

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

R. W. Weaver Proprietor.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

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advertise by the year.

"THEY ALL BELONG TO ME."

BY ELIZA COOK.

There are riches without measure
Scattered thickly o'er the land,
There are hoards and hoards of treasure,
Bright, beautiful, and grand;
There are forests, there are mountains,
There are meadows, there are hills,
Forming everlasting fountains,
In the bosoms of the hills,
There are birds and there are flowers,
The fairest things that be—
And these great and joyous dowers,
O, "they all belong to me!"

There are golden ears bending
In the light of harvest rays,
There are garlands branching
With the breath of June's sweet days;
There are pastures—grasses blowing
In the airy moonlight shade,
There are herds of cattle lowing,
In the bosoms of the glades;
There are the hum of bees and bees,
As the gale comes o'er the trees,
There are the hum of bees and bees,
As the gale comes o'er the trees,
And "they all belong to me!"

Learn not to covet the riches,
Nor who has power to beckon
The woodman with his axe;
I care not who holds leases
Of the upland or the dell,
Nor who may count the flocks,
When the flocks are fit to sell,
While there's a bushy none can barter
By the greenward and the tree,
By the well and the well and chader.

What care I for the profit
The stricken stem may yield?
I have the shadow of the hill,
While upright in the field,
What care I for the riches
The mill-stream gathers fast?
While I bask in shady nooks,
And the stream flows o'er the rocks,
What care I for the riches
To the widest lands that be?
They are mine without request,
God gave them all to me.

On privilege and blessing,
To find I ever own
What great ones, in possessing,
Imagine theirs alone!
O glory to the Maker
Who gave such boon to hold,
Who made me free to take,
Where others buy with gold!
For while the woods and mountains
Stand up where I can see,
While God unlocks the fountains,
"They all belong to me!"

SMOKER BLITZ IN MARKET—Blitz was in
the market place, last week, inquiring for
those little delicacies, the lady apple, with
which he so well understands how to please
the children at his exhibitions.

On passing the stall of a very plain farmer
his attention was attracted by a rather sickly
looking, six-weeks' pig, and he enquired the
price.

"One dollar," was the answer.

"Is too much," said Blitz.

"So it is," joined the grunter.

"What is that?" said the startled seller.

"The pig," says Blitz.

"Yes it's me," echoed piggy.

"We are told that Satan entered the swine
herd," said the now evidently alarmed
seller, "but this speaking out is too much
for belief—but I certainly heard it."

"So did I," says the pig.

The seller was evidently more excited and
desirous to sell it. "Take it at 75 cents,"
said he.

"Did it die?" said Blitz, inspecting it
more closely.

Alarmed lest another answer from the
pig might expose and confound him, the
exasperated seller suddenly seized it by the
snout, jerked it from the shambles, and
thrusting it at Blitz, said—

"There, there, take it at its own price!"

Blitz, however, not being in the pork way,
was off in a twinkling; and the last he saw
of the afflicted seller, he was standing ec-
rect, piggy tightly gripped by the snout at
arm's length.

THE TWO BROTHERS, OR PEACE AND GOOD NEIGHBORHOOD.

From Eliza Cook's Journal.

The visitor to the banks of the Wye must
doubtless have remarked the high hill, up-
on which rises the village of Sellack. The
path leading to it from the neighborhood
meadows, is as steep as if intended to
reach the clouds, and caused the magistrate
of the place to give it the name of Jacob's
Ladder. At the top of the hill stood the
church, which from a distance, served as a
guide to the straying travellers; around it
were scattered the dwellings of the inhabi-
tants, stationed on the different platforms of
the green hill, like nests in the wide branch-
es of a lofty cedar.

At its foot, not far from Jacob's Ladder
were two small farms, separated by a hedge
of elder-trees. The two cottages, so exactly
resembling each other in their nearly white-
washed walls, in the thatched roofs, in the
casements round which hung the honeysuck-
le in fragrant clusters, came upon the eye as
twin sisters, so alike in garb and feature as
scarcely to be distinguishable from each other.

