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Dan'l. Leonard

THE STAR

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BY ROBSON & ROWLENSON.

TERMS.—Two Dollars per annum, payable *in advance*, or within three months from the time of subscribing; if not paid until the close of the year, $2,50 will invariably be demanded.

THE STAR has a more extensive circulation than any other paper published on the Eastern Shore—is more generally read by all classes of persons—and is, therefore, the most advantageous Journal for the publication of Advertisements, which will be inserted on the following terms:

One square (12 lines) will be inserted three weeks for $1.00, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion—longer ones in the same proportion.

☞All advertisements sent to the office *not marked* the number of times to be inserted, will be continued till ordered out, and charged according to regular rates.

A liberal deduction in the above prices will be made to those who advertise by the year or for six months.

☞All business communications from a distance adressed to us, will be promptly and correctly attended to.

ROBSON & ROWLENSON,
Publishers and Proprietors.
Star Office, Easton, Md.

Splendid Stock of
FALL DRY GOODS.
ONE PRICE ONLY!
Hamilton Easter & Co.,
No. 213 Baltimore Street,

INVITE the attention of wholesale and retail purchasers to their stock of Fresh Fall Goods, mostly of their own importation, which will be found much the largest and most varied ever offered in Baltimore, and for every article of which the lowest price is named at once.

Included will be found—Rich Brocade and other Dress Silks; splendid medium and low priced do; rich black Silks, in plain, water'd figur'd and satin strip'd; real old fashioned Gros Grain black Silks; figur'd and plain Satin de Chines, in changeable and solid colors; very handsome Poult de Soie, in solid colors: evening Dress Silks, in white and light colors, a beautiful variety: Bonnet and Millinery Silks, in great variety; Modes; Marcelines; Florences, &c.

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In *Linen Goods & Housekeeping Fabrics* we have more than our usual leading stock, including the very best Shirting Linens, of Richardson's and Barklie's make; Pillow Linens, of all widths; Linen Sheetings, of every description; Cotton Sheetings; sup'r Blankets; Quilts; Flannels; Table & Piano Covers; Floor Baize and Floor Cloths, of all widths and sizes; linen crumb cloths; Table Damask; Diapers; Napkins; Towellings; Stair Linens; rich Curtain Goods, of various styles; lace and muslin curtains; worsted Damasks and Moreens, and in fact every article in the Dry Goods line which may be required by housekeepers, hotels, steamboats, &c.

The Shawl Room

contains a most extensive and magnificent stock of long and square Cashmere; Camel" Hair, with Cashmere borders, entirely new; rich embroidered and plain Crape; long and square Scotch Woollen Shawls; Scotch Woollen Shawls for children; "Bay State Mills" Shawls, of all the various styles made by them, and mostly of patterns made expressly for us, and which cannot be had elsewhere. Black and Mourning Shawls, in great variety.

Cloaks, Mantillas and Sacs. Wide and Narrow *SILK VELVETS*, in all colors.

Merchant Tailor's Goods & Men's Wear

In choice styles of superior French Cloths, of Bioly's and other best makes; Doeskins; English and Domestic Cassimeres; Fancy Woolen, Silk and other Vestings; Serges; Silesias; Paddings; Canvass, sewing silk, &c. Also, a splendid stock of Gent's Cravats, Scarfs, Fancy Neck Ties, silk and linen Hdkfs. of new styles; Gloves of all kinds; Silk and Merino Under Shirts and Drawers; Suspenders, &c.

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We have also, a very choice lot of Embroideries and Laces, (from the most fashionable Establishments in Paris,) including rich Muslins and Lace Capes, Chemizetts; Berthes, Collars, Sleeves and Cuffs; real black and white Laces; real Lace Capes and Falls; Valenciennes Laces; Edgings and Insertings; superior Hosiery & Gloves of every description; emb'd and riviere hemmed-stiched Handkerchiefs; clear Lawn do.; mourning L. C. Handkfs; fancy Cashmere India Emb'd Scarfs; fancy Bags, &c.; Chemizetts; Prints and white Muslin Goods. French and English Chintzes; rich furniture Prints, in great variety; Cambric, Mull, Swiss, Book and Jaconet Muslins; Jackonet and Swiss Edgings and Insertings.—Bands and Florences.

Heavy Goods *for Farm Hands and Servants.*—We have on hand every description of Goods entering into general consumption, that we think will give satisfaction to the consumer, all of which we are enabled from the extent of our business, to buy on the very best terms and sell at a moderate profit. Having for every article a fixed price, (without abatement;) persons not fully acquainted with the value of goods, have every assurance that in dealing with us, they pay the same price as the most experienced purchasers.

