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."

The Argosy.

In the emerald meadows,
Below a leafy hill,
A child had launched his navy
Of lilies on the rill;
A precious little Argosy,
Those lilies fresh and white;
As on the dancing wave they rode
He shouted with delight.

He watched their dainty beauty,
As they gaily floated on,
Now toying round the velvet banks
And rocking in the sun;
And then, like silver arrows,
In waves of winter light,
And flashing down the foamy fall,
And shooting out of sight.

The birds sung pæans o'er him,
The sky was fragrant still,
Bright butterflies sailed round his ships,
Soft winds crept round the hill;
His loose locks floated in the sun,
He warbles with the stream,
For life there in the meadows,
Had the glory of a dream.

Beside a mighty river,
Where it meets the sounding main,
An old man saw his stately ships
Floating off to sea again.
Winds nestling in their great white wings,
And rainbows arched each prow,
With streaming banners on they speed;
Why clouds his furrowed brow!

The old man sits and ponders
When night winds vex the sea,
And booming billows pain his ear
With awful prophecy.
Alas his treasures bring no joy,
His sleep is not repose—
Like the deep rush of the river,
His restless being flows.

His stately ships return no more,
He bends beneath his care,
But still he looks out upon the deep
To see if they are there;
His brain grows faint with thinking,
For thoughts like spectres rise,
Till the soothing hand of slumber
Softly shuts his aching eyes.

He sports now by the streamlet,
In the meadows green and wide;
He sees his ships of light
On the sunny ripples glide;
The soft breeze wantons with his hair,
His heart leaps blithe and free—
But hush! no breath—a shoreless main
Bears on life's argosy.

Miscellaneous Selections.

From the New York Musical World and Times.

Fern Musings.

I have a horror of 'best' things, come they in the shape of shoes, garments, bonnets or rooms. In such a harness my soul [illegible] I'm puzzled to find myself. I become stiff and formal and artificial as my surroundings.

But of all the best things, spare me the infliction of a 'best room.' Out upon a carpet too fine to tread upon, books too dainty to handle, sofas that but mock your weary limbs, and curtains that dare not face a ray of sunlight.

Had I a house, there should be no 'best room' in it. No upholsterer should exercise comfort, or children, from my door sill. The free fresh air should be welcome to play through it; the bright glad sunshine to lighten and warm it; while fresh mantel flowers should woo us visits from humming bird and drowsy bee.

For pictures, I'd look from out my windows, upon a landscape painted by the Great Master, ever fresh, ever varied, and never marred by envious 'cross lights;' now, wreathed in morning's silvery mist; now, basking in noon's broad beam; now, flushed with sunset's golden glow; now, sleeping in dreamy moonlight.

For statuary, fill my house with children; now, tossing their sunny ringlets from open brows, now, veiling their merry eyes in slumberous dreams, beneath snow-white lids; now, sweetly grave, on bended knee, with clasped hands, and lisped words of holy prayer.

Did I say I'd have nothing *'best?'* Pardon me. Sunday should be the best day of all the seven—not ushered in with ascetic form, or lengthened face, or stiff and rigid manners. Sweetly upon the still Sabbath air should float the matin hymn of happy childhood; blending with early song of birds, and wafted upward, with flowers' incense, to him whose very name is Love. It should be no day for puzzling the half-developed brain of childhood with gloomy creeds, to shake the simple faith that prompts the innocent lips to say 'Our Father.' It should be no day to sit upright on stiff-backed chairs, till the golden sun should set.—No; the birds should not be more welcome to warble, the flowers to drink in the air and sunlight, or the trees to toss their lithe limbs, free and fetterless.

'I'm *so sorry* to-morrow is Sunday!'—From whence does this sad lament issue? From under *your* roof, oh mistaken but well-meaning Christian parents; from the lips of *your* child, whom you compel to listen to two or three unintelligible sermons, sandwiched between Sunday schools and finished off at nightfall by tedious repetitions of creeds and catechisms, 'till sleep releases your weary victim! No wonder your child *shudders*, when the minister tells him 'Heaven is one eternal Sabbath.'

