THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

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What do we More than Others?

BY JOHN SWAIN.

We love by whom beloved we are,
For means and ends are so connected;
This is the glory of a star
Back to its source reflected.
We kindly greet the friend who thrills
Our bosoms with an earnest greeting,
But sounds obtain from rocks and hills,
As ready a repeating.
'Tis just to render bliss for bliss—
Fair friendly words to match another's;
But if we do no more than this,
What do we more than others?

If there be those who, if they could,
Would change our spirit's joy to sadness—
Turn into evil all our good,
Put out our light of gladness;
If they are near to work us wo,
Do we return for evil, evil?
And do we learn to lay them low,
Instructed by the devil?
Or, pity we in truth their lot,
Regard them as our erring brothers—
And only seek their good? If not,
What do we more than others?

From the Baltimore Olio.

ALLA WALL.

BY LEWIS F. THOMAS.

She's fairer than the lily blows,
Her voice breathes music when she speaks
Her lips are brighter than the rose,
That lends it hue to light her cheeks:
O! heart, and mind, and feelings all,
Are purest in sweet Alla Wall.

From giddy scenes with pleasure rife,
From boon companions free and gay,
From worldlings used to lucre's strife,
From all I'd gladly turn away;
Nor envy peer or prince, his hall,
Had I a cot with Alla Wall.

So kind, so joyous, and so true,
So lovely, loving, and beloved,
Her bosom never sorrow knew,
Save when for others' woes 'twas moved;
And oh! she holds my heart in thrall,
My soul's own darling, Alla Wall.

We parted—and perchance for aye—
A weary wanderer now I roam,
Her prayers I know ascend on high
To smooth the pilgrim's pathway home;
And I've my prayer, whatever fall—
God bless thee ever, Alla Wall.

JOHN TAYLOR:

THE TIMON OF THE BACKWOODS BAR AND PULPIT.

BY CHAS. SUMMERFIELD.

I can never forget my first vision of John Taylor. It was in the court house at Lewisburg, Conway county, Arkansas, in the summer of 1838.

The occasion itself possessed terrible interest. A vast concourse of spectators had assembled to witness the trial of a young and very beautiful girl, on an indictment for murder. The judge waited at the moment for the sheriff to bring in his prisoner, and the eyes of the impatient multitude all centered on the door; when suddenly a stranger entered, whose appearance rivited universal attention.

Here is his portrait! a figure, tall, lean, sinewy and strait as an arrow; a face, sallow bilious, and twitching incessantly with nervous irritability; a brow, broad, soaring, massive, seamed with wrinkles, but not from age—for he was scarcely forty; eyes, reddish yellow, like the wrathful eagle, as bright and piercing; and finally, a mouth with lips of cast iron, thin curled, cold and sneering, the intense expression of which looked the living embodiment of an unbreathed curse. He was habited in a suit of new buck-skin, ornamented after the fashion of Indian costume, with hues of every color of the rainbow.

Bowing his way slowly through the crowd, and apparently unconscious that he was regarded as a *phenomenon*, needing explanation, this singular being advanced, and with the haughty air of a king ascending the throne, seated himself within the bar, thronged as it was with the disciples of Coke and Blackstone, several of whom, it was known, esteemed themselves as far superior to those old and famous masters.

The contrast between the outlandish garb and disdainful countenance of the stranger, excited, especially, the risibility of the lawyers; and the junior members began a suppressed titter, which grew louder, and soon swept around the circle. They doubtless supposed the intruder to be some wild hunter of the mountains, who had never before seen the interior of a hall of justice. Instantly, the cause and object of the laughter perceived it; turned his head gradually, so as to give each laugher a look; his lips curled with a killing smile of infinite scorn; his yellow eyes shot arrows of lightning; his tongue protruding through his teeth literally writhed like a serpent, and ejaculated its asp-like poison in a single word: "Savages!" No pen can describe the defiant force which he threw into that term, no pencil can point the infernal *furor* of his utterance, although it hardly exceeded a whisper. But he accented every letter as if it were a separate emission of fire that scorched his quivering lips: laying horrible emphasis on S, both at the beginning and end of the word: "Savages!"

It was the *growl* of a red tiger in the *hiss* of a rattlesnake.