In truth, both were built at the same time,
by Tom and Jones Basham; not even a
hedge divided them at first—There was as
little separation between the houses as be-
tween the hearts of the two brothers; but
their close neighborhood soon gave rise to
innumerable quarrels, and, at the time our
recital begins, the Bashams had long ceased
to hold any intercourse with each other.

Perhaps they no longer even entertained any
kind of friendly feelings, which have
parted in anger unconsciously become
embittered. We fill up with reproach and
censure the void which wounded affection
has left in our hearts, and by incessantly
complaining to ourselves of those we have
loved, we at length think we are quite right
in hating them.

No one could tell the cause of quarrel
which, originating in some ebullition of tem-
per about some trifle, and fomented by mu-
tual recrimination, and by the injudicious in-
terference of a third party, ended in an
open rupture. It unfortunately happened,
at the time of a fresh dispute arose be-
tween them about a piece of ground, which
had to be decided by law, and though a fair
and equitable division was made, both par-
ties left the court still more exasperated—for
it is, not justice, that softens animosity
and soothes angry feelings.

If, then, the impossibility of a reconcilia-
tion between the Bashams had become, so
to speak, a thing of public notoriety, all
those who had failed in their endeavors to
bring it about declared the thing was hope-
less. "Had not his Worship's exhortation
been perfectly useless? Had not farmer Soke-
r got drunk three times in a vain attempt
to make them take a glass together? Had
not even Miss Bosin herself invited the two
wives to her house, under pretext of teach-
ing them to make gooseberry wine, without
being able to prevail upon them to shake
hands?" But none of them seemed to re-
member that he who would reconcile friends
must make his appeal to feeling, not to rea-
son. Divided hearts can only be reunited
by gently touching some spring of feeling
common to each.

Such was the state of things when the cu-
rate of the parish arrived one day at the
dwellings of Jones Basham. He was an ex-
cellent man; he had no family, but his pa-
rishioners were his children, and he was as
welcome to every house as a gleam of sun-
shine of winter. His words were grave and
gentle, and even the rudest of his village
flock felt, he knew not why, his heart soft-
ened by a visit from him. To be with him
seemed like the inhaling of a purer atmos-
phere, soothing, and cheering, and bracing.
His was, indeed, pure and undefiled religion.

Jones Basham received the young pastor,
as he was everywhere received, with a re-
spectful and cordial welcome. The children
were brought to him, and as he smilingly
spoke to them, and stroked their little heads,
staid timidly by his side, now and again
stealing a glance at him through their long
eyelashes. Taking the eldest by the hand,
he said—

"I have a favor to ask of you, George."

The little one looked up in surprise.

"To-morrow is Palm Sunday, and I have
chosen you to distribute the loaves."

"I, sir!" exclaimed the child, crimsoning
with pleasure.

"Yes, you! come early that I may show
you what you are to do."

The child seemed as if he longed to thank
him, but stood twirling his cap and turning
up the gravel with his foot, till his father
came to his relief by warmly expressing his
sense of the honor.

The pastor now accompanied Jones through
his farm, which he examined minutely, in-
quiring into Basham's plans, and pointing
out several alterations which Basham agreed
with him would be improvement, but de-
clared his utter disability to carry them out.

"A hundred pounds," said he, "would be
necessary, and I have not so much avail-
able, and, as to borrowing it, it will set me
hard to work to meet my actual liabilities."

"But the Lord has been pleased to grant
you your health," said the pastor; "you are
more fortunate in this respect than your
brother Tom, who for the last month has
been far from well."

"Is he suffering much?" inquired Jones,
in a tone of embarrassment.

"I do not know—he expressed a wish to

see me to-day. I am afraid he is careless
about himself—he labors just as much as for-
merly, though experience ought to have
made him wiser, for, if I am not mistaken,
it was over exertion that killed your father."

"It was, indeed," said Jones, affected by
the recollection; "but why does he not con-
sult a physician?"

"I have tried to persuade him to do so,
but we have not one in the village, and he
thinks his illness too trifling to send for ad-
vice to the neighboring town; so that there
is no chance of managing the matter, unless
a doctor should by any accident pass by or
be sent for by some one else in the village.
Unfortunately it may be some time before
such an opportunity occurs, and Tom's ill-
ness may increase; however I hope his
youth and good constitution may carry him
through it."

