BACHELOR MUSINGS.—Dear me ! said an old bachelor, how the deuce can I get rid of these women ! Sisters Mary and Lucy have been at me again to-day ; they tell me I must get married, and hand the name of "Smith" down to future generations. These women, let them fight and squabble as they will and do among themselves, seem to wage war with huge satisfaction and wonderful unanimity against us, poor bachelors. It's the only subject they ever agree upon.

Why, John, says Mary, you must certainly get married before you are another year older. You want some one to look after you—to sew on your buttons, scold your servants, and keep your room in order. I was up in your room the other day, when you was out, and, John, I was actually ashamed of it. The chairs were scattered all around, your slippers were in the middle of the floor, the gun was standing up in one corner—just think, it might go off, and kill some one.

Why, Sis, said I, it wasn't loaded; and besides, was pointed at the ceiling.

I don't care for that, was the reply; guns are dangerous things to have around; and there were boots tucked away under the bureau, and there wer ever so many cigar stumps on the stove hearth—and—and—and, said Lucy, the dog—that is, one of them, was under the bed, and I verily believe he sleeps there always; and your boot-jack was on the mantel-piece; what a place for a boot-jack! The carpets did not look as if they were swept for a week; and I looked behind the bureau, and I don't believe it ever had been swept out there; your best hat was hanging on the bedpost, and we looked in your drawers, too, said Mary, and such confusion.—Here you had as many as three or four pounds of shot tied up in one of your best silk stockings; your hair grease was in the same drawer with your cravats, and there was a dog-collar lying on your collars; and then there was a whole lot of fish-hooks wrapped in a white handkerchief, your razor soap and brushes were each in a diffrent drawer, and your shirts were scattered about promiscuously, and *such* shirts ! echoed Lucy. The bosoms, said Mary, were good enough, if the buttons had not all been gone; but that was about all there was to them.—The flaps were all torn off !

Now, girls, said I, you really must not scold so; those were really very good shirts when they were new ; but when I go shooting, I sometimes get out of wadding, and (I would not mention it to any ladies except you) I tear off the flaps to supply the deficiency.

You extravagant fellow, said Lucy, to tear up your shirts for gun-wadding. Just let me catch my husband at anything of the kind !—and she shook her head in so determined a manner, that I thought it was very lucky for me that fate had not made her Mr. John R. Smith's wife, instead of his sister.

Your stockings, continued Mary, had holes in the toes, and in the heels, said Lu, and then they both commenced talking together, and I could only once in a while distinguish a word or two. Shirts, collars, tooth-brushes, powder, boot-jacks, fish-rods, stockings, seemed to be mixed up all together, but at the end of their speeches, they both came to the same conclusion, that John needs a wife, and that they wouldn't give him any peace, till he got one. Now, the question is —*must* I get a wife ?

Which is the most endurable, intermitting lectures of two women, or the continual discourse of one ! Both are evils, but which is the least ? Let me imagine a Mrs. Smith on the premises at this moment, and try to fancy the feelings of a Benedict. The first exclamation of the madam, would be : John, do take that nasty cigar out of your mouth; I've told you again and again that I will not allow smoking in the house, and you pay no more regard to me, than if I were a stone; and get that ugly dog out of the house. Here ! take that, you rascal; and then Turk would have a taste of the broomstick. I told you, I would be at him if I found him in this room again; he's an ugly, good-for-nothing cur, and yesterday nearly killed the cat. Well, I declare, if you have not got your feet on the window sill, which it took me an hour to clean this very afternoon ; you don't seem to care one bit how much I slave and toil for you. When you came home this afternoon, you laid your dirty gun right down on the clean sofa, and now it don't look fit to be seen, You left gun, boots, and boot-jack in the middle of the floor, for me to pick up, and——

Bah ! I can't begin to think of a wife any more. She would kill my dogs, hide my gun, burn up my boot jack, put my cigars in the water, and raise the devil generally. I should not live two years under such government. I suppose there are such things once in a while as wives that are worth having, but they are scarce. I know quite a number of men who have been married since I knew them, and there is not one who has been improved by it. Then there was Ed Carrington. Five years ago, he was one of the best fellows that ever lived; could sing the best song, and tell the best story of any one I was ever acquainted with. He knew everybody, rich and poor, and there was no one who did not like him.

