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The Grave of Lilly.
I.
We smoothed down the locks of her soft golden hair,
And folded her hands on her breast;
And laid her at eve in the valley so fair,
Mid the blossoms of summer to rest.
O rest, Lilly, rest, no more canst thou rise,
For green grows the turf o'er the tear-moistened grave,
Of the fairest flower of the vale.

II.
She sleeps 'neath the spot she had marked for repose,
Where flowers blossom in spring;
And zephyrs first breathe the perfume of the rose,
And the birds come at evening to sing;
O rest, Lilly, rest, dearest,
The grave is thy home, and thy bed.

III.
The wide spreading boughs of the old chestnut tree,
Bend low o'er the place where she lies;
There are a purple leaves longest glow on the tree,
And none drink the dew as they rise;
O rest, Lilly, rest, dearest,
The grave is thy home, and thy bed.

IV.
Alone where the brook murmurs soft on the air,
She sleeps with the turf on her breast;
And laid her at eve in the valley so fair,
Mid the blossoms of summer to rest.
O rest, Lilly, rest, no more canst thou rise,
For green grows the turf o'er the tear-moistened grave,
Of the fairest flower of the vale.

The Reproof.
Whisper it softly, when nobody's near,
Let not these accents fall harsh on the ear,
Shame's blossom too tender and frail,
For the keen blast—the pitiless gale.
Whisper it gently, 'till cost thee no pain;
Gentle words rarely are spoken in vain;
Threats and reproaches the stubborn may move,
Noble the conquest gained by love.

Whisper it kindly, 'till pay thee no know,
Penitent tears drop down her cheeks flow,
Hush she from virtue wandered astray!
Guide her from folly, rough is the way.

She has no parent, none of her kin,
Lead her from error, keep her from sin,
Dost thou leave her to the cheerless trust—
God to the merciful ever is just.

Gossip about the Empress of France.—
A correspondent of the Pittsburg Commercial Journal at Paris, gives the following account of the French Empress:

The young Empress, whether justly or not is generally considered to have set the fashion for this age; novelty, and it is certain that she surrounds herself with the richest and most fantastic adornments of every kind.
Descended from her father's side from one of the noblest families in Spain, she comes also on her mother's from the lowest of the low. Her mother, in her youth, was a cantiniere, and followed the army, in that capacity, through all the vicissitudes of the Peninsular war. Being of remarkable beauty, she was of course a great favorite with the soldiers; and at length attracted the notice of an old officer of very high rank, the Count of Montijo, who was also Duke of Leba, and possessor of innumerable other titles and distinctions. So enamored was the Count of his new conquest, that he married her, and at length left her a rich and noble widow.

One of the daughters married the Duke of Alba, the other has become Empress of the French. But in the neighborhood of Seville the Countess's relatives are very numerous and are as completely at the bottom of the social ladder, as her two daughters are at its top.

That a young and very handsome woman, placed in a position which enables her to gratify every fancy, should attach a good deal of importance to her outward ornament, that she should be dressed in the most elegant dresses and the most ethereal lace, and the costliest jewels, is all very natural, and accordingly, in all the streets of Paris, great gilded letters led into the windows of most important shops, inform the passers that "Her Imperial Majesty the Empress Eugenie," honors the fortunate establishment with her custom; here for silks, there for laces, here again for cashmere, for flowers, for boots, for jewelry, and so on.

But beside her love for pretty things, wherever she goes, she carries with her a beautiful person, she has the most costly and exquisite equipages, the most wonderful Arabian horses and ponies, (one favorite little turn out she drives herself) the most luxurious furniture, and a series of boudoirs, all fitted up like so many fairy palaces.

One of them is called "The Charming Evening," which is suspended draperies of the finest lace, (which of course has cost an enormous sum of itself) another is hung with crimson damask, with gilded cornices and every bewitching trifle that could be brought together; a third, called "Day's Delight" (le Bonheur du Jour) is hung with the richest possible blue silk, between panellings of solid silver, which precious material, partly chased, partly burnished, and carved with the most consummate art, replaces the usual wood-work in every part of the room, wainscot, cornice, mantle-piece, window-frames, and doors being all of this metal; but though the apartment is as rich as the boudoir of some Oriental tale, it is ugly, heavy, and exceedingly unbecoming to the complexion.

