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"Boet's Corner."

Lyra: A Lament. Maidens, whose tresses shine, Crowned with daffodil and eglantine Or, from their stringed buds of brief roses. Bright as the vermeil closes, Of April twilight after sobbing rains, Fall down in rippled skeins And golden tangles low

About your hosoms, dainty as new snow, While the warm shadows blow in softest gales Fair hawthorn flowers and cherry blossoms white Against your kirtles, like the froth from pails, O'er brimming with milk at night,
When lowing heifers bury their sleek flanks In win ows of sweet hay or clover banks-Come near and hear, I pray, My plained roundelay.

Where creeping vines o'errun the sunny lens. Sadly, sweet souls, I watch your shining bands. Filling with stained hands Your leafy cups with lush red strawberries, Or deep in nurmurous glooms, In yellow mosses full of starry blooms, Sunken at ease—each busied as she likes, Or stripping from the grass the beaded dews,

Or stripping from the grass the beauch dews.
Or picking jagged leaves from the slim spikes.
Of tender pinks—with warbled interfuse.
Of poesy divine,
That haply long ago.
That haply long ago. Wrought to dolcet line-If in your levely years There be a sorrow that may touch with tears The eyelids piteously, they must be shed FOR LYBA, DEAD.

The mantle of the May Was blown almost within the Summer's reach, And all the orchard trees, Apple, pear, and peach, Were full of yellow bees,

Flown from their hives away. The callow dove upon the dusty beam
Fluttered its little wings in streaks of light,
And the gray swallow twittered full in sight; Harmless the unvoked team Brows'd from the budding elms, and thrilling lays

Made musical prophecies of brighter days;
And all went jocundly. I could but say,
Ab! well a day!— What time spring thaws the wold,
And in the dead leaves come up sprouts of gold,
And green and ribby blue, that after hours Encrown with flowers; Heavily lies my heart,

From all delights apart,

Even as an echo hungry for the wind,

When fail the silver-kissing waves to unbind

The music bedded in the drowsy strings Of the sen's gulden shells-That, sometimes, with their honeyed murmurings
Fill all its underswells— For o'er the sunshine fell a shadow wide

When Lyra died.

Was softly put aside, What time he died!

When sober Autumn, with his mist-bound brows, Sits drearily beneath the fading boughs, And the rain, chilly cold, Wrings from his beard of gold. And as some comfort for his lonely hours, Hides in his bosom stalks of withered flowers. I think about what leaves are drooping round A smoothly shapen mound; Where Lyra lies; Sweet shepherds softly blow Ditties most sad and low— Piping on hollow reeds to your pent sheep-Calm be my Lyra's sleep, Unvexed with dream of the rough briers that pull From his strayed lambs the woo Oh, star, that trembles dim Upon the welkin's rim, Send with thy milky shadows from above Tidings about my love: Made his untimely grave, Or if, so soften ug half my wild regrets, Some coverlid of bluest violets

Nay, come not, piteous maids Out of the murmurous chades But keep your tresses crowned as you may With eglantine and daffodillies gay.

And with the dews of myrtles wash your cheek When flamy streaks, Uprunning the gray orient, tell of morn— While I forlorn, Pour all my heart in tears and plaints, instead,

Miscellancous Selections.

What the French Wear,

AND HOW THEY WEAR IT. The French regard the American neo ple in much the same light as they do the 'outside barbarians" of the far-off islands of the sea; for they assert that they find an equally good market with each for the sale of rich and gaudy articles of mannfacture. Thus a large portion of the silk ple do. looms of Lyons are constantly employed in the manufacture of gaudy tissues for the North American market; while the finest and most costly styles of the cloths and cassimeres of Elbauf and Sedan find nowhere so ready a customer as the United States. The Paris merchant some-When an American, on entering a tailoring establishment in Paris, announces, in country, he is very apt to be saluted with Two styles, however, now worn by the completely chilled that I must close. To a broader smile and a greater convexity bon on in Paris, I think will find little fa- all admiring friends please quote those countries, followed by the remark, "Then you want to see the best goods we've got." The moral conveyed by these facts should not be forgotten. The fact is, we place of flounces, generally of a light are a nation of envious, money-making spendthrifts, and in the absence of titles, nets are round, very small, and reach forand those class distinctions universally ward only to the middle of the headrecognized in Europe, endeavor, by gandy display, to place ourselves in advance of each other in the world's appreciation. Our country offers the curious anomaly of possessing more aristocrats, and at the

