THE SUSQUEHANNA REGISTER.

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

VOLUME 27---NUMBER 14. MONTROSE, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, APRIL 22, 1852. WHOLE NUMBER, 1418.

THE SUSQUEHANNA REGISTER,

(A Weekly Newspaper,)

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, AT MONTROSE, SUSQ. CO. PA., BY

J. C. MILLER.

TERMS.

One Dollar and Fifty Cents per annum cash actually in advance.

Two Dollars if paid within the year.

Two Dollars and Fifty cents if not paid until after the expiration of the year.

No subscription will be permitted to remain unsettled longer than two years.

These terms will be rigidly adhered to.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square, one week, - - $0,50

" each subsequent week, 0,25

Business Cards per annum with paper, 3,00

**A liberal discount made to yearly advertisers.

"Poet's Corner."

A Good, Honest Heart.

BY G. LINNÆUS BANKS.

I'm happy, I'm cheerful, I'm merry and gay,
From year's end to year's end—so time glides away,
Though on humblest of fare or dainties I dine,
Contentment and peace are companions of mine;
There is joy in my cup—there is health at my board;
And, though poor, yet in spirit I'm rich as a lord;
For this is a maxim from which I'll ne'er part:
The true spring of peace is a good, honest heart!

I frown not on those whom the world calleth great,
For what God has denied can be no whim of Fate;
I speak no ill word of my dear fellow man,
But endeavor daily all the good that I can;
Should the orphan and widow look in at my door,
I wish them "God speed!"—perhaps do something more;
For this is a maxim from which I'll ne'er part:
The true spring of peace is a good, honest heart!

What were this world to me, and the pleasure it brings,
If love to my soul lent not freedom and wings!
And as for the next—dare I dream of its bliss,
If my duty to man were neglected in this?
Then murmur who will!—let the selfish plod on,
And be true to the teaching of rule "No. 1;"
This, this is a maxim from which I'll ne'er part:
The true spring of peace is a good, honest heart!

The Old Turnpike.

We hear no more of the clanging hoof,
And the stage-coach rattling by,
For the Steam-King rules the travelled world,
And the old Pike's left to die.
The grass creeps o'er the flinty path,
And the stealthy daisies steal
Where once the stage-horse, day by day,
Lifted his iron heel.

No more the weary stager dreads
The toil of the coming morn;
No more the bustling landlord runs
At the sound of the echoing horn;
For the dust lies still upon the road,
And the bright-eyed children play
Where once the clattering hoof and wheel
Rattled along the way.

No more do we hear the cracking whip,
Or the strong wheel's rumbling sound;
And ah! the water drives us on,
And an iron horse is found!
The coach stands rusting in the yard,
And the horse has sought the plow;
We have spanned the world with an iron rail,
And the Steam-King rules us now!

The old turnpike is a pike no more,
With open stands the gate;
We have made us a road for our horse to stride,
Which we ride at a flying rate:
We have filled the valleys and levelled the hills,
And tunnelled the mountain side;
And round the rough crag's dizzy verge,
Fearlessly now we ride!

On—on—on—with a haughty front!
A puff, a shriek, and a bound;
While the tardy echoes wake too late
To babble back the sound;
And the old pike road is left alone,
And the stagers seek the plow;
We have circled the earth with an iron rail,
And the Steam-King rules us now!

Selected Miscellany.

From the Pennsylvania Inquirer.

SOCIAL TREACHERY.

OR

THE BETRAYAL OF PRIVATE CONFIDENCE.

"Oh! colder than the wind that freezes
Foun'e, that but now in sunshine play'd,
Is that congealing pang which seizes
The trusting bosom when betray'd."

MOORE.

