

Essex County Republican.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING BY JONATHAN TABELL, Editor and Proprietor. TERMS, \$2 Per Year—\$1.50 in Advance.

VOLUME XIII. NO. 29.

KEESEVILLE, N. Y., NOVEMBER 20, 1852.

WHOLE NUMBER 446.

Poetry.

(Written for the Republican.)

'Tis but a day since Spring was here.

'Tis but a day since Spring was here,
Scattering blossoms far and near;
Since wood-born flowers, with modest look,
First stooped to kiss the laughing brook—
Since earth, that drank the evening dew,
Smiled every morning fresh and new;
Since in the new-leaved grove were heard
Glad songs from many a bright winged bird—
Since all of nature seemed replete
With youth, and bloom, and blessings sweet—
Since hills were clad in rich array—
Since Spring was here—'tis but a day!

And yet I listen—and I hear
Songs of the declining year;
I look about me, and behold
The year already growing old,
Sombre and still the day is now—
Old age is on the forest's brow;
The earth her smiles hath all withdrawn,
And flowers are faded, withered, gone;
The hill and vale are green no more—
The mountain peak is bare and hoar,
In forest paths, with moss o'er grown,
Faded, withered leaves are thick strewn—
And all that bloomed in youthful Spring
Is faded now, and withering.
In yonder field, now brown and nude,
The cricket chirps in solitude,
And far down in a pasture dell
Tinkles a solitary bell;
And every far off sound I hear
Sinks sadly on the watchful ear.
At night the wind with heavy breath,
Sighs fitfully, like groans or death!
What means it? 'tis the struggling sighs,
The labored breath, when summer dies,
And yet, though all around is gloom,
The night winds whisper of the tomb—
Though flowers are gone, and hills are near,
'Tis but a day since Spring was here!

'Tis but a day since youth was here,
With buoyant hope, and joy and cheer;
Since days passed on with pleasure rife,
And every pulse beat high with life—
Since time flew past on airy wing,
And life was one perennial Spring—
Since youth of pleasures were away—
Since youth was here—'tis but a day!

And yet—I feel it in my veins—
The spring has gone, the summer wanes,
The blood once hot is waxing cold,
Youth, youth is gone I'm growing old!
My cheeks are marked with years and cares—
My locks are thick with silver hairs,
Infirm upon my staff I bow,
For age is written on my brow,
Full well I know, and yield the strife—
It is the autumn of my life!

And yet, although my locks are hoar,
With many winters frosted o'er—
Though loved my form, and dim my sight,
'Till day seems mingled into night—
Though weak, infirm, I tremble now,
With age deep graven on my brow—
Though death, age, even death, is near,
'Tis but a day since youth was here!

Thus, ere we know it, spring is fled—
The flowers of yesterday are dead;
Thus, ere we know it, comes in haste,
The bloom of early life to waste.
Yet when the tender flower falls,
And chill and fierce the autumn gales
Scenter its withered leaves abroad,
It drops its seed upon the sod;
And, when old winter ends its strife,
That seed quickens into life,
And that sweet flower will quit its tomb
And blush again in vernal bloom.
So 'tis with men—first doomed to death—
Like the frail flowers that perisheth!
Yet, when he doth life's brief term,
He leaves an unextinguish'd form
To spring up into fairer bloom,
Immortal youth beyond the tomb!
Keeseville, Oct. 18th, 1852. * * B

Miscellany.

The Little Outcast.

BY MRS. DENISON.

"Mayn't I stay, ma'am? I'll do anything you give me—cut wood, go after water, and do all your errands."

The troubled eyes of the speaker were filled with tears. It was a lad that stood at the outer door, pleading with a kind looking woman, who still seemed to doubt the reality of his good intentions.

The cottage sat by itself on a bleak moor, or what in Scotland would have been called such. The time was near the latter end of September, and a fierce wind rattled the boughs of the two only naked trees near the house, and fled with a shivering sound into the narrow door-way, as if seeking for warmth at the blazing fire within.