So saying, the curate, having now arrived
at the garden gate, took leave of Jones Bash-
am and repaired to his parsonage. Arrived
there, he announced to the little Fanny,
whom he met as he was entering the house,
that she should next day help in the annual
distribution of bread in the church. Fanny,
not a whit less proud or happy than George,
ran to tell her father of the honor intended
her by the curate. Tom soon appeared to
thank the young pastor, who made most par-
ticular inquiries about his health.—The far-
mer was still suffering, but seemed now
much less occupied with illness, than with
a small legacy which his wife had just had
left, and immediately began to consult the
curate as to the comparative security of dif-
ferent banks in which he proposed to "fodge
his money."

The curate advised him, in the first in-
stance, to pay off all incumbrances on his
farm, and to make some improvements in it
which he himself pointed out.

"I have just given the same advice to
your brother Jones," added the pastor, "and
he would gladly follow it, only that he is in
sad want of money."

"I believe," observed Tom, "he has met
with some heavy losses within these last two
years."

"I fear that he is much pressed just now,"
added the curate, "and, to judge by appear-
ances, the legacy which you have just re-
ceived would have been more wanting to
him than you."

When the curate left, Tom remained a
long time thoughtful. His brother was in
want of money, whilst he had a sum of
which he was actually at a loss to dispose
of. Formerly had such a thing happened, it
would not have been long before he would
have taken the leather purse which con-
tained the guineas his brother Jones, and
said to him, "You may have as much as
you want, brother, and take a memorandum
of what you keep." But now his offer
would have been insultingly rejected, and
this he felt he could not brook, or looked
upon as an advance on his part, which he
would have desired still more.

Nevertheless, to leave Jones without help,
if he were really in want, was very hard.
Even were every spark of affection extinct
in the hearts of the two brothers, the honor
of the Bashams would not permit that one
should see the other in poverty, or unable
to meet his engagements. The heart is not
less quick in finding a pretext for kindness
than it is for anger, and Tom, while fancying
he still preserved all his old rancor against
Jones, passed the night in devising how he
could manage to be of use to him.

Jones, on his side, was not less pre-oc-
cupied. The few words left fall by the curate,
relative to his brother's health, weighed upon
his mind. The more he thought upon Tom's
illness the more his alarm increased. He
feared it would become dangerous, and was
wary at the little care he took of himself.
He knew Tom had always been imprudent,
not only taking no precautions against the
attacks to which he was subject, but, when
they did come, appearing to look upon them
as a guest whom, though unwelcome, it
would be too troublesome to attempt to dis-
pel. Any precautions that he did take
were always forced upon him by Jones, who
was himself a bit of a doctor. He was con-
sulted by the villagers about their own com-
plaints, and concocted drinks brewed through
the village. He had acquired this
medical knowledge from his wife's brother,
who was a doctor, and every year spent a
few days at the farm. Jones saw he could at
once, by a letter, bring him to Sellack, where
he might see his brother and judge of the
state of his health. But how would his visit
be received by the latter? Would he not
look upon it as an attempt at a reconciliation
—an indirect advance? Jones could not
bear the thought.

Thus the night was passed by both brothers
in uncertainty and doubt.

Meanwhile George and Fanny awoke be-
fore day-break, full of the ceremony in which
they were to play so conspicuous a part.
Dressed in their best, they repaired to the
church with their respective families, who
for this day were to occupy the seats of hon-
or near the communion table. Jones and
Tom had always carefully avoided each other
in the church; and it was, with no small
emotion, that they found themselves side by
side in the same pew. The faces of both
flushed, as both at first indistinctly drew
back, and then, as if actuated by the same
feelings, again advanced.

"He is ill," said Jones to himself.

"He is in trouble," thought Tom.

And they both took their allotted seats.

