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THE WHOLE ART OF GOVERNMENT CONSISTS IN THE ART OF BEING HONEST.—JEFFERSON.

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From the Flag of our Union.

The World's Fair.

Old England's sons of fifty-one
Resolved to astound the nations,
And show the world what could be done
In the way of competition.
Her nobles straightway went to work,
And devised their cunning measures,
To fill their pockets at a jerk,
From other's golden treasures.

A crystal palace then was built,
That covered twenty acres.
A hundred thousand pounds were spilled
In the pockets of its makers,
Then Johnny Bull to all the world,
Said, "Come join our exhibition;
Here all your flags may be unfurled,
Without fear of molestation."

The French, and Scotch and Germans too,
Delighted with the measure,
Resolved to join the famous show,
With the products of their leisure.
The Yankees who no courage lacked,
And liked bold Johnny's nation,
First saw their "fixins" snugly packed,
Then started 'cross the ocean.'

Their plough, their reaper, and their loom,
Were there to tell their story,
That Yankee boys were quite at home,
When looking after glory.
As Johnny mused, a joyful grin
Came stealing o'er his features,
He thought our show very thin,
For such inventive creatures.

Young Jonathan was mighty cool,
But had a quiet thinking.
That soon there'd be some British gold,
About his trousers chinking.
Their locks were quickly picked by Hobbs,
And McCormick's famous reaper,
Did in their fields a Yankee job,
And Stevens beat their clipper.

Our Eagle high was posted up,
And had a flying nation;
She'd one eye on their silver cup,
And t'other on the ocean.
When She'd come out eight miles ahead,
And into port was streaking,
John owned our Eagle wasn't dead,
But quite alive and kicking.

Now John, we hope you understand
That Britain's sons and daughters
Can be outdone upon the land,
And out sailed on the waters.
In our national air we glory too—
At Bunker's Hill we played it;
It then was Yankee doodle do,
Now it's Yankee doodle did it.

Very Cool.

An apparently unsophisticated youth went into a refectory a few days since, and asked for something to appease his hunger.

The keeper gave him a very good dinner, after which the youth said to his friend,

"If ever you come up our way, call."

"That won't pay. Your dinner is a quarter."

"Oh, I han't got no money; but if you come up to Alleghany county, I'll give you a better dinner for nothing."

"Why," said the keeper, "you are very cool."

"Why, yes, I'm a very cool chap; so much so, that mother always makes me stand in the pantry, in warm weather, to keep the meat from spoiling."

Prof. Julius Cæsar Hannibal, of the N. Y. Picayne, proposes a public dinner, and the following as the bill of fare:—

1—Clams in de shell.
2—Clam soup, widout cracker.
3—Clams fried, wid gravy.
4—Clam chowder.
5—Clam soup, wid cracker.
6—Pickled clams.
7—Roast Clams.
8—Stewed clams.
9—Clam pot pie.
10—Clam frigazee.
11—Clams scolluped.
12—Clams.

More clams if wanted.

☞ There will be five Sabbaths in the month of Febuary, this year. The same will not occur again until 1880.—Where shall we all be then. Don't mention it.

DREAM LIFE.

BY IK MARVEL.

[From "Dream Life; a Fable of the Seasons," by the auther of the "Reveries of a Bachelor," we make two brief, but beautiful extracts. The first describes, most touchingly, the death of a child. The boy has been from home, on a kind of holliday visit, but is sent for to return, in consequence of the more serious illness of his little brother Charlie, who has been sick for some time.—What follows, let the author tell in his own inimitable style.]

A Friend Lost.

It is quite dark when you reach home, but you see the bright reflection of a fire within, and presently at the open door, Nelly clapping her hands for welcome. But there are sad faces when you enter. Your mother folds you to her heart; but at first noisy out-burst of joy, puts her finger on her lip, and whispers poor Charlie's name. The Doctor you see too, slipping softly out of the bed-room door with glasses in his hand; and—you hardly know how—your spirits grow sad, and your heart gravitates to the heavy air of all about you.