THERE are times and seasons in the life of almost every one, when the heart unbosoms itself—if we may use the expression—anxious to communicate its inmost thoughts to some kindred spirits, and thus to excite sympathy, if not to obtain counsel. There are few indeed, who have not some confident of the quiet and social hour, some one to whom every secret may be revealed in a spirit of utter frankness and with a firm reliance, that such an evidence of friendship and esteem will not be violated. And thus, too in families. Among friends and with near and dear relatives, all the ordinary restraints of conventionalism are thrown aside. Every action and motive is revealed, and a perfect reliability is felt, that such revelation will be regarded as sacred. In the multitude of cases it is so. The confidence of social life is rarely betrayed, although there are sad exceptions. We can conceive of no enormity more culpable, more deplorable, than a revelation of the trusts of friendship, and of the character alluded to. To steal into the confidence of a fellow-being, of a friend or neighbor, to win upon his feelings and secrets for the express will intent of betraying them to the world—nay, to exaggerate and pervert them, it is a species of social delinquency and deliberate wickedness, from which all who are truly high-minded and virtuous must shrink with horror. It involves the double guilt of treachery and hopocrisy. It perverts the holy privilege of friendship to the basest purpose, and stabs at the victim, when he leans and relies upon the base and guilty hand, as that of an adviser and a companion. But, there is another description of social treachery, which is far more common. We allude to the disposition which prevails so generally, to listen to the frank and unpremeditated remarks of another—remarks made in his own family circle, and thus on privileged, if not hallowed ground, and then to go forth into society and repeat them. The repetition, too, is often made in an unkind spirit. The *manner* is changed or misrepresented, and thus what was meant in jest or playfulness, is converted into a serious matter, and is made the cause of irritation or ill-will. The idle tattlers of the hour, who are ever on the watch for some hasty remark, and who eagerly catch it up, and bear it from ear to ear, are not only common nuisances, but they are worse. They are the disturbers of quiet and happy homes—they are the fomenters of discord and disunion among friends—they are either the thoughtless or the malignant causes of scandal, calumny, bitterness and feud. Alas! how many of these are to be found, not only in every great metropolis, but in every little village. They hasten from door to door, as if bent on mischief. The slightest whisper of slander is magnified into something serious, and thus by nods and shrugs, and strange surmises, reputations are trifled with, characters are assailed, and household circles are rendered miserable. Should it not be regarded as a duty on the part of those who are admitted to the confidence of friends and families, who are made parties to their secrets, and before whom many things are said not intended for the general ear of the world—is it not a duty on the part of all such, to avoid the repetition, even of harsh remarks, or the betrayal of any single circumstance that was evidently made known in a spirit of confidence? Is it not a heartless and treacherous occupation, to repeat language that was meant only for the private ear, especially if the repetition be calculated to injure the reputation of the original utterer, or to wound the feelings of another? Is it not the policy, as well of benevolence, as of wisdom, to afford as much pleasure as possible in this world, and inflict as little pain? If we cannot say something kind and generous of those with whom we mix and mingle, had we not better hold our tongues and remain silent? If we cannot brighten the reputation of those immediately around us, why should we engage in the unpleasant task of sullying and darkening? All have errors and infirmities, and all, therefore, are liable to mistakes. It is impossible to keep watch and guard upon ourselves at all moments, while there are many, moreover who are quick, impulsive, and thoughtless, and who, indeed, often say things which they do not really mean. It is cruel, therefore, to take advantage of such, to gain their confidence and enjoy their friendship, and yet abuse both to their disadvantage. The dearest ties, the most sacred attachments, the holiest bonds have been sundered by this species of want on hypocrisy and heartless treachery. The little things of life are often pregnant with mighty consequences. A remark made in confidence and repeated in a vicious, jealous, or malignant spirit—nay, if repeated at all, will often open the door for misconstruction, and lead to misunderstandings, that years of after effort will not fully reconcile. Nothing wounds so deeply as the slight or unmerited censure of a friend. Nothing rankles so keenly in the human heart, as a belief or impression that one to whom we have been in the habit of turning with confidence for a long period, and, of whose faith, good-will, and sincerity we never entertained a doubt, has said or done something, either calculated to destroy the kindly feeling at a blow, or to throw a suspicion upon his conduct for ever after. And yet this is the bitter fruit of social treachery. A word or hint, a suggestion attributed to a friend, and calculated to annoy or to wound, will often disturb an intimacy, and rupture bonds that have existed closely and kindly for years. The spirit that would deliberately engage in this foul work, and with the malevolent purpose of exciting suspicion, or destroying confidence and good-will, is at once despicable and demoniac. Its trophies are severed bonds—its triumphs are broken hearts.