In the meantime, George and Fanny, who
had seldom met since the quarrel between

the families, were kneeling side by side,
now and then exchanging a few words and
smiles. The Bashams made every effort not
to look at each other, but their eyes found a
common object in the two children, and
sometimes met as if by some irresistible at-
traction; the young creatures were of a
neutral ground, a living link of a chain, in-
sensibly drawing them to each other. Every
joyous smile of George and Fanny was like
a sunbeam playing upon their hearts' ha-
tred, and melting it away. Vainly did
false shame and pride attempt to resist the
genial influence. Nature was stronger than
the strong.

And now each of them stole a glance at
his brother.

"What a care-worn look he has!" said
Tom to himself.

"How delicate he looks!" thought Geo-
ge, as these words passed through his mind,
instant through their minds, they stole a
glance at each other.

At this moment the curate began to deliv-
er his sermon, which, according to custom
of the good man, was short; but before leav-
ing the pulpit he pointed to George and
Fanny, as they stood holding the baskets of
loaves.

"You are aware," continued the curate,
"that one of my predecessors established, at
Sellack, this annual distribution, for which
he left a provision in his will. His intention
was, no doubt, to encourage you to live to-
gether in harmony, peace, and love; and it
is no less the will of the God of love, who
put this care for you into his heart, and there-
fore, my brethren, when these children go
round the church presenting to you their bas-
kets and repeating according to the direction
of the testator, 'Peace and good Neighbor-
hood,' therefore it is I would exhort each
one of you to examine his own heart, and
when each one puts forth his hand to take
his share of the common bread, to do so as
a pledge of mutual forgiveness."

With these words the curate quitted the
pulpit, and George and Fanny began the dis-
tribution.

After going the rounds to the members of
the chapter, they stopped at the bench occu-
pied by their parents, and, as they presented
the baskets, repeated in due course the
words—"Peace and good Neighborhood."

The brothers were evidently confused.

They looked up, and Tom saw the furrowed
brow of Jones, and Jones the pallid cheeks
of Tom; both were deeply affected.

"Peace and good Neighborhood," was ut-
tered in a half whisper, and their hands met
in the basket.

And now the ceremony over, the two fami-
lies left the church; the two brothers walk-
ed out together, though no word was ex-
changed till they reached the churchyard.

"Methinks we have both just now made a
promise to God," said Tom, "but without rais-
ing his eyes. And for my part, I desire no
better than to keep it."

"You cannot desire it more than I do,"
said Jones; "and if you do wish it, will you
prove it by letting the children dine together
at my house next Sunday?"

"With all my heart," said Tom.

"And what is to prevent your coming
with them, Tom, it can do you no harm, and
may do you some good, as by that time my
brother-in-law, the doctor, will be with us?"

That you find use for the hundred guineas
just left me as a legacy, and which I am
quite at a loss to put to advantage."

At these words Jones quickly raised his
head, and his eyes encountered the gaze of
his brother.

"Ah, the curate told you I was in want of
money?" exclaimed he.

"And told you I was in want of a doctor?"
replied Tom.

An exclamation of gratified surprise burst
from the lips of both, as they rushed into
each other's arms.

"Peace and good Neighborhood," mur-
mured a voice at their side: it was the cu-
rate, and shaking hands with them both, he
said, "are not Peace and good Neighbor-
hood happy words?"

POETRY IN A MILLIONAIRE.—The last item
in the will of John McDonough, lately de-
ceased in Louisiana, is as follows:

"And (I was near forgetting that) I have
still one small request to make, one little fa-
vor still to ask, and it shall be the last. It is,
that it may be permitted, annually, to the
children of the free schools, situate the near-
est to my place of interment, to plant and
water a few flowers around my grave. This
little act will have a double tendency; it
will open their young and susceptible hearts
to gratitude and love to their divine Creator,
for having raised up, as the humble instru-
ment of his bounty to them, a poor, frail
worm of earth like me, and teach them, at
the same time, what they are, whence they
came, and whither they must return."

THE WOOD-SUCKER.—"My dear Amelia,"
said a dandy, falling on his knees, before
his adorable, "I have long wished for this
opportunity, but hardly dare speak now, for
fear you will reject me; but I love you—
say, be mine! You would be everything
desirable—everything my heart could wish
—your smiles would shed—Here the
fellow came to a pause. "Your smiles
would shed" and again came to a stop for he
could not think of a word suitable to be ap-
plied.