An examination of goods and prices solicited. [oct 8—3m

Rushton, Clark & Co's
CELEBRATED GENUINE MEDICINAL
COD LIVER OIL,
Prepared from Fresh Livers and warrante PURE.
—BY—
RUSHTON, CLARK & CO.,
Chemists & Druggists, New York.
For sale by R. F. Hemsley, *Agent.*
May 14, 1850—4w

Easton Star.

A Weekly Journal—Devoted to Foreign & Domestic News—Politics—Literature—Agriculture—Advertising, &c.

Vol. 10—No. 25. EASTON, MD., TUESDAY, OCT'R 22, 1850. Whole No. 493.

FLOWERS OF POESY.

"The world is full of poetry—the air
Is breathing with its spirit, and the waves
Dance to the music of its melodies, and
In its brightness sparkle—earth is veiled
And mantled in its beauty."

LOVE AND TIME.

Old Time one day, while on his way,
In journeying through the world forever,
Was stopped beside a barrier wide—
A deep and swiftly rolling river,
And while he stood beside the flood,
He cried "Alas! will none come nigh me?
Upon this spot I'm quite forgot,
While precious moments lost fly by me.
Dear young friends! will none, alas!
Give a hand to make time pass?"

Thus while he cried across the tide,
Some fair girls longed, his accents hearing,
To aid him o'er the stream to shore,
In a light skiff that Love was steering.
But one young maid now shook her head,
The sagest she of the collection;
And while her hand restrained the band,
Her wise lips uttered this reflection—
"Full often have young maids, alas!
Been wrecked in helping Time to pass."

Love seized his oar, and for the shore,
Across the stream his sails are straining,
And soon his boat is seen to float
Close to where Old Time stands complaining.
And bravely now Love turns the prow
To pass Old Time across the river;
He spreads his sale to catch the gale,
And to his thin arms the oars quiver.
And as he cleaves the sunny waves,
His light skiff o'er the waters dancing,
With joyous song he speeds along,
And thus he chaunts, while still advancing,
"Mark well each lad and lass,
Love alone can make Time pass."

But Young Love's strength gives way at length;
To shrink from toil is aye his failing;
Time takes his place and pulls apace,
And cries "Poor child, you're tired and ailing:
Lie down and sleep, the oars I'll sweep,
And in my turn I'll sing a measure,
Both true and sage—the song of age—
Tho' youth ne'er hears such strains with pleasure:
"Be wise and learn, each lad and lass,
Love will surely make Time pass."

WRITTEN FOR THE STAR.

Tennyson's In Memoriam.*

How sweet and yet how sad are the memories of the dead, when the hand of time has assuaged in some degree the bitterness of grief. 'Twas in a spirit of deep communion with this that Ossian exclaimed—"sweet yet mournful to the soul is the memory of joys that are past." Joys that spring from the deep recesses of the human heart. Joys which lighten the step, clear the countenance, and quiet the mind. But these are only for life. A sadder, yet a wiser joy, is that which springs from the memory of the dead. How full of meaning is the phrase "the memory of the dead!" How sweetly it falls upon the ear. How deep its lesson. At its mention, a thousand emotions cluster in thick profusion around the soul. A glance of memory, and we are again beside the living of years that are past. Again the merry laugh, the jest and the deep instructive conversation go round. We are once more with the past. But again we feel the hand of grief laid upon us, not as of yore, but with a gentler touch. 'Tis full to the brim of deep but profound pleasure. Scenes are changed too. They take an individuality which they had not before. 'Twas beneath the branches of that brawny oak we were initiated into the sports of youth. Beneath that lonely roof, side by side, we conned Virgil's classic page. Here, upon this broad green lawn, we gazed with real pleasure upon the sky, spangled as it is with suns and systems, after having fathomed our Astronomies.—There in that room, and at that self-same desk, we read the beautiful play of Shakespeare's, which tells of "the gentle lady wedded to the Moor." There is the Academy where we perpetrated our first debate in public. Here stands the Court House where we first trod the boards as a candidate for the honor of the Comic-muse.—And there is the Church-yard with its gloomy willows, beneath whose sod his head is laid.

