

# COLUMBIA AND BLOOMSBURG GENERAL ADVERTISER.

AND BLOOMSBURG GENERAL ADVERTISER.

LEVI L. TATE, Proprietor.

"To Hold and trim the Torch of Truth and Wave it o'er the darkened Earth."

ALEM B. TATE, Publisher.

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## Columbia Democrat,

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## Select Poetry.

### The Unseen Battle-Field.

There is an unseen battle-field  
In every human breast,  
Where two opposing forces meet,  
And where they seldom rest.

That field is veiled from mortal sight,  
'Tis only seen by one  
Who knows alone where victory lies,  
When each day's fight is done.

One army clusters strong and fierce,  
Their chief of demon form;  
His brow is like the thunder cloud,  
His voice the bursting storm.

His captains, Pride, and Lust, and Hate,  
Whose troops watch night and day,  
Swift to detect the weakest point,  
And thirsting for the fray.

Contending with this mighty force  
Is but a little band;  
Yet there with an unquelling front,  
Those warriors firmly stand!

Their leader is a God-like form,  
Of countenance serene;  
And glowing on his naked breast  
A simple cross is seen.

His captains, Hope, and Love, and Faith,  
Points to that wondrous sign,  
And caring on all receive  
Strength from a source divine.

They feel it speaks a glorious truth,  
A truth as great as ours,  
That to the victor they must learn  
To love, to confide, to endure.

That faith sublime, in wildest strife,  
Impart a holy calm;  
For every deadly blow a shield,  
For every wound a balm.

And when they win that battle-field,  
Past toil is their lot;  
The plain where carnage once had reigned,  
Becomes a hallowed spot.

A spot where flowers of joy and peace  
Spring from the fertile sod;  
And breathe the perfume of their praise  
On every breeze—to God.

## An Interesting Story

### How She Won the Furs.

I have a good story to tell you, and you must read me patiently to the end, in order that you, too, may enjoy what has made my poor sides ache with laughter, as they have not done for many a day.—You remember pretty little Mrs. L., whom you met here one day last summer? Did I or did I not tell you what a perfect twist she is, and how she contrives to twist her husband and everybody else around her fingers almost without an effort? Well, she came dancing in, yesterday morning, wearing the most superb set of sables; they must have cost a little fortune. No one but myself would have seen them, for the bright face above them radiant with beauty and gladness, and would have riveted the gaze of the coldest eye in creation. But I have been persecuting 'T. for a set of ermines, and of course my eye fell upon the sables, and I exclaimed—

"You extravagant creature! Where did you get them?"  
"Extravagant!" said she. "Not a bit of it. Where did I get them? My husband of course. See what beauties they are! They must have cost an immensity—poor fellow! But then he had to do it."  
"Because you fascinated him?" said I.  
"No, indeed! I won them on the election."

"On the election! How! You haven't certainly been betting on Buchanan!"  
"Not I. I wouldn't have bet a pin on him, though they say he has gained the day. I'll tell you all about it; but first let me take this thing off my neck—your parlor's like an oven."

So saying, she pitched her cape at the cat, and, laughing to see how the creature's back rose at the insult, began thus—  
"You know how George and I have fought about this election—he was for Fillmore, and I for Fremont; and how many times he has tried to silence me by saying that 'women know nothing of politics'—which, by the way, I don't in the least, believe. Do look at the cat."

"Never mind the cat; go on with your story."  
"Yes, certainly. Where was I? O, yes. Well, as I said, we did everything but devour each other. It was such a mortification to me to have him vote for one who would 'steop to conquer, as Fillmore has done. So one day I said: 'Well,

I shan't let you vote; I shall keep you at home. He laughed heartily, and replied: 'That's more than you can do, my dear.' 'Will you give me leave to try?' 'Yes, and more. I'll promise you a set of sables, if I don't cast my vote for Fillmore on the fourth of November.'

"Honesty and truly?"  
"He promised—'Yes.' That was two weeks before the election. Just look at the cat—here, puss, puss." It was plain she would never get along with her story while the cat remained in the room, so I picked up puss without saying a word and put her out.

