officer to the Indian, still suspicious.

"Take four, seven, ten soldiers," replied the savage, holding up both hands, and spreading his fingers. "Me take 'em and wait for Mehicans in the woods."

"Ho's right, by Jove!" exclaimed the officer. "The men are too few to have an ambush laid for them, and we need a picket of that kind. The red skin picked me friendly, after all. Let us pick men, led by a corporal, go with him; but let them be watchful and keep on their guard, and let me be informed of their first approach of any enemy in that direction."

The officer turned away. The men were quickly detailed, and guided by the Indian they took their silent way in the woods, up the south bank of the Saranac, towards the new hostile force reported to be coming. They moved forward rapidly for about half an hour, when the Indian began to proceed with more caution, and to listen for every unusual sound that disturbed the forest. At last putting his ear close to the ground, he listened for a moment, and then quickly rising up, he made a rapid sign to the soldiers to betake themselves to a neighboring thicket, which bordered a small creek flowing into the river. The men complied, as possible while the Indian crept forward to a position somewhat more advanced, concealing himself behind the trunk of a fallen tree. He had pointed upon them not to fire or make any noise until they should receive a certain signal, for some distance forward from where he lay the woods were tolerably clear of undergrowth, and a kind of path which skirted the bank of the river, crossed the creek near its mouth, ten rods from where the concealed soldiers were hid. From this position the Indian occupied this path and so on to the number of seven. They were all in war paint, and armed with rifles and tomahawks. The soldiers were all attention to the movements of their guide, expecting every moment to receive the signal to fire. To their surprise, however, they saw him lay down his gun, and draw from beneath the log a long and powerful bow, and a bundle of long-headed, sharp pointed arrows. He then turned himself about, under the log, until he faced the pass in the creek.

The strange Indians appeared to move forward without the least hesitation or suspicion. The foremost of them on coming to the creek, dropped at once down to cross it. At this moment the guide was observed to draw his bow with a quick and powerful effort; and so rapidly as almost to elude the sight, an arrow was sped on its mission of death. The stranger was seen to drop in the middle of the brook, and not a cry issued from his mouth. Quick as lightning the Mohican adjusted an arrow to his bow, so that as soon as the second Huron had crossed the stream, he too was seen to drop in the middle of the brook, and the third and fourth, and the fifth Huron pierced as he leaped into the fatal ditch. They were so close together and the whole scene passed with such marvellous silence and rapidity, that neither of the soldiers served the fate of his comrades until he met his own. The sixth Indian, however, being a little more behind than the others, seemed to be somewhat surprised that he did not see them in view on the opposite bank. For this reason he descended into the gully with a little more hesitation. He was immediately aware of the horrible fate that awaited his steps and he endeavored to retreat, but it was already too late. A fatal missile was also on the wing for him. He was struck like the rest, but not with immediate death, and he had time to raise his head to the depths of the forest, one of those appalling yells of warning and of rage which announce among the people of his race, the presence of mortal danger.

The soldiers looked upon this fearful scene in astonishment, entranced by the mysterious magic which took place before them. When the stillness and the spell were broken by that warning cry, they expected to see the wood swarming with hostile savages. None, however, appeared; and when the echo died away they looked in vain for the seventh and the last of the Hurons. He had vanished as if swallowed up in the earth. No trace of him was visible, and the Mohican, however, still kept his position behind the log itself but with his fiery eyes bent in quick searching glances in almost every direction at once. He was obviously at fault, as well as the rest. No one dared to move or speak above his breath. There was something awful in the mysterious and sudden disappearance.

The silence continued for some ten minutes, when the sharp crack of a rifle was heard, and the Mohican sprang to his feet with the blood streaming down one side of his face. His only exclamation was an emphatic "Ugh!" In an instant the fatal bow and arrow were again in requisition, and his face toward the Indian, he sent another arrow on its mortal mission. The soldiers heard a loud scrambling overhead, and on looking up they saw the Huron falling through the limbs of a neighboring tree. Into his head had been struck a heavy iron ball, which he had addressed to swing himself up, unseen by his enemies, during the momentary confusion occasioned by the warning cry of his companion. From that perch he had soon discovered the lurking place of the Mohican, and bent upon vengeance, had immediately fired at him, without considering, perhaps without caring, whether or not the Mohican was near. The iron ball struck him in the forehead, and he had only succeeded in inflicting upon the Mohican a slight wound in the temple.