One day, in making my hospital rounds, says an army surgeon, a patient just arrived, presented an amputated forearm, and in doing so could scarcely restrain a broad laugh; the titter was constantly on his face. "What is the matter? This does not strike me as a subject of laughter!" "It is not doctor—but excuse me; I lost my arm in so funny a manner, that I still laugh when I look at it!" "What way?" "Our first surgeon wanted shaving, and got me to attend to it, as I am corporal. We went together to the front of his tent, and I had lathered him, took him by the nose, and was just applying the razor, when a cannon ball came, and that was the last I saw of his head and my arm. Excuse me, doctor, for laughing so. I never saw such a thing before."

This occurred during the siege of Fort Erie.

MODERN EXTRAVAGANCE;
OR, LIVING BEYOND ONE'S MEANS.
"Awake be fearful in the giddy glare,
And then was lost."

We have had occasion more than once, in the course of a few years, to allude to the social rivalries of city life, and to denounce the error, not to say the crime of MODERN EXTRAVAGANCE. The disposition generally has been speculative, and an eager competitor has existed among certain circles, to excel and surpass each other in glitter, pomp and parade. Men of limited means have been acting like millionaires, and while still engaged in all the hazards of business, have been building palaces, and embellishing them with the most costly furniture, paintings and statuary. In some cases, twenty, thirty and even fifty thousand dollars have been lavished in this way, and all, too, in a spirit of waste and prodigality that has puzzled and surprised the lookers-on. This disposition has been emulated in other circles, the folly of one has been imitated by another—and thus strange as it may appear, many of the most costly edifices in our midst have been reared by individuals, who only supposed themselves beyond the reach of pecuniary vicissitude, and who in fact, were deeply involved, at the time of their running such a career of princely display and ostentation. The error consists in living beyond one's means, in deluding ourselves into the belief that we possess more than we really do, in following the footsteps of the inflated and extravagant, in competing with some really affluent neighbor or friend, or in refusing, for want of moral courage, to examine the real facts of our own condition. This last named folly is by no means rare. It is indulged by hundreds, nay by thousands, at this time. Only a few years have gone by, since a most estimable citizen of a neighboring city, who had lived at the rate of five or six thousand dollars per annum, and who had thereby induced the belief that he was worth a moderate fortune was called by his last account. Then it was discovered by his wife and family that he was a bankrupt and had been for years—that in fact he had been living far beyond his means, and from a naturally liberal and indulgent disposition, and a want of moral firmness, had continued a system of profuse expenditure, when he knew that he was going behind hand.—The blow to his family was a fearful one. They were reduced in a moment from a state of comparative affluence and luxury to one of poverty and want, and this, too, simply through over-indulgence on the one hand, and the want of moral courage on the other. The wife and daughters were somewhat gay, and fond of society, and the father, rather than deprive them of any enjoyment, or rob them of any delusion, not only permitted a system which exhausted his income, but absolutely involved him in debt. His last moments were agonized by a knowledge of the facts, and a sad prospect before those who were cherished by him, as dearer than life itself. And there are many such cases at this moment in Philadelphia, cases in which false pride and mistaken indulgence induce an extravagant mode of living, and thus build up for some future day, a scene of wreck and ruin of the most deplorable character. The gentler sex, we are bound to say, are too often the chief instruments in this mistaken work of folly and of wrong. They cannot, or they will not see things as they are. The petty jealousies, and rivalries of society, with the empty glare of fashionable life, dazzle, glitter, bewilder and infatuate. The present and its allurements are only seen, while the future and the sad consequences are either avoided or disregarded. The mistake nevertheless, is often a fatal one. The fond and coqueting husband may thus be tempted on from day to day and year to year—one expense may be added to another—until at last, he may be unable to stagger under the load, and then the crushing truth will come with all its sad results. The parties then, will be very apt to accuse and criminate each other—the one of concealment, the other of extravagance—and thus to the bitterness of pecuniary misfortune, will be added that of family discord. Think of these things, gentle readers, wives as well as husbands, and husbands as well wives. Once lose your pecuniary independence, once get behind hand with the world, and the sympathies and the parasites, who are so apt to flutter around you in the hour of prosperity, will disappear like the bubbles of a breath of wind. Endeavor no matter how limited your means may be, to live within them, and thus to secure at once a comparative degree of independence, and to strengthen and improve the prospect of the future.—These are doctrines, we confess, which are much easier to inculcate than to practice. Especially is this the case in this fast age and this progressive country. Nevertheless, the individual who really understands the philosophy of life, and who can appreciate the virtue of moderation, may by effort and perseverance do much. And certain it is, that all who have enough and to spare, and who, nevertheless, by excess, by imprudence, by extravagance, are hurrying headlong to bankruptcy and ruin, will, when the evil hour comes, excite comparatively little commiseration or sympathy. The heartless verdict in such cases generally is—"he deserved his fate!"