Well, Ed took it into his head to get married. He got a rosy-cheeked black-haired little wife, one of the meekest-looking little bodies imaginable; and now Ed walks about, sober a deacon, very obedient to his wife, and has left off his acquaintances. His wife does just as she likes by him, and yet she is not five feet tall, and he a six-footer.

The women we read about are pretty hard cases, most of them—from Eve down to Lola Monte. Women are evils, that's a fact—necessary evils, I suppose, and mighty wicked ones; I won't get married—No sir-ee ! Ah ! softly, there's Mary and Lu—they're enough to tease the life out of any man, or any dozen of men. They've reduced their husbands to complete submission, and have nothing to do but plague me. They come here two or three times a week, to put things in order, and then I can never find any thing I want. If I was married, my wife might keep them out of my drawers—she might be useful in that way—I never thought of that before. Poor consolation that, however, for the loss of liberty ! Bah, what a horrible fix I am in. I've a great mind to emigrate—go to California, Japan —somewhere— anywhere where I have no femanine relations. What a plague these Madam Petticoats are. I can appreciate the truth of these lines:—

"Woman's but a fleeting show
For man's Vexation given."

That's so, by jove ! and it's a great consolation to know that there is one place where they will never plague us , and that is heaven. The heart feminine is naturally more prone to evil than the masculine organs, I firmly believe.

The different nature of the sexes are shown by their different pursuits and tastes. An old batchelor surrounds himself with dogs, and has a passion for horses. A dog is one of the noblest of animals. There is nothing mean or cringing in his disposition; all open and above board—affectionate and true. No change of fortune affects him, and even hard usage fails to alienate his love. But an old maid fills the house with, cats and the town with scandal,—most detestably hateful articles, both of them. There is nothing noble in a cat. It sneaks about the house with a noiseless tread—will not scratch if you smooth the fur the right way, and is as much gratified with the touch of a stranger as with the caress of its mistress ;—will stay with you, as long as it is fed well, and afterward, until it can find a richer home. No wonder the old maids like them, for no two dispositions are more thoroughly alike than those of a cat and a woman.

There's Miss Jerusha Darnwell, over the way, keeps seven cats, and she is a very decent sort of an old maid—that is, compared with the rest of the genus. I wonder, if she don't think Smith is a more euphonious name than Darnwell She has been very affectionate toward me lately I must be on my guard.

In the newspaper, this morning, I noticed some very sensible and excellent lines on woman, expressing my own sentiments exactly.

"The frown of woman—'tis a fearful thing;
The wit of woman—shield me from its sting;
The faith of woman—fragile as her glass;
The face of woman—mercury and brass;
The charms of woman—serve to lead astray;
The eye of woman—dazzling but to slay;
The head of woman—with strange vagaries filled;
The love of woman—thousands it hath killed;
The youth of woman—foolish, sing-song dress;
The age of woman—scolding fretfulness;
The smiles of woman—harbingers of guile;
The tears of women—chiefly crocodile's;
The heart of women—flinty, ruthless, cold;
The hand of woman—bought with land and gold;
The heels of woman—they who're wise will shun;
The nails of woman—oft they've made me run;
The tongue of woman—'tis hung in the middle,
The wrath of woman—now I'll hang up my fiddle."

Pshaw! I *won't* get a wife. I'd rather go to Japan Come, Carlo, Turk, Brutus, we'll go hunting, and no woman shall stop us.—*Waverly.*

———oooo———

PUTTING THE TELEGRAPH TO STRANGE USES.—A brave Voltigeur " of the Imperial Guard, who had escaped with a whole skin " from the fields of Alma and Inkermann, lately wrote to his father, a peasant in Alsace, to beg him to send him a pair of strong shoes and a five-franc piece. The peasant procured the shoes, and not knowing how to transmit them, bethought him that he would hang them on the telegraph wires, feeling sure that as they could "waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole," they would easily waft a pair of shoes to Sebastopol. And there he left them, the five-franc piece inside. A mason, returning homewards, seeing the shoes dangling to the wires, found that they fitted him, and carried them off, leaving his old shoes in their place— considering that a fair exchange is no robbery. In the evening, the peasant came forth to see how the wires had acquitted themselves, and was astounded at the rapidity of their transmission of shoes and business.