cy of broad-cloth, brown freestone fronts? of fine goods in the street, particularly on might very well take their modestly sis line?'
the men; and he sees a greater variety of dressed daughters at their side for a family Can't, air,' answered he. 'This is a style both in London and Paris, then in ly instructress or a favorite servant. Not med line. the large American cities. The latest only must the daughters dress plainly and style is confined to a very few persons modestly, but they must never move out . L. A steamhost nearly one eighth of a known.

same time more republicans, than any

nation in existence. It is the aristocra-

population, and tew in comparison to the nor speak to a gentleman without permisnumber of persons who conform to the sion, until they are married; then custom very powerful one is, that money is less comes a sufferer in more ways than one. ground so deep into a Frenchman's ex- di plomatic, showy race of married women istence, that its influence runs through ev- cannot be found. The young women are ery action of his life, to be arrested only units in society. at his religion, and even to that he holds cloth than nine-tenths of the down town clerks of the American cities.

brought from home.

people carry their clothes with such infithem, don't advertise their thoughts. It rare as a snow storm, and certainly there the flying bird, and kill with his knotty is amusing to look at our very young men is no place where they ought to occur so when they get on their first Paris outfit; a thing which soon takes place, unfortucan fathers would give their sons, whom and then limit the amount of supplies at tion of a gentleman in his manner and his good sense, they would confer a favor on risian artists in cloth. The custom of the boy and their purse at the same time. modifying after the London style, has the thicket to reach the river, he heard happy as we may in this wild world of Andrew Jackson on the plaza. Although I have been here a year, and been growing considerably lately; and it singing sweeter that any he had ever wood; but the good God has promised dress, a well-made American suit, (American made clothes are always modified from the French,) whenever I encounter it, still strikes me as the most beautiful. the most reasonable, and the most tasteful; and there is no reason why the Amerand are destined to lead in so many more, tle method in his madness: should not invent a dress of their own, which, by their great traveling propensities, would soon become universal. It is brief season for a style and not for file. the hands, it is sufficient, no matter what

the sincerity and gravity which our peo-The women of Paris dress with much more taste, generally, than the men.-They study contrasts more, and understand that part of the art of dressing better, perhaps, than any other people.-They seem to be the slaves only to the piece of goods, in which his stock is de- are always tasty and piquant. The ficient, that all those styles are carried off Freuch women do not put so much monsomewhere in the region of veneration. Like the meu, the women carry themselves so gracefully that they seem not conscious of it when extravagantly dressed.

A habit prevails in France in regard to

changes of fashion in the large cities of allows them to make up for lost time, and America. Otside of that limited num-ber one could not decide what was the reigning style, they are so diversified.— study of the fushions is very apt to be-One cause of this diversity is, that no come at once a mania with them, and unpeople pay so much attention to contrasts less they are gratified to the extent of of person as the French; while another their desires, the husband very often bedelighted many, but we presume that a and the spicy shoots from the hemlocks,
very powerful one is, that money is less comes a sufferer in more ways than one. large proportion of our readers, will, with and spread deeply over the leaf covered equally distributed than with us, and few- A Frenchman, however, cannot resist the er persons can afford to conform to the fascinations of a French woman, and gen-

frequent changes of fashion. But fre- erally yields to all her wishes, if he even quent changes must take place in France; sacrifices his happiness in other particuit is a national characteristic, which is lars. A more independent, exacting, In physical characteristics, the women not too tenactously. So that, in some of this country have been much more fameasure to compensate for the frequent vored by nature than the men. The per-

