

THE EXAMINER:

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF POLITICS, LITERATURE AND NEWS.

EDWARD WHELAN]

This is true Liberty, when free-born Men, having to advise the Public, may speak free.—EURIPIDES.

[EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

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THE OLD BACHELOR'S NEW YEAR.

Oh, the Spring hath less of brightness
Every year,
And the snow a ghastlier whiteness
Every year;
Nor do summer blossoms quicken,
Nor does autumn's fruitage thicken,
As it did—the seasons sicken
Every year.

It is growing colder, colder,
Every year,
And I feel that I am older,
Every year;
And my limbs are less elastic,
And my fancy not so plastic,
Yes, my habits grow monastic
Every year.

'Tis becoming bleak and bleaker
Every year,
And my hopes are waxing weaker
Every year;
Care I now for merry dancing,
Or for eyes with passion glancing
Love is less and less entrancing
Every year.

Oh, the days that I have squander'd
Every year,
And the friendships rudely sundur'd
Every year!
Of the ties that might have twined me,
Until time to Death resigned me,
My infirmities remind me
Every year.

Sad and sad to look before us
Every year,
With a heavier shadow o'er us
Every year!

To behold each blossom faded,
And to know we might have made it
An immortal garland braided
Round the year.

Many a spectral becoming finger,
Year by year,
Chides me that so long I linger,
Year by year;
Every early comrade sleeping,
In the churchyard, whither weeping,
I, alone, unwept, am creeping,
Year by year.

Cleanings from late Papers.

NEW MODE OF NATURALIZATION.

We find in one of our late English papers an amusing account of an expedient adopted by some British tars who desired to naturalize a Russian, and turn him into a genuine British subject. We commend this new mode of naturalization to the attention of the Know-Notthings. It may prove as efficacious in washing off the stain of foreign birth as twenty-odd years residence:—

The master of the Jessie Mitchell, lately discharging guano in Leith Docks, from the Island of Leene, relates a humorous scene which occurred under his own eye in that island. The barque Atlantic, seized and sold in Leith as a Russian prize, left the Island of Leene a day or two prior to the arrival of the Jessie Mitchell. One of the Russian crew had deserted from the Atlantic, and concealed himself on the island; but he afterwards discovered himself to the seamen, and declared his desire to renounce his allegiance, and become a British subject.

How to effect the transformation was a question which puzzled Jack greatly; however, on the arrival of the Jessie Mitchell, her crew, along with the seamen on shore, met in solemn conclave, and their united wisdom determined that as water is ever emblematical of purity, and its cleansing properties have been known and appreciated in all ages and countries, it was the only medium which could effect the momentous change of converting a Russian into a British subject! The conclave next adjourned to a small creek or basin, round the white pebble beach on which they arranged themselves, about three yards apart, each with a bucket, while the poor Russian commenced walking round the margin of the creek, repeating the form of abjuration taught him by the tars, who took care on their part that he should receive from each a full bucket of water. This august ceremony completed, the sailors, with three hearty cheers, acknowledged him as a British subject, and admitted him with all the honors to their society. The whole proceedings, said our informant, were conducted in the most orderly manner.

A PARISIAN BEAUTY'S REVENGE.

An English marchioness resident in the Legitimist Faubourg, and avoiding the Napoleonites as "low," gives grand parties. To one of these an English lady took, uninvited, a pretty French woman, a friend of the Empress. The pretty woman made herself conspicuous by her prettiness and flirtations; but the marchioness found out who she was, and was disgusted. She said to her: "I am so conscious of the honor you have done me in visiting me, that I dare not expect a repetition of the unexpected compliment."

The pretty woman grew pale, but smiled, and ordered a cavalier to order her carriage. The pretty woman was clever, and fessed a revenge. She bribed the marchioness's femme-de-chambre to give her the list of guests invited for the next soiree. Armed with this, she prepared a circular note, which she despatched to each of the invited, late in the afternoon of the appointed day. "The marchioness presents her compliments to so and so, and regrets that a domestic calamity will prevent her," &c. She then went to a great "Mad Doctor," representing herself as the daughter of the marchioness, and acting with the consent of her ladyship's family; she represented that her mother, the marchioness, was afflicted with insanity, and her madness was in the delusion that she was always having grand parties. For instance, if monsieur the doctor would go to her ladyship's hotel that evening, he would find her dressed in great splendor, with the saloon illuminated, adorned with flowers, and buffets covered with refreshments.