"*Savages!*"

The general gaze, however, was immediately diverted by the advent of the fair prisoner, who then came in, surrounded by her guard. The apparition was enough to drive a saint mad. For hers was a style of beauty to bewilder the tamest imagination, and melt the coldest heart, leaving in both imagination and heart a gleaming picture, enameled in fire and fixed in a frame of gold from the stars. It was the spell of an enchantment to be *felt* as well as seen. You might feel it in the flashes of her countenance, clear as a sunbeam, brilliant as the iris; in the contour of her features symmetrical as if cut by the chisel of an artist; in her hair of rich auburn ringlets flowing without a braid, softer than silk, finer than gossammer; in the eyes, blue as the heaven of southern summer, large, liquid, beamy; in her motions, graceful, swimming, like the gentle wafters of a bird's wing in the sunny air; in the figure, slight, etherial—a sylph's or a seraph's; and more than all, in the everlasting smile of the rosy lips, so arched, so serene, so like starlight, and yet possessing the power of magic or of magnetism to thrill the beholder's heart.

As the unfortunate girl, so tastefully dressed, so incomparable as to personal charms, calm and smiling, took her place before the bar of her judge, a murmur of admiration arose from the multitude, which, the prompt interposition of the court, by a stern order of "Silence," could scarcely repress from swelling to a deafening cheer.

The judge turned to the prisoner; "Emma Miner, the court has been informed that your counsel, Col. Linton, is sick, have you employed any other?"

She answered in a voice sweet as the warble of the nightingale, and clear as the song of the sky-lark: "My enemies have bribed all the lawyers—even my *own to be sick*: but God will defend the innocent!"

At this response, so touching in its simple pathos, a portion of the auditors buzzed applause, and the rest wept.

On the instant, however, the stranger, whose appearance had previously excited such merriment, started to his feet, approached the prisoner, and whispered something in her ear. She bounded six inches from the floor, uttered a piercing shriek, and then stood trembling as if in the presence of a ghost from Eternity; while the singular being, who had caused her unaccountable emotion, addressed the court in his sharp ringing voice, sonorous as the sound of bell-metal:

"May it please your honor, I will assume the task of defending the lady."

"What!" exclaimed the astonished judge, "are *you* a licensed attorney?"

"The question is irrelevant and immaterial," replied the stranger with a venomous sneer, "as the recent statutes any person to act as counsel at the request of a party".

"But does the prisoner request it?" inquired the judge.

"Let her speak for herself," said the stranger.

"I do," was her answer, as a long drawn sigh escaped, that seemed to rend her very heart strings.

The case immediately progressed; and as it had a tinge of romantic mystery, we will epitomise the substance of the evidence

About twelve months before, the defendant had arrived in the village, and opened an establishment of millinery. Residing in a room connected with her shop, and all alone; she prepared the articles of her trade with unwearied labor and consumate taste Her habits were secluded, modest and retiring and hence she might have hoped to avoid notority, but for the perilous gift of that extraordinary beauty, which too often, and to the poor and friendless always, proves a curse. She was soon sought after by all those glittering fire-flies of fashion, the profession of whose life, every where, is seduction and ruin. But the beautiful stranger rejected them all with unutterable scorn and loathing. Among these rejected admirers was one of a character from which the fair milliner had every thing to fear. Hiram Shore belonged to a family, at once, opulent, influential and dissipated. He was himself licentious, brave and ferociously revengeful—the most famous duellist of the South-west. It was generally known that he had made advances to win the favor of the lovely Emma, and had shared the fate of all other wooers—a disdainful repulse.

At nine o'clock on Christmas night, 1837, the people of Lewisburg were startled by a loud scream as of one in mortal terror, while, following that, with scarcely an interval, came successive reports of fire arms, one, two, three; a dozen deafening roars. They flew to the shop of the milliner, whence the sounds proceed; pushed back the unfastened door, and a scene of horror was presented. There she stood in the centre of the room, with a revolver in each hand, every barrel discharged, her features pale, her eyes flashing wildly, but her lips parted with a fearful smile. And there at her feet, weltering in his warm blood, his bosom literally riddled with bullets, lay the alldread duellist, Hiram Shore, gasping in the last agony. He articulated but a single sentence: "Tell my mother that I am dead and gone to hell!" and instantly expired.

"In the name of God, who did this?" exclaimed the appalled spectators.

"I did it," said the beautiful milliner, "I did it to save my honor."