"Oh Mary, my dear, my heart is breaking."
"Is it, indeed sir?" so much the better for you.
"Why so, my Idiot?"
"Because, when it is broken, out and out, you can sell off the pieces for gun flints."

Repent of Nebraska Abandoned by the Abolitionists.
The New York Evening Post deserves the distinction of being one of the organs and leaders of the existing Anti-Nebraska organization. It has given its aid to this movement, and has published long and learned editorial arguments to strengthen the hands of those who are disposed to keep the repeal ball rolling. Such has been the experience of the last few months. But a change has recently come over the spirit of the Evening Post. The leader gives way before his troops have been aware of his defection. Even in the face of his adversary he admits that his cause is unsound and impracticable. The Evening Post, a few days ago, thus frankly puts an extinguisher upon the plan—by itself encouraged and by Greeley originated—of making the repeal of the Nebraska bill the basis of a new fusion of parties in the North, and a test in the coming elections:

"It has been extensively proposed to restore the Missouri Compromise—to repeal. 'Let us see what prospect there is that this can be done. A House of Representatives could probably be elected, a decided majority of which would vote for the restoration; but it would require many years to effect a sufficient change in the Senate to get the measure through that body. As therefore, it would be sure of a defeat in the Senate, it seems hardly worth while to discuss its chances of an Executive veto, for it would never reach the Executive."

"Is it then, advisable to go for a measure which has no possibility of success? Should we not lose the confidence of the people in this practical, hard-working age, by wasting our time and theirs in advocating a movement which is absolutely certain to be defeated, and the certain defeat of which must be apparent to every intelligent person who will candidly examine the subject?"
"We believe that the clear impracticability of accomplishing the restoration of the Missouri Compromise will render impotent every political organization which may be attempted on that basis. It is clearly our opinion, therefore, that it is utterly useless and idle to make this the issue."

So much for that. The opposition, a few weeks ago, would have indignantly repudiated a surrender so complete as this.—They were repeatedly told in the Union what the Post at last confesses, and they rejected it. Truth is mighty, however, and those who have scoffed at it when suggested by others, must take it when offered by their own organs.

DEMOCRATIC PROSPECTS IN OHIO.—During the last month, we have had occasion to visit several counties of the State, and have conversed with a great many well informed democrats in counties we have not visited; and from what we learn, we think the prospect of electing our State ticket, notwithstanding the attempted union between the free soilers and whigs, was never better. Democrats begin to see that the objects of the whigs, in thus abandoning their name and organization, is to overthrow the democracy, seize upon the State Government, and thus destroy all those important reforms suggested by the new Constitution, and carried out by democratic legislation. And hundreds of anti-slavery voters, who are democratic in their views of State policy, finding that this is the design of the whigs, will refuse to unite with them, and vote the democratic ticket.—Sandusky Mirror.