"That means 'go on' I suppose," laughed Sophie. "Well, as I said before, this was two weeks before the fourth, and from that time I didn't open my lips to George upon the subject. The next day the 'T's came to make us a visit, and our time was so completely occupied with entering for our amusement, that the election was nearly alluded to; as for my bet why it was quite forgotten. But you may be sure my brain was busy enough, revolving ways and means to win the sables. I whispered the secret to the 'T's, who entered into my feelings entirely. And no wonder for one of them had no furs at all, and the other carries a muff which she declares is seven generations old. We concluded to invite company for Monday evening, and so on the morning of that day we drove around among our sympathizing—that is our Fremont—friends and neighbors, and gathered up as many as we could get at conveniently. In the evening we mustered twenty, ourselves included, all on tip-toe to dance till morning, if necessary, to the success of our plans. George, who dearly loves merry-making, was delighted at the prospect of a romp, though he wished I had deferred it until after the election, when it would serve as a celebration of the approaching Fillmore victory."

Here I interrupted Sophie, to tell her how ridiculous such an idea was, and I added that I thought her husband knew better. She flew at me in a minute.

"There, now, don't laugh at my husband; that's my privilege alone, madam."

"I was as still as a mouse, and she went on: 'But, to make a long story short and long night as short as possible, we danced till four o'clock in the morning, when I told George if he wanted to be in town early he had better retire. He took the hint and before my minutes he was sleeping like a top. I crept upon his room and quietly closed the shutters, and succeeded in drawing down the curt his till it was dark as Erebus. Believe it or not, as you please, the creature slept till four in the afternoon!—We kept the house as quiet as possible, and about five o'clock I had the table set for breakfast, and went up to call him. He yawned and asked the time. Quite late I said; and added, to come down, for the girls and I am hungry. Ever long he made his appearance in the breakfast room, bowing good morning to all around—was in a hurry to look as demure as so many more. I poured out his coffee, which he was quite wily over, declaring as he handed his cup to have it replenished, that it was Fillmore coffee to a certainty; upon which we resumed with laughter, glad of any excuse to give vent to our pent up amusement."

It grew darker and darker, till finally we could scarcely see. George rose, and walked to the window, and he thought we should have a severe storm. Then he called me to look what a strange light there was in the West. Now, I had never thought of the sun, and if I had, I could not have kept it from setting, you know, so I marvelled, and wondered, and suggested somebody's barn on fire, or somebody's haystack—anything that would keep him boiling and gazing to pass away time—

We watched the light till it faded away, and just as George turned away from the window, saying that he had never known so dark a day, little Harry came bounding in. He ran to his father, and put up his lips for a kiss saying:

"Dood night, papa."  
"Dood morning, you mean, little fellow," said George, laughing.

"No, no, dood night," persisted the child; "nursy, put Harry to bed."

"A light broke in upon my husband's brain. He turned, and seizing me by both hands, said:

"Is it true, Sophie?"  
"You've seen the sun set," I replied; "now you owe me a set of sables."

"You never saw a man so utterly discomfited as George. It was quite too late for him to attempt to reach town before the closing of the polls. I felt so sorry for his disappointment, that I wished in my heart all the sables were in the Red Sea, and the tears filled my eyes in spite of me. He saw what was passing in my mind, and drawing me to him kissed me—before them all, too, I was so ashamed!"

"Never mind, Sophie," said he, "it's all fair and square; you've won honestly, and I must say, admirably, too."

"The next day he brought me these sables, which are really superb—just feel that out!"

"Yes, I see; but didn't he ask how you made him sleep so long?"  
"Certainly he did."

"And what did you tell him?"  
"That I put morphine into his chicken salad!"

"How long did Adam remain in Paradise before he sinned?" said an available spouse to her husband. "I'll be got a wife," calmly answered the husband.

Welcome Spring.

## THE NORCROSS MURDER AT ALTOONA.

THE HISTORY OF THE TRAGEDY.

The murder of Dr. Bardell has thrown the whole country into a fever of excitement for several weeks past, and all other cases where human life has been sacrificed—they have not been few in number—seemed to have paled before the absorbing interest that has centered in the house 31 Bond street, and have almost been forgotten. The Norcross murder, however, equals in respect of atrocity and cold blooded design though not perhaps in mystery, that of Dr. Bardell.