INCREASED DURATION OF LIFE.—Professor Buchanan, in an interesting lecture before the Mechanics' Institute of Cincinnati, makes the following observations upon the average duration of life, the effect in part of the improvements in medical science. He says that in the latter part of the sixteenth century, one half of all that were born, died under five years of age, and the average longevity of the whole population was but 18 years. In the 17th century, one half of the population died under twelve. But in the first sixty years of the 18th century, one half of the population lived over 27 years. In the latter forty years, one-half exceeded thirty-two years of age.—At the beginning of the present century, one-half exceeded forty years, and from 1388 to 1845 one-half exceeded forty-three. The average longevity at these successive periods has been increased from 18 years in the 16th century, up to 43.7 by our last reports.

☞ The old lady that used to dry her clothes on the Equinoctial line, has gone to Greenland to get the north pole to draw cistern water with.

Speech is the gift of all, but thought is the gift of few.

For the Susquehanna Register.

EDUCATION OF YOUNG LADIES.

BY CALAMUS.

The educational system in our country, is based too much on our political system. In commerce, politics and state intercourse, *men* hold the helm. At the ballot box, *men* alone exercise the elective franchise—if railroads are to be projected, chartered and constructed, *men* take the responsibility—colleges are to be endowed, professors appointed and students cloistered under their care, *men*, and *men* alone are called to these stations, while the gentler sex are bidden to stand aside. I believe that the country would be benefitted, the female sex exalted, and men better, educated than they are, if these advantages were equally shared by both sexes.

Men generally look for house cleaners and bread-makers in selecting their wives, forgetting that though it is important to clean a house, it is also well to *adorn* one, and that the moulding of character is far more important than the smouldering of loaves and dumplings.

Mr. Editor, I am not a married man, though by no means opposed to matrimony, but if ever I confer that happiness upon myself and some other *one* being,—that one shall have at least this merit, a sound, thorough education. I know that it is no very easy matter to penetrate at once the gloss and glare which fashion throws over the most superficial minds, and that it is difficult for persons under *sound* circumstances, to believe anything else than that *she* is perfection in *all* things, because she happens to charm you in *one*—but I am resolved that my earthly angel shall be the fit companion of a *man*, it not a connoiseur in the kitchen and washroom.

Nothing appears to me more true, than that the education of young ladies generally, is a mere external culture—a polish without depth. Though the sun is said to be the source of light to the earth and all earthly things, the diamond, after a short exposure to the sun, when taken into a dark room, will give out light of itself for a time. So with the mind. There are some whose minds are exposed but for a short time to the light of science—and in retirement, they may *dazzle* for a while perhaps—but they possess no permanent, light-giving power. Yet there is a difference. The diamond will retain the light but little longer, though exposed to the sun for weeks. But the mind gains strength by every renewal of its application and practice. The brightest light is dim in the full sun-light, and no mind clad in borrowed robes can shine amid the full blaze of an intellectual education.

There must lie some stamina—something more than silks and gauze-work, and dancing and French.

It may be thought inappropriate for a newspaper to discuss the follies and faults of young ladies, but I believe it a matter in which we are especially interested. I can only ask to be treated as we treat them.

There are several defects, a few of which I can briefly allude to.

The errors in the course of study are almost wholly chargeable to the fair angels themselves and their parents, not to the teachers.

Miss A. or Mr. B. (says the fond parent) you may teach Mary History, Music, "French and German." "Now, mother, I'd rather have "*Dancing*" than History—it's so dry—Drawing is pleasanter than German—do let me take that." "Well Mary, do as you think best—I hope you'll try to let the young gentlemen alone." "*Certainly*," says the astonished teacher. With a private injunction to the preceptor, to keep Mary entirely away from young men—*above all things*, the parent leaves the daughter alone. The request that she may be kept from young men's society, she thinks highly proper. What sensible young man cares for the society of a half educated, giddy girl? Keep the sexes by themselves until their *minds* are properly furnished, or their *hearts* will run away with body, mind and all, and the time which should be devoted to study, be wasted in flirtation and folly.