Oh, mistaken parent! relax the overstrained bow—*prevent the fearful rebound*, and make the Sabbath what God designed it, not a weariness, but the *best* and happiest day of all the seven.

FANNY FERN.

The "Day Book," that opposed the election of Gen. Scott, to the Presidency, now says:—

"*Scott*, with Wm. H. Seward for his confidential adviser, could not have caused more mischief than *Pierce* has already accomplished. We think he had better resign. So far as we can ascertain public opinion, the people have no confidence in the present administration. It is altogether the weakest which has ever been entrusted with the reins of government."

Memoir of William Jessup, LL.D.,

OF PENNSYLVANIA.

The following sketch of the life of Judge Jessup, written by C. L. Ward Esq., of Towanda, we copy from the United States Law Magazine:—

The subject of this brief memoir was born at Southampton, Long Island, in the year 1797 of highly respectable parentage. He was sent to Yale College, New-Haven, to complete his education, and there laid the foundation of his subsequent success in life, in competition with many of those gifted minds which have since flashed so brilliantly along the pathway of fame, or amid the highest triumphs of genius in our land. Among his classmates were Thomas A. Marshall, of Kentucky; Dr. William B. Sprague, of New-York; Isaac E. Holmes, of South Carolina; James G. Percival and Truman Smith, of Connecticut; Orrin W. Fowler, of New-York, and John M. Clayton, of Delaware.

Having completed his collegiate course, Mr. Jessup emigrated to Northern Pennsylvania, and settled at Montrose, in Susquehanna county, where, with his family, he still resides. In 1818 he became a student at law in the office of the Hon. Almon H. Read, who subsequently represented the twelfth congressional district of Pennsylvania for several years in Congress. In 1820, the subject of our sketch was admitted to the bar, and entered upon the stormy theatre of professional life. Like many others of a similar temperament, his earlier progress in his profession was slow, difficult, and discouraging. It required several occasions of excitement and of deep interest to call out his ample but at that period, latent powers as an advocate; and the doubts and struggles which attended the first year or two of his novitiate, when contrasted with the brilliant success of his after-life, furnish another of those cases which may well be pointed out by way of encouragement to the despairing youthful aspirant to professional eminence.

About the period of his admission to the bar, he received the appointment of clerk to the commissioners of Susquehanna county, which place he continued to hold for several years. In 1827, Governor Shulze, of Pennsylvania, commissioned him register of wills, and recorder for the same county—a re-appointment to which, at the hands of Gov. Wolf, he declined in 1833. These minor positions are mentioned here, as showing that his progress was substantial, and by that sure gradation which accounts for the eminent practical ability [illegible] subsequently in the higher courts of the state.

Upon the resignation of Hon. David Scott, president judge of the eleventh judicial district of Pennsylvania, Mr. Jessup was promptly tendered the vacant bench by Gov. Ritner. This district then comprised the counties of Luzerne, Pike and Monroe. Upon the accession of the Hon. John N. Conyngham to the presidency of the adjoining district, a transfer was made by the Legislature of the counties of Luzerne and Susquehanna, that accommodated both judges in respect to residence: Judge Conyngham residing in Luzerne, and Judge Jessup in Susquehanna.

Upon the expiration, in 1848, of his first constitutional term upon the bench, Judge Jessup was re-appointed by Gov. Johnston to the district then composed of Luzerne, Susquehanna and Wyoming.—Here he continued to preside until the term again expired in 1851; prior to which, he had been nominated by a state convention of the whig party, as one of the five judges of the Supreme Court of that commonwealth. At the following election, the whig party of Pennsylvania—almost uniformly in the minority—were, as usual, defeated, and its candidates fell by some few thousand votes—Judge Jessup sharing the fate of his distinguished compeers, Meredith, Chambers and Cowly. He then returned once more to his favorite profession; and being yet in the prime and vigor of life, it is safe to predict that the measure of his fame is not yet full.