Very near a year ago, a young man named Samuel T. Norcross, of affable manner, kind and generous disposition, and in every respect a perfect gentleman, left his parents and friends at East Lexington, Massachusetts, with the intention of entering upon the practice of medicine at Dunleith, opposite Dubuque, on the Mississippi river. The place of his destination was reached in safety, and under the care and tuition of an M. D., Mr. Norcross gave every promise of rising to eminence in his career. But after continuing for some time in the fulfillment of his professional duties, his health began to fail.—An abscess in the side, with which he was afflicted, troubled him exceedingly, and after a season of doubt and indecision, he at length determined, by the advice and urgent request of the family at home, to return. He prepared to leave Dunleith.—Then came one of those circumstances that inexplicable and strange, sometimes induce weak minds to assert a sovereign principle of fatality. A very short time before he started for home, he became acquainted with an outlaw from society—a villain, named David Stringer M'Kim.—This man wormed himself into his confidence. He fell into a snare, and the two became very friendly. At Dunleith they were always together. Nay more—so kind and so much interested did M'Kim take in his friend, that he resolved to accompany him to the East, and on account of his illness, to see him home in safety.

In the early part of January, the train, in company, left Dunleith, the passage of both having been paid by Norcross, with his accustomed generosity. In his possession, at the time of departure, as near as can be ascertained, were between fifteen and twenty-five hundred dollars, in notes and gold, together with two bonds of \$500 each, and a gold watch, trinkets, &c. All these were on his person. M'Kim had absolutely nothing. But at this point we must explain that M'Kim, in order the better to carry out his designs, was passing the alias of Daniel S. M'Kinney, and such had introduced himself to Dr. Norcross.

Pittsburg was reached on the night of January 14th, 1857, and the couple proceeded to the Eagle Hotel, and engaged a double-bedded room. Now mark the actions of M'Kinney! Before retiring to rest, he went to the landlord of the hotel and told him that his friend (Norcross) was very eccentric, and was accustomed to make much noise during the night, by screaming, walking around, and uttering frightful cries. He (the landlord) must not be alarmed if Norcross should do so that night. What does this indicate, but that it was the intention of M'Kinney to murder his friend at night, and prevent any alarm being communicated to the household. But yet from some cause, the crime was not committed, and the victim was suffered to live a while longer. On the morning of the 15th inst., the party left Pittsburg for Philadelphia, their two trunks being checked through, and the checks taken in charge by M'Kinney.—Norcross, all this time, he it borne in mind, was paying every expense incurred by his friend. Before daybreak, on the 16th inst., the cars arrived at Altoona, and Norcross and M'Kinney got out and stood for a time upon the platform of the station. The dead toll no tales, and we cannot say what excuse the villain invented to induce the poor credulous Norcross to walk with him up the railroad track towards the east, for the distance of about a mile. Perhaps he told him they would go to the house of a friend, and remain until the departure of the next train and rest themselves.—Certain it is they were seen to walk along in company, by two men who were going to work in the fields. They passed from all mortal eyes, and beneath the canopy of heaven, at a spot where no ear could hear the cry of agony, no hand assist the suffering, the victim was telled to the earth by the man upon whom he had bestowed the kindest feeling of his heart. The instrument of murder was that of Cain, a billet of wood, and with this, by repeated blows upon the head, M'Kim or M'Kinney murdered S. T. Norcross in cold blood. But he did not instantly die, and M'Kim, with deliberate forethought, drew the body across the rails of the track, so that it would be run over, and the belief indeed, when it was found, the individual I had been run over by the cars. Not satisfied with this, he, with a razor, cut the throat of the victim, and threw the instrument beside him, in order to make it appear, if the body was discovered before the passage of any train, that suicide had been committed. Yet the victim was not dead, strange to say. M'Kim then rifled the pockets of the man of every valuable, including the money and bonds, and secreted himself in the neighborhood, probably impelled by that awful feeling that appears to be inherent in those who lift their hand against their brother, to linger near the spot of the occurrence.