Now and then a snow-flake touched with its soft chill the cheek of the listener, or whitened the angry redness of the poor boy's contumacious hands.

The woman was loth to grant the boy's request, and the peculiar look stamped upon his features, would have suggested to any mind an idea of depravity far beyond his years.

But her woman's heart could not resist the sorrow in those large, but by no means handsome grey eyes.

"Come in at any rate till the good man comes home; there, sit down by the fire; you look perishing with cold," and she drew a rude chair up to the warmest corner, then, suspiciously glancing at the child from the corners of her eyes, she continued setting the table for supper.

Presently came the tramp of heavy shoes; the door was swung open with a quick jerk, and the "good man" presented himself, wearing a look of ill-humor.

A look of intelligence passed between him and himself; he too scanned the boy's face with an expression not evincing satisfaction but nevertheless made him come to the table, and then enjoyed the seat with which he dispatched his supper.

Day after day passed, and yet the boy begged to be kept "only till to-morrow;" so the good couple, after due consideration, concluded that as long as he was so docile,

and worked so heartily, they would retain him.

One day in the middle of winter, a pedlar, long accustomed to trade at the cottage, made his appearance, and disposed of his goods readily, as if he had been waited for.

"You have a boy out there splitting wood, I see," he said, pointing to the yard.

"Yes; do you know him?"

"I have seen him," replied the pedlar, evasively.

"And where—who is he? what is he?"

"A jail bird," and the pedlar swung his pack over his shoulder; "that boy, young as he looks, I saw in court myself, and heard his sentence—ten months; he's a hard one. You'd do well to look keener after him."

Oh! there was something so horrible in the word jail—the poor woman trembled as she laid away her purchases, nor could she be easy till she called the boy in, and assured him that she knew that dark part of his history.

Ashamed, distressed, the child hung down his head; his cheeks seemed bursting with the hot blood; his lips quivered, and anguish was painted as vividly upon his forehead as if the word were branded into the flesh.

"Well," he muttered, his whole frame relaxing as if a burden of guilt or joy had suddenly rolled off, "I may as well go to ruin at once—there's no use of my trying to do better—everybody hates and despises me—nobody cares about me—I may as well go to ruin at once."

"I'll tell me," said the woman, who stood off far enough for flight if that should be necessary—"how came you to go so young to that dreadful place? Where was your mother?—where?"

"Oh!" exclaimed the boy, with a burst of grief that was terrible to behold, "oh! I haint no mother—oh! I haint had no mother ever since I was a baby. If I'd only had a mother," he continued, his anguish growing vehement, and the tears gushing out from his strange looking grey eyes. "I wouldn't 'a been bound out, and kicked and cuffed, and laid onto with whips. I wouldn't 'a been saucy, and got knocked down and run away, and then stole because I was hungry. Oh! I haint got no mother—I haint got no mother—I haven't had no mother since I was a baby."

The strength was all gone from the poor boy, and he sank on his knees sobbing great choking sobs, and rubbing the hot tears away with his poor knuckles. And did that woman stand there unmoved? Did she coldly bid him pack up and be off—the jail bird?

No; she had been a mother, and though all her children slept under the cold sod in the church-yard—she was a mother still.

She went up to that poor boy, not to hasten him away, but to lay her fingers kindly, softly on his head—to tell him to look up, and from hence forth find in her a mother. Yes, she even put her arm about the neck of that forsaken, deserted child—she poured from her mother's heart sweet, womanly words, words of counsel and tenderness.

Oh! how sweet was her sleep that night, how soft her pillow! She had linked a poor suffering heart to hers by the most silken, the strongest bands of love; she had plucked some thorns from the path of a little, sinning, but striving mortal. None but the angels could witness her holy joy, and not cry out.

Did the boy leave her?