change which is required, the French sons of the men in Paris, are, for the most have acquired the habit of wearing a part, of middle stature, slightly built, coarser cloth than that which their manu- rather small boned than thin, with small facturers send to our country. The Em- regular features, fine eyes and picturesqe ry tale ! peror of France wears every day coarser heads, though not of the bold masculine description which belongs to the northern nations. They are generally sallow, with In Paris, however, every one but the dark hair and beard-very seldom fair, workman engaged at his work, looks while red hair is scarcely ever seen— neat. I am inclined to believe that it is The faces of the women resemble much this general neat appearance which has the men; they have regular features, dark hear lies, nor should folks like me upward, and with clasped hands sang induced other nations to borrow their hair, and magnificent eyes. They carry fashious from Paris. Certainly, for ele- their heads high, look independent, integance and appropriateness, the French resting, (not beautiful,) are excessively styles do not equal the English or Amer- polite, and make the most agreeable sociican modification. It is easy to recog- ety one can find. They are generally nize a New York or London man in the brunettes, and have but little color furnishstreets of Paris by his back. The Paris- ed by nature, nor is art so often resorted ians ask nothing more than to see a man's to to supply this deficiency as in some back to know whether he is English or countries. They are of middle stature, American, provided he be a fresh arrival exceedingly well formed, and graceful in and carries with him the colors which he all their actions. Their forms are very much better than the men, and better Another reason why we endeavor to than the English of American women, follow the French style is that the French but they lack the modest beauty of face people carry their clothes with such infi- which characterizes the American and nite grace, giving to the most unnatural English ledies. The French people adand out-of-taste styles an easy organice mit the fact themselves, that America that our more awkward people cannot approach in any style which they may other country, while they complain of choose to adopt. It is rare to see a Krench fop, that is, what we understand Where an American girl wins the affecting and cold, reserved manners. by a fop. There are plenty of men who tions of a man by her silent, modest beaupay as much attention to their clothes as ty, a French woman does it with her eyes broad, and his limbs sturdy. He could ing a goat with full udders to his home. Bigler, and entrusted the Herald during The term refers to a collection of build. with us but their manner, when carrying and her tongue. A blush in Paris is as outrun the swiftest deer, hit with a stone

often. -The Emperor and Empress, whenever nately for them, for the longer a man they appear in public, unless it he on he found in the hollow trunks and in the told me the name by which I am to call stays here, the more simply he dresses. state occasions, are always dressed plain rocks; and he drank only the water from you, my dearest. I do think the most ludicrous sight a man —a la hourgeois; and the people like it; the springs, or the deep river which can see in Paris, is a freshly arrived boy. An extravagantly dressed man at the Em- flowed through the valley. He slept in anistograt trying to be graceful in one of peror's ball is sure to be ridiculed. One Dusantov's best outfits-for our genuine is surprised, just now, to meet so many "blood" won' go to a shop that is not plain-looking persons in coronetted car- wares. Yet, savage as he was, he had a patronized by the Emperor. If Ameri- riages in the streets of Paris. It is to be hoped that the example of the Emperor, they send here, one or two good suits, whom all acknowledge to be the perfecmy bankers," until through the medium dress, will exert a good influence in cuof their eyes they had learned a little ring the unlimited extravagances of Pahave grown perfectly accustomed to the is not at all uncommon to see a fashionable Frenchman carrying a long-waisted paletot.