SOCIAL REFORM.—The Edinburgh Review, for July, has an article on Teetotalism and the Maine Liquor Law, principally occupied with the history of the legislative proceedings relating to the liquor trade in different States of the American Union and the evidence which has been collected of the effect of the legislation upon the community. The writer is favorable to the suppression of intemperance by law, but he remarks:

"One caution, however, we will add. The working classes are now attracted to the tipping house by finding there (what they can never find at home) both comfort and amusement, in the shape of well-lighted rooms, newspapers, and social intercourse. Now all these things can be supplied them without ale or gin. We would, therefore, urge upon the benevolent agitators who seek to suppress the ale-house and the gin palace, the necessity of providing the poor with public reading-rooms and coffee-houses, free libraries and museums, cheap concerts and exhibitions for the winter season; and open parks, zoological gardens, and cricket grounds for summer. If, in the petitions for restrictive legislation, which they are now preparing they would incorporate proposals for supplying innocent recreation to the people, they would obtain a far more extensive support from those whom they desire to benefit, but who now too often regard all enactments tending to the promotion of public morality, as the tyrannical interference of the rich with the amusements of the poor."

Life in the Eastern Cities.
—Almost every day a new horror is exhibited in the infected district of the lower part of Philadelphia. On Friday morning, Lieutenant Ellis, says the North American, was called upon to visit a wretched hovel in St. Mary street, where, it was said, want and disease had made its sad ravages. The Lieutenant found it in the condition of an ordinary pig-sty. It contained little or no furniture. On entering the lower room, a scene was presented which the Lieutenant said made him sick. The corpse of a little girl was lying upon the dirty floor, with scarcely any covering, rapidly advancing in decomposition. The Coroner had been sent for but he could not be found. Near the corpse two women were lying, looking as if they were in a dying condition. They were all shrivelled up, and evidently suffering dreadfully from disease, and they had no means of procuring medical attendance. A crowd of miserable wretches, of all sexes and ages, was gathered in the vicinity. But they gaped through the windows with the utmost expression of indifference. They had become accustomed to such sights, and knew not, nor even seemed to care how soon they might become the participants in a similar scene of horror.

FRMATE LABOR.—The Albany Knickerbocker says there are about 2,000 girls in that city who obtain their scanty support from working with their needles. Many of them are employed in fur shops, where they can only, by the hardest working and most tedious application, make two or two dollars and twenty-five cents per week. Many of them do not get more than one dollar and a half; yet perhaps one half these girls have poor and aged parents to support by their needle. There are many more who work for clothing stores, make shirts, &c., all of them getting ruinously low prices for their work. Who can contemplate the misery they sometimes feel, and the extremities to which they are often driven, without pity?

A well known character in Brooklyn, N. Y., known as "Colonel Cornell," died at the cholera hospital in that city on Thursday. He had been deranged for a considerable period, but was always harmless. His diseased imagination caused him to regard himself the President of a large enterprise which he denominated the "Bank of the World," an institution which made large loans—or promises. At other times, Cornell would fancy himself the Emperor of Russia, and from him we have frequently learned his secret plans for prosecuting the present war. His last whim was to marry the Empress of China. He was defeated in this by some of the principal men in Brooklyn failing to pay him back money which he had loaned them out of the bank of the world.

The regulations of Washington City penitentiary prohibit any conversation between the prisoners. Secondly, the sexes are not only kept under rigid rule in different parts of the enclosure, but no means of communication or of seeing each other exist, or are tolerated. A short time since, amongst the prisoners was a very likeable girl, named John. One morning, the colored messenger had passed a pan of flour through a little window of the massive door which leads into the women's domain, and as the pan was returned to the servant the quick eye of the warden noticed something sticking to the bottom of it. Upon examination he found a piece of paper, on which was written, "Dear John: Your time will soon expire—I shall soon be free—let us get married and be happy. Affectionately."

This was signed in the usual manner.—The note, couched in such simple but expressive terms, touched the kind hearted warden, and no punishment was ordered. Both of the parties have since been discharged by the expiration of their sentences, and on the day of the man's release, the note was handed to him with a pleasant remark; but the officers are yet ignorant how the girl obtained a knowledge of John, or of his appearance, when his sentence would expire, that he was a single man, or ventured to adopt this mode of making the loving proposal.