Never—he is with her still; a vigorous, manly, promising youth. The low character of his countenance has given place to an open pleasing expression, with depth enough to make it an interesting study. His foster father is dead, his good foster mother aged and sickly, but she knows no want. The once poor outcast is her only dependence, and nobly does he repay the trust.

"Ho that saveth a soul from death, biddeth a multitude of sins."—[Olive Branch.]

A BOSTONIAN returning from a tour through Europe, relates to the Boston Journal the following incident, which took place at St. Petersburg: "Several of our shipmates were on shore having 'a good time' when in passing through the square containing the colossal statue of Peter the Great, one of them declared he would have a ride on that horse; and no sooner said, than he made a leap over the iron fence, and actually commenced climbing up over the tail of the horse, and before the astonished crowd could interfere to stop the movement, the captain was actually seated on the colossal horse, behind the Great Peter. The Yankee had accomplished his purpose, and taken his ride on Peter's horse, but the most difficult part of his enterprise was still before him; viz: to escape from the horse without falling into the hands of the guard, who are constantly stationed around the statue for its protection; and here our captain signally failed. He was arrested in his descent from his lofty seat, and found that there was, in very deed, but a step between the sublime and the ridiculous, as he was led away from Peter's statue to prison. He was tried, convicted, and fined \$6,000 for his folly. By the interposition of the American minister, the fine was slightly reduced, and was then paid by the captain's consignees, and he was released from prison after only a few days' confinement. When the captain remonstrated with the judge at the largeness of the fine, saying it was rather an expensive ride, the judge good-naturedly replied that the captain never before rode so expensive a horse.—Household Work.

WORTH TRYING.—A piece of slum about the size of a common marble pulverized and mixed with a wine glass full of brandy, is said to be a sure cure for ague.

(From the Boston Olive Branch.) The Bleeding of the Seasons.

I looked over the face of nature. The trees were withered, the fields stubbled and brown. The mountains started me with their naked majesty. Where were the flowers? where the gorgeous mantling of forests and hills? where the hues of heaven that had painted an Eden on every leaf? Soon to be obscured by tempests, and buried underneath snow! I wept over the threatened desolation; wept that for all things there must come a winter.

A form of surpassing beauty moved gently by my side.

"Why weepst thou, oh mortal?" she said. "Without rest nothing can live. So hath the bountiful Father ordained sleep, that, coming with sweet odors on her wing, closes thine eyes to the life pictures that Time and Care never wear in painting.—Spring, Summer, and Autumn too, take their rest."

Then holding one hand over the earth, a great fissure was rent therein, and while I looked down in wonder, she clasped me in her arms, and we descended together.

I felt no fear the darkness enveloped us and the way seemed endless. But anon a soft light broke out—it deepened, flushing at intervals, and I saw yet far below what seemed a city of palaces.

"Do then mortals live in the depths of the earth?" I asked.

"You four palaces," she replied, pointing to the fairest and whitest, "belong to Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter. All around are granaries where choice seeds are deposited and implements of labor. Here are locked up the airs and the fruits, and the snows of the seasons."

We stopped at the palace of Spring.—Earthly splendor was more than eclipsed by the shining pillars, the fresh, noble statues that adorned the outer of these structures. Silver and gold lined the inner walls, everywhere surpassing richness and magnificence were visible. I was led up the grand entrance, through wide halls into a spacious chamber.

There softly sleeping upon a couch, whose regal hangings were of a delicate green, bordered with gold, laid a young maiden; in her hand the first flower of the year, now drooping.

Her cheek was somewhat pale, her tresses like amber clouds; soft breezes played around her pillow. I smelt the odor of early violets as her breath came gently between her parted lips. Gazing around, I was startled to observe that what I had taken for statues, were living beings watching her rest. Some of them held seeds in their hands, others spades and picks upon which they leaned thoughtfully—others ploughs, ready to guide them at her first command.

"Spring taketh her rest," said my guide smiling.