Yet the fault is not wholly with the young ladies: There are many who are highly educated, and give a tone to the society in which they move. There are seminaries of a high character, but they are too few, and too expensive, to be a *public* good. It is to be lamented that a course of study for a young lady, equivalent to a college education, costs about ten times the amount of a young man's tuition. But 'tis known to be a fact. The only remedy is in the establishment and endowment of schools for ladies, equal in all respects to our first universities. If the way is open, the fair sex will not be behind-hand. Give them the facilities, and they will come out, as the stage proprietor advertised his stages—"far in advance of the *mails!*"

The ladies sometimes look wise when you speak of the great wealth of such and such a man, and say that it all *belongs to his wife*—he married *into* a fortune. And yet, I often wonder why some of these wealthy "Queens of Sheba" do not devote their money to some laudable object, instead of giving it up to the men, and then complaining of man's illiberality.

One of the *many* fortunes which are now wasted on silks, mirrors, furniture, operas and useless trash, might endow an institution worthy of the age and the sex. *Of the sex*, we say, because the female sex above all, should be educated and refined. How much of true nobility has sprung from the elevated precepts of a mother! It is a case which needs no argument. One cause of the intelligence and genuine manliness of character in the English nation, is the refinement and superior education of English Mothers.

Mind is of no sex. Men generally of fact the greatest schlemozzles, seldom trust the greatest attention in their intellectual labors, but there is an enduring power in woman's influence, with which the terror of armies and the success of adroit diplomacy sustain no comparison.

Beauty has an irresistable power over us unfortunate men, and if we are fools enough to be blinded by it, we may embark on the voyage of matrimony but to be wrecked. Our ship will prove a "painted ship, upon a painted ocean."

Blandina is a fascinating female. A sylph-like form, grace inimitable, smiles irresistible, play sad havoc with the sterner sex. I gaze—gaze again—and turn away, dazzled by the sight. One after another the young men are drawn toward her by a magnetic power, and though some are soon repelled, (I imagine because unsuccessful) many are still charmed, enchanted and chained to the spot. I venture near—solicit an introduction, and fall in with the conversation which is on the comparative merits of Jenny Lind and Catharine Hays. "Miss Blandina," said I, "have you ever regarded the sweet, simple, mellifluous melody of the "nightingale," and the peculiar earnestness of the "Irish Swan," as indices of their national character? The *Swedish* simplicity and purity—and the *Irish* depth of feeling and passion?" "Wall," said she, "I don't know as I has—I never thought a word about it—but I'd rather hear Cuth. Hays—she had a rale handsome boquete of posies the night I he'erd her—I wished I had 'em—I wonder where she got 'em, —Pa say he'll fix me a petition long side o' the kitchen, so as to have peonies and holly-hocks all the year round! Do'nt you think peonies is *sweet* posies, Mr.——?" [I was overwhelmed with consternation.] "Certainly," said I, "few flowers are more deeply and richly [illegible] are you aware, Madam, that the root of the peony is highly medicinal?" "Wall, I don't know—they hadn't ought to ruin sich harnsome posies for physic, no how—I'd sooner suffer than spile one of mine!"

Shocked and confounded, in spite of my admiration for her heroic devotion to a favorite "posy," I allowed myself without reluctance, to accept the invitation to join a circle of friends in another room.

Fearing another encounter with this fascinating (but ungramatical) angel, I excused myself at an early hour, and went home to devise some sovereign cure for such diseases as I had observed in so striking development in Miss Blandina.

"The only remedy I see,

"For such abuses, is the *re-*

"Construction"—of our female educational system.

Monkeys and Organ Grinders.