HIGH LIFE IN NEW YORK.—The following we clip from a letter to the Baltimore American:

Another great divorce case is talked of in the upper-tendom. Mr. A. T., one of the richest merchants "above Bleeker" in this city, caught, on Monday last, a certain Bond street dentist in rather equivocal circumstances with his young wife, a Cuban lady of high family. A scuffle ensued, in which poor Mr. T. got some hard knocks. He immediately lodged a complaint in proper quarter, and the dentist was arrested on Tuesday morning.

A HEN DOING DOUBTLE DUTY.—We have a motherly old Shanghai hen, that brought out a brood of chickens two or three weeks ago, and is now busily engaged in clucking and scratching among them—coaxing and scolding if they go astray, and squawking terribly at all the dogs and cats and hawks that show themselves. At the same time she lays an egg every day or two, just the same as if she had no little responsibilities to take care of, and had nothing else to do but to lay and cackle about. We call this doing double duty.—Maine Farmer.

A turkey gobbler on the farm of Mr. McGavin, near Olive Branch, about four weeks since exhibited an unmistakable desire to "perform double duty." Accordingly a nest was prepared, and twenty hen's eggs were placed in it for his accommodation. After a patient incubation the chickens came out of the shell and the gobbler continues to give them all the motherly attentions that are required for their well being.—Ed. Clermont Courier.

At a recent meeting of one of the French Agricultural Societies a curious fact was related. A farmer stuck a pea in a potato, and planted them together in March last. The pea produced a stalk which was covered with pods, and the potato gave eleven healthy roots. The farmer is of the opinion that, by this system it is possible not only to obtain a two-fold crop, but to prevent the maldy in potatoes.

FEKNT.—To attempt to break up a love match by shooting up the girl and abusing the lover.

Spilling an Appetite.
The Rev. Dr. Allyn, formerly Pastor of the Congregational Church in Duxbury, Mass., was one of the old time eccentrics of that State. Among the anecdotes related of him, we find the following good one in the New England Farmer:

"During a visit to Boston, on a certain occasion, he was invited to dine with an acquaintance, who had once failed, but then lived in great style. He entered the house, just before the dinner hour, and after glancing at the ostentatious parade upon the table, and the other extensive arrangements made to entertain him, he quietly slipped off. His sudden disappearance excited no little wonder. The feast was delayed, but the guest was not seen again that day.—Some time after he called again on his friend, and on being asked for an explanation of his conduct, he replied that when he saw what an elegant dinner was in preparation for him, the remembrance that his poor neighbor and parishioner H— (naming a townsman who had suffered severely by the failure of this very man) had nothing but clams to eat, so destroyed his appetite that he was glad to leave the house."

It is a happy thing for some folks that appetites are not so easily spoiled now-a-days.
Another anecdote of Dr. Allyn may be called:
"SIN IN A FIDDLE.—When a violin was first introduced into the choir of the church, the innovation gave great offense to the worthy parishioners. Especially was the player of the bass viol exercised with sorrow and indignation when the frivolous and profane fiddle first took its place in the house of God, by the side of his sedate and pious instrument. He accordingly laid the case before the parson, who after listening soberly to his complaints replied: 'It may be as you say, sir; if I don't know but what you are right; but if you are, it strikes me the greater the fiddle, the greater the sin!' The hero of the 'big fiddle' was untuned."

THE HOUSE OF GOD.—The glory of a sacred edifice lies not in the vaulted roof, and lofty spire, and peeling organ, but in the glory that fills the house—the divine presence; not in the fabrics of goody stones, but in its living stones, polished by the hand of the Spirit; not in the painted windows, but in the gospel light; not in the choir of singing men and of singing women, but in the music of well tuned hearts, not in the sacred priesthood, but in the great High Priest. If every stone were a diamond, and every beam a cedar, every window a crystal, and every door a pearl; if the roof were studded with sapphires, and resplendent with masses of precious stones; and yet if Christ and the Spirit be not there, the building has no glory. The house of God must have a glory beyond what Solomon's cunning workmen can give it, even the Lord God, who is the "glory thereof."—Remains of Rev. Wm. Jackson.