Such are some of the recollections which a perusal of Tennyson's In Memoriam has roused within our minds. It is a graceful, tender, and earnest tribute of a loving, yet sorrowing mind, to a deeply esteemed friend's memory. It is a simple, yet noble monument to perpetuate his name in the remembrances of mankind. With a reputation, of which any one might be proud, and with a more glorious future before him, Tennyson has in the maturity of his fame, sought to construct a fitting mausoleum for his friend, and upon it to inscribe in the letters of genius, his character. How strong that friendship which would give rise to such an attempt. How noble the man who could be its object. A man inspired with the gift divine, and conscious of his mission, has sought to twine into one graceful memorial, their names, and to send them down to posterity. And this has not been done for the sake of the cold statue ambition, but in a gentle and loving spirit. And that this is so, may be inferred from the simple inscription upon the title-page. In memoriam, A. H. H. Obiit MDCCCXXXIII is all that we learn from its perusal. Nor does the volume give us any farther indication of his true name. We indeed gather that it was Arthur, but that is all. And in the prelude to the volume, he puts up his petition in these touching words—

Forgive these wild and wandering cries,
Confusions of a wasted youth.

But while he thus speaks to Him who controls the destinies of men, it needs none such to bring pardon to him for his volume from them. Thank God that there is yet a kindred sympathy among men, that beats with a strong, full feeling for him who mourns the decease of one who was

Dear as the mother to the son

to him, and who puts it forth "as the outline of the large grief which infolded" him upon his loss. Thank God that in this world, where we are but imperfect specimens of what we once were, there are ties which bind us to our fellows. That there are sources of pleasure which are not yet corrupted, but still yield abundant refreshment. That there are those who can think of us with dimmed eyes when we are gone. That for them there will be one joy the less, but who will gain others of a sweeter and a more tender character. Joys which will lead them to acknowledge that

'Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all.

The volume will make a strong appeal to all endued with these feelings. The following verses, which we quote as an illustration of the feelings of the author, will, by their truthfulness, awake many a responsive throb in the heart of all who have been called to mourn at the bier of one dear to them:—

A happy lover who has come
To look on her that loves him well,
Who lights and rings the gateway bell,
And learns her gone and far from home.

He saddens, all the magic light
Dies off at once from bower and hall,
And all the place is dark, and all
The chambers emptied of delight;

So find I every pleasant spot
In which we two were wont to meet,
The field, the chamber, and the street,
For all is dark where thou art not.

Yet as that other, wandering there
In those deserted walks, may find
A flower beat with rain and wind,
Which once she fostered up with care;

So seems it in my deep regret,
O my forsaken heart, with thee
And this poor flower of poesy
Which little cared for, fades not yet.

But since it pleased a vanished eye,
I go to plant it on his tomb,
That if it can it there may bloom,
Or dying there at least may die.

We hope there are few who will not call up the better feelings of their heart when they peruse these lines. All can testify to the void they have felt when some loved companion was not present as of yore at some accustomed gathering. Perhaps we miss them more at such times than ever. To those who have been accustomed to hear "the merry bells of Yulee" and "to twine the holly for the Christmas hearth," the following admirable lines will commend themselves:—

With trembling fingers did we weave
The holly round the Christmas hearth;
A rainy cloud possessed the earth,
And sadly fell our Christmas eve.

At our old pastimes in the hall
We gamboled, making vain pretence
Of gladness, with an awful sense
Of one mute shadow watching all.

We paused: the winds were in the beech:
We heard them sweep the winter land;
And in a circle hand in hand
Sat silent, looking each at each.

Then echo-like, our voices rang;
We sung, though every eye was dim,
A merry song we sang with him
Last year: impetuously we sang:

We ceased: a gentler feeling crept
Upon us: surely rest is meet:
'They rest,' we said, 'their sleep is sweet,'
And silence followed, and we wept.

Our voice took a higher range;
Once more we sang: "They do not die,
Nor lose their mortal sympathy,
Nor change to us, although they change;

Rapt from the fickle and the frail,
With gathered power, yet the same,
Pierces the keen seraphic flame,
From orb to orb, from vail to vail.

Rise, happy morn, rise, holy morn,
Draw forth the cheerful day from night;
O Father! touch the east, and light
The light that shone when Hope was born."

How similar are these feelings to those which are the common inheritance of man. Few have not felt themselves touched with kindred emotions. To those who have been deeply tried they will possess no common significance. But time carries balsam on her wings for the sorrowing, and other years bring round the same event with finer joys. Tennyson has, in the strain which we quote below, beautifully portrayed its change with a loving pencil.

