

(ORIGINAL.)

SILENT SORROW.

'Tis easy for the brow to wear,
Amidst the gay and young;
A look of all depressing care,
Though grief and woe may throng,
The organ chambers of the heart,
Corroding ev'ry smile;
That glitters 'fore the gazing eye—
Alas but to beguile'
'Tis easy for the tongue to join,
In each wild thoughtless jest;
'Tis easy too false joys to coin,
While grief reigns in the breast.
Oh yes 'tis easy thus to mock,
The joys and sports of life;
But still within the soul goes on,
Its peace destroying strife'

But when sad silence reigns around,
When thought unning thought;
Dives to the cavern in which abound,
The sorrows that have fought.
Life's journey through with care and woe;
'Tis then mind feels with pain,
The burning brow until it feels,
Hells' blighting hurricane'

HENRY KEMPTVILLE.

JUDGING OTHERS.

We greatly err in judging mankind. The individual who gives the most to benevolent objects, may be the most penurious in the common concerns of life. The most patriotic at caucuses and election days, is often the most demagogical. The pretended advocate of temperance and virtue, may be secretly undermining the foundation of morality and religion. Men are so extremely selfish, that you hardly know when and how far to trust them. When they pretend to be your dear friends, it often turns out that they are your bitterest enemies in disguise, and their pretended friendship is only a bait to mislead you out of your property or good name. Mr. Pope, has some truthful lines on this subject.

'Not always actions show the man; we find
Who does a kindness, is not therefore kind;
Perhaps prosperity becalmed his heart,
Perhaps the wind just shifted from the east;
Nor therefore humble he who seeks retreat,
Pride guides his steps, and bids him show the great.
Who combats brave is not therefore brave,
He dreads a death-bed like the meanest slave;
Who reasons wisely is not therefore wise,
His pride in reasoning, not in acting, lies.'

A FLOATING CITY.

The city of Bang-kok, the capital of Siam, consists of a long double, and in some parts treble row of neatly and tastefully painted wooden cabins, floating on thick bamboo rafts, and linked to each other, in parcels of six or seven houses, by chains; which chains are fastened to huge poles driven into the bed of the river. The whole city rose at once like a magic picture to our admiring gaze.

If the air of the 'Fleet' street of Siam does not agree with Mrs. Yowchowfow and her children, or they wish to obtain a more aristocratic footing by being domiciled higher up and nearer to the King's palace, all they have to do is to wait till the tide serves, add, losing from their moorings, float gently up toward the spot they wish to occupy. Bang-kok, the modern capital of Siam, and the seat of the Siamese government, was computed at the period of my residence there, to consist of seventy thousand floating houses or shops, and each shop, taking one with another, to contain five individuals, including men, women, and children; making the population amount to 350,000 souls, of which number 70,000 are Chinese, 20,000 Burmese, 20,000 Arabs and Indians; the remainder, or about 240,000 being Siamese. This was the best census we could take, and I believe it to be nearly accurate. The situation is exceedingly picturesque.

I was told that when the Siamese relinquished the ancient capital of Yuthia, and first established the throne at Bang-kok, the houses were built upon the banks of the river itself, but the frequent recurrence of the cholera induced one of the kings to insist upon the inhabitants living on the water, on the supposition that their dwellings would be more cleanly, and consequently, the immunities subjected to the baneful effects of that scourge of the East.—Noble's Residence in Siam.

A TAUNTY ON THE GLACIERS.—Two of the most adventuresome Lamas hunters in Switzerland have just lost their lives at the glacier of Argentieres, under circumstances very distressing. M. Carrier, long resident of this place, went out, a few mornings ago, with his son, a lad of 19 to hunt marmots. The father had discovered a burrow, such as the marmots are accustomed to dig, and laying himself on the ground face downwards began to enlarge the entrance, hoping to take the animal at the bottom. Suddenly a large quantity of earth fell in upon him, and he was unable to rise. He called to his son, who crept in after him, and tried in vain to extricate his father from the load which was pressing on him. While thus engaged a second slip of earth took place and covered both. After two hours suffering the son died, lying on the back of his father. His last words were full of filial affection and anxiety for his parent. Three long days and nights, without food or light, far from all human aid, unable to move, and with the corpse of his son on his back, did M. Carrier lie in this place, until his friends, who had come out in search of the lost hunter, found the unhappy sufferer, who only lived long enough to communicate these particulars, and died while his friends were carrying him home.