With the return of warm weather, a horde of monkeys and organ grinders are annually let loose upon our citizens. We have often wondered where they came from and whither they went. Their place of rendezvous we have at length discovered. A lofty building in Orange street, evidently designed by the builder as the abode of comfort and elegance, has been for some period in the complete occupancy of these creatures. The threshold crossed, the organs of scent, sight and hearing—the fumes, the filth, the screeches—leave no doubt of the character of the place. Each apartment forms the abode of both men and monkeys; and it would require no great stretch of imagination in the visitor to suppose some of the inmates representatives of those interior African tribes who are said to possess tails. In the lower rooms, Jacko was generally restricted in his perambulations by a short chain; but in the attic and upper apartments, where the monkey tribe greatly predominated over the *organ* boys, the animals occupied boxes about a foot square, and were based on companionship. In other cases, the monkeys are made to occupy small closets, partitioned off into small compartments. In one room thus occupied, in part, were three bedsteads, overspread with tattered and filthy quilts, whereon slept, at night, six or nine individuals, of both sexes. Adjoining, was an apartment where, among swinging cobwebs and the sooty accumulation of a decade of years, was to be seen the whole apparatus of street music—managers, monkeys and organs—for the weather was unpropitious for the prosecution of the fine arts. Our sudden entrance took them by surprise, a group of men around a table pushed from sight the cards with which they were playing, and curiously eyed the visitors. One of them then proceeded to show off a favorite monkey, which he said was worth "tree huntred dollar." The ordinary price ranges from $20 to $50. Close by the card-players, an aged couple, with haggard visages, were gracelessly stretched out, faces upward, over a heap of hand organs and boxes—heavily slumbering.

During the interview which ensued, various information was elicited. The receipts of organ-players are now small compared with former years, on account of the great competition in the business; but it is not unusual for these vagrants to make a dollar, or even $1,50 a day. The monkeys are imported, but their constitutions are unable to bear up under the rigors of winter in these high latitudes, and they are obliged to spend the most inclement part of the season in the Southern States. There are at present but few monkeys in the city, in consequence of this temporary absence. The cold weather has the effect to induce rheumatic pains, cramp in the stomach, diarrhea, &c., attended with loss of flesh. The city does not hold out so great inducements to itinerant organists as the country—the former being far less liberal in its patronage.

Monkeys are not at all fastidious as to the nature of their food. The hand-organs are generally owned by the performers, and are manufactured abroad. There are instances in which they are the property of some capitalist included in the fraternity, who hires them out for a certain percentage of the receipts. The poor creatures are brought from Italy, and though, in the Italian love inherent in living together in considerable numbers, associate rather from instinct than interest. As the monkey-musical season will recur with the re-commencement of warm weather and the consequent return of the monkeys from their Southern tour, the pecuniary result is looked forward to with no ordinary interest.—*New York Com*

ADAM'S FALL.

Mr. White, the temperance lecturer, during his visits to Mobile last spring told the following anecdote in one of his addresses, to illustrate the influence of a bad example in the formation of habits ruinous in their effect:

Adam and Mary his wife who lived in one of the old States, were very good members of the church, good sort of folks any way, and Mary thought a great deal of the minister, and the minister thought a good deal of a glass of good toddy.

Whenever the minister called to make Mary a visit, which was pretty often, she contrived to have him a glass of toddy made, and the minister never refused the toddy. After awhile Adam got to following the example of the minister to such an extent that he became a drunkard—drunk up every thing he had and all he could get. Mary and he became very poor in consequence of his following the minister's example so closely, but the good minister continued his visits, and poor Mary continued still to give the glass of toddy. One day he called in and told Mary that he was going away for a week—should return on Friday—and handed her a book containing the catechism and told her when he returned he should expect she would be able to answer some of the questions. Mary says yes, and laid the book away very carefully. But Mary like a good many other church members, thought no more of her book until the very Friday that the good minister was to return.

"What shall I do," says she, "the minister is to be here to-day and I have not looked in the book he gave me. How can I answer the questions?"

"I can tell you," said Adam, "give me a quarter and let me go over to Smith's and get some good rum, and you can answer his questions with toddy."