"I was next ushered into another palace, similar in construction to the first. Upon a rosy couch reclined a glorious form.—Never saw I aught so beautiful as her face. Her hair, a golden brown, laid in thick masses against her cheeks, upon which deepened the rich crimson of the sea-shell. At every footstep I trod upon flowers, yet crushed them not. On every side sat maidens braiding wreaths and tinting fruit buds. A gentle rustling like the waving of boughs, and the sighing of zephyrs through long grasses, a soft twittering of birds, a murmur of laughing voices, and a scent of ripening fruit saluted me. Warm breezes stole about my temples giving a soft languor, and I longed for the shade of a great tree. The bleating of lambs, the rippling of streams, the musical dripping of water falls, mingled delightfully together. And summer still slept with smiles on her lips.

Methought I entered then the palace of Autumn. Everywhere I saw joy and gladness. Peals of music burst forth; shouts like those in harvest time came up from the terraces. Autumn had just left the upper earth.

Though wearied with her labors, she was more beautiful than her sisters. Night black were her heavy ringlets; night black her lustrous eyes—dark and deeply tinted her full round cheek. She walked between golden sheaves, and methought they bowed to her. Swart attendants followed, loaded with corn, grapes, apples, pears, and all the roots of the earth. About their persons were wondrous wreaths of gorgeous flowers; their garments glittered, woven with the silk of earth. Now and then a sharp wind whistled by me as the maidens hastened to lead away their quon. Mournful symphonies now commenced, fitful and gentle as the falling of the leaves. I heard a noise like ten thousand great wings beating the air, and but a solitary twitter, it might be that of a wounded bird.

At the door of Winter's palace I paused. What had before seemed glistening marble, I saw was sparkling ice. Frostwork in wild grotesque designs lined all the panels.—Great figures with cold eyes stood in the portals. Of a sudden a flourish of trumpets broke the stillness. Loud shouts filled me with awe, and peals of music issued from all the entrances. Tall figures in white mantles passed and re-passed, and in an inner chamber stood a kingly form, about which a hundreds persons seemed busy. Sharp and keen, his eyes darted everywhere. Like masses of crystal, his locks hung upon his massive shoulders.—When arrayed he seized an icy spear that reached from the floor to the extreme of the mighty dome, and shook it with a firm hand. Fierce winds leaped from their caves, whirling flakes of snow thickened the air, frost formed over his brow and hung heavy on his locks. I heard shrieks and lamenting voices. I saw, that the had fallen away, even as portions of frown of their monarch.

"None love me," he murmured. He had hardly spoken, when with sweet strains came Spring, Summer, and Autumn, wrapped in white furs, and trembling with chill.

"Wily the king of the seasons," said one, and have come to offer him consolation.

"I," said Spring, "will give him some of my balmy airs, and my brightest days."

"I," said Summer, "will bequeath to our brother, my sunny skies, my deep blue of evening, and a few genial breezes."

"I," said Autumn, "will lend him some of my glorious evenings, with my moon as yellow as the harvest and my glittering stars."

"Besides, I have saved for him the choicest fruits of my labor. Let not our brother mourn, many hearts will rejoice at his going forth."

Then winter smiled and his smile came full upon me—I could no longer hate him.

And ever since, through his reign I have marked Spring days, Summer warmth, and Autumn splendor. [M. A. D.]

(For the Republican.)

OBITUARY NOTICE

OF THE LATE.

Dr. AARON F. GARDNER.