Probably it might have been an hour afterwards, that some workmen coming along the railroad with gravel trucks, discovered the form of a human being a few yards from the iron rails. They went to it, and just as they arrived, Norcross, if it was he, made a last effort to raise himself, and uttering the single exclamation, "My God!" fell back. He lived but a little while longer. In his awful agony he had dragged himself to the place where found.

The body was taken to Altoona. The finding of the razor had induced the belief that the man had committed suicide. The coroner's jury assembled. The post mortem examination revealed the fact that the deceased had come to his death by blows on the head with a club, and not by the wounds of the razor—for no important artery was severed. The excitement at Altoona became at once absolutely appalling. The words "lynching" and "hanging" were common, and at the very time the murderer was hanging around the town, waiting the course of events. As soon as he saw that the murderer was discovered, he fled.

Ferdinand E. Hayer, a gentleman of the highest intelligence and skill, acting as special detective of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, commenced an investigation of the matter. The Governor of Pennsylvania offered a reward of \$500 (afterwards increased to \$1000), and the citizens of Altoona a further sum of \$500. The Railroad Company and the relatives of the murdered man expended money freely, and the community was awakened. The guilty man fled to Reading, with the ill-gotten spoils. How he reached there is not known. On the 20th of January, he sneaked into the borough, and went directly to a house of ill-fame, and kept by one Susan Nemo, at that place. He engaged boarding there, and lavished money on amusements, such as sleigh-riding and sporting. He became intimate with the firemen, and led a free and easy life, killing conscience with animal gratifications. But his plot was not yet matured. He must make another move to avoid suspicion.

At the house of the woman Nemo, were two girls, named Catherine Jane Neale and Kate Kendall. These the murderer chose as accomplices in his scheme. He offered to furnish them with every luxury, provided they would accompany him to Pottsville, and with him establish there a house of prostitution. One of them must pass as his wife. They consented, and on the 26th inst., the party started for that place, in company with a man calling himself Casse Boyer, who was to "make himself useful about the house," upon the establishment of the new institution. At Pottsville, the party went to the Pottsville house, kept by Samuel Mann, Esq. M'Kim represented himself as a carpenter, that he had brought his own and his brother's wife to the borough with the intention of remaining, he being about to enter into partnership with his brother. On the 27th of January, he leased a fine three story brick house of L. Wondeladrif, in the very midst of a highly respectable neighborhood. The house he furnished elegantly—the carpet bill alone being over \$200. The landlord he paid \$100 as advance rent.

While the party were in the cars, going from Reading to Pottsville, they were seen by a gambler, named Mark Behn. He knew the girls, and when M'Kim went out of the cars for a moment, he talked to them. They said that they were going to Pottsville for the purpose named, and invited him to come and see them there.—They also gave him to understand how finely they were doing M'Kim. He promised that he would call on them in a week or two, on his return from a travelling expedition, but, equally with them, was unable to account for a man like M'Kim's appearance having so much money. He left them at Pottsville, and became acquainted with M'Kim, ignorant, however, of his character. But, seated one day at a hotel, he accidentally picked up a copy of the *Evening Journal*, and read a notice of the Norcross murder. The idea flashed on his mind that M'Kim was the criminal. He requested the landlord of the hotel to telegraph to Philadelphia for a description of the murderer. It was sent—he knew his game, but kept quiet and told no one, but sent word to the city that the guilty person was in Pottsville, and would be arrested, at the same time conveying the idea to the Philadelphia police that the accused was in such a condition as to be grasped by the hand of the law. On the 5th inst., word was sent to Philadelphia for an officer to come to Pottsville and take the man.

High Constable Blackburn, with a special warrant from Mayor Vaux, was dispatched immediately, fully convinced, from the information received, that M'Kim was in the custody of the officers, or at least securely "planted," as the police phrase goes. What was his surprise, on arriving, to find that the man had gone, not however, from any fault of the Pottsville police, for they knew nothing of the matter until too late, but because the gambler, being so very solicitous to secure the reward he had in his own anxiety to stick to the prisoner, betrayed himself to him by some indiscreet word or act, and becoming alarmed, M'Kim fled. His flight was on Monday, 2d of February. The gambler had told the Pottsville authorities on Tuesday, 3d inst., and High Constable Blackburn's errand was rendered futile. At Pottsville M'Kim went by the name of Thomas Bragg, the real appellation of his brother-in-law, living at Trenton, N. Y.