The scene, however, now rapidly changed. Shortly after the report of the rifle, the distant heavy tramp of a regular troop was heard approaching through the woods. They too, plunging into the fatal pass, met with a like but not equally bloodless reception, by the soldiers in ambush. The time it was the regular column, however, was composed of veterans who for a few moments seemed to push forward into the abyss where their comrades and guides were lying wounded and dead; but as they were ignorant of the strength of the concealed enemy, and could hardly even tell from what direction the danger came, they finally beat a retreat and drew off into the woods again.

Uncle Bill.

Uncle Bill Griffin, or Uncle Bill, as he was commonly called, with an irreverent disregard of his patronymic, did not retire from the ship chandlery business, till he was worth something more than a plum. Not being blessed with a son to continue his name and inherit his fortune, he lavished all his tenderness and all his care upon his daughter. Sweet Molly Griffin, though yet as unlike his papa as a canary bird is unlike a bull-dog. His face was as soft as a rose-leaf. He was the varied miser in all creation—though did spend his pocket-money as a prince of Wales. In his household management Uncle Bill was a consummate skin-flint; tradition says that he used to soak the bottom of his chair, and wait the lamp oil, and he was skilled and abetted in all his big game schemes by a vindictive housekeeper, who was the sworn enemy of all good cheer, and a bitter enemy of all good music.

Uncle Bill had no reason to complain of his father's parsimoniousness, for as she was contented. He sent her to the best schools and gave her a carte blanche on the most extensive milliners, and when she walked Washington street on a Sunday day, there was not a more gayly dressed dame from Cornhill to Essex street. Of course, several nice young men in varnished leather and white kid's fell off her head and ears in love with her, and there was a larger number collected outside of the meeting she attended on Sunday than darkened the doot of any other metropolitan church.

Though she seemed and the legends advanced, that she had languished and ogled, protested and danced, like shadows they came, and like shadows they passed.

From the pure pleasure of her heart, Besides, Uncle Bill, was a formidable guardian to his attractive daughter. Did he not fire a charge of rock salt into the inexpressibles of Tom Bilkins, when he came serenading with a cracked guitar? Didn't he threaten to kick Towle for leaving a valentine at his door? Wasn't he capable of unheard-of atrocities? The suitors of pretty Mary were all frightened off, because by her organ of a father except a steady young fellow who rejoiced in the name of Sampson Bittles, and who was added to her keeping in a wholesale grocery of the name of Bittles, and the old gentleman really liked Bittles; he was soft, so quiet, and so full of information. He was a regular price current, and no man on change was better acquainted with the price of stock. Why Mary liked him, it is more difficult to conjecture, for he was very deficient in the small talk that ladies are so fond of, was averse to minuettes, disliked the opera, thought the ballet immoral, and considered walking indecent. Perhaps his good looks compensated for other deficiencies, or perhaps the homeliness of his state of affairs, which induced her to embrace the only young man Uncle Bill was ever known to tolerate.

One evening Bittles screwed up his courage to the task of addressing the old man on the subject nearest to his heart. "Mr. Griffin," said he, "I've had something here for a long time, and he made up a horrible face, and placed his hand somewhat near his heart.

"Disapp'nted," said the old man.
"Your daughter," gasped the young one.
"Well, what about her?" asked Uncle Bill sharply.
"I'm in love with her," said the unapp'nted clerk.
"Humph!" said Uncle Bill.
"Fact!" rejoined Bittles.
"What's your income?" inquired Griffin.
"Eight hundred," answered the supplicant.
"It won't do, my boy," said Griffin, shaking his grim locks. "No man on a salary shall marry my daughter. Why she's the finest girl in Boston, and it takes capital to marry a fine girl. When you have thirty thousand dollars to begin with, you may come and talk with me."

Bittles disappeared. Six months after that Miss Mary Griffin received a letter with an endorsement of Uncle Sam's acknowledging the receipt of forty cents. It ran thus:

San Francisco, California, 1852.
Dearer Mary—
Enclosed, you will find a specimen of California gold, which please hand your father, and oblige. Have to advise you of my return to Boston. Please tell your father that I have made fifty thousand dollars at the mines, and shall, wind and weather permitting, soon call upon him to talk over that matter, and arrange terms of partnership.