Mary took the advice—gave Adam a quarter and jug, and off he started. After getting his bottle filled, and on his way back, Adam concluded to taste the rum. One taste brought on another, until he stumbled over a pile of rocks and broke the jug and lost all the rum. But Adam managed to stagger home.

As soon as he got in the house, Mary inquired anxiously for the bottle of rum. "Where is the bottle of rum, Adam?" Poor Adam managed to stammer out "that he had stumbled over a pile of rocks and broke the bottle and lost the rum." Mary was in a fix—Adam drunk—the minister coming—the rum gone—and the questions unlearned: "But here comes the minister! It wouldn't do for the man of God to see Adam drunk," so she, for the want of a better place to hide him sent him under the bed. By the time he was fairly under, in came the minister. After sitting a few moment he asked Mary if she thought she could answer the question.

"How did Adam fall?"

Mary turned her head, first one way, and then another, finally she stammered out.

"He *fell over a pile of rocks!*"

It was now the minister's turn to look blank, but he ventured another question.

"Where did he hide himself after his fall?"

"*Under the bed, sir!*"

There, Adam, you may come out, he knows all about it.

The good minister retired—not even waiting for a glass of toddy.

Dress of the Lima Women.

The dress of the women of Lima is as singular as it is graceful; the skirt which is generally of black silk or satin, is made very full, is gathered in the waist at the back in innumerable plaits, which there act in the place of a "bustle." To the waistband behind is attached the *manto*, a sort of hood, made of a fabric somewhat like black crape. This hood is just large enough to come over the head, take in the left shoulder and arm, and a portion of the right shoulder; the left arm is carried across the body and supports the right elbow, whilst the right hand draws the front of the veil, or *manto*, tightly over the face, so as to leave only one eye exposed; and those *one* eyes! Oh dear! such large, coal black, lustrous, beautiful eyes would require a ship load of poets to describe them properly. And then the hands and feet of these beautiful Limenas are delicately small, almost to a fault. Their figures are the most graceful imaginable, (not having yet taken to those accursed slow suicidal affairs, stays,) and a queen might envy their walk. In addition to all these the Limena never considers herself dressed unless she has flesh colored stockings and white satin shoes, and these extravagancies may well be indulged in, in a town such as this, where no mud or dirt, except around the fountain or near the water courses is ever seen. Whatever may be the rank of the fair, or rather the dark one, for they are all rather dark, she *will* have the aforesaid shoes and stockings, or none at all. I have seen a woman going to mass, with a skirt and *manto* in rags, but she had nevertheless her white satin shoes and flesh colored stockings, and stepped or rather glided along with the elegance of fairies. Many a gay Lothario has followed the steps of a woman, thinking from her walk and figure, that she must be an houri at least, and, after a long tedious walk through all manner of streets, under a blazing sun, has seen his charmer turn into perhaps some little dirty house, where relasting her *manto* she discloses her face, and the horrified swain discovers that he has been following a woman old enough to be his grandmother, and perhaps nearer to the grave than—Ev

ollections of a Ramble from Sidney to Southampton.

An Interesting Husband.

One of the go-ahead ladies of this progressive age thus writes of her husband to the Boston Olive Branch. It does seem to be a pity that such a woman should have been caught in the same net with such a man as this lady describes her husband to be—but such accidents do happen occasionally. We should like to have Solomon's opinion of his wife.

MR. EDITOR.—If you could only see my husband Solomon Stillweather. It is my firm conviction he will be the death of me. I am naturally a happy, bright, energetic, warm-hearted, chain-lightning, impulsive woman—born after stages were exploded, and in the days of railroads and steam engines. I've the most capacious heart that ever thumped against a silken bodice—can hate like Lucifer, and love in proportion, and be eternally grateful to one who is kind to me. Now Solomon is a perpetual calm. Nothing ruffles him, nothing disturbs him. Mount Vesuvius could'nt make him hurry; he does everything mercantile and matrimonial, by rule, square and compass. When the proper time arrives, it "comes off," and it don't a fraction of a second before. Were the house on fire, he would stop to take the lint off his coat, and brush his teeth before starting. If I ask him a question at breakfast, I never get an answer till tea; he walks around the house with a noiseless velvety tread, like a supernatural pussy cat. Should the children in their play knock over the tea table and its contents, he looks up from his books and says, "a-i-n-t y-o-u r-a-t-h-e-r t-u-d-e c-h-i-l-d-r-e-n?"