Of course, High Constable Blackburn could do nothing more than seek further traces of the murderer, and with the assistance of officers of the Reading Railroad and others, he was tracked to a hotel in West Market street, Philadelphia, where all clue was lost. Prior to leaving Pottsville, however, some disposition of the property left by M'Kim was necessary, and Blackburn was but little disposed to let it fall into the hands of the two lewd females. They were turned out, stripped of their money, and it and the personal property sold at public sale for the benefit of the friends of Norcross. This was the result of a decision made by Hon. Francis W. Hughes, a most able legal adviser, acting as counsel for High Constable Blackburn, who had the affair in charge. The two girls left the borough on the 7th of February, amid the shouts and discharge of missiles from children, and the house was broken up, to the great pleasure of the citizens of Pottsville.

No doubt in the world exists that M'Kim is really the murderer. At Reading the girls saw the baggage checks that he had got at Pittsburg for his own and Norcross' trunks, and a landlord at the same place saw the two stolen bonds in his possession. From his youth upward he has been an outcast from society. He was born of parents from the British Provinces, but his people now live in New Jersey. They formerly resided for twenty years, with him, in Chester county, in this State. He was obliged to fly from that place to the West, being charged with twenty three cases of horse stealing, and bigamy, having no less than four wives. One of these is now living in Delaware county, another at Wilmington, Delaware, and another in New Jersey. The fourth cannot be found.—When residing at Pottsville, he was about to marry one of the girls, and presented her with a gold watch engraved with her name and his, in conjunction.

The two trunks of the men came on and reached Philadelphia in due time. That of Norcross was sent to his friends, but that of M'Kim is as yet unclaimed.

The rewards that have been offered for the arrest of this murderer are as follows: Gov. Pollock, \$1000; Gov. of Massachusetts, \$1000; people of Altoona, \$500.

The Noble Revengé.

The coffin was a plain one—a poor miserable pine coffin. No flowers on its top—no lining of rose white satin for the pale brow—no smooth ribbons around the coarse shroud. The brown hair was laid decently back, but there was no crimped cap, with its neat tie beneath the chin. The sufferer from cruel poverty snuggled in her sleep; she had found bread, rest and health.

"I want to see my mother," a bbed the poor child as the city undertaker scowled down the top of the coffin.

"You can't—got out of the way, boy; why don't somebody take the brat?"

"Only let me see her one minute," cried the hopeless, homeless orphan, clutching the side of the charity box, and as he gazed into that rough face, anguished tears streamed rapidly down the cheek on which no childish bloom ever lingered. O! it was pitiful to hear him cry. "Only once let me see my mother, only once!"

Quickly and brutally the hard hearted monster struck the boy away, so that he reeled with the blow. For a moment the boy stood panting with grief and rage; his blue eyes distended, his lips apart, and a fire glittered through his tears, as he raised his puny arm, and with a most unchildlike accent screamed, "when I'm a man, I'll kill you for that!"

There was a coffin and a heap of earth between the mother and the poor forsaken child, and a monument strong-tan granite, built in his boy heart to the memory of a heartless deed.

The court room was crowded to suffocation.

"Does any one appear as this man's counsel?" asked the judge.

There was a silence when he finished, until with his lips tightly pressed together, a look of strange intelligence blended with haughty reserve upon his handsome features, a young man stepped forward with a firm tread and kindling eyes to plead for the errand and the friendless. He was a stranger, but from his first sentence there was silence. The splendor of his genius entranced—convincing.

"The man who could not find a friend was required."

"May God bless you, sir, I cannot."

"I want no thanks," replied the stranger with eye boldness.

"I—I believe you are unknown to me."

"Man, I will refresh your memory.—About twenty years ago you struck a broken hearted boy away from his mother's poor coffin. I was that poor boy."

The man turned livid.

"Have you rescued me then, in order to take my life?"