Letter from a Runaway Lunatic. We find the following in the Augusta ican people, who lead in so many things, Age. The runaway seems to have no lit-

RICH CORRESPONDENCE.—An inmate of the Insane Hospital in this city, named time that the American people ceased to Samuel W. Whelpley, but who calls himun crazy after European fashious. It is self Edgar Maurice, made his escape a well to remember, too, that few French few days since, obtained a horse and wagcoats are made well; it is all a rage for a on of Mr. Sawyer of the Cushnoc House on the representation that he wanted it At the present moment, if the skirts of a to pursue a crazy man who had just escoat scarcely cover the hips, and the caped from the hospital; (ho being the sleeves have a clean foot of opening for very man,) and thus equipped left town. The lands, it is sufficient, no matter what rived from the following letter, since re the out may be otherwise. It is a great ceived from him by Dr. Harlow, superinab wrility for a sensible people to endcavtendent of the hospital, who had taken or to follow such fashions as these, with special pains to securely lock him up the night previous to his escape. The letter is one of the coolest imaginable. Here it is, verbatim et literatim:

"5 o'clock.-I am somewhat in a hurry, so you must excuse any informalities in address, &c. I find that swimming a river in November in this climate, is no style of bonnet an article in which the envious job. Thank you, dear doctor, for times complains when asked for a fine French certainly excel. Their bonnets the remarkable care with which you had me secured last night. I was really afraid something might have happened to me if at higher prices than he can afford to ey on their backs as either American or I had not been so snugly ensconced. If give, by the American importing agents. English women, but they arrange it to you happen to see or hear anything conbetter advantage. They are rather too cerning that key, please inform me by refond of velvet trimmings and Jewelry; turn mail. I got one this morning that reply to the polite interrogatory which is but otherwise they dress admirably, and answered as well. I am writing in a felsometimes put to him, the name of his much more reasonably than the men.— low's shop, and he is so surly and I am so of the spine than the citizens of other yor in America. They are the manteau, admirable lines from Harper's Magazine;

"It is nobody's business is." What another's business is."

"If you wish to know concerning my regira, I have not time to write the particulars, but can say with warlike Richmond—Thus far into the howels of the or night comes upon me, there I lie land have we marched without impedidown; when I have killed the deer, then

"God bless you and yours, doctor, and

A CONDUCTOR'S JOKE.—A great imyoung unmarried ladies in the wealthier provement has been made upon the Camsystem that it is worthy of mention. All coating all around the cars, which preyoung ladies, till the day of their mar- vents the dust from rising and annoying From the fact that America derives its risge, must dress plainly and cheaply; the passengers. You may now travel in fashions from Paris, one naturally arrives they must not, even in company wear those cars in your best Sunday go-to-

comparatively. few in comparison to the of sight of their mothers or chaptergace, mile long is building at Liverpool.

Uncle Bernerd's Story.

The following beautiful story was orfor September. It has travelled far and culation.]

'Oh, Uncle Bernard,' cried altogether group of little people, 'tell us a story !' Uncle Bernard, a white-haired old man large-print Bible, smiled fondly on their

caught the old man round the neck, we

'Yes, yes, Uncle Bernard!' chirruped the rest, 'a fairy tale, a fairy tale, a fairy home. tale! you have never told us a fairy tale. No. deary, I have never told you a fairy tale. Fairy tales are lies, and

fairy tales ain't true, but it is such fun to as hand in hand, they looked into each hear them.'

'Well, my little dears, I'll try and tell you a story that sounds like a fairy tale, and yet is all true. Sit down and listen.'
Once upon a time, a great while ago, there lived in a wide wood a wild man, pair sank to rest.

and his name was Sthenos. His father and mother had been keepers of a lovely night after night. Gradually Sthenos garden, where they dwelt in peace with our God; But he, very early in his childhood had wandered on the forest, where he soon forgot all the little that he knew.

Not only his head and face, but also his whole body, was covered with long shage.

than to please his skilful friend. His Governor, and that was not suspected of shaggy hair was smoothed into carling ever being inclined to fun. The editor's whole body, was covered with long shage. gy hair; his nails were like claws; and water as easily as walk on the ground. the fiercest heasts. He are only pleasant herbs, or fruits, or honey which caves, or in the crotches of trees, lest the prowling beasts, should catch him unacertain nobleness and rough grace of mien which distinguished him from the brutes around him, and made, them acknowledge him as their lord. Thus he

standing his strength, full of fears.