REVIVAL PREACHERS.—This class of ministers has always been regarded with great distrust by the most intelligent class in all christian sects, and in many quarters they have been tolerated rather than respected. At the late anniversary at Andover Theological Seminary, the Rev. M. P. Braman, of Danvers, one of the most talented orthodox ministers of New England, denominated them the "Mendicant Friars of the Protestant Church." And he said he had a copy of a letter in his possession from one of this class, in which, by way of negotiating the pay for his services, the gentleman stated that he expected to be instrumental in converting at least two hundred souls, and that they would be worth certainly a dollar a piece. He added Mr. Braman, conversions were raised to a dollar the head, they should be warranted the genuine article!—Boston Transcript.

One of the Judges.
"Our Samuel" remarked the other day, that the next time he put up at a hotel he would enter his name as "Samuel Sharp, Judge."

We asked him (says an exchange) if he had tried it, and he replied:—
"Yes, I tried it once and it worked like a charm. I had the best accommodations in the house for about a week, without any expense, till one day the landlord touched me on the arm, says he—
'You are Judge of Probate, are you not?'
'No,' I replied.
'Not of the Superior Court, certainly!'
'No,' rejoined I, 'not of any Court.'
'Of what are you Judge, then?' continued he, thinking of many 'fixins' he had sent up to my room.
'I am Judge,' said I pompously, of good living!"

THE INDIAN WOMAN.—The following beautiful selection is a specimen of the eloquence of an Indian woman over the contiguous grazes of her husband and infant:
"The father of life and light has taken from me the apple of my eye and the core of my heart, and laid them in these two graves. I will water the one with my tears and the other with the milk of my breast, till I meet them again in that country where the sun never sets."

UNREMITTING KINDNESS.—A certain man went to California and remained there two years, leaving his wife dependent on her relatives. Mrs. F. expatiating on the cruelty of such conduct, the absentee found a warm advocate in a friend.

"I have heard," said the latter that he is kindest of men, and I know he writes to his wife every packet."

"Yes he writes," replied Mrs. F. "a parcel of flattery at best the agony of absence; but has never remitted to her a shilling—Do you call that kindness?"

"Decidedly," replied the other "an unremitting kindness."

"Well John, said a man to his son on the day he was one-and-twenty, you have got a fool for a master now? Yes," said John, and have had for these twenty years."

Mrs. Hollyhook thinks it "rather queer" that the riving of a little quiverstick in a glass tube should make the weather so awful hot.

To-day, we are like the full blown rose—no-need, we may return to the dust from whence we were taken.

Boys Out at Night.
I have been an observer, as I am a sympathizing lover of boys. I like to see them happy, cheerfully gleesome. Indeed, I can hardly understand how a high-toned useful man can be the ripened fruit of a boy who had not enjoyed a full share of the glad privileges due to youth. But while I watch with a very jealous eye all rights and customs which entrench upon the proper rights of boys, I am equally apprehensive lest parents who are not thoughtful, and who have not habituated themselves to close observations upon this subject, permit their sons' indulgences which are almost certain to result in their demoralization, if not in their total ruin; and among the habits which I have observed tending most surely to ruin, I know of none more prominent than that of parents permitting their sons to be in the street after nightfall.

It is ruinous to their morals in all instances. They acquire under the cover of night an unhealthy state of mind—bad, vulgar, immoral, and profane language, obscene practices, criminal sentiments, a lawless and riotous bearing. Indeed, it is in the street after nightfall that the boys principally acquire the education of the bad, and capacity for becoming rowdy, dissolute, criminal men. Parents should in this particular, have a rigid and inflexible rule, that will not permit a son under any circumstances whatever, to go in the streets after nightfall with a view of engaging in out-of-door sports, or meet other boys for social chaff occupation. A right rule of this kind, invariably adhered to, will soon deaden the desire for such dangerous practices.