Again at Christmas did we weave
The holly round the Christmas hearth,
The silent snow possessed the earth,
And calmly fell our Christmas eve;

The yule-clog sparkled keen with frost,
No wing of wind the region swept,
But over all things brooding slept
The quiet sense of something lost.

As in the winters left behind,
Again our ancient games had place,
The mimic pictures breathing grace,
And dance and song and hoodman-blind.

Who showed a token of distress?
No single tear, no type of pain!
O sorrow, then can sorrow wane?
O grief, can grief be changed to less?

O last regret, regret can die!
No,—mixed with all this mystic frame,
Her deep relations are the same,
But with long use her tears are dry.

It is in similar strains that the volume abounds. All are full of love for the friend he mourns, tinged indeed with grief and animated with the hope that, by faith, the separation was not forever. His sadness is not that of despair, which freezes the heart; but one which throws a chastened light over all things. The following lines are so appropriate that, at the risk of becoming wearisome, we will quote them:—

Now fades the last long streak of morn,
Now burgeons every maze of quick
About the flowring square, and thick
By ashen roots the violets blow.

Now rings the woodland loud and long,
The distance takes a lovelier hue,
And drowned in yonder living blue
The lark becomes a sightless song.

Now dance the lights on lawn and lea,
The flocks are whiter down the vale,
And milkier every milky sail
On winding stream or distant sea;

Where now the seamen pipes, or dives
Below the wonder greening gleam, and fly
The happy birds, that change their sky
To build and brood; that live their lives

From land to land; and in my breast
Spring wakens too; and my regret
Becomes an April violet,
And buds and blossoms like the rest.

And with them we close our brief notice. Memories, roused by the perusal, come crowding fast upon us. They seek an utterance, but our pen yields not to the task. Our arm is nerveless, and we yield ourselves up to our feelings. It is more congenial to muse upon the past, filled as it is with wrecks. We feel grateful to Tennyson for his volume; we are glad that he has tuned his harp to such themes. It will spread a sweet spell over many a kindred mind, and make cheerful many a fire-side. It will dispell from many a weary soul its cloud of grief, and sadden many another's too lightsome mood. Old age will be pleased with its tender recollections, and youth rendered wiser by its sorrow. All will bless the poet who thus sweetly appeals to their suffrages:

I do but sing because I must,
And pipe but as the linnets sing;

And unto one her note is gay,
For now her little ones have ranged;
And unto one her note is changed,
Because her brood is stolen away.

Easton, Oct. 11, 1850.

*In Memoriam. Boston: Ticknor, Reed and Fields, 1850.

Select Miscellany.

Crushed Affections.—How many suffer from unrequited affection! They are attached strongly to those who return them cold words, indifferent looks, and even avoid their presence. A word that might not otherwise be noticed often sinks deeply in the heart of one whose life is bound up in another. Where an object is cherished, each motion is watched with solicitude, and a smile gives exquisite pleasure, while a frown sends a dagger to the heart. There is no greater sin than to crush those warm affections gushing freely from a generous heart. It dries up the fountain of the soul—fades the smile on the cheek, and casts a shadow over every bright and glorious prospect. Draw near to the heart that loves you, return the favors received, and if you cannot love in return, be careful not to bruise or break it by a careless word—an unkind expression, or an air of indifference.

A Beautiful Incident.—A military officer being at sea in a dreadful storm, his lady was sitting in the cabin near him, and filled with alarms for the safety of the vessel, was so surprised at his composure and serenity, that she cried out:

"My dear, are you not afraid? How is it possible you can be so calm in such a storm?"

He arose from his chair, lashed to the deck, supporting himself by a pillar of the bed-place, he drew his sword and pointed to the breast of his wife, and exclaimed:

"Are you not afraid?"

She instantly replied, "No, certainly not."

"Why?" said the officer.

"Because," rejoined the lady, "I know this sword is in the hand of my husband, and he loves me much too well to hurt me."

"Then," said he, "remember, I know in whom I believe, and that He holds the winds in His fist, and the water in the hollow of His hands."

A STRING OF PEARLS.

"I know of no passion more appropriate to devils, than the passion for gross misrepresentation and libel."—*Daniel Webster.*

Religion is like the firmament; the more one searches it the more stars are seen; it is like the sea; the more one views it the more boundless it appears.

The aim of education should be to teach us rather how to think, than what to think; rather to improve our minds, so as to enable us to think for ourselves, than to load the memory with the thoughts of other men.

The more a man knows, the less he is apt to talk—discretion allays his heat, and makes him coolly deliberate what & where it is fit to speak.