The style of his oratory at the bar is perspicuous, pleasing, and strongly impressive. One of his most brilliant forensic triumphs may be reckoned his defence of the Rev. Albert Barnes of Philadelphia, upon the charge of heresy, before the general assembly of the Presbyterian church. In his character or position as a judge he was remarkable for a clearness and readiness upon any subject within the range of the profession, and for a prompt and proper dispatch of business. The bar, in both districts where he has presided, is admitted to be equal in point of charater and intelligence to any other in the interior of the state; and with scarcely an exception, Judge Jessup commanded not only their respect for his learning and impartiality, as exhibited on the bench, but also their affection and esteem, in the highest degree, as a man and a Christian. His useful qualities as a citizen also claim a passing tribute. He has always been prominent and munificent in the cause of education, and has ever aided most freely in every effort to promote any cause of human advancement or of public utility.

Hamilton College paid him the just tribute, in 1848, of conferring upon him, unsolicited, the degree of Doctor of Laws. Although, apparently, always immersed in the cares of professional life, his great industry and unwearied assuidity have enabled Judge Jessup to cultivate his earlier literary and scientific tastes to an extent unusual with those distinguished, as he is, by great legal ability.

Altogether, his character and course of life have been such as to confer that substantial fame, which must always exert a wholesome influence upon the rising generation of American lawyers within every circle in which it is exhibited.

ONE OF THE FINE ARTS.—The art that circumvents a stock broker.

Four Chapters of a White Lie.

CHAPTER I.

'How unfortunate! Mamma writes me that she cannot find her emerald bracelet. Now I don't dare tell her that I lost it, as you know I did, returning from Mrs. Lacey's party. It is the last gift of my father, and very valuable. I'm sure I don't know what to do.' And Lena Atley threw the letter impatiently down.

'It's well you are here in New-York,' replied her queenly cousin, shaking the heavy curls from her shoulders, as she looked up unwillingly from her book—'what does she say?'

'She wishes to know if by mistake I could have brought it on, or if I remember where I last saw it, and when?'

'Easily answered, little simpleton.—Just tell, in a general way, that you wonder at her for thinking you so careless as to bring it here, and say that before you went to the party you saw it fastened to the toilet cushion in her room—you know you dressed there.'

'But won't that be a falsehood, almost?'—asked Lena timidly.

'A fiddlestick, you little Puritan; where's the lie? You haven't brought it to New-York, have you? You did see it on your mother's toilet table, didn't you? You must learn to distinguish between a prudent way of getting over a matter, and sheer falsehood, you little country bit of perfection.'

Lena felt satisfied—she could not brook the sneer of her beautiful cousin—nor could she bear the term of Puritanical, which her fashionable New-York relative styled her acts of conscience. The letter was written, sealed and sent, but that night, in the midst of splendid throngs, Lena's heart beat with shame for the deed at which conscience rebelled.

CHAPTER II.

'Mary, come here; I want to see you alone a moment;' and Mrs. Atley entered her dressing room followed by her handsome, innocent looking chambermaid.

'Mary, I have lost my emerald bracelet,' she said firmly, when she had seated herself, 'I want to know if you remember seeing it?'

Mary turned pale; she was extremely timid, and the thought that she might even be suspected, frightened her exceedingly.

When she answered, her voice trembled. 'Indeed, ma'am, I don't think I have seen it at all.'

'But, Mary,' and the tone grew firmer, 'Lena writes that the last time she say it it was in the room you were alone. I am positive that no one but yourself has since been in. I missed it that very night—tell me if you have it—find it—return it to me, and I will forgive you.'

'Oh! Mrs. Atley, indeed, indeed I don't know anything about it,' exclaimed the girl, beginning tearing her hands with a look of terror; 'I never was a thief—my mother will tell you that. She brought me up to the Sunday school and good things. I'd sooner spill my heart's blood than touch it.

'Hush Mary! protestations will do no good; your looks are guilty. The bracelet couldn't have gone without hands—reflect a moment. The best of girls give way sometimes to temptation. You said at first you didn't think you had seen it.'

'Oh! now indeed I remember. It seems as if Lena had it,' repeated the girl trembling so she could hardly stand upright. 'I do think—I believe I saw it on her arm; yes, I am sure Lena must have taken it to wear at the party.'