You cannot see Charlie, Nelly says;—and you cannot in the quiet parlor, tell Nelly a single one of the many things, which you had hoped to tell her. She says—"Charlie has grown so thin and so pale you would never know him." You listen to her, but you cannot talk: she asks you what you have seen, and you begin for a moment joyously; but when they open the door of the sick room, and you hear a faint sigh, you cannot go on. You sit still, with your hand in Nelly's and look thoughtfully into the blaze.

You drop to sleep after that day's fatigue, with singular and perplexed fancies haunting you; and when you wake up with a shudder in the middle of the night, you have a fancy that Charlie is really dead: you dream of see-him pale and thin, as Nelly described him, and with the starched grave clothes on him. You toss over in your bed, and grow hot and feverish. You cannot sleep; and you get up stealthily, and creep down stairs; a light is burning in the hall: the bed-room door stands half open, and you listen—fancying you hear a whisper. You steel on through the hall, and edge around the side of the door. A little lamp is flickering on the hearth, and and the gaunt shaddow of the bedstead lies dark upon the ceiling. Your mother is in her chair, and with her head upon her hand—though it is long after midnight. The Doctor is standing with his back toward you, and with Charlie's little wrist in his fingers; and you hear hard breathing, and now and then, a low sigh from your mother's chair.

An occasional gleam of fire-light makes the gaunt shadows stagger on the wall, like something spectral. You look wildly at them, and at the bed where your own brother—your laughing, gay-hearted brother, is lying. You long to see him, and sidle up softly a step or two: but your mother's ear has caught the sound, and she beckons you to her, and folds you again in her embrace. You whisper to her what you wish. She rises and takes you by the hand, to lead you to the bedside.

The Doctor looks very solemnly, as we approach. He takes out his watch. He is not counting Charlie's pulse, for he has dropped his hand; and it lies carelessly, but oh, how thin! over the edge of the bed.

He shakes his head mournfully at your mother; and she springs forward, dropping your hand, and lays her fingers upon the forehead of the boy, and passes her hand over his mouth.

"Is he asleep, Doctor?" she says, in a tone you do not know.

"Be calm," madam." The Doctor is very calm.

"I am calm," says your mother; but you do not think it, for you see her tremble very plainly.

"Dear madam, he will never waken in this world!"

There is no cry,—only a bowing down of your mother's head upon the body of poor, dead Charlie!—and only when you see her form shake and quiver with the deep, smothered sobs, your crying bursts forth loud and strong.

The Doctor lifts you in his arms, that you may see—the pale head—those blue eyes all sunken—that flaxen hair gone—those white lips pinched and hard!—Never, never, will the boy forget his first terrible sight of Death!

In your silent chamber, after the storm of sobs has wearied you, the boy-dreams are strange and earnest. They take hold on that awful Visitant,—the strange slipping away from life, of which we know so little, and yet know, alas so much! Charlie that was your brother, is now only a name; perhaps he is an angel; perhaps (for the old nurse has said it, when he was ugly—and now, you hate her for it) he is with Satan.

But you are sure this cannot be; you are sure that God who made him suffer, would not now quicken, and multiply his suffering. It agrees with your religion to think so; and just now, you, want your religion to help you all it can.

You toss in your bed, thinking over and over of that strange thing—Death;—and that perhaps it may overtake you, before you are a man; and you sob out those prayers (you scarce know why) which ask God to keep life in you. You think the involuntary fear that makes your little prayer full of sobs, is a holy feeling:—and so it is a holy feeling—the same feeling which makes a stricken child yearn from the embrace, and the protection of a Parent. But you will find there are those canting ones, trying to persuade you at later day, that it is a mere animal fear, and not to be cherished.

You feel an access of goodness growing out of your boyish grief: you feel right-minded: it seems as if your little brother in going to Heaven, had opened a pathway thither, down which, goodness comes streaming over your soul.