The doctor went, on the understanding that he was to ob-

tain the proper police authority to take the marchioness to a Maison de Sante, in the event of the representation made to him being confirmed by his own observation. He arrived at ten in the evening; he was the first—the only guest; and though the marchioness did not remember his name, she took for granted she had invited him, and was profusely civil. His manner puzzled, and his questions startled her, and as she grew more abrupt as his perception of her lunacy became more clear, she was at last offended, and rang for her servants. At the same time he made the proper intimation of his police authority; and the end of the story is, that she was taken off by the doctor in hysterics, and detained as a prisoner in his asylum until the whole truth came out.

All Paris was in roars, and the pretty flirt is a heroine for ever. Protected by her august friend, she can escape retaliation—a British marchioness is too grand for wit.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE AT SYDENHAM.

The fact that there was a model of Sebastopol to be seen at the Crystal Palace induced us to pay our first visit this season to the glorious result of a marvellous combination of taste, travel, and antiquarian research. We are much gratified by the model, but it is exceedingly difficult for any object to fix the attention long, amidst such a multitude of exquisitely beautiful and dazzling subjects as constitute the Sydenham Palace. The gardens, the fountains, the statues, the antediluvian animals, the ancient courts, illustrative of all that is curious and grand in architecture, and elegant in sculpture—the modern courts abounding in the rich products of British and foreign industry—the rare exotics—the fascinations of music—all combine to produce the most rapturous emotions, and to fill the heart with gratitude and admiration. Whatever clouds may for the time hang over the enterprise in its commercial phase, it is impossible to believe that the people of the United Kingdom (for the rail makes it accessible to all) will not ultimately treasure the Palace as their greatest ornament—the most delightful of their sources of pleasure—and one of their most beautiful and wholesome instructors. The directors have, we think, done all that could be expected to facilitate the communication of the public with the locality, and to render access to the building cheap, and after the marked countenance the Palace has received from the Queen, and the Emperor and Empress of the French, it must become the favourite resort of all ranks and orders of the people.—English paper.

THOMAS HOOD.*

We noticed, the other day, an addition of the works of Collins, Gray and Goldsmith, by Mr. Sargent. Here is an edition of the poetical works of Thomas Hood—of him who sang the Song of the Shirt, the Bridge of Signs, and the Dream of Eugene Aram—by the same gentleman, and by the same publishers. Hood has been dead nearly ten years. His poem of "The Death-bed," and the first two poems just mentioned, have already taken their places amongst the permanent contributions to English literature. They are already as well known as Gray's Elegy, as Addison's version of the nineteenth Psalm, or any other piece of composition that is in the mouths and memories of all. Hood was a man of constitutionally delicate health, and the finest sensibilities. His wit had an ethereal aroma, bouquet and flavor about it that could only spring from an exquisitely strung mental and physical organization. Those who had previously known Hood only through his writings, were astonished when they met the man in society and in public, whose inimitable sallies and arrow-flights of wit and humor had thrilled them with delight and laughter, to find him a sombre-looking gentleman, with a countenance more disposed to gravity and sadness than to mirth. Hood's first plunge into active literary life was as sub-editor of the London Magazine. He took too his new employment as kindly as an aquatic bird does to the water, or a young eagle to the element in which it is to reign as monarch. He says, alluding to his first experiences of the life editorial—"Not content with taking articles like a candidate for the holy orders—with rejecting articles like the Belgians—I dreamt articles, thought articles, wrote articles, which were all inserted by the editor, of course with the concurrence of his deputy. The more irksome part of authorship, such as the correction of the press, were to me labors of love. But my top-gallant glory was in 'Our Contributors'!" How I used to look forward to Elia! and backward for Hazlitt, and all around for Edward Herbert! and how I used to look up to Allan Cunningham! for at that time the London had a goodly list of writers—a rare company. It is now defunct, and perhaps no ex-periodical might so appropriately be apostrophized with the Irish funeral question, "Arrah, honey, why did you die?" Had not you an editor, and elegant prose writers, and beautiful poets, and broths of boys for criticism and classics, and wits and humorists—Elia, Cary, Procter, Cunningham, Bowring, Barton, Hazlitt, Elton, Hartly, Coleridge, Talfourd, Soane, Horace Smith, Reynolds, Poole, Clare and Thomas Benyon, with a power besides? Hadn't you Lions' Heads with traditional tales? Hadn't you an Opium Eater and Dwarf, and a Giant, and a learned Lamb, and a Green Man? Hadn't you a regular Drama, and Musical Report, and an Obituary, and a Price Current, and a Current Price, of only half a crum?"