As may be readily imagined, the deed caused an intense sensation. Public opinion, however, was divided. The poorer classes, crediting the girl's version of the facts, lauded her heroism in terms of measureless eulogy. But the friends of the deceased, and of his wealthy family, gave a different and darker coloring to the affair, and denounced the lovely homicide as an atrocious criminal. Unfortunately for her, the officers of the law, especially the judge and sheriff, were devoted comrades of the slain, and displayed their feelings in a revolting partiality. The judge committed her without the privilege of bail, and the sheriff chained her in the felon's dungeon!

Such is a brief abstract of the circumstances developed in the examination of witnesses. The testimony closed and the pleading began.

First of all, three advocates spoke in succession for the prosecution; but neither their names nor their arguments are worth preserving. Orators of the blood and thunder *genus*, they about equally partitioned their howling eloquence betwixt the prisoner and her leather-robed counsel, as if in doubt who of the twain was then on trial. As for the stranger, he seemed to pay not the slightest attention to his opponents, but remained motionless, with his forehead bowed on his hands, like one buried in deep thought or slumber.

When the proper time came, however, he suddenly sprang to his feet, crossed the bar, and took his position almost touching the jury. He then commenced in a whisper, but it was a whisper so wild, so clear, so unutterably ringing and distinct, as to fill the hall from floor to gallaries. At the outset, he dealt in pure logic, separating and combining the proven facts, till the whole mass of confused evidence looked transparet as a globe of glass, through which the innocence of his client shone, brilliant as a sunbeam; and the jurors nodded to each other signs of thorough conviction: that thrilling whisper and fixed concentration, and the language, simple as a child's, had convinced all.

He then changed his posture, so as to sweep the bar with his glance; and began to tear and rend his legal adversaries. His sallow face glowed as a heated furnace; his eyes resembled living coals; and his voice became the clangor of a trumpet. I have never, before or since, listened to such murderous denunciations. It was like Jove's eagle charging a flock of crows; it was like Jove himself hurling red-hot thunderbolts among the quaking ranks of a conspiracy of inferior gods! And yet, in the highest tempest of his fury, he seemed calm; he employed no gesture save one—the flash of a long, bony fore-finger direct in the eyes of his foes. He painted their venality and unmanly meanness, in coalescing for money, to hunt down a poor and friendless woman, till a shout of stifled rage arose from the multitude, and even some of the jury cried, "Shame!"

He changed his theme once more. His voice grew mournful as a funeral song, and his eyes filled with tears, as he traced a vivid picture of man's cruelties and woman's wrongs, with particular illustrations in the case of his client; till one-half of the audience wept like children. But it was in the peroration that he reached his zenith, at once, of terror and sublimity. His features were livid as those of a corpse; his very hair appeared to stand on end; his nerves shook as with a palsy; he tossed his hands wildly towards heaven, each finger stretched apart and quivering like the flame of a candle, as he closed with the last words of the deceased Hiram Shore: "Tell my mother that I am dead and gone to hell" His emphasis on the word *hell* embodied the same and *ideal* of all horror—it was a wail of immeasurable despair. No language can depict the effect on us who heard it. Men groaned; females screamed, and one poor mother fainted, and was borne away in convulsions.

The whole speech occupied but an hour.

The jury rendered a verdict of "Not Guilty," without leaving the box; and three cheers, like successive roars of an earthquake shook the old court house from the dome to the corner-stone, testifying the joy of the people.

After the adjournment, which occurred near sunset, the triumphant advocate arose and give out an oppointment; "I will preach in this hall to-night at 8 o'clock." He then glided off through the crowd, speaking to no one, though many attempted to draw him into conversation.]

At 8 o'clock the Court House was again thronged, and the stranger, according to promise, delivered his sermon. It evinced the same attributes as his previous eloqvence of the bar; the same compact logic, the same burning vehemence, and increased bitterness of denunciation. Indeed misanthropy revealed itself as the prominent emotion. The discourse was a tirade against infidels, in which class the preacher seemed to include every body but himself; it was a picture of hell, such as Lucifer might have drawn, with a world in flames for his pencil.

But one paragraph pointed to heaven, and that only demonstrated the utter impossibility that any human being should ever get there. —*Great West.*

COUSIN SALLY DILIARD.

A LEGAL SKETCH IN THE "OLD NORTH STATE."