You think how good a life you will lead; and you map out great purposes, spreading themselves over the school-weeks of your remaining boyhood; and love your friends, or seem to, far more dearly than you ever loved them before; and you forgive the boy who provoked you to that sad fall from the oaks, and you forgive him all his wearisome teasings. But you cannot fotgive yourself for some harsh words that you have once spoken to Charlie: still less can you forgive yourself for having once struck him, in a passion with your fist. You cannot forget his sobs then:—if he were only alive one little instant, to let you say—"Charlie, will you forgive me!"

Yourself, you cannot forgive; and sobbing over it, and murmuring "Dear—dear Charlie!"—you drop into a a troubled sleep

[Next we take "Boy Religion," which we specially commend to old as well as young.—We have had far too much of mere head religion—of mere cold forms of dogmatism—Procrustean beds of faith, on which the tender forms of children have been, and still are painfully extended. Let the warm heart-religion come now; it is far better and more acceptable to God.]

Boy Religion.

Is any weak soul frightened, that I should write of the Religion of the boy? How indeed could I cover the field of his moral, or intellectual growth, if I left unnoticed those dreams of futurity and of goodness, which come sometimes to quieter moments, and oftener, to his hours of vexation and trouble?—It would be as wise to describe the season of Spring, with no note of the silent influences of that burning Day-god, which is melting day by day the shattered ice-drifts of Winter;—which is filling every bud with succulence, and painting one flower with crimson, and another with white.

I know there is feeling—by much too general as it seems to me—that the subject may not be approached, except through the dicta of certain ecclesiastic bodies; and that the language which touches it, must not be that every-day language which mirrors the vitality of our thought—but should have some twist of that theological mannerism, which is as cold to the boy, as to the busy man of the world.

I know very well that a great many good souls will call levity, what I call honesty; and will abjure that familiar handling of the boy's lien upon Eternity, which my story will show. But I shall feel sure that in keeping true to Nature with word and with thought, I shall in no way offend against those highest truths, to which all truthfulness is kindred.

You have Christain teachers, who speak always reverently of the Bible; you grow up in the hearing of daily prayers: nay, you are perhaps taught to say them.

Sometimes they have a meaning sometimes they have none. They have a meaning, when your heart is troubled—when a grief or a wrong weighs upon you; then, the keeping of the Father, which you implore, seems to come from the bottom of your soul; and your eye suffuses with such tears of feeling, as you count holy, and as you love to cherish in your memory.

But, they have no meaning, when some trifling vexation angers you, and a distate for all about you, breeds a distaste for all above you. In the long hours of toilsome days, little thought comes over you of the morning prayer; and only when evening deepens its shadows, and your boyish vexations fatigue you to thoughtfulness, do you dream of that coming, and endless night, to which—they tell you—prayers soften the way.

Sometimes upon a Summer Sunday, when you are wakeful upon your seat in church, with some strong-worded preacher, who says things that half fright you, it occurs to you to consider how much goodness you are made of; and whether there be enough of it after all, to carry you safely away from the clutch of Evil! And straightwsy you reckon up those friendships where your heart lies; you know you are a true and honest friend to Frank; and you love your mother, and your father; as for Nelly, Heaven knows, you could not contrive a way to love her better than you do.

You dare not take much credit to yourself for the love of little Madge: partly because you have sometimes caught yourself trying—not to love her: and partly because the black-eyed Jenny comes in the way. Yet you can find no command in the Catechism, to love one girl to the exclusion of all other girls. It is somewhat doubtful if you ever do find it.—But, as for loving some half dozen you could name, whose images drift through your thought, in dirty, salmon-colored frocks, and slovenly shoes, it is quite impossible; and suddenly this thought, coupled with a lingering remembrance of the pea-green pantaloons, utterly breaks down your hopes.