'That is the coolest impudence I have heard yet,' exclaimed Mrs. Atley, her lips quivering with passion. 'I might have forgiven you had you been candid and told the truth. But the charge you make against my daughter—the soul of candor itself—places you entirely out of my sympathy. I am astonished, confounded at your duplicity, no less than convinced by your manner. No honest girl would blush and stammer and then turn pale—or turn her guilt upon another. I shall dismiss you if you do not restore the bracelet. I heard you speak of it. I saw you look at it that evening, but the thought never entered my mind that you would steal. If I do not get the bracelet soon, I shall write to William Hermon, and do you think he will marry you when he hears that you have been suspected as a thief? You may take to-morrow to restore me my property—You know I do as I say.'

With a cheek as white as any corpse, and a wild light in her glazed eyes, Mary tottering from the room, felt her way along the entry, (for darkness seemed to have fallen upon her) up the stairs, into her own little chamber. There falling headlong on the floor, she laid in silent bitter agony. Her spirit was almost broken—Where now were all her happy dreams! Dashed like a temple by some strong wind—their ruins choked up her heart. The long sunny road was darkened. The little cottage with its honey suckle, its garden, its fruit trees, struck by pitiless lightning. The priest and the altar, the manly form of William with his honest dark eyes—shut from her guileless thought by the cloud of doubt—of horrid accusation. Visions of officers and jails, and witnesses, and disgrace, floated before her.

For a long time she lay there: but at length slowly rising, her brain beating with a dull heavy throb, she clasped her hands and broke into the wildest grief.

'I'll never go home—it'll kill mother! The little children shall never think they had a thief for a sister; and as for William—God help me! we were going to be married so soon—and I was so happy; but I can't prove anything—I was in the dressing room; I did ask Miss Lena what the pretty thing cost, and when she said five hundred dollars, I did say 'Oh how nice it would be to have all that money.' O, I'm ruined—I'm ruined! Mother, did I leave home for this?'

Away, in the dark night, has that poor girl gone—the burden of suspicion crushing her life out. On, on she hurries—she, so fearful of the dark—she who had nursed a hundred idle superstitions of ghosts and fairies. Night with its cloudy arms, welcomes her now, and covers her innocent shame from the sight of even inanimate things by the wayside.

CHAPTER III.

'Mrs. Lacy's compliments, ma'am; and here is the bracelet Miss Lena wore.—She heard she had lost it, ma'am, but hadn't no idea it was in her house—but it got dropped between the cushions on the sofa, she expects, and she's very glad she found it, ma'am, for Miss Lena felt so bad.'

'That poor child,' was Mrs. Atley's first exclamation as she took the parcel mechanically, and returning to her room, placed it upon her toilet table; 'I have almost broken her heart, I have sent her away despairingly, I shall never forgive myself.'

And had her own daughter deceived her thus? The thought was death to her fond hopes. She threw the bauble on her dressing table and sat down overwhelmed with distress. Her first thought was to write to Lena, her second to inform poor Mary by letter, as speedily as possible, and she had just seated herself for the latter purpose when a hurried knock startled her, and a pale woman stood before her exclaiming, with startling voice and manner, 'Mrs Atley, where have you sent my child? For God's sake where have you sent my child? I hear, nothing from her—I came to see if she was sick, and the servants tell me she is gone—GONE WHERE? Tell me or I shall go crazy!'

Her distress was fearful, when she had listened to Mrs. Atley's words of selfaccusation. 'Where shall I go? where shall I find my poor child? Oh, Mrs. Atley, I hold you responsible for the life of my poor girl. And she had such a dread of the jail—and she hadn't any courage at all! Where shall I find my poor child? Oh, Mary, where are you at this hour?'

It is a fearful thing to charge the innocent unjustly—to listen not to the prayers of the helpless—to judge with harshness those who have none to plead their cause.

CHAPTER IV.

'Why Lena, you look like a ghost. An hour ago your cheeks were red as roses. What is the matter, my *petite* cousin?'

Lena said nothing; and her face assumed a deadlier hue as she pointed to a *I have Jessie Brown's confession; and I know its loss and your deception, have caused the death of poor Mary Gree.* Nobody knows where she is; we have been searching for two days; and have come to the conclusion that she has destroyed her life through fear and too great sensitiveness. My child, what an awful lesson is this!'