One summer morning in the country, as he sat on the grass smoking a cigar, it occurred to me whether anything short of an earthquake would start him up; so I placed a string of crackers directly behind him, and touched 'em off, and as I am a living woman he never so much as winked. You should see him getting ready for church on Sunday, as he pares and polishes his finger nails, lays every hair on his head over its appropriate bump, sprinkles a drop of cologne on the northwest corner of his pocket handkerchief, and ties the bow of that cravat for the *for-tieth* time. I never saw Solomon excited. I never heard him laugh; he don't know the luxury of tears. Now if I could only get up a domestic squabble—thunder-clouds clear the atmosphere you know—but it's no use. I've tried to stir him up on politics, but he's "on the fence," had as lief jump one way as another, and is quite indifferent as to "gluten." I've put on the sulks, and been distant and dignified; I tell you, *he likes it*—besides you *could'nt* freeze him colder than he is. I've been loving and petted him—it's a waste of ammunition, he can't be thawed out. It's my solemn belief he was originally intended for an old maid, but by some horrid mistake—*he's my husband*. I could double Cape Horn while he is saying "M-y d-e-a-r" O-h-h! when the coroner's jury sits on me, won't the verdict be—"died of excess of STILL-weather?"

The Irishman's Revenge.

A few days since, in Portland, Maine, (where the liquor law is in operation,) a good natured son of Hibernia, whose laudable vocation is the digging and selling of clams, fancying the necessity of procuring for "medical purposes," a quart of the *contraband spirits*, called for the purpose on the authorized agent for its sale, who fearing it was not "all right," peremptorily refused to grant his request unless he produced a prescription from a regular physician.

The poor Irishman really wanted the liquor, and provided he had obtained it, would undoubtedly have appropriated it to no improper uses, being a temperance man himself. But his importunities were unavailing, and he was obliged to leave the constituted agency minus the soothing drops, and of course not a little chagrined at his usage. "But," said he, "I'll be revenged on you for your bad manners."

A few days subsequently the honest Hibernian was wheeling a covered handbarrow laden with the goods of his "profession," by the City Hall, under which the *intoxicating* agency is located. The agent espying him, and suspecting that he was wheeling off to a place of security a load of "evil spirits," accosted him thus—

"Hallo! Pat, what have you in your wheel-burrow?"

"Clams, be jabers!" replied Pat.

"Ah! that is just what I want. I will take a peck, hand them in," says the agent of spirits.

"No, sirrah by the holy St. Patrick, yer can't have them, be jabers!" said the inflexible Irishman.

"Why not?" inquired the agent.

"Well, sirrah," says Patrick, "it is meself who is the authorized agent to sell clams, and yer don't have a divil a one of them without yer get a certificate from a regular practising physishun, as I am afraid that ye will be after makin a bad use of 'em anyhow."

The authorized liquor vender did'nt get his clams.

Parson Green is still in the habit sometimes of drawing upon a barrel of sermons bequeathed him by his father, who was also a minister. Upon one occasion he got hold of a sermon by mistake, which the old gentleman had once preached to the State Prison convicts. It opened well and the congregation were becoming very deeply interested, when all at once the parson surprised them with the information, that "had it not been for the clemency of the Governor, every one of them would have been hung by the neck until dead."

The enemy made no impression and withdrew.

An Interesting Fact.

We have before us a table of the average state of the thermometer for every month and year during the last fifty-eight years. The register was made three times each day, at the same hour. The remarkable fact is shown by the table that the average temperature of each year, as compared with the rest, corresponds within a few degrees. The greatest variation is only five degrees, and that in but one year, 1816. Twenty-one years do not vary a single degree! The average temperature is in and about 51 degrees. It would seem from this that a very cold winter must be followed by a very warm summer; and *vice versa*, a mild winter by a cold summer. Otherwise the equilibrium of temperature indicated by this table could not be attained.