Yet, you muse again—there are plenty of good people as the times go, who have their dislikes, and who speak them too. Even the sharp-talking clergyman, you have heard say some very sour things about his landlord, who raised his rent the last year. And you know that he did not talk as mildly as he does in the Church, when he found Frank and yourself quietly filching a few of his peaches, through the orchard fences.

But your clergyman will say perhaps, with what seems to you quite unnecessary coldness, that goodness is not to be reckoned in your chances of safety:—that there is a Higher Goodness, whose merit is All-Sufficient. This puzzles you sadly; nor will you escape the puzzle, until in the presence of the Home altar, which seems to guard you, as the Lares guarded Roman children, you feel—you cannot tell how,—that good actions must spring from good sources; and that those sources must lie in Heaven, toward which your boyish spirit yearns, as you knell at your mother's side.

Conscience, too, is all the while approving you for deeds well done; and—wicked as you fear the preacher might judge it—you cannot but found on those deeds, a hope that your prayer at night flows more easily, more freely, and more holily toward "Our Father in Heaven." Nor indeed, later in life—whatever may be the ill-advised expressions of human teachers—will you ever find that DUTY PERFORMED, and generous endeavor will stand one whit in the way either of Faith or of Love. Striving to be good, is a very direct road toward Goodness; and if life be so tempered by high motive as to make action always good, Faith is unconsciously won.

Another notion that disturbs you very much, is your positive dislike of long sermons of such singing os they have when the organist is away. You cannot get the force of that verse of Dr. Watts which likens heaven to a never-ending Sabbathe; you do hope—though it seems a half wicked hope—that old Dr. ——, will not be the preacher. You think that your heart in its best moments, craves for something moae lovable. You suggest this perhaps to some Sunday teacher, who only shakes his head sourlo, ann tells you it is a thought that the Devil is putting in your brain. It strikes you oddly that the Devil should be using a verse of Dr. Watts to puzzle you! But if it be so, he keeps it sticking by your thought very pertinaciously, until some simple utterance of your mother about the Love that reigns in the other world, seems on a sudden to widen Heaven, and to waft away your doubts like a cloud.

It excites your wonder not a little, to find people who talk gravely and heartily of the excellence of sermons and of Church-going, do sometimes fall asleep under it all. And you wonder—if they really like preaching so well,—why they do not buy some of the minister's old manuscripts, and read them over on week-days;—or, invite the Clergyman to preach to them in a quiet way in private?

Ah, Clarence, you do not yet know the poor weakness of even maturest manhood, and the feeble gropings of the soul toward a soul's paradise, in the best of the world! You do not yet know either that ignorance and fear will be thrusting their untruth and false show into the very essentials of Religion.

Again, you wonder,—if the clergymen are all such very good men as you are taught to believe, why it is, that every little while people will be trying to send them off; and very anxious to prove that instead of being so good, they are in fact, very stupid and bad men.—At that day, you have no clear conceptions of the distinction between stupidity and vice; and think that a good man must necessarily say very eloquent things. You will find yourself sadly mistaken on this point, before you get on very fair in life.

Heaven, when your mother peoples it with friends gone, and little Charlie, and that better Friend, who, she says, took Charlie in his arms, and is now his Father, above the skies, seems a place to be loved, and longed for.—But—to think that Mr. Such-an-one, who is only good on Sundays, will be there too; and to think of his talking as he does, of a place which you are sure he would spoil if he were there,—puzzles you again; and you relapse into wonder, doubt and yearning.

And there Clarence, for the present I shall leave you. A wide, rich Heaven hangs above you but it hangs very high. A wide, rough world is around you, and it lies very low!

I am assuming in these sketches no office of a teacher. I am seeking only to make a truthful analysis of the boyish thought of feeling. But having ventured thus far into what may seem sacred ground, I shall venture still farther, and clinch my matter with a moral.

There is very much Religious teaching, even in so good a country as New England, which is far too harsh, two dry, too cold for the heart of a boy. Long sermons, doctrinal precepts, and such tediously-worded dogmas as were uttered by those honest, but hard-spoken men—the Westminister Divines, fatigue, and puzzle, and dispirit him.