Hood afterwards edited the New Monthly Magazine. During the latter portion of his life he was principally employed upon a magazine started by himself, called Hood's Magazine. The pages of Punch were occasionally enlivened by his humor. Mr. Sargent's American edition of his poetical works contains a number of poems from reliable sources, which were probably excluded from the Moxon Edition by outstanding copyrights, with which their republication would interfere, so says the American editor.

* The Poetical Works of Thomas Hood, with a Biographical Sketch, edited by Epes Sargent. Boston, Phillips, Sampson & Co.

ASKING DIRECTIONS.

"Can you direct me to the Hotel?" inquired a gentleman with a carpet bag, of a burley Hibernian, standing on the steps of a railroad station.

"Faith," was the reply, "it's jist I that can do that same. You see you jist go up that street till you come to Thaddy O'Mulligan's shop. Then—"

"But I don't know where Thaddy O'Mulligan's shop, as you call it, is."

"O faith, why didn't I think of that. Well, then, your honor must keep on till ye get to the apple woman's stand, on the corner of the brick church it is, and keep that on the right, and go on till ye get to the sign of the big watch, and mind you don't fall down the collar thereaway, then you

keep on a little further till ye come to the big tree, and after that you turn to the right or left, but by the bones of Saint Patrick I don't know which."

The traveller turned in despair to a long, lank, Jonathan, who was standing whittling close by, and made the same inquiry of him.

"Maybe you're going to put up there?" queried Jonathan.

"Yes, I intend to."

"Did you come from far off?"

"Yes, from Philadelphia," was the impatient reply. "But can you tell me where the —"

"Got any more baggage?" said the imperturbable Yankee.

"No," this is all, said the traveller, convinced that the only way to get the direction was to submit to the questioning.

"Going to stay long?"

"Couldn't say," was the reply, in rather a crusty manner.

"But I'm in a hurry, and would like to be directed —"

"Wait a minute. I reckon you're a married man, aint you?"

"No, I am not, and now I won't answer anything more till you have answered."

"Well, 'Squire," said the Yankee coolly, "I'd like to oblige you, but the truth is, I have never been in the town before myself."

In less than a minute, a carpet bag with a man attached was seen hurrying away from that vicinity. He didn't find asking directions of any particular advantage.

A HUNGRY CARPET-BAG.—The Buffalo Express relates an amusing incident which occurred at Erie a few days since.

A gentleman left Cleveland for New York at an early hour in the morning, without his breakfast, and being very hungry, upon the arrival of the train at Erie entered the dining room, and placing his carpet-bag upon a chair, sat down beside it, and commenced a valorous attack upon the viands before him. By and by the proprietor of the establishment came around to collect fares, and upon reaching our friend, ejaculated—

"Dollar, sir!"

"A dollar!" responded the eating man, "a dollar—thought you only charged fifty cents a meal for one—eh?"

"That's true," said Meanness, "but I count your carpet-bag one, since it occupies a seat." (The table was far from being crowded.)

Our friend expostulated, but the landlord insisted, and the dollar was reluctantly brought forth. The landlord passed on. Our friend deliberately arose, and opening his carpet-bag, full in his wide mouth, discoursed into it, saying—

"Carpet-bag, it seems you are an individual—a human individual, since you eat—at least I've paid for you, and now you must eat," upon which he seized everything eatable in his reach, nuts, raisins, apples, cakes, pies, and amid the roars of the bystanders, the delight of his brother passengers, and discomfiture of the landlord, phlegmatically went and took his seat in the cars. He said he had provisions enough to last him to New York, after a bountiful supply had been served out in the cars. There was at least eight dollars' worth in the bag, upon which the landlord realized nothing in the way of profit. So much for meanness.