heard. He thought at first it was a bird. dashed on, and saw reclining on the bank new feeling that shot like fire through strayed a long while ago. his heart and joints. Her form (his woodman's eye saw at once that the delicate something like his own, but fair and clegant, while his was brown and shaggy. Around her was cast a loose white robe, and about her shoulders floated a scarf looked upward as though some one was and then she listened, as if to a voice he God.' could not hear. Soon turning her eyes struck, but drawn irresistibly on, he fell at her feet, gazing on her beautiful face. She now spoke in accents of his early speech, which now came back to his nnderstanding, and said: Sthenos, our good God, whom you have so long forng your loneliness and misery, has sent me to live with you and be your friend. Aiready I love you, and you must take me to your heart, and give me your love. As she spoke, she bent down and wiped his forehead, from which she had part ted his matted locks, looking with her clear blue eyes into his, until his whole being seemed drawn out to her, and he laid her head, with its bright golden curles, on his broad breast, and felt an ecstacy of inexpressible happiness.

'And now that I am to dwell with you dear Sthenos, lead me to your home, "Home !' replied be, 'I know not what vou mean.!'

Where do you rest after the chase, or amid darkness? Where do you eat your to strive to reach the garden. tood, and where do you most delight to be 1 That is home." 'I have no home. All places in the

forest are like to me. Where weariness leat. I have never thought of a home.' 'Come, then,' said she, sweetly, 'let us seek a spot where we will make a home for ourselves, and putting her slender hand in his, she led him until they came. to a fountain gushing out from under a high rock, before which a sunny meadow

spread itself out towards the southwest blooming with hare-bells, and daisy-cups, and pansies, and many more wild flows ers. 'Is it not charming?' said she, the there with the idea that he will see at jewelry, flounces, or ribbons to any expression of the streets of the city the best desired He sees much, very much less of the streets of the here satisfies the here as to find how far he has been deceived. He sees much, very much less of the streets of the conductor—

The mother may carry into company, wear those cars in your best Sunday go-to-meeting clothes. A Frenchman travel—
spring shall give us water, and the rock ing in the other line by way of Bruns—
there with the idea that he will see at jewelry, flounces, or ribbons to any extent. The mother may carry into comname the eat he up.

Me eat

upon us; and when the night comes, the dews will fall and winds chill us. Go, ignally written by the Rev. Dr. Bethune, break off houghs from the trees, and for Putnam's Magazine, thence copied strip the broad bark from the decayed into Eliza Cook's Journal from which it branches. This was an easy task for was transferred into Harper's Magazine | the vigorous man; and in the meatime she had gathered heaps of dry mosses us, think that it deserves a still wider cir- ground. Then, leaning the thick boughs against each other, and laying, by her directions, the curved back, overlapping its

light be pleasant, looks down too hotly

successive and continuous layers, upon them, Sthenos saw, as his work, a rude. whose chair had been drawn to a warm but safe hut, and said, This shall be corner-for the winter was howling our home, I go for our evening meal; igainst the windows looked up from his and, dashing into the forest, he soon teturned with wood pigeons and a young rosy faces: 'A story I a story let me fawn, which he killed, casting them at read you one out of this good book.' the feet of his gentle wife, who had althe feet of his gentle wife, who had al-'Oh, no !' says bold little Bob, as he ready arranged in leafy cups the berries which she had gathered from the know all the Bible stories; tell us a fai. meadow; and Sthenos beheld wild flowers, mingled with long, trailing, delicate vines, adorning the entrance of their

The simple meal, soon prepared by her skilful hands, he thought more savo ry than he had ever had; but, before young folks like you should not love to she suffered him to partake, she pointed praise to our good God, the giver. An Oh, but Uncle Bernard, we know that hour of delicate friendship stole away, other's eyes—thoughts he knew not how to speak, and she needed no words to utter. Then another hymn to our good God, the sleepless preserver, she warbled from her lips of gurgling melody, and the

lost his fierceness, save in the struggle of the chase. She had fashioned for him oof garments out of town skins and feathers, which he now wore, less for need convenience and ornaments from his he could climb the trees, or swim in the strong or her cunning hand; and happy election, he took it juto his head to go was he, after his toils in the forest, to re- on a tour to another part of the State to -dear because hers.