To learn is to practice, to think is the deed, knowledge is the means, and wisdom the end.

If a jewel be genuine, care not who says it is not,

Rather choose to chastise thy desires than to be chastised on account of them.

A ship should not be made to depend on one anchor, nor life on one hope.

Never condemn a friend unheard, or without letting him know his accuser, or his crime.

Let thy discourse about God be renewed each day, rather than thy meals.

The wrath of an ape and the threat of a flatterer should be regarded alike.

THE WAY THEY INITIATE AN ODD FELLOW.

The following was furnishad us by a member of the I. O. O. F., after a promise on our part, that we would never divulge his name. We shall keep our promise sacredly, Mr. Jenks took a notion to join, and his lady being in the habit of wearing the unmentionables, would not consent without the promise recorded below:

Very well, Mr. Jenks, you know my opinion of secret societies.

Perfectly, my dear, perfectly, said our friend, thrusting his hands in his pockets.

And you *will* join?

Don't you think it best?

No, sir, once for all, I do not.

Consider, my dear, if you should be left a widow, with nothing to support—

Now what a ridiculous argument. You suppose, Mr. Jenks—

My, dear?

Mr. Jenks?

Will you listen, for a moment?

Certainly.

Well then, much as I respect your wishes, and you know I love you dearly, it will be impossible for me to oblige you in this instance. I have sent in my document, and to-night am to be initiated.

Mrs. Jenks opened her handsome eyes in amazement, and for a moment lost in wonder.

And so you're actually going to be initiated?

Yes, my dear.

Well, will you tell me all about it when you come home?

Perhaps so.

Comforted with this assurance, the lady offered no further opposition, and our hero took his departure. About the hour of eleven he returned, a wiser, if not a better man.

Well, my dear, exclaimed Mrs. Jenks what did they do to you—what was it like were you much frightened? come come, tell me all about it.

Don't ask me, gravely said our friend, I beg you won't ask me.

Why not? I'm your wife you know, and wife and husband are one. Why not?

Hark! said Jenks, did you hear nothing?

Silence, my dear. Remember what Shakespeare says about sermons in stones, books in running brooks. If I should divulge *he* might hear of it.

Who my dear?

The patriarch of the lost tribes. Even now he may be at our window.

Mercy on us, ejaculated Mrs. Jenks, how you terrify a body. I-I-I-I-shiv—shiver all over.

If you don't want to be killed outright, ask no more questions.

Surely you can tell me something about it, an idea or two—that wouldn't be divulging you know.

What if you should, in an unguarded moment, let the secret out?

Oh, trust me, it will be safe in my keeping.

You will never tell?

Never.

Not even to your great grand-mother? You know how gossipy some old ladies are.

I'll never open my mouth on the subject.

Hark! exclaimed Jenks with a theatrical start—heard you nothing?

Nothing, replied his wife, with unfeigned alarm.

'Twas only the wind, mused our friend, I thought it might be the patriarch or his grand bashaw, armed with his circumventor covered with curious devices by the order. Now listen, and if you love me—for the sacrifice I am about to make is great—and you must seal your lips forever on this subject.

Well, my dear, said the lady, with a long drawn sigh.

You have often heard of the cat being let out of the bag!

Yes, yes.

Well, I saw that cat to-night.

A real live cat?

Yes, and an immense cat at that—a monstrous cat. But you shall hear. You shall know all. Let me begin at the beginning.

That's right, exclaimed Mrs. Jenks, breathless with interest.

On my arrival at the hall, I was immediately seized by about four dozen smart fellows and taken upon the roof of the building. Here I was tongue tied and compelled to answer about a hundred questions, all having a direct bearing on the science of astronomy.

What a queer proceeding, exclaimed Mrs. Jenks.

How I answered the questions must ever remain a mystery to myself—certain it is, however, I did answer every one—although I did not know until to-night that there was a great bear, and a dipper, and chair, and a four horse team, and I don't know what else in the sky. Is it not a pity that this beautiful science is so neglected.

Well, well, what then?

Why the next question is too absurd to be repeated.

What was it?

They wanted to know if I took a newspaper, and if so, how much I owed the printer.

Well, I never! exclaimed Mrs. Jenks; what an influence these newspapers do exert to be sure?

Exactly. But scarcely had I answered satisfactorily, when an immense flame shot up and we as quickly shot down,

What—through the roof?

Oh, no, I suppose we took the stairs, but I was so securely bound and tied I hardly know how we got down. The apartment into which I was ushered was pitch dark, and a strong odor of brimstone pervaded the room.