A MORAL LESSON FOR CROAKERS.—There is a moral in the following anecdote which is peculiarly applicable at the present time:—

"An eccentric lawyer, named Burgess, many years ago lived in a New England village, and became quite famous for his 'skeptical notions.' Attending a town meeting, after its adjournment he lingered among the groups of substantial farmer deacons who composed it, and listened to the prevailing conversation. The bad weather, the fly, the rot, the drought, and the wet, were duly discussed, when some one turned to Burgess, and asked, 'How comes on your garden?' 'I never plant anything,' replied Burgess, with a solemn face; 'I am afraid even to put a potatoe in the ground.' 'It's no wonder,' groaned one of the most eminently pious persons present, 'it's no wonder, for a man who disbelieves in revealed religion could not expect to have his labors blessed.' 'I am not afraid of failing in a reward for my work,' replied Burgess; 'but I am afraid that agricultural labor would make me profane. If I planted a single potatoe, what would be the result? Why, I should get up in the morning, look about and growl—'It's going to rain, and it will ruin my potatoe;' then I should, in dry weather, say—'The drought will kill my potatoe;' then I should be unhappy because the 'rot' might destroy my potatoe: in fact, gentlemen, concluded Burgess, in a solemn manner, 'I should be afraid to do anything that would induce me constantly to distrust Providence.' The reproof was keenly felt by many present; and for months afterwards, the farmers, with a fear of Burgess before their eyes, talked of the blessings, rather than the evils, attending their daily labors."

THE ADVANTAGES OF FLANNEL.—Dr. Stuart, in his little work entitled "Health for the Million," says, "Flannel should always be worn next the skin in the day time, both in summer and winter. It does not absorb moisture like linen, which becomes wet, and increases the liability to cold. It should be removed on going to bed, for the sake of cleanliness, the skin being usually covered with a greasy secretion, derived from the solids of the perspiration. This is not absorbed by flannel; but by wearing a calico night shirt it is entirely removed. For the sake of warmth, a loose flannel jacket may be worn over it. I wish particularly to recommend this plan for general adoption. I have found it very serviceable in my own family, especially with children, whose restless movements during sleep generally leave the upper part of the body exposed. The rheumatic pains often felt in the shoulders by adults are due in a great measure to this exposure. I have never known any one to discontinue it who has given it a trial; it is not intended to supersede the use of a sponging bath, but as an auxiliary to it. The use of flannel for ladies' clothing instead of a portion of calico or linen, would be advantageous, and for warmth might well supersede stays; warmth being one of the excuses for wearing them."

A TRADITION OF THE ARABS.—King Nimrod one day commanded his three sons to enter his presence, and he caused to be placed before them by his slaves three sealed urns. One of the urns was of gold, the second of amber, and the last of clay. The king desired his eldest son to choose among them that which appeared to contain the treasure of the greatest price. The eldest chose the vase of gold, on which was written "Empire." He opened it and

found it full of blood. The second chose the amber vase, on which was written "Glory." He opened it and found it filled with the ashes of men who had been famous on the earth. The third took the remaining vase—that of clay. He opened it and found it empty; but on the bottom of the urn the potter had written one of the names of God. "Which of the vases weighs the most?" demanded the king of his court. The ambitious replied, the vase of gold; the conquerors, the vase of amber; the sages answered and said, "The empty vase, because a single letter in the name of God weighs more than the entire globe."

THE GOOD TIME COMING FOR SAW DUST.—The New York Sun says that a company is to be formed in that city for the manufacture of paper from shavings and saw dust, from which it has been found from experiment that the most beautiful paper can be made. It is estimated that saw dust can be purchased for \$5 per ton, and that the process through which it will go in the production of paper will materially lessen the price of the latter. The saw dust is reduced to pulp, in the process of its manufacture by acids, and afterwards passed through an operation similar to that through which the paper in use is subjected in its preparation. From the saw dust turpentine is extracted in quantities sufficient to make it an object of labor, and the acid used in reducing the saw dust to pulp is purified into its original strength, with the loss only of about ten per cent.