ing with tender, holy thoughts, and said: 'You call me Sthenos, but have never

You have just pronounced the name I love best, except when you call me your wife and your friend. I have had several names in the land whence I came to be near you, but that by which our good God wished you to know me is Enthymia And, dear Sthenos, when ever you are in lived, lonely and happy, and, notwith- do I will gladly perform. With your strength and my affectionate zeal, and

'Oh, happy home !' replied Sthenos: proportions were those of a female) was your leveliness should be mingled with I shall reverence the name of John Bigmy strength, except that my strength shall be united forever with my dear thoughts."

Say not so, Sthenos, answered she, blue as the sky. While she sang she looking up with a holy smile, like morning light sparkling in the dew; our hearing her, whom Sthenos could not see highest joy will be to dwell with our

From that moment Sthenos earnestupon him she smiled with ravishing sweet- ly endeavored to learn the hymns and ness, and beckoned him nearer. Awe- prayers of Enthymia. They lived long in the forest, and children were born to them, three sons like their father, vigorous; three daughters, like their mother graceful. But one fair morning, the father and mother came not from their chamber (for the little but had given place to gotton, has not forgotten you; but pity- a wide dwelling;) their children went auxiously in to seek them, but they found them not. Sthengs and Enthymia were

gone to the garden of our good God. The children were mute in wonder and sadness, when suddenly the chamber was filled with ravishing light and delicious odors, and three radiant angels hovered over the bed; and the children could see far up into the sky, and saw a glorious being under the Tree of Life, before the throne of God; and in the smiling countenance of the glorious being they recognized, strangely but sweet. The Herald's chair and table. Many ly mingled, the love of both father and mother. And one of the angels said the and reverence from the poetry of imagiwas the tallest of three): 'I pointed out the way to them, and encouraged them

And It' said the second, on whose ho som shone a gem like a golden anchor bore them up on my wings." 'And I,' joyfully exclaimed the third,

Then turning to ber sister angels, she said : Your tasks for them are over; but I go to fill their united beings with

immortal happiness! Ah, Uncle Bernard, cried Gertrude, that is better than a fairy tale, but what queer names Sthenos and Enthymiawhat do they mean!

I made them out of the Greek, an sweredthe old man, and by Sthenos I mean up through the verdure.'

'Sthenos smiled, and, though he could not understand her meaning, he felt a charm of Nature he had never before known.

'Yes,' says little Charley, and the anchor is Hope,'

'Now, she said,' the sun though it gel with the anchor is Hope,'

'Sthenos smiled, and, though he could strength for wise ends, he becomes all said Boston' cometh, and his driving membered a mirecolous said Boston' cometh, and we would be said Boston' cometh,

Robert, for Fuith gives pious people courage. 'And the gentle, blue eyed one, must he Love, for Love lives forever, whispers

Gertrude in Uncle Bernard's ear. Bless you, dear child, you look like her!" whispers back Uncle Bernard.

The subjoined Enigma is said never to have seen solved in this country, and it has been before the public at various times since 1811: Enigma.

I am not fact, yet I am BICK, I am not sgoar, yet I am Low, I cannot move, yet I can six, I cannot wals, yet I can so.

I am quite nums, yet I can sprak, And what must still excite your wonder, I'm very stroxo, though I am wran. And when I talk, it is in thunder.

Huge is my mouth, th nightit is swall, Bulbous my snort like a potato, And though I have no foot at all, I have a little and a great toe.

UGLY as sin, and BLACK as NIGHT, I'm opious as the stubborn Jonas, Yet FAIR as are the sons of light, And LOVELY as the Adonis.

My jaws are roomy, like an oven, Nay, than a kitchen chimney wider. And when I ope them you might shove in A hogshead full of ale or cider.