The evil counsellor kept silence. She dared not reply when charged with tempting her to wear the bracelet, and then to cover her fault. In an hour Lena was ready and on her way home. Early in the morning she was driving rapidly thro' the thick woods. The sun slept red and warm on the wayside flowers. The birds sang as if they were singing the first jubilee song of creation. Everything seemed happy and holy but that one young heart.

She had reached within a mile of her mother's house when a haggard face passed close by the carriage. She knew it. It was poor Mary's lover; and a deathly faintness dimmed her vision as, on looking back, she saw him crouching forward beating his forehead in great agony and utter despair.

Other voices were heard, and the tramp of many feet. And they bore near the carriage, that slacked in speed as the mournful group passed by, a limp, dead body. It was poor Mary; she had perished in the woods, a victim to angry suspicion and a *harmless white lie!*'

Velvet Religion.

Every time the golden gates of a new week open, and usher in a fresh born Sunday, many a man who has his thousands, and his coach and two, repairs to the fashionable church. Entering the sanctuary with an air of reverence, he treads the soft carpet of the aisle to his pew, seats himself upon the velvet cushion, opens the gilt-edged, morocco-bound hymn-book, and goes through the entire service to the inward satisfaction of himself, and the admiration of all. How majestically he walks out as soon as the last prayer has been uttered! As the voluminous notes of the organ swell upon his ear, his heart throbs of pride, and he mentally ejaculates, "what a good man am I!"

All this while—it is a bitter cold day in winter, remember—the driver of his coach and two has been busily employed at the church door in self-flagellation, and numerous, illnatured stamps on the carriage floor, in order to keep up the circulation of his blood. There he must wait, and wait, thinking the sermon is very long, and wishing he might enter the precincts of the temple—if only to warm his feet. He cannot help thinking—for the red-nosed, half-frozen inanimate has a mind—that his master has precious little religion, and less kindness. Soon he is inclined to believe he has none of either. Finally, by a logical deduction, he arrives at the conclusion that he has something worse than either—he has hypocricy, pride, cruelty and heartlessness—and the driver stamps unusually hard, perhaps as much to give vent to his indignation, as to drive the frost out of his boots. Without endorsing the sweeping denunciations, we must say that it does not look exactly Christian; and it is a sight we behold every Sunday. Perhaps the driver wants to worship God himself, and perhaps not.

At all events, it looks very singular—those twenty or thirty carriages in a row before the church every Sunday. It speaks to us of velvet religion.—*Family Friend.*

Thomas Paine.

In the Autobiography of John Adams, we learn some facts in relation to Thomas Paine—or Tom Paine, as usually written—not generally known.

Mr. Adams says, in relation to the pamphlet "Common Sense," which is now so much praised by Mr. Paine's admirers, who celebrate his birth-day, that it did but little good to the cause which it espoused. He remarks: "He probably converted some to the doctrine of independence, and gave others an excuse for declaring in favor of it. But these would all have followed Congress with zeal; and, on the other hand, it excited many writers against it, particularly 'Plain Truth,' who contibuted very largely to fortify and influence the party against Independence, and finally lost us the Allens, Penns, and many others of weight in the community."

Mr. Adams gives him no credit for originality in its production, and says, "He came from England, and got into such company as would converse with him, and ran about picking up what information he could concerning our affairs, and finding the great question was concerning Independence, he gleaned from those he saw, the commonplace arguments—such as, the necessity of Independence at some time or other; the peculiar fitness at this time; the justice of it; our ability to maintain it, &c., &c. Dr. Rush put him upon writing on the subject, furnished him with the arguments which had been urged in Congress a hundred times, and gave him his title of "Common Sense."