A leading medical practitioner at Brighton, England, has lately given a list of sixteen cases of paralysis, produced by smoking, which came under his own knowledge, within the last six months.

Humorous.

A little nonsense now and then,
Is relished by the wisest men.

BOY'S EXPERIENCE.

At fourteen I was very small,
But didn't know the fact at all,
Indeed, had many thoughts of marriage,
A house, a horse, and e'en a carriage,
I thought my heart forever true
To Fanny who was thirty-two.

I told my love one hapless night,
And eloquence was at its height,
When Fiddles rang the silver bell,
And these cold words discordant fell;
"Pray Susan, put the boy to bed,
For something sure has turned his head."

The most polite way of dining that we have ever heard of, is told of a landlady of this city, who gently intimates to her boarders the necessity of "looking over" by placing an extra fork across their places at dinner time.

Why is a lady's bonnet like a cupola? Because it covers a belle.

Why is a man's coat larger when he pulls it out of a carpet bag? Because he finds it increases.

"Genus unexercit," says H. W. Beecher, "is no more genius than a bushel of acorns is a forest of oaks."

Punch says they have introduced some new street-sweeping machines in Paris. They are commonly called cannon.

Modest men conceal their joys as well as their sorrows, for they consider the one as undesired as the other.—Jean Paul.

In Switzerland it has been resolved to take daguerreotype portraits of all mendicants and vagabonds.

A young lady in the interior thinks of going to California to get married, for the reason that she has been told that in that country the men folks rock the cradle.

ANECDOTE.—A friend tells us the following anecdote, which we pronounce decidedly good:

One of the storekeepers of this place, a few days since, purchased of an Irish woman a quantity of butter, the lumps of which intended for pounds, he "weighed in the balance and found wanting." "Sure its yer own fault if they are light," said Bid-dy in reply to the complaint of the buyer, "its yer own fault, sir—for wasn't it a pound of soap I bought here me-ell, that I had in the other end of the scale when I weighed 'em?"

The storekeeper had nothing more to say on the subject.

An old maid who hates the male sex most vehemently, cut a female acquaintance who complimented her on the buoyancy of her spirits.

"I have turned man's a woman's head," boasted a young nobleman of France. "Yes," replied Talleyrand, "away from you."

A young lady explained to a printer, the other day, the distinction between printing and publishing, and at the conclusion of her remarks, by way of illustration she said, "you may print a kiss on my cheek, but you must not publish it."

Some hearts are as prolific in poetry as a canine community is in sausages. Here is a verse where the fair one more than intimates that they have plenty of corn and beans, and that her love will last while the vegetables do, and that she wants her "feller" to come and see her often. She undoubtedly fed him on succotash every night.

The corn is up an' growin' fast,
My love to you will always last;
The beans is yaller and gettin' ripe—
Da come and see me every night.

Dobbs says there is an advantage about plaid trousers—every time he gets asleep, the boarders roll him over and play checkers on him.

"Mother," said a fellow the other day, "is there any harm in breaking egg-shells?"

"Certainly not, my dear; but why do you ask?"

"Cause I dropped the basket just now, and see what a mess I am in with the yolk!"

"Mary, where's the frying pan?"

"Jemmy's got it carting mud and clam-shells up the alley with the cat for a horse."

"The dear little fellow, what a genius he will make; but go and get it, we are going to have company and must try some fish for dinner."

POLITICAL ECONOMY.—Punch says it has been proposed to tax stags, but it was objected to on the ground that it would diminish consumption.

Some English people were visiting an elegant private garden at Palermo, Sicily, and among the little ornamental buildings, they came to one upon which was written "Non aperite," that is "Don't open." This prohibition only served to excite their curiosity, and they very unavailingly proceeded to discover the hospitable owner's injunction. On opening the door a forcible jet of water was squirted full in their faces. A very just, though not very severe retribution.

"Soney, can you spell?"

"Yeth, sir."

"Let me hear you."

"Mo-las-acs—molassins."

"Well, go on."

"Pleashe, thir, I can't; I always sick when I come to molassins."

"Call the next boy."

Why is a Composer like a Wood-pecker?
Ans.—Because he lives by picking.

A young Miss in a grammar school being asked how she would parse "handsome young man," naively replied she would not pass him at all—she would take his arm if he wasn't married.



Ladies' Department.

(ORIGINAL.)

BE GAY.