SCENE—*A court in North Carolina.*

A beardless disciple of Themis rises, and thus addresses the court:—May it please your worships, and you, gentlemen of the jury, since it has been my fortune, (good or bad, I will not say) to exercise myself in legal disquisitions, it has never befallen me to be obliged to prosecute so direful, marked and malicious an assault—a more wilful, violent and dangerous battery—and finally, a more diabolical breach of the peace, has seldom happened in a civilized country; and I dare say it has seldom been your duty to pass upon one so shocking to benevolent feelings, as this which took place over at Capt. Rice's, in this county. But you will hear from the witnesses.

The witnesses being sworn, two or three were examined and disposed—one said he had heard the noise, and did not see the fight—another that he had seen the row, but didn't know who struck first—and a third, that he was very drunk, and couldn't say much about the skrimmage.

Lawyer Chops.—I am sorry, gentlemen, to have occupied your time with the stupidity of the witnsses just examined. It arises, gentlemen, altogether from misapprehension on my part. Had I known as I do now, that I had a witness in attendance who was well acqnainted with all the circumstances of the case, and who was able to make himself clearly understoood by the court and jury, I should not so long have trespassed upon your time and patience. Come forward Mr. Harris, and be sworn.

So forward comes the witness, a fat, shuffy old man, a "leetle" corned, and took his oath with an air.

Chops.—Harris, we wish you to tell all about the riot that happened the other day at Captain Rice's; and as a good deal has already been wasted in circumlocution, we wish you to be compendious, and at the same time as explicit as possible.

Harris.—Adzactly (giving the lawyer a knowing wink, and at the same time clearing his throat.) Captain Rice, he gin a treat, and cousin Sally Dilliard, she came over to our house and axed me if my wife, she mout go? I told cousin Sally Dilliard that my wife was poorly, being as how she had a touch of Rhumatics in the hip,; and the big swamp was up, for their had been a heap of rain lately; but howsomever, as it was she, cousin Sally Dilliard, my wife mout go. Well. cousin Sally Dilliard then axed if Mose he Mout go?

I told cousin Sally Dilliard that he was foreman of the crap, and the crap was smartly in the grass; but howsomever as it was she, cousin Sally Dilliard, Mose he mout go—

Chops.—In the name of common sense, Mr. Harris, what do you mean by this rigmarole?

Witness.—Captain Rice, he gin, and cousin Sally Dilliard she came over to our house, and axed me if my wife she mout go? I told cousin Sally Dilliard—

Chops—Stop, sir, if you please? we dont want to hear anything about your cousin Sally Dilliard and your wife—tell us about the fight at Rice's.

Witness.—Well, I will' sir, if you will let me.

Chops.—Well, sir, go on.

Witness.—Well, sir, Captain Rice he gin a treat, and cousin Sally Dilliard she came over to our house and axed me if my wife she mout go—

Chops.—There it is again. Witness, please to stop.

Witness.—Well, sir, what do you want?

Chops.—We want to know about the fight and you must not proceed with this impertinent story. Do you know any thing about the matter before the court?

Witness.—To be sure I do.

Chops.—Well, go on and tell it, and nothing else.

Witniss.—Well, Captain Rice he gin a treat—

Chops.—This is intolerable. May it please the court, I move that this witness be committed for contempt; he seems to be trifling with this court.

Court.—Witness, you are now before a court of justice, and unless you behave in a mere becoming manner, you will be sent to jail; so begin and tell what you know about the fight at Rice's.

Witness.—[Alarmed] Well, gentlemen. Captain Rice, he gin a treat, and cousin Sally Dilliard—

Chops.—I hope that the witness may be ordered into custody.

Court.—[after deliberating.] Mr. Attorney, the court is of opinion that we may save time by letting the witness go on in his own way. Proceed, Mr. Harris, with your story, but stick to the point.

Witness.—Yes, gentlemen. Well, Captain Rice, he gin a treat, and cousin Sally Dilliard came over to our house and axed me if my wife she mout go? I told cousin Sally Dilliard that my wife she was poorly, being as how she had the rhumatics in the hip, and the big swamp was up; but howsomeever, as it was she, cousin Sally Dilliard, she mout go. Well, cousin Sally Dilliard then axed me if Mose he mout go? I told cousin Sally Dilliard, as [illegible] e was foreman of the c[illegible] was smartly in the grass—bu[illegible] s it was she, cousin Sally D[illegible] ae mout go. So they goes to [illegible] y wife, and cousin Sally Dilli[illegible] come to the big swamp, and it was up, as I was telling you; but being as there was a log across the big swamp, cousin Sally Dilliard and Mose, like genteel folks, they walked the log. *And that's all I know about the fight.*

THE LOST GEM.