Mr. Adams, though he doubted whether Mr. Paine's pamphlet had accomplished any good, still felt obliged to aim for what he then supposed to be his good intentions. For that reason, and because, to use his own language, "I saw he had capacity and a ready pen; and, understanding that he was poor and destitute, I thought we might put him into some employment where he might be useful, and earn a living. Congress appointed a Committee on Foreign Affairs, not long after, and wanted a clerk. I nominated Thomas Paine, supposing him a ready writer, and an industrious man. Dr. Witherspoon, the President of New Jersey College, and then a delegate from that State, rose and objected to it, with an earnestness that surprised me. The Doctor said he would give his reasons: he knew the man and his communications; when he first came over, he was on the other side, and had written pieces against Dr. Aitkin, and finding the tide of popularity run rapidly, he had turned about; that he was very intemperate, and could not write until he had quickened his thoughts with large draughts of rum and water; that he was, in short, a bad character, and not fit to be placed in such a situation."

All these charges were afterwards proven to be true.—*Indianapolis Morning Journal.*

Girls and Moonlight Walks

Baker, of the 'Sandy Hill *Herald*,' should profit by the 'stated preaching' and not give utterance to his private thoughts so freely as he has in the following:—

PRIVATE.—We never had a desire to be young again until last night, when we saw the fellers all out promenading with their ducks. They are having their turn now—we have had ours. Wonder where the girls are whom we thought angels, in the days when we went courting!—We saw one of them a few days ago, and she told us she was the mother of eight little angels. Quite enough for one woman.—Zounds! how such things knock the romance out of a man! Can it be possible we ever thought this woman an angel? Yes, we did—and sighed for the time when we would be big enough to lead her to the priest whose privilege it is to bind two willing hearts in the silken bonds of matrimony! But we dont think so now—a change has come over the spirit of our dream and although getting old ourselves, we somehow have a fancy for faces resembling our quondam sweethearts. It is very probable one lady of our acquaintance may not exactly approve of this notion of ours; but we can't help it. We do wish parents would be considerate enough to keep pretty girls cooped up just as they do their chickens in garden time? for the very sight of them 'stirs the blood of an old man's veins and make his pulses play.' There goes one of the vixens—now—see how she trips along, scarcely bending the grass under her elastic step—she greets us with a bewitching smile.—We know one who would give a fortune for the mate to it? but he can't have what is so freely given to one who is incapable of appreciating it, and who would not have received it had it not been mortgaged, and the mortgage cancelled by the sale of the real chattel.'

Well, who cares for the little beauties? Let 'em go it while they are young. In a few years they'll be old too. We begin to hate them, now that we begin to remember the slippery tricks their mammas and aunts used to serve upon us. We repeat, they ought to be caged up, and not suffered to practice their 'winning ways' on sedate men of middle age.

Jabe you needn't leave the Herald at the house this week.

☞ It is amusing to see a creation of broadcloth, patent leather, hair and bear's grease, sneer as it passes the sun burned laborer. Tailors, shoemakers, and hatters can manufacture the one—it is only nature that can turn out the man. There is no surer evidence of the absence of brains, than when donkies in regimentals bray at labor. The crop of fools this year is as extensive as ever.

☞ "Fanny Fern" says it is provoking for a woman, who has worked all day at mending an old coat of her husband's, to find a love letter from another woman in his pocket. We should think it might be.

Sonnet to Summer.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

O balmy, breezy, beauteous, bounteous summer!
To men and women, little girls and boys,
To birds and beasts, thou bringest many joys,
And art, indeed, a truly welcome comer!
Now stroll in pastures green, fat sheep and cows,
Now vernal blades prepare for autumn sheaves,
And woods (tho' stationary) take their leaves,
And all politely make their prettiest boughs!
Now the blithe farmer in the early morn,
With sturdy steps strides o'er the fallow field,
And plants in hope that tho' a while concealed,
The grateful harvest may "confess the corn,"
And so return him from the fruitful mould,
His gift augmented by a hundred fold!

The Poetry of Agriculture.