Six STRAPPING YOUNGSTERS call me SIRE. And I'm the worner of a dozen, Begot in AIR and born in FIRE.

And every one of them my cousin

I march before a train of DAMES. MAJESTIC AS B REVREND GANDER; And lead them of through FIRE and FLANCS Unburt, like any salamander.

Fun in California.

There is a little paper printed in San Diego, California called the San Diego Herald—an ordinary, grave paper, that went into the support of John Bigler for Governor, and that was not suspected of ever being inclined to fun. The editor's name is J. Judson Ames, a county Judge and a moderate man. Lately, before the

me, that when you shall have learned to nix.) as the old gentleman sweetly re-But he knew the songs of all birds, and sing and pray with me, that our two be- marked when he chopped off the end of that this was not like any of them. He ing shall be blended into one, and we his nose with a razor in the endeavor to shall leave the forests, to go and dwell in kill a fly that had lit thereon when he stood still in wonder, trembling with a beautiful than the one from which you the election of Bigler, and adds ... If the election should, however indirectly cause Oh, happy home! replied Sthenos; San Diego to assume its proper position I can think of no higher bliss than that as the first commercial city of California, ler forever, and I will bestow that honored appellation upon my youngest child. and have it engraved on a piege of lenther or other suitable material, and suspended about that tender infant's neck. until such time as he shall be old enough to learn and love the virtues of his honor

ed godsire. eloquent valedictory on retiring from the

editorship. He says:-- Judge Ames has returned! With the completion of this article, my labors are ended; and wibow and bland smile for my henored adnity the 'arm chair,' in favor of its legiti- their worshippers mate proprietor. By the way, this farm chair is but a pleasant fiction of Boston's'—the only seat in the Herald office, being the empty nail keg, which I have occupied while writing my leaders upon the inverted sugar box, that auswers the purpose of a table. But such is life. Divested of its poetry and romance, the objects of our highest admiration become mere common places, like ideas which we have learned to love nation as tables, become old sugar boxes will not stay in the same coach with

on close inspection and more intimate ac and accordingly got down and left

"Commencing as an independent jourwho had eyes like the first spring violets nal, I have gradually passed through all washed with rain, have made them both the stages of incipient whiggery, decided conservatism, dignified recantation, budding democracy and riun pant radicalism, and I now close the series with an entirely literary number, in which I have carefully abstained from the montion of Balde and Wigler, I mean Wagler and Bildo, no-never mind-as Toodles says, 1 haven't mentioned cary of 'cm, but been careful to preserve a perfect armed neu-

The description of the arrival home of

And the tallest angel is Faith adds a step, a heavy step was heard mon the stairs, and Boston stood before as shape and gesture proudly eminent; stood like a tower . . . but his face deep scalar of thunder had intrenched, and care surron his faded cheek; but under brown of dauntless courage and considerate priest waiting revenge." We rose and with an unfaltering voice said. Well Josephow do you do? He made as rophy, has commenced taking off his cost. We removed ours, also our cravat

> The sixth and last round is described by the pressman and compositors as having been fearfully scientific. We hald Boston down by our nose (which we had inserted between his teeth for that purpose,) and while our hair was employed holding one of his hands we held the other er in our left, and with the sheep's foot brandished above our head, shorted to him, 'say Waldo.' 'Never!' he gasped Oh! my Big—ler, he would have muttered.
> But that he dried up ere the word was uttered.

But that he dried up ere the word was uttered.

At this moment we discovered that we had been laboring under a 'misunderstanding,' and through the amicable intervention of the pressman, who thrust a roller between our faces, (which gaye the whole affair a very different complexion) the matter was finally settled on the most amicable terms, ' and without prejudice to the honor of either party.' We write this while sitting without any clothing except our left stocking, and the rim of our hat encircling our neck like a ruff of the Elizabethan era,—that article of the Elizabethan era,—that article of dress having been knocked over our head at an early stage of the proceedings, and the crown subsequently form of, while the Judge is sopping his eyes with cold water in the next

The Vallean.