Yours to command,
SAMPSON BITTLES.

Mary, as in duty bound, handed the epistle to her father, who was overjoyed. Some weeks elapsed, and the return of the steamer to New York was telegraphed. Griffin was on the quiver to see his future son-in-law.

On the day of his expected arrival, he met a Californian who came home in the same ship.

"Where's Bittles?" he inquired.
"Oh, he'll see him before a great while," replied the Californian.
"Has been lucky?"
"Yes—fifty thousand at the lowest calculation. But he's going to try a game over you. He means to tell you that he's been robbed of all his gold—his way home, to see if you have any generosity and disinterestedness to see whether you'd give your daughter to him, gold or no gold."

Sly boy! chuckled old Griffin. "I'm much obliged to you for the hint. I'll act accordingly. Good morning."

Now it happened that the Californian was a good friend of Bittles, and that story of Bittles' misfortunes was absolutely true, he having been robbed of every ounce of his hard-earned gold dust on his way home. So it may be supposed he called on Griffin with a very lugubrious and woe-begone air.

"My dear boy," said Uncle Bill, "I am delighted to see you, and pleased to hear of your luck. I welcome you as my son-in-law. But what the deuce is the matter with you?"
"Alas, sir!" said Bittles, "I made fifty thousand dollars at the mines—"
"Very hard luck?" interrupted the old gentleman, chuckling.
"But on my way home, I was robbed of every ounce—and now how can I claim your daughter's hand?"
"Sampson Bittles," said Uncle Bill, very gravely, "if you haven't got fifty thousand dollars, you deserve to have it. You've worked hard enough to get it. You shall have my daughter, and the marriage shall be celebrated to-morrow night. In anticipation of your return I have had you published. And while you're talking to Mary, I'll draw a check for \$50,000, so that you may go into partnership with me."

"So much the better—you'll work the harder to increase your fortune."

"My dear sir how can I thank you?"
"By making my girl a good husband. There—go—go and tell Mary the news. Bittles, did tell her the news, and they were married. He went into business, and the fifty thousand furnished him by his father in law, and was so extraordinary prosperous, that Uncle Bill was more convinced than ever that the story was a regular Münchhausen. Once or twice he tried to repeat it, but the old gentleman always cut short with—

"I know all about it. Had it put in the papers, too eh? Oh, it was a terrible affair. Lost all! Poor fellow! Well, I made it up to you, and now I won't hear another word about it."

When Uncle Bill departed this life his immense property he had the equal divided between his daughter and son-in-law. The testator bequeathed to the latter his share to compensate him for the loss he sustained on his return from California. The old miser had died in the full belief that Bittles never lost the gold dust.

Iceland.

A correspondent of the Watertown Jeffersonian, now in Iceland, writes from Reykjavik, the capital of the island, that it is a neat town of 1,200 inhabitants, with a cathedral and college. There is also a hotel and club house. The main street runs parallel with the water, on the sloping gravelly beach, and on the side of this street facing the sea, are the stores, some fifteen in number. Besides these there are three other streets running parallel to it. The houses, with gable ends to the streets, are all wooden framed buildings, generally of one story, and covered with a coating of tar instead of water tight, and though they are all black as night, they do not contrast badly with their white window sashes and curtains, and the green fields about. Its closed dwellings, muslin curtains, flower pots containing roses, fuscias, geraniums, pansies, and other exotics all in bloom, showed the triumph over climate that a little care will make. The hotel is a square two story building.

"How green the fields look, and how pretty the gardens are here in Iceland," I walked up on a hill, a little out of town, and saw the farmers mowing, and heard the familiar click of the stone on the steel, while the mower sharpened his scythe. The land is so rough—all covered with little mounds or hillocks—that they can only use scythes about two feet long. The scythe snath is straight, and similar to those I have seen used in Shetland. The right hand, or lower side, is like ours, fastened to the snath, but the left hand one is like the letter T, the hand taking hold of the top piece.