"O kiss me and go!" said the maid of my heart,
And proffered her lips as my pay to depart:
"The morn is approaching, my mother will know,
My kindest and dearest, O kiss me and go!"
She gave me the blessing in such a sweet way,
That the thrill of its pleasure enticed me to stay;
So we kissed till the morning came in with its glow,
For she said every moment, "O kiss me and go!"

LADIES' BONNETS.—"Stella," in her "Suburban letters" to the Worcester Palladium, makes some pertinent allusions to the present style of ladies' bonnets. She says:

They are ruining the eye-sight of all who wear them. The rays of the sun come directly upon the eyes, and the victim squints, wrinkles up her forehead, sheds a few natural tears, and hurries on to the shade of the nearest building to give her eyes a moment's rest. No gentleman wears a hat without a brim, or a cap without a visor; but the ladies—toughened creatures that they are—can only seek shelter behind what may be supposed to be their motto "grin and bear it;" or, as it has been poetically rendered, "suffer and be strong." But how are these necessary evils held on; that is, when they are on? At first, the constant slipping off was counteracted by the shoulders, that very obligingly acted the part of an extra pair of hands; and, hunching themselves up, pushed on the offender. But this was found so ungraceful, such an exaggeration of the "Grecian stoop," that it was vetoed. Necessity, "the mother of invention," now called upon her daughter for a remedy. She suggested that the bonnets should be held on, and with tall, pointed combs. No sooner said than done; but a few dislike great combs, so invention pointed to the smaller one of the toilette table. But secrets will out, and bonnets sometimes come off unexpectedly; and, although every lady likes to show a set of fine teeth, one set is quite enough for any head.

CITIES OF RUSSIA.—In all the vast empire of Russia, not more than three cities contain a population exceeding 60,000 inhabitants, namely, St. Petersburg, 470,202; Moscow, 349,068, and Warsaw, 154,700; the population of Odessa is 60,164; Sebastopol, 41,155. Four cities only have populations exceeding 50,000, Archangel counts only 9,589. There are only 25 cities in the whole empire whose populations vary from 25,000 to 40,000. The respective populations of the other cities, (1,047 in number,) is small, varying from 10,000 to a few hundreds. The rest of the population is dispersed over the country in the valleys; but of rural population, strictly speaking, there is little or nothing.

FISH.—The subject of the breeding of fish seems to be, at present, attracting considerable attention. The New Jersey Natural History Society has appointed a committee to consider the feasibility of stocking the rivers with salmon. Our own Legislature last winter appointed a committee to report at the next session upon the best means of stocking the waters of this state with fish. The Rochester American states that a gentleman is now engaged in breeding fish, on the banks of the Canadaigua Lake, and although sufficient time has not elapsed to show the results, he is confident of being able to stock that beautiful sheet of water with speckled trout. The subject of stocking the rivers with salmon has also been agitated in the Eastern States.

The 60,000 Irish citizens of Boston have an average of \$60 each deposited in savings banks, making a total of \$3,000,000.—New Haven Register.

Which \$3,000,000 would purchase the fee simple for ever of a territory the size of Munster, if judiciously invested. When will our people learn to help themselves?—Ibid.

THE ENGLISH AND RUSSIAN ENGINEERS.—The name of the head-engineer at Sebastopol is Todleben. He is 32 years of age. His parents are poor shopkeepers in Riga. When the siege commenced Prince Menschikoff, it is said, asked the then head-engineer how long it would take to put the place in a state of defence. He answered, "Two months." A young captain, named Todleben, stepped forward and said he would undertake to do it, if he had as many men as he required, in two weeks. He did it in twelve days, and was made colonel. Since that time he has had the direction of everything in the way of building batteries, defences, &c. The other day the Grand Duke called upon his wife to congratulate her upon her husband's promotion; for he is now a general and aide-de-camp to the Emperor. Is there anything more wanted to explain the painful discrepancy between what has been done by the Russians and by the Allies? The former will be bound by no ties of seniority or class; they take the man that will do his work the best, and they have it the best done.

AFFECTING.—A seaman of the fleet before Sebastopol, whose family lives in Polperra, in this county, was ordered on shore for the purpose of assisting in burying the slain, who fell in a late attack of the Russians on the British batteries; and almost the first person he met with was one of his brothers, of whose presence in the fleet he was not