BY THE FOREST BARD.

Be joyous and love,
There are songs on the air,
There are songs in the grove,
For my Lett is there.
They are notes from her harp,
Flowing sweetly and fast,
That are weaving the warp,
Of the present and past.

Be gay, for a blush
Paints the cheek of the bride;
Turn her clear azure veins,
Leap the purpling tide.
There are smiles on her cheek,
And there's joy in her heart,
That her voice when she speaks,
Doth to others impart.

Be glad-ome and smile,
For though sorrow may come,
Let us keep it awhile,
From our hearts and our home.
COSTAGE, 17th January, 1853.

'Tis foolish not to sorrow
To tremble or fly,
Or even to borrow
A tear or a sigh

Be joyous and laugh,
'Tis a folly to fret,
For tho' sorrow we quaff,
Joy may hallow us yet.
On nature's fair breast,
Not a tear may be seen,
But the dew drop at rest,
In its emerald green.

Be wise and obey,
There's a voice from the skies,
Whisper condescend away,
There to run for the prize.
Then why make our choice
To be wooed and not woo,
Since Heaven's kind voice
Ever whispers be glad.

AN INQUISITIVE OLD MAID.

Old Governor L. of Vermont, was one of the most inveterate jokers of the early times in which he figured. One fall, as he was returning from the Legislature on horseback, as usual, he was hailed by a garrulous old maid, who annoyed him with questions respecting public affairs.

"Well, Governor," said she coming out towards the road "what new laws have you passed at Manipeler this time?"

"Well, one rather singular law; among the rest," he replied.

"Dew tell! Now, what is it Governor?" asked the excited querist.

"Why, that the woman in each town who has the smallest mouth, shall be warranted a husband."

"Who, what?" said she, drawing up her mouth to the smallest compass, "what a queer curious law that is!"

"Yes but we have passed another that beats that; the woman who has the largest mouth is to have two husbands."

"Why, what?" exclaimed the old maid, instantly relaxing her mouth, and stretching it wider at every syllable, "what a remarkable law that is; when does it come in force, Governor?"

At this, the Governor put spurs to his horse and vanished.

OTTO GOLDSCHMIDT'S MARRIAGE WITH JENNY LIND.—Mr. Goldschmidt is the favorite son of one of the richest merchants in Hamburg, Germany. His grand-father is proprietor of a gigantic Silk Mercantile House, that has three establishments: one in London, a second in Hamburg, and the third in Leipzig. Otto Goldschmidt was therefore, Jenny Lind's equal in wealth, needed none of her money, and cared not a pin for it. Many years ago, when the Swedish Nightingale was a poor hardling, without friend or money, Goldschmidt's father, (being as sagacious as he was wealthy, and as benevolent as he was sagacious,) protected, aided and fostered her; and it may be that the merry young Otto who was then a charming little fellow, soul full of genius and loving to a fault, said many kind things to the gentle and talented Swede, was carried by her in return, and learned to love her so well when a child that he could not overcome his affection when he became a man; and so, of course, it overcame him. He was Mendelssohn's favorite pupil, and early exhibited remarkable musical talents; and the fair Swede doubtless felt that interest and affection for the splendid boy that the child of genius ever feels for a being of like exquisite organization and heaven-gifted attributes. They who know the human heart will not think it strange, after reading thus far, that Jenny Lind should have loved Otto; and each dearly loving the other, it is not wonderful that they should have been married; it is only wonderful that they were not married before.—New York Musical World.

The gifted authoress of "Jane Eyre" has just published a new work of fiction in London. It will be looked for here with much interest.

Lois Mowbray has turned up again down south where she has just been slapping a theatrical-manager's face. It is now reported that she is about to marry again, and that the happy man is a former member of Congress from a southern State.

ONLY ONE REASON.—Horace Mann in his lecture on 'Women' says—"I see but one reason why woman should not preach the Gospel, and that reason is, that it is ten thousand times better to go about practicing the Gospel, than even to preach it."

A FEMALE IN DISGUISE.—At a late hour on Saturday night a female, aged 19 years, named Merriman Kirkpatrick, was discovered attired in men's clothes, in one of the streets of the Second Ward, by Capt. Leonard, who took her into custody. She stated that she was born in Scotland, but recently resided with her uncle in Montreal. Her intentions were to go to Australia. Capt. Leonard sent her to the City Prison, where she was placed in charge of Mrs. Foster.