"No, I have a sweeter revenge; I have saved the life of the man whose brutal deed has rankled in my breast for twenty years. Go! and remember the tears of a friendless and forsaken child."

The man bowed his head in shame, and went out from the presence of a magnanimity as grand to him as the incomprehensible, and the noble young lawyer felt God's smile in his soul forever after.

Four millions of dollars have been spent in the search for the unfortunate navigator, Sir John Franklin.

Kossuth is still lecturing at various towns in England.

## General Literature.

The Inauguration of the New Government.

JAMES BUCHANAN, of Pennsylvania, and John C. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, having been chosen by a majority of their fellow-citizens to fill the highest offices in the government of the United States, which no high ho or could have been bestowed in his or any other country, were, on Wednesday, the 4th inst., inducted into office with appropriate ceremonies.

BIOGRAPHY OF MR. BUCHANAN.

Mr. Buchanan is about sixty-five years of age, and though his head is of snowy whiteness he seems to bear his age remarkably well. He has never been married. His vital temperament is predominant, and all the elements of health and longevity are very apparent. He is not a man of intensity and enthusiasm like Jackson and Clay, but is cool, self-possessed, careful, non-committal, and prudent, like Van Buren; more disposed to go with circumstances than to step forth and control and mould them on the basis of his own will. Hence he acts in concert with his partisans rather than assumes a bold, dictatorial position, and is more popular as a friend and associate than looked up to as a leader.

He was born in the county of Franklin, in the State of Pennsylvania, of comparatively humble, but honest and industrious parents. Though his parents were able to give him a good classical and academic education, he may be called the architect of his own fortunes. After completing his school education he studied law in Lancaster County, in the same State, which he ever since been his home. In 1814 and 1815 he was elected to the State Legislature, and in succeeding years rose to a high rank among the eminent lawyers which Pennsylvania could boast.

He was elected to Congress in 1820, and was continued a member for ten years successively, and retired in 1831. General Jackson soon after tendered him the mission to Russia, which he accepted and filled with ability. Among other services, he negotiated the first important commercial treaty between the United States and Russia, which secured to our commerce the Russian ports in the Baltic and Black Seas.

Shortly after Mr. Buchanan's return from Russia, the Democrats in Pennsylvania Legislature made him their candidate for United States Senator, and elected him. He was twice re-elected to the Senate, and remained in that body until his resignation in March, 1845, when he accepted from President Polk the first seat in his cabinet as Secretary of State.

At the close of the Polk administration he retired again to his home in Pennsylvania, but continued to take an active interest in the political events and questions of the times.

On the accession of Mr. Pierce to the Presidency, Mr. Buchanan was selected to fill the leading foreign mission—that of minister to England, which he filled with credit until 1850.

SKETCH OF MR. BRECKINRIDGE.

JOHN CABELL BRECKINRIDGE, is about thirty-six years of age. He is a descendant of one of the oldest families in Kentucky—a family distinguished for its ability and eloquence. His father died when he was not quite three years old, leaving but little of any property for the future support of his family. From the death of his father, until he graduated at the college in Danville, Ky., he was supported by his paternal grandmother. That venerable lady still lives to see the recipient of her bounty the Vice-President of the United States.

After he left the college, he commenced the study of law, which he practiced until the breaking out of the Mexican war, when he accepted a major's commission in one of the Kentucky regiments.

His campaigning over, he returned to the practice of the law in Lexington, where he soon made a name for himself at a bar renowned for the learning, eloquence, and acumen of its members. In 1844 he was elected to the State Legislature. In this new sphere he at once established for himself a distinguished position as an orator. His style is compact, severe, and logical, while his views on public questions are marked by solidity and breadth. These qualifications induced the party to select him as their successful candidate on a Congressional nomination.

Mr. Breckinridge's debut in the national Legislature was as brilliant as in the Kentucky House. His talents and power were immediately recognized, and he became at once a marked man. Courteous and conciliatory in his bearing toward all, he was equally a favorite with both sides of the House. In 1853 he was re-elected to Congress.

It was Mr. Breckinridge's intention to have remained in retirement after the close of his second Congressional term, and with this view he declined the Spanish mission tendered to him by President Pierce.