A BEAUTIFUL AND INSTRUCTIVE SKETCH.

The black waters of the river of death were rolling sluggishly onward. There approached on whose features bore traces of anxiety and sorrow; and with a bowed form she gazed into the turbulent stream, as though fain to descry something far down its fathomless depths.

A being of benign and celestial aspect appeared at her side, and said, "What seekest thou, sorrowing one?" "Alas," she answered; "I wore a sparkling jewel upon my bosom. It was no paltry bauble, but a monarch's gift, and invaluable. The wealth of India can yield none to match it. In an evil hour it droped from its resting place into this dark river. For a moment I saw it float near the brink, and stretched out my hand to regain it, but it was beyond my reach: and it sank down till I saw it no more. It is gone—lost forever!" And in deep gloom she turned to depart.

"Stay, mourner! Grieve not, but look again into the waters!" She looked, and a cry of joy burst from her lips. "It is there! I see it floating upon the dismal wave. Oh, shall it not be mine once more? The answer came—"Nay, but thou art deceived. What thou seest is but a resemblance of what was thine. Yet, turn thy eyes and rejoice." She obeyed and beheld a star gleaming from a bright spot of azure in the murky sky, whose rays gave even the waves of that gloomy river a tinge of brightness, and whose reflection there she had mistaken for her own lost gem.

There came a tender and musical voice as the beautiful appearance vanished.

"Mourner, these restless billows, though fearful and dark to thee, roll up to the gate of heaven. Ever faithful to their trust, they bore the jewel, which was lent, not given thee, to its rightful owner, the Monarch of Heaven, and transferred to his care, it will shine forever in his glorious dwelling place."

The mourner depared with a countenance thoughtful, yet cheerful; her gaze no longer bent upon earth or the sorrowful river of death, but was meekly and trustingly raised to the heavens. And that star, beaming into her spirit with rays of hope and gladness, was ever her talisman and her guide.

Mother! who weepest for thy little one so early lost, that mourner art thou; that star is thy now angel child! Dry thy tears, and ever rejoice that thou hast a treasure in heaven.

Every Woman her own Dressmaker.

Every American woman should be above receiving the dictum of an ingnorant and tasteless dressmaker; she should be instructed in the anatomy and phiciology of her system, and be perfectly able to give a correct outline of a classical figure, and its appropriate dress, on the black-board. She should then be instructed to cut her own dresses in a simple and elegant manner, and adapt them to her figure, so that not the least pressure should exist on any part of her person. Indeed, without a good knowledge of the pencil and the harmony of colors, her person and her house will present what is so frequent in this city, a grotesque arrangement of dress, suitable for a carnival or madhouse, and a drawing-room that would pass for a furniture store or pawnbroker's shop.

So much, in our opinion, is due to an incorrect and servile taste in dress, that is one of the principal causes of the early decay of our countrywomen. Our climate demands, during one-third of the year, absolute warmth and dry feet; and our fashionable countrywomen would consider themselves disgraced by appearing in public with a dress and shoes that every intelligent Englishwoman wears as a matter of course.—*Scalpel.*

Keep Trying.

There never was a right endeavor but it succeeded. Patience, have patience—we shall win at the last. We must be very suspicious of the deceptions and elements of time. It takes a good deal of time to eat or to sleep, or to earn a hundred dollars, and a very little time to entertain a hope and an insight which becomes the light of our life;—daily routine makes but little impression;—but in the solitude to which every man is always returning, he has a sanity and revelations, which, in his passage to new worlds, he will carry with him.

"In the silent hour of inward thought,
Ever suspect and still revere thyself
In loneliness of heart."

True Sentiment.

Endeavor to acquire a temper of universal candor and benevolence, and learn neither to despise nor condemn any persons on account of their particular modes of faith and worship; remembering, always, that goodness is confined to no party—that there are wise and worthy men among all sects of Christians, and that as his own master every one must stand or fall.

Sin.

Sin perpetuates itself forever. Like the ocean ripple, its influence is beyond all calculation. Yet there is this difference between them: the ripple grows fainter and sinks lower as its circle widens and recedes from the centre. Not so with sin. What was a ripple at first, soon swells into a wave, ever rising higher, till we behold the huge mountain billow upon the eternal shore.