Brimstone, my dear?

Yes, it must have been brimstone, for nothing else could have caused so stifling a sensation.

Well of all things.

Then began the roar of artillery with an occasional volley of small arms. In the midst of the tumult, I heard a low sweet voice chanting a hymn of peace. Man shall love his fellow, sang the angel. Cruel war shall be waged no more—peace shall reign—slavery shall perish—industry meets its reward—charity fill the hearts of men. When this happy singer had ceased, a loud cry for cheap postage rent the air.

How very odd.

Yes, but just like those *Odd* Fellows, replied our friend, they are real reformers.

Well, my dear?

Why, then, lights were procured, and I signed the constitution.

Well, what of the cat of which you were speaking?

Oh, nothing, my dear, only they let her out, and for a minute or two she appeared quite bewildered. It was the first time I had seen the cat let out of the bag. But what struck me with the greatest awe was the reappearance of the patriarch of the lost tribes and his double jointed bashaw, who in a loud voice continually said—Life is short—prepare for that which is to come. Let all men have charity, and love their neighbors as themselves, whereupon the grand patriarch, armed with the tail end of his great grandfather's authority, arose and impressively adjourned the meeting.

Well I declare, ejaculated Mrs. Jenks, and this is joining the Odd Fellows?

'Yes, but remember to keep all I have told you a profound secret, said Jenks, with a half smothered chuckle, as he buried his head in the bed-clothes to keep from laughing outright.

☞The following, says the Kent News, is an extract from a letter, to a gentleman in this place, dated Stockton, California, Aug. 24, 1850:

* * * This is truly a great country and no mistake, but it is most awfully misrepresented by many. There is about one out of every 500 that makes a pile, and 5 out of 100 that makes wages, and 94 out of the balance, that are miserable devils, who use the old adage, as well play as wok for nothing; as for my part I must fall in with the third class. This is a great and growing country, well peopled with full grown inhabitants, to say nothing of the Peruvians, Chinese, Irish, Dutch, Jews, Gentiles, Malays, Chilians, &c. get your geography and see what the names of the balance of the human family are and enumerate the whole and you have the population of California, without the number. Then the country is so very healthy, there is twelve men in the house with me and some of them have two chills every twenty four hours, and the balance of the time is taken up with fevers. Such things as these beats old Kent, with all her tall corn pretty girls, &c.

There is no such thing as diarrhea here, not more than ninety nine out of a hundred have it and not over forty out of that number die with it. This is a great country and should be admitted as a State soon, if only for its agricultural advantages which is very great. The rainy season commences in November, that is with little showers of two or three days duration, it then sets in in good faith for probably ten or twelve days more, then you may possibly see the sun for one hour. This is the very place for farmers, if he sows his grain at this season he is very apt not to find it the next spring, at least where he expects to, admitting he could make a crop in winter he would not be troubled with rain in summer, for there is none from May until November. * *

TRUTHS & TRIFLES.

☞Truth is always consistent with itself and needs nothing to help it out; it is always near at hand and sits upon our lips and it is ready to drop out before we are aware; whereas, a lie is troublesome, and a trick needs a great many more to make it good.

☞A friend travelling in Florida says of the mosquitoes. Let a man go to sleep with his head in a cast iron kettle, and their bills will make a watering pot of it before morning.'

☞The rivalry out West among newspapers is so great that one journal has promised to publish accounts of all 'terrible accidents twelve hours in advance of their occurrence.

☞There is a lady at Saratoga so handsome and so proud that she says there is only one thing in the world worth looking at, and that's a mirror.

☞'Constitutionally tired,' is now the polite way of expressing that a man is naturally lazy. We live in times of wonderful refinement.

☞The lady that sings without being coaxed, has gone to Niagara, to spend a week with the old gentleman that never borrowed a newspaper.

Two and Two.—Piron, the French author, was questioned by a haughty police magistrate concerning his profession—

'I am a poet, sir,' said Piron.

'Oh, a poet?' said the magistrate, 'I have a brother that is a poet.'

'Then we are even,' said Piron, for I have a brother who is a fool.'

☞A jockey at a fair, who had bargained with a countryman for a horse that happened to have a bald face, observed to the latter that he looked pale in the face!

Yes, said the countryman, and if you'd looked through a halter as long as he has you would look pale in the face too.

We should stretch neither our legs nor hopes beyond possibilities.

Get justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully, and live contentedly.