"My poor boy has not only received the shoes I sent him, but has already returned his old ones."

THE PANAMA RAILROAD.

ITS COST OF LIFE.

An American named Tomes has recently published a work entitled "Panama in 1855," from which we extract the following passage, descriptive of the awful waste of life in the poor Chinese, while working on the Panama railway:

"A ship arrived, and landed on the Isthmus some eight hundred, after a fair voyage from Hong Kong, where these poor devils of the Flowery Kingdom had unwittingly sold themselves to the service of the railroad, perfectly ignorant of the country whither they were going, and of the trials which awaited them. The voyage was tolerably prosperous, and the Chinese bore its fatigues and sufferings with great patience, cheered by the prospect of reaching the foreign land, whither they had been tempted by the glowing description of those traffickers in human life, who had so liberally promised them wealth and happiness. Sixteen died on the passage, and were thrown into the sea. No sooner had the eight hundred survivors landed, than thirty-two of the number were struck down prostrate by sickness; and in less than a week afterwards, eighty more laid by their side. The interpreters who accompanied them attributed this rapid prostration to the want of their habitual opium. This drug was then distributed among them, and with the good effect of so far stimulating their energies, that two-thirds of the sick arose again from their beds, and began to labour.

"A Maine opium law, however, was soon promulgated, on the score of the immorality of administering to so pernicious a habit and without regard, it is hoped, to the expense; which, however, was no inconsiderable item, since the daily quota of each Chinese amounted to fifteen grains, at the cost of at least fifteen cents. Whether it was owing to he deprivation of their habitual stimulus, or the malignant effects of the climate, or home-sickness, or disap pointment, in a few weeks there was hardly one out of the eight hundred Chinese who was not prostrate and unfit to labour. The poor sufferers let the pick and the shovel fall from their hands, and yielded themselves up to the agony of despair. They now gladly welcomed death, and impatiently awaited their turn in the ranks which were falling before the pestilence. The havoc of disease went on, and would have done its work in time; but as it was sometimes merciful, and spared a life, and was deliberate, though deadly, the despairing Chinese could wait no longer: he hastily seized the hand of death, and involuntarily sought destruction in its grasp.

"Hundreds destroyed themselves, and showed, in their various modes of suicide, the characteristic Chinese ingenuity. Some deliberately lighted their pipes, and sat themselves down upon the shore of the sea, and awaited the rising of the tide—grimly resolved to die—and sat and sat, silent and unmoved as a storm-beaten rock, as wave rose above wave, until they sank into the depths of eternity. Some bargained with their companions for death—giving their all to the friendly hand which, with a kindly touch of the trigger, would scatter their brains, and hasten their doom. Some hung themselves to the tall trees by their hair, and some twisted their queues about their necks, with a deliberate coil after coil, until their faces blackened, their eyeballs started out, their tongues protruded, and death relieved their agony. Some cut ugly, crutch-shaped sticks, sharpened the ends to a point, and thrust their necks upon them until they were pierced through and through, and thus mangled, yielded up life in a torrent of blood. Some took great stones into their hands, and leaped into the depths of the nearest river and clung, with resolute hold, to the weight which sunk them, gurgling in the agonies of drowning, to the bottom, until death loosened their grasp, and floated them to the surface, lifeless bodies. Some starved themselves to death—refusing either to eat or drink. Some impaled themselves upon their instruments of labour—and thus, in a few weeks after their arrival, there were scarcely two hundred Chinese left of the whole number. This miserable remnant of poor, heart-sick exiles, prostrate from the effects of the climate, and bent on death, being useless for labour were sent to Jamaica, where they ave everh since lingered out a miserable beggar's life"

FATHER MAT MORGAN, who can quiz a pretty girl and take his tumbler like a fine old parish priest, once seeing a group of country maidens laughing heartily, asked them inquisitivly enough, what they were laughing at? "Nothing," says Rosy Peggy Callaghan. "What's nothing, my child?" says his reverence. "Shut your eyes," says Peggy, "and you'll see it sir."