EARLY IN THE FIELD—The Reading Gazette already announces Sheriff candidates for the fall election.

JEANNOT'S REPLY.

A BEAUTIFUL SONG.

The following beautiful song was recently written by somebody, in reply to the popular song of Jeannette and Jeannot."

Cheer up! cheer up! my own Jeannette,
Though far away I go,
In all the changes I may see,
I'll be the same Jeannot;
And if I win both fame and gold,
Ah, be not so unkind
To think I could forget you in the home I left behind.
There's not a lady in the land,
And if she were a queen,
Could win my heart from you, Jeannette,
So true as you have been;
They must have gallant warriors,
Chance hath cast the lot on me,
But mind you this, the soldier, love, shall no deserter be.

Why, ever since the world began,
The surest road to fame
Has been the field, where men unknown
Might win themselves a name!
And well I know the brightest eyes
Have ever brighter shone,
When looking at some warrior bold returned from battle won:
And you would put an end to deeds
Which ladies love so well,
And have no tales of valor left for history to tell;
The soldier's is a noble trade,
Jeannette, then rail no more,
Were only kings allowed to fight
There'd be an end to war.

The Folly of Pride.

The Rev. Sidney Smith, for many years one of the contributors to the great English Reviews, thus discourses on the folly of pride in such a creature as man:

"After all, take some quiet, sober moment of life and add together the two ideas of pride in man, behold him, creature of a span high, stalking through infinite space in all the grandeur of littleness.—Perched on a speck of universe, every wind of heaven strikes into his blood the coldness of death; his soul floats from his body like melody from the string; day and night as the dust on the wind, he is rolling along the heavens, through a labyrynth of worlds, and all the creation of God are floating above and beneath. Is this a creature to make for himself a crown of glory, to deny his own flesh, to mock at his fellow sprung from the dust to which both will soon return? Does the proud man not err? Does he not suffer? Does he die? When he reasons, is he never stoped by difficulties? When he acts is he never tempted by pleasure? When he lives, is he free from pain? When he dies, can he escape the common grave? Pride is not the heritage of man; humility should dwell with frailty, and atone for ignorance, error and imperfection."

ONLY ONE BRICK ON ANOTHER.—Edwin was looking at a large building which they were putting up, just opposite his father's house. He watched the workmen from day to day, as they carried up the bricks and mortar, and then placed them in their proper order.

His father said to him, my son, you seem to be very much taken up with the bricklayer; pray what might you be thinking about? Have you any notion of learning the trade?

'No, sir,' said Edwin, smiling; 'but I was just thinking what a little thing a brick is, and yet that great house is built by only laying one brick on another.'

'Very true, my son. Never forget it. Just so it is in all great works. All your learning is only one little lesson added to another. If a man could walk all around the globe, it would be by only putting one foot before the other. Your whole life will be made up of one little moment after another. Drop added to drop makes the ocean.

'Learn from this not to despise little things. Learn also not to be discouraged by great labor; the greatest labor becomes easy if divided into parts. You could not jump over a mountain, but step after step takes you to the other side.—Do not fear therefore, to attempt great things. Always remember that the whole of yonder lofty edifice is *only one brick on another.*

ALTHOUGH courting is one of the most heavenly pastimes ever invented, getting married, we think,, one of the most serious and stupid. To white kid yourself is bad enough, but when you come to add to white kids "the blue coat and white trowsers of plighted affections," the position you begin to occupy forces a spoony sensation upon the male lunatic, that even pinks and orange blossoms cannot appreciate. In our opinion, the most ridiculous day a man ever passes through is the day he gets married even if it be not attended with a tin-panological serenade in the evening.—*Albany Dutchman.*

☞ *Col. Fremont*, in a letter written in California previous to his election as U. S. Senator, declared himself as "adhering to the principles of the great Democratic party."

☞ Jacob Weygandt Esq., has been appointed Associate Judge of Northampton county, and his appointment unanimously *confirmed* by the Senate.

☞ The Carlisle Democrat and the Norristown Watchman are out in opposition to an elective judiciary.

☞ "I'm sitting on the style," as the lover said when he seated himself on a bonnet of of the latest Paris fashion.

Married Woman's Soliloquy.