His nomination for the Vice-President at the Cincinnati Convention was doubtless as unexpected to himself, as it was to most of his friends.

Mr. Breckinridge is married, and has a family of five or six young children.

He has a moderate fortune, acquired principally by his own exertions.

Two hundred persons are said to have been frozen to death in the United States during the present winter.

NEVER judge a friend rashly.

## Not Reciprocated.

A good joke is going the rounds, of the adventures of a young man, ardent in love, who met with a bit of cold comfort.

Joshua stood beside his fair one trembling; his heart kept turning over, his eyes grew dim, his tongue was paralyzed. A cold, clammy perspiration oozed through his skin, while over an instant he rolled his liquid eyes towards Julietta. At length his knees gave way, and he down upon his narrow bones he thus addressed her:

"My dearest Julietta, with all my heart I love you—I love you!"

Here his voice failed, and he would have sunk upon the carpet, but a timely answer from her enraptured lips brought him spell-bound to his feet. "Alas, sir," said she, "do not humble yourself to me I do not reciprocate your love!"

"Reciprocated reciprocated!" whistled J. S. "What on earth does that mean," thought he.

And then off he went, not even stopping to kiss her hand, in search of a dictionary, in it had with hope, and half wifely fear.

"Dictionary!" he cried, as he entered the nearest book store, "a dictionary, I say!"

"Yes, sir, in a moment," answered the clerk.

"A moment thrander!" vociferated Josh, "I want a dictionary."

"A nicely bound one?" asked the clerk, "sell 'em cheap; cheap as dirt."

"Sell the D—I, I'm looking for a word"

Over and over he turned the leaves. At last he stopped; he looked, he sighed, then laying down the book he walked out, saying as he went, "I coked, my jimminy!"

FOOD FOR THE SICK.—Cut some codfish to bits the size of peas, and boil it a minute in water, and add some cream and a little pepper.

Split and toast a Boston cracker, and put the above upon it. Milk and a little butter may be used instead of cream.

Ham or smoked beef may be prepared in the same way. For a variety, beat up an egg and stir it in, instead of cream, or with the cream.

Chicken broth is made by boiling the chicken a good deal, and skimming very thoroughly and seasoning with salt. A little rice or pearl barley improves it, or a little parsley may be used to flavor it.

Chicken panada is made by pounding some of the meat of boiled chickens in a mortar with a little broth, and also a little salt and nutmeg. Then pour in it a little broth, and boil it five minutes. It should be a thick broth.

THE BRIDE.—I know of no sight more charming and touching than that of a young and tender bride, in her robes of virgin white led up trembling to the altar. When I thus behold a lovely girl, in the tenderness of her years, forsake the home of her father and the home of her childhood—and with the implicit confidence and the self-abandonment which belongs to woman, giving up all the world for the man of her choice; when I hear her, in the good old language of the ritual, yielding herself to him "for better or for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love, honor and obey, till death us do part," it brings to mind the beautiful and affecting devotion of Ruth, "With th' thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge—thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."—*Scots.*

"Alabama" signifies in the Indian language "Here we rest." A story is told of a tribe of Indians who fled from a rebel's foot in the trackless forests in the southwest. Worn and travel weary they reached a river flowing through a fruitful country. The chief of the band stuck his spear in the ground and exclaimed—"Alabama! Alabama!" "Here we shall rest! Here we shall rest!"

A good lady who had two children sick with the measles, wrote to a friend for the best remedy. The friend had just received a note from another lady inquiring the way to make pickles. In the conclusion, the lady who inquired about the pickles, received the remedy for the measles, and the anxious mother of the sick children read with horror the following:—"Scald them three or four times in very hot vinegar, and sprinkle them well with salt; in a few days they will be cured."

Nobody seems to have heard of the chap in Corning who just came home from a year's absence in Nicaragua. On his way from the Depot he met quite a number of ladies. After kissing his sister, &c.—"Pray," said he, "are all the girls in Corning married? I meant Miss A.—"Why, brother, Miss A. isn't married." "Not married! Nor Miss B.—, nor Miss C.—, nor Miss D.—"Oh, pshaw," brother, said Sir, just beginning to enter the idea, "that's nothing but hoops."

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