The act of doing justice to the memory of the dead belongs to unprejudiced minds, and should devolve upon those, who from their social relations with the deceased have opportunities of learning private character. As one who has known the subject of this sketch for many years, I deem it a duty I owe to him as a friend and fellow citizen to speak of him as he was. Doctor Gardner (the youngest son of John Gardner, was born at East Hampton, Long Island, on the 15th of January, 1785.—He received what was considered at that time a good elementary education at the Clinton Academy in his native place, and soon after chose Medicine as a profession suited to his taste. The wisdom of this choice was manifest by the success he met with in after years in the practice of a profession, to which he was ardently attached. The facilities afforded the Medical Students of that day were few indeed in comparison with those now enjoyed. But he availed himself of all those within his reach, and by an intense application to the science for several years, acquired thoroughly its rudiments, and proved himself worthy of the diploma which he received in the year 1808. In a short time he left the island and went to Easton, Washington county, N. Y. where he practiced several years with a Doctor Mosher who at that time had an extensive business. In a neighboring country he became acquainted with Martha Lathrop Pope, whom he soon after married and removed to Chester, New Jersey, about the year 1811. It was in this state that he may be said to have commenced his career as a Practitioner of Medicine, the arduous duties of which are known only to the profession. A stranger, with no recommendation but his talents, he appeared in the Medical field. He entered the lists with men about him, not youthful adventurers or charlatans, but with hoary headed veterans, men who had grown grey in the profession and whom time and favor had elevated to an eminence in society.—Such were his competitors. But under these unfavorable circumstances he wavered not, and by an unremitting ardor soon built up an extensive practice, which continued to increase during his residence in Chester, a period of sixteen years.

In the midst of a successful professional career, in the bosom of friends who were clustered closely about him, he was induced through the influence of relatives to remove northward, and accordingly went to Keeseville, Essex County, N. Y. in 1827. There being but few Physicians then in this vicinity, he immediately secured a respectable practice and established himself in favor and reputation with the inhabitants of this growing village.

Having continued the active duties of his calling for about twelve years in this place, he found that the prime of life was past, and that his health demanded a relaxation from the more arduous duties devolving upon a country practitioner and accordingly confined himself mostly to town practice. But a few Physicians of his age have devoted themselves more faithfully to the healing art, or have encountered more hardships in the practice of a profession, which perhaps more than any other is attended with that mental anxiety which sooner depresses the powers of life. The scientific followers of Aesculapius in every age (since Medicine has merited the title of a distinct science) have been called upon to combat not only disease, but the whims and caprices of mankind, a task more formidable than the famed Herculean labors of ancient story.

But amid all those false fights in Medicine, which from time to time have arisen in the camp of Quackery, he stood firm, a faithful sentinel to warn men of their danger in trusting to theories based upon unsubstantial fables. He lived to see many of these delusions disappear, before the torch of scientific investigation; theories which for the time served to amuse more than benefit society; and he died in harness an advocate of the axiom; "that nothing should be received as truth in Medicine, which has not been thoroughly tested by experience."

In his death the Profession have lost an ornament, society a useful member, the Poor a friend. Perhaps no man in Northern New York had a more extensive knowledge of the theory of Medicine in detail than Doctor Gardner. During forty years he had been a well as an attentive observer of the phenomena of diseased action, acute perceptive faculties, he

was usually correct in his Diagnosis, having a retentive memory he was enabled to draw at will from his storehouse of facts treasured up from the best authors. He possessed a sound judgment which rendered him not only a bold, but a safe practitioner. He was not however like too many in the profession chained down to the exploded dogmas of the schools, but belonged rather to the Eclectics open to conviction and as an independent thinker ready to embrace truth in whatever garb she might appear. These are the outlines of the Professional character of our friend. But should I stop here I should leave the subject unfinished.

Amid the cares incident to his profession he still found leisure to devote his attention to a general course of reading. The English classics were his favorites, although the standard works in almost every department of literature were familiar to him.—Books were his companions with whom he held daily converse, and the midnight hour found him communing with his favorite authors. He possessed a correct dramatic taste and had a natural talent for Poetry, as was manifest by his occasional contributions to the Press. His style was decidedly unique and original, his forte the descriptive and sarcastic. He looked upon nature with a poet's eye and drew his figures from her book with a graphic pen.