They may be well enough for those strong souls which strengthen by task-work, for those mature people whose iron habit of self-denial has made patience a cardinal virtue; but they fall (*experto crede*) upon the unfledged faculties of the boy, like a winter's rain upon Spring flowers—like hammers of iron upon little timber. They may make deep impressions upon his moral nature, but there is great danger of a sad rebound.

Is it absurd to suppose that some adaptation is desirable? And might not the teachings of that Religion, which is the Ægis of our moral being, be inwrought with some of those finer harmonies of speech and form—which were given to wise ends; and lure the boyish soul, by something akin to that gentleness, which belonged to the Nazarene Teacher; and which provide—not only, meat for men, but "Milk for babes?"

The Kossuth Hat.

The Scientific American, speaking of the new fashion of hats, known as the Kossuth hats, says they are a decided improvement upon the *hard shelled* silk hats which are now generally worn, and adds:

"The common silk hats have what are termed *felt bodies*. These are made of felted wool, are soft and pliable, and allow the gas passing from the head to escape freely. This is the Kossuth hat.—To make it a common silk hat, this felt body is saturated with lac varnish and a covering of silk is ironed down on it and smoothed up to shine like a mirror. This hat, the common sober hat, is then hard as sheet iron, and quite as stiff; it greatly resembles a little pot, and in warm weather it most effectually prevents the evaporation of the pate. It causes heahache, makes the hair decay early, and is a most uncomfortable head appendage. We hope its days are ended in principle; oldish people of a sedate turn, although they would prefer the 'Kossuth hat,' do not like to adopt it just yet, from a prudential fear of being conspicuous.

This is our feeling exactly upon the subject—We like the black felt 'Kossuth hat,' barring the little feather, (that may do very well for a military man) and we hope to see it come into such general use as will warrant us in doffing the *hard shelled* silk head kettles. There never was a more ungraceful head gear than that of the common hat."

We should rejoice to see the stiff, awkward and ungainly hats in common use superceded by the light, low crowned felt or beaver hats, and believe that the change would conduce equally to the health and comfort of the wearer.—*Boston Journal.*

Fashion in New-Orleans.

The New Orleans Picayune thus hits off the new style of dressing the hair now in vogue among the ladies of fashion in that city, which it styles '*Hair a la negre:*'

They (the ladies) have got tired of looking like white people, and are doing their best to imitate the mulatto and quadroon women that may be seen about the streets any day, selling fruits and flowers. So far, the colored ladies are decidedly ahead of their pale-faced imitators. We have been told of the desperate efforts made by two young belles to give their flowing locks that wavy, crispy hair, peculiar to the quadroon and mulattress. They *ironed* their hair; tied it up tight in excruciating little cruls, and finally, in despair at their bad success, went to bed sick at heart, because they 'couldn't look like their servant girls.' The new style, though, certainly has a *piquant* effect, and suits some faces very well.

Fond Father and Promising Child.—McCarty, editor of the Paducah (Ky.) Journal, has a fine young son of some six weeks of age. In a late Journal, the proud father, thus speaks of his offspring:

"McCarty, jr., does not meddle much in politics, and is silent upon most vexed questions of the day, but from indications we are inclined to think he is not for Scott

In fact, after we filled for him the other night a tin cup of whiskey-toddy, which he emptied whith grace and dexterity, he cocked up his eye, and said as plainly as youth or age could say, '*Fillmore,*'"

"*Thou, God, seest me.*—A father and his son went out together to steal corn.—When they came to the field, the father climbed up on the fence, looking carefully around that no eye might see him.—He then began to fill his bag with corn.

'Father,' said the boy, 'there is one way which you did not look.'

'Ah, my son,' replied the father, 'and where is that?'

'Oh, father, you did not *look up.*'

The man returned home with an empty bag and a stricken conscience.