Boys should be taught to have pleasures around the family centre table, in reading, in conversation, and in quiet amusements. Boys are seen in the streets after nightfall behaving in a manner entirely destructive of all good morals. Fathers and mothers, keep your children home at night, and see that you take pains to make your homes pleasant, attractive, and profitable to them; and above all, with a view of their security from future demoralization, let them not become, while forming their characters for life, so accustomed to disregard the moral sense of shame as to openly violate the Sabbath day in street pastimes during its day or evening hours.

A TOUGH MEAL.—A freshly imported Pallander, who had engaged himself as a waiter at one of the hotels, was ordered by one of the guests to bring him a napkin.—Now this was an article that Pat had never heard of in his life, and to save his soul from purgatory he could not tell what the gentleman meant. His Irish blood forbade him displaying his ignorance, so he went off as if to comply with the order. Presently a thel's trunk hit him and he returned to the gentleman saying—"Faix, sir, and will you be pleased to take something else, the napkins be all ate up!"

CATFISH.—The gentleman who played preacher at Marietta, and obtained a suit of new clothes and other attentions from the hospitable inhabitants of that place, by false misrepresentation, has been arrested, and is now enjoying the hospitalities extended by our present very efficient jailer, Mr. Dailey. We presume that, although Mr. Dailey gives his subject plenty of good eating, the "parson" as he was so fortunate as to be treated to during his short career in the religious vocation of which he proved such an unworthy member.

RATHER WARM.—The Village Record, Westchester, Pa., says:—We are informed that some person on Friday afternoon last, in attempting to change a switch on the Westchester Railroad, found the lever all most scorching hot, and the iron so much expanded by the heat produced by the burning rays of the sun that it could not be removed from its fastening until water was poured upon it to counteract the iron. If this be true, certainly no one will doubt hereafter that we live in a warm climate.

A boarding Miss, deeming "eat" a word too vulgar for refined ears, defines it thus: To insert nutritious pabulum into the denuded orifice before the nasal protuberance, which being masticated, peregrinate through the cartilaginous cavities of the larynx, and is finally domiciliated in the receptacle for digestible particles.

THE PROFIT OF STRAWBERRIES.—A man in East Cambridge has raised, the present season, on eight acres of ground, strawberries which sold for near \$10,000, and yielded a net profit of \$8000. The encouragement is such that the same man is sowing eight acres more with plants. The picking, weeding, &c., is done by German women.—Boston Bee.

Mr. Peabody, of the Soil of the South recently presented the Columbus Times with a specimen of the orange watermelon. The rind peeled off like the orange and leaves the whole of the rich, luscious pulp in a lobate mass, which also divides into parts and is most delightfully flavored. We never saw anything of the kind so beautiful. The watermelon is a native of China.

A good man's heaven commences here. The same may be said of a wicked man's hell. To taste of Paradise, all that is necessary is to taste of virtue. There is more sunshine in one good act than in all the solar systems ever invented.

People who have nothing to do themselves, are very apt to suppose that the rest of the world are in a similar predicament, and to act accordingly. A sad blunder, not only against common sense, but good manners.

A woman who loves, loves for life, unless a well-founded jealousy compels her to relinquish the object of her affections.—So says somebody. A man who loves, loves for life, unless he alters his mind. So says somebody else.

MORE FORCIBLE THAN ELEGANT.—Bishop Chase told his congregation a short time since, in one of his sermons, "that there was among his female auditors, coarse boards sufficient to shingle a hog pen."

A woman's heart is like a fiddle; it requires a bow to play upon it.

Turkish Ladies.
A Constantinople correspondent says that the Turkish ladies are progressing rapidly, and in proof, remarks that their veils grow thinner and thinner every day. They are also growing more and more sociable, according to the same authority, especially with their eyes. One of them, on a recent occasion, even went further than this—she even presented her handkerchief and a bouquet to a handsome young ensign of a regiment, who happened to be strolling about that fashionable resort of the Turkish ladies the Sweet Waters of Europe, at the time when it was crowded by hundreds of the fair sex. The poor ensign, sent out to guard the damsels, are kept in a continual stew of uneasiness; they dare not strike or even complain, if an English or French officer goes so far as to kiss his hand at any fair one committed to his charge. The old Turks dislike this exceedingly, and scowl at the foreigners as they pass; but the women are fond of the attention paid them, and seem to have lost all terror of sacks and deep sea bathing in the Bosphorus.