They shave the grass down as close as Hoispur found the dandy's chin. "I new reaped," like "stubble land." The hay is fine and soft, but the grass is not very good. In the gardens I see growing potatoes, turnips, radishes, lettuce, and some other vegetables. Grain does not grow in Iceland, neither does wood. The country is quite destitute of timber. I saw a little shrub about five feet high, to the

Governor's garden, which is, perhaps, the largest tree in Iceland. This, though protected by a high wall on the north of it.—In former times there must have been some forests, for I saw tall large logs found in the bogs, and too far inland to allow the idea of their being drift timber.

Trying to be Genteel.

Once boarded in a "genteel boarding house" in Louisville; there were two ladies and a piano in the house—hall and parlors handsomely furnished. The eldest young lady, the belle, wore a summer bonnet at ten dollars—a silk and blond concern that could not last more than three months—silk and satin dresses at two, three, and four dollars per yard, and five dollars a piece for making them, and the entire family, women, boys, and babies, slept in one small room, with two dirty bags of pink shavings, two straw bolsters, and three dirty quilts, for bedding, no slippers, and there on the wall hung the pea green and white satin, the rich silk laced dresses. These ladies did not work, but played on the piano, accordeon and cards; and nearly broke their hearts the week we were there, because another, who I presume lived just as they did, called on them, with a great clumsy gold chain on her neck. None of them had one, and Miss Labind's, the belle, could eat no supper, and had a fit of sulks, to console her for not having money that night, and more credit than either. In nine cases out of ten, the effort fails, and the girls remain unmarried, thus increasing the number of those discontented old maids who mistakenly think a single life possesses nothing honorable, but who have only themselves to blame for their fate, since they despised the honest man who would have had them in the vain hope to get others who scorned them in turn.

There is nothing more foolish, indeed, than this trying to be "genteel." The world itself is vulgar, and has no real meaning, at least in a republican country. We have no gentility here, as they have in England. Every man is on an equal footing with his neighbor, and it is his duty to his neighbor, as is worthy of respect as the richest citizen. A respectable operative, though poor, is far more estimable than either the fashionable dandy who lives by cheating his tailor, or the extravagant merchant, who spends more than his income. In common parlance, "genteel people" more generally, belong to the spendthrift class that the respectable man, to the vain and conceited, and the live for show, than to the intelligent, honorable and worthy. The endeavor to ape the rich, by an extravagant expenditure of narrow means, is what most weak persons do, who wish to be considered "genteel." It is our deliberate opinion that no young woman can live this life of petty hypocrisy, this constant struggle to seem to be what she is not, without losing, at the strict regard for truth, which is one of the brightest ornaments of a female character. Better, far better, be frank and honest! Poverty is nothing to be ashamed of, while deceit and extravagance are. If we were a young man, we would avoid all families in which we detected this effort to be "genteel," for we would run great danger of marrying an extravagant and foolish wife, if nothing worse.

A Second Ulysses.

An old man, of very acute phrenology, answering to the name of Jacob Wilmot, was brought before the Police Court of Philadelphia. His clothes looked as if they might have been bought second handed in his youthful prime, for he had suffered more from the rabs of the world than the proprietor himself.

"What business do you follow, Wilmot?"
"Business? None, I'm a traveler."
"A vagabond—perhaps?"
"You are not far wrong. Travelers and vagabonds are much the same thing. The difference is that the latter travel without money, and the former without brains."

"Where have you traveled?"
"All over the continent."
"For what purpose?"
"Observation."
"What have you observed?"
"Little to commend, much to censure, and very much to laugh at."
"Umph! and what did you commend?"
"A handsome woman that will stay at home, an eloquent preacher that will preach a short sermon, a good writer that will not write to much, and a fool who has brains enough to hold his tongue."

"What man do you mention?"
"A man who marries a girl for her fine dancing, and then studies law or medicine, while he has use of his hands, and people who elect a drinker or blackhead to office."

"What do you laugh at?"
"I laugh at a man who expects his position to command that respect which his personal qualities and qualifications do not merit."

It is suggested that a more general diffusion of knowledge and moral enlightenment should be substituted for the gullible by the elevation of the mind, and that the ignorant are protected.—Portland, Me.

It costs thirty millions of dollars a year to maintain the paper of England and Wales.