His conversational powers were of the first order, and his turn of mind social which rendered him an agreeable companion with young or old. Having a considerable relaxation from professional duties for the last few years of his life he entered with spirit into the various benevolent enterprises of the day and was found among the foremost in that band of Pioneers, whose object is to ameliorate the condition of man, and elevate the standard of morals in society. Firmness was a prominent trait in his character, yet he was courteous and respectful to those who chanced to differ with him in sentiment. He was cautious in forming an opinion, yet bold to declare it when formed and as firm as Gibraltar in its maintenance. Like all positive characters he had strong friends and bitter enemies. But he has passed from our vision and they who would find him must seek him in the grave. By his removal from our midst the poor have lost a friend. His ear was attentive to the cry of the suffering and his presence a consolation at their feverish couch. To afford relief to this class in community who have but few sympathizers with them in their affliction, was to him a privilege and remuneration for professional services rendered the unfortunate, a secondary consideration.

"Interest, his soul ne'er swayed. He neither truckled to the great, nor bent the knee to Mammon's shrine; Gold he accounted dross, and spurned all laws save those by virtue made. He heeded not the scoffs and sneers of men. Science his mind illumed, hope cheered his path, and when Death called him hence, his placid eye was lighted up by an approving conscience that gave assurance of eternal bliss."

I admit he had his failings—On these let the tear that pitieth human weakness fall. On these let the veil that covers human frailty rest.

As a father, as a christian, as a man, he acted well his part, let posterity do him justice.

It remains for us to take a brief survey of the closing scenes of his life. Until about four weeks previous to his death, he had enjoyed his usual measure of health, although at times during the past year he had been subject to paroxysms of "palpitation of the heart" these symptoms however would soon pass off and during the intermission his usual strength remained.—He regarded these affections as merely nervous in their character, and did not mistrust an organic affection of the heart.—But he thought amiss, for on the evening of the 10th of Sept., he was suddenly aroused from slumber by a sense of suffocation and oppression in the region of the heart. These symptoms however yielded, in a measure to treatment, but left him in rather a feeble condition. From this time forward he seemed to be aware of the true nature of his complaint, and somewhat alarmed as to its final result. He said (in speaking of the suddenness of his late attack) he regarded it as a midnight cry, a warning to set his house in order ere he made his exit. But he had not deferred this preparation until a dying hour; for years before, in the full strength and vigor of manhood he had enlisted under the banner of the crucified Savior, and proved himself "a soldier of the cross."

Although sensible from the first as to the probable termination of his disease, still he did not despair, and being his own Physician promptly made use of the heroic remedies indicated in his complaint. From fear he might be mistaken as to the nature of the disease, he reviewed carefully Medical authorities that had written upon "diseases of the heart as a speciality" and found alas: that the symptoms of his case were too clearly pointed out to be mistaken. He watched with an Eagle eye the effects of the medicine he had taken, as an able navigator when finding that his vessel was the force of the tempest is driving towards the breakers of some dangerous coast, as a forlorn hope casts out his sheet anchor and standing at the helm calmly awaits the result, so did our friend await his fate.—There is much to admire in the character of the man in circumstances like these.—Men may encounter death amid the turmoil of conflict, they may dare him in the deadly breach, but when he noiselessly glides into the solitary chamber and unfolds his dark ensign, then is it that the lion hearted and staid and staid man loses her fortitude and subject most of the time during his illness to intense suffering not a

murder escaped him. On the contrary he was cheerful and continued conversing with his friends, until a few days before his death (when from a partial paralysis of his tongue he was unable to distinctly articulate. But even then he was conscious of all that was transpiring around him, and his eye was lighted up an unusual fire, which gave evidence that his intellect was not obscured although nature was fast giving way.—He intimated that he wished all topics of an earthly nature to be excluded from the room as he wished to spend the remainder of his time in reflecting upon matters of a religious nature. He had desired a few days previous that his absent sons should be sent for that he might behold them once more before he died. On its being announced that they had arrived the exhausted powers of life seemed to rally for a time so that he was able to hold some conversation with them. But the sight of his children had been too severe a shock to his nervous system and the feelings of paternal love had overpowered him. The lapse of life was fast flickering in its socket and the final hour drew nigh. On Tuesday at 5 A. M. Oct. 12th his spirit took its flight.