This word is often used, but there are his absence to the charge of John Phoe- ings on one of the seven bills of Rome On waking, one dewy morning, he nix, Esq., a gentleman of that ilk, known which covers a space of 1,200 feet in But the Judge had forgotten to inquire into the nature of Mr. Phoenix's politics, and the first thing the new editor did was to change the political character of the Herald by running up the Whig flag, bearing the name of William Waldo for governor. The Judge's consternation may be fincised. He immediately invested and 1,000 in breadth. It is built on the spot once occupied by the garden of the spot once occupied by the garden of the cruel Nero. It owes its originate the Bishop of Rome, who in the early part of the sixth century, erected as humble residence on its site. About the governor. The Judge's consternation magnificent scale. Innocent II. I a few may be fancied. He immediately wrote years after gave it up as a lodging place back a letter to Phoenix telling him to bring the Herald back to its allegiance; Clement V. at the instigation of the whereupon Phoenix declares his democtrouble, in need, or in doubt, call Enthy-mia to your side, and whatever love can mistake, and asks forgiveness, avowing can remained in a condition of observed. himself ready to "embrace democracy and neglect for more than seventy wears with ardor, slap her on the back, and de- But soon after the pontifical court came to One day as he was pushing through the blessing of our good God, we shall be clare himself in favor of erecting a statue Rome, an event which had been so earling the thicket to reach the river, he heard happy as we may in this wild world of Andrew Jackson on the plaza."

Not tears.

Rome, an event which had been so earling through the blessing of our good God, we shall be clare himself in favor of erecting a statue Rome, an event which had been so earling through the plaza."

Not tears.

Rome, an event which had been so earling through the blessing of our good God we shall be clare himself in favor of erecting a statue Rome, an event which had been so earling through the blessing of our good God we shall be clare himself in favor of erecting a statue Rome, an event which had been so earling through the blessing of our good God has promised inging sweeter that any he had ever wood; but the good God has promised "Whatever is, is right," (says Phoe-which finally took place in 1376 the Value). ican was put into a state of repair, entarged, and it was thenceforward considerate as the regular palace and residence of the Popes, who, one after the other added of the river a creature so levely that he a garden with our good God, far more was shaving," and applies the remark to fresh buildings to it, and gradually encir. cled it with antiquities, statues, pictores and books, until it became the riches depository in the world. The library of the Vatican was commenced fourteen lung dred years ago. It contains forty thousand manuscripts, among which are some by Pliny, St. Thomas, St. Charles Bore meo, and many Hebrew, Syrian. Archicaud Armenian Bibles. The whole of the immense buildings composing the Valcan are filled with statues found beneath the ruins of Ancient Rome; with paintings by Mr. Phoenix in his arm chair writes au antiquities of almost every description When it is known that there have been more than 70,000 statues, from the rained temples and palaces of Rome, the reader can form some idea of the ricks. of the Vatican. It will ever be held in ping my pen on my coat-tail, and placing veneration, by the student, the artist and behind my sinister car with a graceful the scholar, Raphael and Michael An gelo are enthroned there, and then hrones will be endurable as the lo for my enemies. I shall abdicate with dig- of beauty and genius in the Bearts of

> LORD JOHN RUSARL told us of a good trick of Sheridan's upon Richardson Sheridan had been driving out three or (who was the very soul of dispetation.) always differed with bim, and at last at feeting to be mortified at Richardson are gunient, said 'you are really too bad,' cannot bear to listen to such things. quaintance."
>
> If he has given offence to any one, he is ready to accept their apologies. He Nor was it till the heat of the victory had says—
>
> and according you to make the found out that he found out that he was left in the lurch to pay for Sheriden three hours? coaching.

> > A case of conscience was thus are tled by a South Sea Islander. A missionary rebuked him for the sin of polygamy, and he was much grieved. After a day or two he returned his face radian with joy.
> >
> > Me all right now. One wife. Me very good Christian. What did you do with the bear !