OCEAN BATHING AT NEWPORT.—Mr. Fuller, of the New York Mirror, gives us the following glimpses of the bathing scene at Newport:
But the bathing scene is decidedly the most picturesque and entertaining amusement of the town. To see two or three hundred ladies in fancy costume, in frocks of all patterns, and in trousers of all colors, with hats of all shapes, and countless pairs of little white feet twinkling on the sand, is an exhibition as grotesque to the spectator as exhilarating to the performer.

If a beautiful woman ever could look ridiculous, it would be when emerging from the waves in this fantastic, semi-barbarian dress, and trying to conceal her identity, "makes tracks" for the bathing house.—What a contrast between the bewitching belle of last night's ball room and the "sore-crow" upon this morning's beach! They who have seen the same beautiful actress play "Juliet" and "Meg Merrilies" on the same night, can imagine the transformation better than I can describe it. At 12 o'clock the red flag is raised and the ladies drive off, remembering the fate of Lot's wife; and the masculine multitude plunges in just as Nature made them, like a flock of geese without feathers. Then it takes until dinner time for the ladies to get the salt out of their hair, and freshened up generally, when they come pouring down stairs, looking as sweet and dewy as an avalanche of roses.

TO PUT A WOMAN IN GOOD SPIRITS.—Take her to a milliner's store to buy a bonnet. The managers of one of the most extensive establishments in London, in the course of her evidence, a short time since, in a case of "breach of promise," declared that "ladies are always in good spirits when they go to the milliner's to buy a bonnet." Here we have a valuable recipe for those unfortunate gentlemen whose ladies are troubled with ennui, sullenness, pouts "don't feel very well," and other delightful feminine institutions.

SOMETHING WORTH THINKING ON.—The Railroad Record says:
The stockholders of Railways, have a bright future; for railway shares are now so unreasonably low, that they must rise. There is the greatest possible margin for profit; both in investment and speculation. Railway shares in unfinished railways, are selling from 25 to 50 cents on a dollar, which will be among the very best stocks in the country; and finished railways are selling at from 30 to 90, which can, if their directors please, pay from 10 to 15 per cent, forever. Since the great break down when Ohio state stocks sold for 50 cents on a dollar, there has never been such an opportunity for the investment of capital, properly, as there is now, in many railways. The movement of distrust and fear in the public, cannot long withstand the great fact of a positive intrinsic value. The most cautious miserly old hunk will buy property when it is perfectly certain it is sold at a sacrifice; but, that certainly in regard to railway shares is now pressing strongly on the public mind. We have only to look back at the prices of Bank shares, and State stocks in 1843-4 to realize what the effects of a panic are, and how certainly the knowing ones are to make splendid fortunes out of the public timidity. The present panic will last but a short time; when a shrewd man will wonder why he could not have seen, and take advantage of the opportunities now presented.

Gen. Nipokotichytsky has been appointed to the command of the Russian army. Bringing out such a name as this does not look much like peace.
A bashful young lady says the reason she carries a parasol, is that the sun is of the masculine gender, and she cannot withstand its ardent glances.
Philosophers say that shutting the eyes makes the sense of hearing more acute.—This may account for the many closed eyes that are seen in our churches.

The man in jail who looked out of the window of his cell and exclaimed:—"This is a grate country!" is now generally admitted to have spoken within bounds.
HIBERNIANISM.—An Irishman complained to his physician that he suffered him so much with drugs, that he was sick a long time after he got well.

A sleepy dason, who sometimes engaged in popular games, hearing the minister use the words "shuff" off this mortal coil, started up, rubbed his eyes and exclaimed, "Hold on! it is my deal!"

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