The principles of agriculture are exceedingly simple. That they might be made so, God himself was the first planter. He wrote his laws visibly, in the brightest, loveliest, and most intelligent characters, everywhere, upon the broad bosom of the liberal earth; in greenest leaves, in delicious fruits, in beguiling and delicate flowers. But he does not content himself with this alone. He bestows the heritage along with the example. He prepares the garden and the home, before he creates the being who is to possess them. He fills them with all those objects of sense and sentiment which are to supply his moral and physical necessities. Birds sing in the boughs above him, odors blossom in the air, and fruits and flowers cover the earth with a glory to which that of Solomon, in all its magnificence, was vain and valueless. To His hand we owe these fair groves, these tall ranks of majestic trees, these deep forests, these broad plains covered with verdure, and these mighty arteries of flood and river, which wind them along, beautifying them with the loveliest inequalities, and irrigating them with seasonable fertilization. Thus did the Almighty planter dedicate the great plantation to the uses of that various and wondrous family which was to follow. His home prepared, supplied with all resources, adorned with every variety of fruit and flower, and checkered with abundance, man is conducted within its limits, and ordained its cultivator under the very eye and sanction of Heaven. The angels of Heaven descend upon its hills. God himself appears within its valles at noonday—its groves are instinct with life and purity, and the blessed stars rise at night to keep watch over its consecrated interests. Its gorgeous forests, its broad savannas, its levels of flood and priarie, are surrendered into the hands of the wonbis tributaries, and taught to obey him. The fowl summons him in the morning to his labors, and the evening chant of the night-bird warns him to repose. The ox submits his neck to the yoke; the horse moves at his bidding in the plow; and the toils of all are rendered sacred and successful by the gentle showers and the genial sunshine which descend from heaven, to ripen the grain in its season, and to make earth pleasant with its fruits.

'Let me Sleep.'

'Let me sleep,' said my companion, half petlishly turning from my couch—'Let me sleep.' The words haunted my memory for hours afterwards. How often has the wish been breathed in this weary world. 'O, let me sleep.'

The man whose conscience lashes him for misdeeds—evils committed and unrepented of—cries, as he drops his head into his thorny pillow, 'Let me sleep!'—with sleep comes oblivion. The mourner who has seen some bright and beautiful one fade from his embrace, like a summer flower nipped by a too early frost, bows his head above the pallid face of the prostrate form below him, and sighs in the agony of his soul, 'Let me sleep!'—sleep with the loved one whose smile shall never welcome my footsteps more.

'Let me sleep,' says the traveler, who, foot-sore and weary, has toiled long in the world, and seen hopes perish unfulfilled; joys wither ere they were tasted; friendships which he thought enduring, changing hue like chameleons, and rainbow promises fading and melting into colorless air. 'O, let me sleep, for I am weary.' The rosy-cheeked child, the bright-eyed maiden, the thoughtful matron, those for whom life puts on its finest aspects, its most endearing smiles, all have periods in which they long for sleep, for the oblivion of all care, hours in which the waters of Lethe may flow darkly and deeply over them.

There cometh a sleep to all!—a sleep deep hushed and breathless. The roar of cannon, the deep-toned thunderbolt, the shock of an earthquake, or the rush of ten thousand armies, cannot break up its still repose. With mute lips and folded arms, one after another the ephemeral of earth sink down into the darkness and nothingness of the grave. No intruding footsteps shall jar upon *their* rest; no disturbing touch shall wring from them *there* the exclamation, 'Let me sleep.'

ETHIOPIAN MINSTRELSY.—There will be a general concurrence in these sentiments 'admirably expressed' of Thackeray:—

'I heard a humorous balladist not long since, a minstrel with wool on his head, and an ultra Ethiopian complexion, who performed a negro ballad, that I confess moistened these spectacles in the most unexpected manner. They have gazed at dozens of tragedy queens dying on the stage, and expiring in appropriate blank verse, and I never wanted to wipe them. They have looked up, with deep respect be it said, at many scores of clergy, many in pulpits, without being dimmed, and behold a vagabond with a corked face and a banjo sings a little song, strikes a wild note which sets the whole heart thrilling with happy pain.'

An Irish girl fought three negro women in Wilmington, Del. on Sunday, and whipped them.

Students, Do You Hear That?