Yes, it's go! go! go! and get! get! get! for every body on earth, but one's own wife. If I should ask Mr. Slocum to go out such a time of day for a water pail or a basket of oranges, d'ye guess he'd go? Not he; I might want one, and take it out in Wanting. Oranges, forsooth! 'Twas only yesterday I asked him to call at Williams' for Charley's shoes. Wouldn't you like to have heard him scold though? If he didn't tune up! Always something wanting! Wished he could go to the store and back withouut calling for a dozen articles! And when he came in and put them on Charley's feet, slapped him for crying because the pegs hurt him! Poor fellow, he limped round till his father had gone and then pulled them off. The pegs were an inch long, at the very least. And now, just because Mrs. Brown hints at the water pail, he's up and off in a minute. Why couldn't Brown go? Just as though her own husband was not good enough to wait upon her. A pretty how'd do we shall have, if things go on at this rate. I'll ask Brown to do my errands, and see how he likes it. If the girls only knew! But no, they won't believe a word of it!—"Bought wit is the best, if you don't get it to dear."—Dear! I wonder what some folks call dear? There's Nelly Bly. You might talk to her till April, and then she wouldn't believe it. But she'll see! She'll learn a lesson for herself that she'll not forget very soon!

If I was a girl again, I wouldn't change my condition in a hurry. Not I. There was Slocum always ready to run his legs off—but now, he'll go sooner for that Mrs. Brown than for his own flesh and blood! But I'll pay him, see if I don't. I wont get him a mouthful of supper. He may get his victuals See how he'll like that. If I should do so—always trying to please other folks, husband? instead of my own, we should have a pretty kettle of fish. There's Willie, he's teased for an orange these three days, and not a peel of one has been seen yet.

There he comes, puffing like a steamboat, if I had sent him he wouldn't have been back these two hours. Calling at Mr. Brown's, too, if it aint enough to vex a Saint. I'll tell him I'll quit—I'll—but no, he'll like that well, the brute!

I won't try to please him so much. I'll stay if it kills me, and Willie shall have an orange if he wants; and no thanks to him either. There he comes again, and both hands full. Wonder what he has got now, and who is he running for? Coming through the gate and yet both pockets full of oranges. The—dear soul! I knew he wouldn't forget his own children. Won't Willie have a good meal? And I will—yes he shall have muffins for supper. Slocum loves muffins * *

That's all we heard, reader, for when Slocum opened the hall door, Charley, Willie, wife and all went out to meet him, and get some of those same oranges.

Mrs. Slocum did get supper, and Slocum had muffins.

A Moral for the people.

☞ The *Carlisle Volunteer*, in speaking of the Webster case; with its characteristic good sense gives the following instructive moral reflections.

"But we cannot dismiss the subject without a brief remark upon the most probable cause of the crime. *Society is not clear of a share in this sad catastrophe. If men reach a certain position, the loss of it is degradation.* Hence, sea and land are ransacked, heaven and earth are compassed—for what? *To maintain appearances.* Poor Webster's real income was below the standard of his reported wealth. This kept him forever in debt to support his carriage, parties and equipage. At last he became the debtor of a practical financier, whose call for his money was as certain as the arrival of the day on which it became due. Webster knew this, and the face of Dr. Parkman haunted him like a spectre of doom. But one alternative remained—either his own loss of caste, or the assassination of his creditor. Pride and moral timidity forbade him to come down, and consequently Parkman was mudered.

We are witnesses of the mawkish sentiment to which we have referred, and on several occasions have not hesitated to denounce it. True we have had no murders, and trust we never shall; but we have our artificial lines enclosing cliques and parties which possess no real affinity for each other. Neighbors meet every day in the year, and with no feud or quarrel, refuse to recognize each other. The heads of families encourage & practice this system, and the sons and daughters follow obedient and cheerfully. If they possessed affluence of the means of independence, their conduct would not seem so supremely foolish, but in many cases the very reverse is the fact. In God's name, young men and young women, we beg you to reflect. Living as you do, in perfect idleness, whence is your support to come when your fathers and mothers are in their graves, and yourselves thrown upon a world that is wide awake for number one? Assume a regular business, practice industry, resist the devil of indolence; and health, peace, and happiness will attend you.

UNION OF THREE REPUBLICS.—At a meeting held in the city of Leon de Nicaragua, by the ministers of the States of Honduras, San Salvador and Nicaragua, it has been decided that the three republics will form a single national body for the conduct of its foreign relations, under the name of "National Representation of Central America."