Thus died in the full possession of his faculties, Doctor Gardner, in the 67th year of his age. He died a christian Philosopher and he sleeps in Evergreen Cemetery in the outskirts of his adopted village, in sight of the Adirondack mountains whose lofty peaks he had trod and whose name he had perpetuated in poetic numbers. M.

From the N. Y. Daily Times.

Tell your Wife!

Yes, the only way, is to tell your wife just how you stand, Show her your balance-sheet. Let her look at the items. You think it will hurt her feelings. No it won't do any such thing. She has been taught to believe that money was with you, just as little boys think it is with their fathers,—terrible hard to be reached, yet inexhaustible. She has had her suspicions already. She has guessed you were not so prosperous as you talked. But you have so bogged your money affairs that she, poor thing, knows nothing about them. Tell it right out to her, that you are living outside of your income. Take her into partnership, and I'll warrant you'll never regret it. There may be a slight shower at first, but that's natural. Let her see your estimate, and when you come home again, she will show you that you have put her bills to high. True, she had an eight-dollar bonnet last winter, but 'tis just as good as ever, a few shillings will provide it with new strings, and refit it a little;—the sturp, she says, "is almost exactly as they wear them now." And you will be surprised to see how much less expensive she can make your wardrobe. She will surprise you with a new vest—not exactly unfamiliar some how, looking as if another shape you had seen it before,—yet new as a vest, and scarcely costing a dollar where you had allowed five. Old cravats will experience a resurrection in her hands, coming out so rejuvenated that nobody but those that are let into the secret, would suspect that they are old friends in new shapes. The gown you were going to buy—out of what forgotten chest she has gathered the material's you cannot imagine—but there it is, comfortable and warm, and just the thing you wanted for the long winter evenings that are coming on as fast as the almanac will let them.

You will find a wonderful change in her tastes and appetites. Whereas, she always fancied what was a little out of season or just coming into market—now if beef is dear, she thinks "boiled mutton is delightful,—as tender as chicken." If land rice, and fish are plenty, she thinks, "a striped bass is as good occasionally," and always insists on having it Fridays. Whereas, before, she must bear all the mucous excretions,—now she is "out of all patience with these foreign signers." If JENNY LIND were to return and sing some of our own sweet airs, she'd like to hear her; but she has had enough of Italian. Extravagances, all written on the ledger lines below or above, as if there was a sun to tarry long on the common stuff.

Before you have thought much about it you will find yourself spending most of your evenings at home, and such evenings too—so full of domestic enjoyment, and fire-side pleasures, that you will look with wonder on the record of last year's expenses and marvel that you found time or relief for costly entertainments that so seriously taxed your porte-monnaie.

My dear friend, if like Spain, your outgoes threaten to exceed your incomes, be sure and tell your wife of it. Nor in a tone and manner that will lead her to think you don't want her to buy furs this winter, but just as if you wanted a counsellor in the day of your trouble. And if she does not come up, heart and soul and most successfully to your relief, put me down for no prophet, and her for no worthy specimen of a Yankee lass.

THE NEWSPAPER.—There is no book so cheap as a newspaper; none so interesting, because it consists of a variety, measured and in suitable proportions as to time and quality. Being new every day or week, it invites to habits of reading, and is necessary to the individual and the community.

A gentleman out west had an Irish lad in his employ, and sent him out to grease the wagon. The lad, after being gone a considerable length of time, returned, when he was asked by his employer if he "greased the wagon?" "Yes, said he, "I have greased it all except those little sticks where the wheels run."

What class of people live the highest? Those who go out on a lark, of course.