A correspondent of the John Bull says: "I happen to know one of our bishops, second in worth to none on the Bench, who was thus reproved by a Romanist lady, 'I wonder, my lord, you are not ashamed of having a wife and half a dozen children.' 'I should be more ashamed,' he answered very gravely, 'to have the children without the wife.'

A gentleman of Easton, Md., not over twenty-five years of age, informs the editor of the Star, that five of his school mates have committed murder, two have been murdered, two have met with violent deaths, one has been sent to the penitentiary for stealing, and another narrowly escaped going the same voyage for a like offence. Moral place, that.

☞ "I think," said a farmer, "I should make a good Congressman, for I use their language. I received two bills the other day, with requests for immediate payment; the one I ordered to be laid on the table—the other to be read that day six months!"

Spots Count.—A Detroit paper is responsible for the following:—"Careless. T——bought a gallon of Otard at Brady's to take home, and by way of a label wrote his name upon a card, which happened to be the seven of clubs, and tied it in the handle. Alderman C. coming along, and observing the jug, remarked, 'That's an awful careless way to leave that liquor."

"Why so?" said Tom.

"Why? Beeause somebody might come along with the eight spot and take it!"

A lady, a few evenings ago, upon taking up "Shelly's novel," "The last Man," threw it down very suddenly, exclaiming, "The last man!—bless me, if such a thing was to happen, what would become of the women?"

'See there!' exclaimed a returned Irish soldier, to a gaping crowd, as he exhibited with some pride his tall hat with a bullet hole in it. 'Look at that hole, will you? You see that if it had been a *low* crowned hat I should have been killed outright!'

☞ Mr. Thomas, a recent writer on China, says that the term "barbarian," as applied by them, is intended for a compliment, and that the word so translated means simply 'southern merchant." They consider it a special compliment also to call a man a "red-haired devil."

To see a young man swapping kisses with a pretty girl, is an affecting sight.—Who are the most disinterestedly good?—Those who are good for nothing.

☞ The following is a copy of a joiner's bill, for jobbing in a Catholic church in Bohemia; For solidly repairing St. Joseph, 4d, for cleansing the Holy Ghost, 9d; for reparing the Virgin Mary, and making her a child, 5s; for furnishing a nose for the devil, putting a horn on his head, and glueing a piece to his tail, 4s. 6d.

We should like to have seen the 'young buck' mentioned below, as he said '*good mawning.*'

'A legal friend of ours the other day was about entering a haberdaher's shop in Broadway, when a yourg buck, with a large moustache and small income born like Jaffier with 'elegant desires,' drove up a pair of spanking bays, glittering with their splendid caparison. 'Ah, G——,' said he, 'how de do, how de do?—how de do? How d'you like me ho' ses? Fine animals, but very costly.—What do you think I gave for the pair?' 'I guess you gave *your note*,' said G——. 'Good mawning!' respended the blood; '*good* mawning!'

A droll story is related of an honest old farmer, who attempting to drive home a bull, got suddenly hoisted over the fence. Recovering himself, he saw the animal on the other side of the rails, sawing the air with his head and neck and pawing the ground. The good old man looked steadily at him a moment, and then shaking his fist at him, exclaimed—Darn your apologies—you needn't stand there, you tarnal creature, a bowin', and scrapin'—you did it a purpose, darn you!

☞ A woman was lately buried in a grave-yard, near London, who had been dead upwards, of five years, a near relative having left her an annuity of $30, to be paid on the first day of each and every year, so long as she should remain on earth. In consequence of this legacy, her surviving husband hired a little room over a stable in the neighborhood of his dwelling, where she was kept in a lead coffin until after his death.

Belvidere Del. R. R.

The prospect of getting this road is daily growing brighter. A few days since the matter was placed before the Merchants of Philadelphia, and very favorably received. When it comes up for consideration by the Board of Trade it is expected that action will be taken for carrying the enterprise through.