———

SOME persons have such a horror of ingratitude that, by way of abolishing the very possibility of its existence, they make a point of never performing the slightest act of kindness.

THREAD *vs.* GOLD.—A single pound of flaxen thread, intended for the finest specimen of French lace, is valued at $600, and the length of the thread is about 226 miles. One pound of this thread is more valuable than two pounds of gold.

———o———

Holloway's Ointment and Pills, a certain Remedy for Ulcerous Sores.—Jeremiah Handerson, of St. Andrew's, suffered for seven years and five months with six ulcerous sores on his legs, and three on his arms, which defied every kind of treatment; although he used some of the most noted remedies for the cure of the same, both internal and external, it was without avail. At last, he had recourse to Holloway's Ointment and Pills, which quickly caused the wounds to have an improved appearance, and by continuing with these remedies for ten weeks, he was completely cured, and has ever since enjoyed the best of health.

———o———

The Great American Hair Tonic.

Bogle's celebrated Hyperion Fluid, for the growth and preservation of the Hair is well known to be without a rival on this continent. Hundreds of imitations have started into an ephemeral existence since the introduction of this unrivalled Hair restorative, and their doom been sealed, whilst Bogles's Hyperion Hair Fluid, with a popularity never attained by any other article, goes on "conquering and to conquer." There is no malady, which can affect the Hair, but can be cured by this incomparable preparation. To ladies it is invaluable; and on children's heads it lays the foundation of a good head of Hair. It is now patronized by Her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain, and commands an extensive sale throughout Europe.

Bogle's Electric Hair Dye converts red or grey hair into a beautiful black or brown, the moment it is applied, literally dyeing the hair without staining the skin and leaves the Hair soft and glossy without injuring its texture in the least; a decided superiority over all other Hair dyes.

Bogle's Amole Shaving compound renders that usually unpleasant operation (shaving) a decided luxury.

Bogle's Hebeaiona removes Freckles and tan from the face in the shortest possible time, and is acknowledged to be the very best article for beautifying the complexion.

To be had, wholesale or retail, of W. Bogle, 227, Washington street, Boston, U. S.

And by all Druggists and perfumers throughout the Canadas, United States and Great Britain. W. R. WATSON, Agent for P. E. I.

June19th. 1 yw

———o———

GILMAN'S HAIR DYE.

The best article ever used, as hundreds can testify in this city and surrounding country. Read! GILMAN'S LIQUID HAIR DYE *instantaneously* changes the hair to a brilliant jet *Black* or glossy *Brown*, which is *permanent*—does not stain or in any way injure the skin. No article ever yet invented which will compare with it. We would advise all who have grey hairs to buy it, for it *never fails*. —*Boston Post*

Z. D. GILMAN, Chemist, Washington city, Inventor and Sole Proprietor.

For sale by Druggists, Hair Dressers, and Dealers in Fancy Articles, throughout the United States.

General Agent for P. E. Island, W. R. WATSON.

———o———

M'LEAN'S WORM SPECIFIC.

☞ The following, from a customer, shows the demand which this gaeat medicine has created wherever it has been introduced:

BLOSSBURG, Tioga Co. Pa. March 30, 1850.

Gentlemen—In consequence of *the great consumption* of your "Worm Specific" in this place and vicinity' we have entirely exhausted our stock. We should feel obliged by your forwarding via Corning, N. Y. 20 dozen, with your bill, on the reception of which we will remit you the money.

From the wonderful effects of said "Specific," in this neighborhood, there could be sold annually a large quantity, if to be had (wholesale and retail) from some local agent. If you would compensate a person for trouble and expence of vending, I think I could make it to your advantage to do so.

Yours respectfully, WM. M. Mallory,
MESSRS. J. KIDD & Co. Per W. E. PORTER

☞Purchasers will please be carefull to ask for *Dr. McLane's Celebrated Vermifuge*, and takn none else. All other Vermifuges, in comparisoe, are worthless. Dr. McLane's geuine Vermifuge, also his celebrated Liver Pills, can now be had at all respectable Drug Stores in the United States and Canada.