The editor of the New-York Express says:—

Looking the other day upon a thousand students and graduates of New Haven, where as much attention is given to physical education as elsewhere, we suppose, we were struck with the apparent physical weakness of a vast majority of those who were visiting their Alma Mater. You can tell a clergyman not more easily by the shape of his neck-cloth and cut of his coat, than by the tone of his complexion. Pale and wan, either with the burden of study or thought, they looked to us peculiarly American, and were physically very weak. There are plenty of exceptions to the rule, but put all the clergymen together and you would rather be reminded of the race of Pigmies than the Giants. It is so, though in less degree, with gentlemen of the other learned professions; and a literary man, or professional man, who is strong and robust, with nature's vermillion in his cheeks, and elasticity in his step, is rather a rare bird to find, whether upon the wing, as a traveler, or caged to his study.

Fast living, the free use of tobacco, and too little bodily exercise, are regarded as the principal cause of this general physical inferiority. Professor Silliman, aged 74, is pronounced the most athletic and healthy man seen at the great gathering of literary men.

SINGULAR STORY.—We learn, says the Memphis *Whig*, from a reliable source, that, as a married couple were travelling on a steamboat, bound from New Orleans to an up-stream port, the man sickened and died. When the boat landed at Memphis, the bereaved and distressed widow landed with the corpse, an undertaker was sent for, who came and took the measure for a coffin. The coffin was prepared, the body deposited therein, and all was in readiness to take the mortal remains of that dear relative to its final resting-place. The lady, with all the fond affection and deep love of a wife, begged the privilege of taking one more look, a last parting kiss, on him who was more dear to her than all others upon earth. The lid was taken off, and as she laid upon that cold, icy brow, bathing it in tears, and smothering those cold lips with warm kisses, a sort of consciousness and symptoms of life became apparent, the body was taken from the coffin, and a physician sent for. Our tale is soon told. The man soon became convalescent, and but a few days since the happy pair left their place of destination. But the fond, loving wife, the husband might now be lying in a cold, damp grave.

HOW TO LAY A NERVOUS GHOST.—Judge G., of New Hampshire, was a very whimsical, irritable and nervous old man; all who attended his courts must wear slippers, tread softly, and be particularly careful how they closed the doors. One day the Judge fell sick, and was nigh unto death; indeed it was reported and the belief was general that he was dead. His immediate neighbors of course, soon discovered it was a mistake; but as the Judge was not popular, the news of his recovery did not travel as fast as the rumour of his death. A gentleman from a distant part of the county was walking the streets of the shire town, several weeks afterwards when to his astonishment he chanced to meet the tall, spare figure of the nervous magistrate.

"Why," said he to his companion, "I thought the Judge was dead!"

"Well, he did die," was the reply, "and was buried; for I attended the funeral. But after he had been in the ground three weeks, some one was thoughtless enough to pass through the grave yard with squeaking boots, *and up came old G!* The next time he's under ground, his friends intend to have the grave-yard carpeted.

HOW TO DO UP SHIRT BOSOMS.—We have often heard ladies express a desire to know by what process the fine gloss observable on new linen, shirt bosoms, etc., is produced, and in order to gratify them, we subjoin the following receipt for making gum arabic starch:

Take two ounces of fine white gum arabic powder, put it into a pitcher and pour on it a pint or more of boiling water, (according to the degree of strength you desire,) and then having covered it let it set all night. In the morning pour it carefully from the dregs into a clean bottle, cork it and keep it for use. A table spoonful of gum water, stirred into a pint of starch made in the usual manner, will give to lawns (either white or printed) an appearance of newness when nothing else can restore them after washing. It is also good (much diluted) for thin white muslin and bobinet.

☞ Table-talk, or knocking, sometimes leads to embarrassing results, as is proved by the following gossip current at Berlin. A party met the other night, and formed a chain, and when the fluid was in movement, a married lady present put the question—

"How many children have I?"

Tap, tap, tap, tap—or four, replied the table.

"True, wonderful!" exclaimed the lady, and all the others.

Presently her husband asked the same question.

Tap, tap—or two, was the answer.

The effect produced by this answer (better conceived than described) was what might be termed "scandalous table talk."

DOW, JR., in one of his recent lectures, advises his hearers as follows:

"Never run to catch a falling star, your own hat, nor attempt to reach a throne, when an opportunity presents itself to kick the bottom out. It more than probable you'll get a shilling to hold your shoes, and if you climb a tree to look into the middle of next week, it is money thrown away."