We believe the same law holds good in regard to Rain. The amount of water that falls in each year corresponds very nearly. So that a long continued drought in one season must be compensated for by heavy or frequent rains in another season.

In 1816, the extraordinary fact is noted that there was ice in every month! In July which was the warmest month in the year, the average temperature was as low as 68 degrees.—*Exchange.*

VOICES OF THE ARCTIC NIGHT.—The following thrilling passage occurs in the report of Dr. Kane's Lectures upon the late Arctic Expedition in search of Sir John Franklin.

"The lecturer drew a vivid picture of the marvellous scenery and the wild life of the polar regions—the strange noises of the breaking of the ice—now like the whining of a puppy, then like the call of distress, and then again like boom of cannon. The ice generally about 20 feet thick, and much resembling glass, which before was level, is now piled up in ridges and as the masses are forced upon each other, every variety of noise increases. Now, low and plaintive, then shrieking widly, gradually rising to a climax of fearful intensity, under which the language ceases, and then dying away in the softest cadence—noises so marked and oftentimes so regular, that they were regarded and called the pulses of the ice, and from these voices of the ice they were generally capable of judging of its movements. Entering Baffin's Bay, and stretched upon the ice in their Buffalo robes, an officer calls upon them to hush ten up. The ice voices have been renewed with fearful intensity, the air is filled with shrieks and howls. The ice is in great commotion. On comes the crest. The crushed ice, piled high by the meeting of the flows, gradually nears the brig—all feel the trembling motion—the vessel trembles from the force of the contended shock. On it came now only six yards from the vessel—no word is uttered—now three yards—now six feet. All wait with trembling lips, when suddenly the noise and motion cease. They wait for the movement to be renewed, but no renewal came, and five months afterward that immense ridge was still there—a monument of God's protecting care and man's weakness."

CONTAGIOUSNESS OF CRIME.—Bulwer, in one of his novels makes the following just observation on the contagiousness of crime:

"It may be observed that there are certain years in which, in a civilized country some particular crimes are in vogue. It flares its season and then burns out. Thus at one time we have burking, at another, swingism, now suicide is in vogue, now poisoning trades-people in apple-dumplings, now little boys cut each other with penknives, now common soldiers shoot at their sergeants. Almost every year there is one crime peculiar to it; a sort of annual, which overruns the country, but does not bloom again. Unquestionably, the press has a great deal to do with these epidemics. Let a newspaper give an account of some out-of-the-way atrocity that has the charm of being novel, and certain depraved minds fasten to it, like leeches. They brood over and revolve it; the idea grows up a horrid phantasmalian monomania; and all of a sudden, in a hundred different places, the one seed sown by the leaden types, springs up into foul flowering. But if the first reported aboriginal crime has been attended with impunity, how much more does the imitative faculty cling to it. Ill judged mercy falls not like dew, but like a great heap of manure on the rank deed."

LIFE ON A LIE.—Charles XII. of Sweden, condemned a soldier, and stood at a distance from the place of execution. The fellow when he heard this, was in hopes of a pardon, but being assured that he was mistaken, replied with a loud voice "My tongue is still free, and I will use it at my pleasure." He did so and charged the King, with much insolence, and as loud as he could speak, with injustice and barbarity, and appealed to God for revenge. The King not hearing him distinctly, inquired what the soldier had been saying. An officer not wishing to sharpen his resentment against the poor man, told his Majesty that he had only repeated with great earnestness, "That God loves the merciful and teaches the mighty to moderate their anger." The King was touched by these words and sent his pardon to the criminal. A courtier however in an opposite interest, availed himself of this occasion, and repeated to the King exactly the licentious expression which the fellow uttered adding gravely, "that men of quality ought never to misrepresent facts to their lovereign." This is the first time I have been betrayed to my advantage," responded the King; "but the lie of your own my gave me more pleasure than your truth has done."

☞ Aunt Hyles does'nt believe the moon is inhabited. "It is more orderly," she says, "that the Creator would have [illegible]