"Never mind the wood-sucker!" exclaimed
Amelia's younger brother, who had slipped
into the room unperceived, at this moment,
"but go on with your counting."

Blitz in an Omnibus.

The Philadelphia City Item, a spirited, ra-
cily, and fun-loving paper, tells the following
good story of Signor-Blitz:

A night or two since Blitz, the renowned
magician and ventriloquist, took a seat in an
omnibus, containing seven or eight passen-
gers. The coach had only proceeded a couple
of squares, when the driver heard some
one exclaim:

"Hold up—hold up, I say!"
The horses were stopped, and Jehu looked
around smilingly for the passenger, but none
appeared. With an immodest exclamation,
he gathered up his reins and said "git up!"
Pretty soon some one cried out—
"Stop, driver, stop!"
The driver again stopped, and looked
down into the coach, inquired what was
wanted. The passengers eyed each other,
as much as to say, "I didn't speak."

Again the coach rolled on, only to be stop-
ped at the next corner by the heart-rending
squeaking of a poor, run-over pig. Instantly
each head was thrust out of the window
to behold the death struggles of the grunter,
but no grunter was to be seen. In another
minute some one exclaimed in a gruff voice;
"Keep off my toes!"

Every one looked around, but in vain, for
the man with the damaged toes. The pas-
sengers were completely bewildered. At
the next crossing, the coach stopped to take
in a lady. Hardly had she taken her seat
before she exclaimed—
"Let me be—keep your hands off me!"
The gentleman seated next to her, said
very innocently—
"I didn't touch you, madam!"
And the driver, looking down, shouted—
"Look-a-here, in there; if you're gen-
tlemen, I'd thank you not to take improper
liberties with the lady passengers. It won't
do."

The lady made an observation, as the
coach rolled on, but she was not understood.
They had scarcely gone a square further,
when the passengers were startled by the
cries of an infant. Instantly all eyes were
fixed upon a middle aged gentleman, who
had a carpet bag on his lap. The man blushed,
and stammered out barely intelligible—
"What the deuce is all this about?"
"Let me out!" screamed the lady.
"Murder!" shouted a boy on the steps,
while three or four tugged lustily at the strap.
"What is the matter in there?" inquired the
driver.

"Matter enough!" replied a gentleman,
"take my fare out of this quarter."
"Keep your hand out of my pocket," pro-
ceeded from some one.

"Did you address me, sir?" asked another.

"I didn't speak at all," gravely replied the
man with the quarter.

"Because, sir, no one shall, with impunity,
accuse—"

Again the baby was heard to cry.

"Shame!" said one.

"Who would have believed it?" remarked
another, while a third, (Blitz, of course),
shook the omnibus with a hoarse laugh.
Thinking he had fun enough, the ventrilo-
quist paid his fare and jumped out of the
omnibus. Scarcely had he reached the side-
walk, however, before the driver heard the
many seconds, but not a passenger could he
discern. Filled with wonder, he hurried on
his way. Blitz is a great fellow.

Census of the United States.

In 1790 the Union consisted of seventeen
States, with a population of 4,929,527, and
451,424 square miles of land, or 9 persons
to a square mile.

In 1800 there were twenty States with a
population of 5,305,040, and an area of 572,-
024 square miles, or 8 persons to a square
mile.

In 1810 there were twenty-four States, with
a population of 7,239,414, and an area of
782,544 square miles, or 10 persons to a
square mile.

In 1820 there were twenty-seven States, with
a population of 12,866,020, with an area
of 849,314 square miles, or 13 persons to a
square mile.

In 1830 there were twenty-nine States with
a population of 17,068,666, with an area of
1,107,344 square miles, or 14 persons to a
square mile.

We have now 31 States, containing a popu-
lation of 21,686,000, and an area of 1,914,
125 square miles, or 12 persons to the
square mile.

Hon. Levi Woodbury, one of the
Judges of the Supreme Court of the United
States, has been chosen a delegate to the
State Convention for the revision of the con-
stitution of New Hampshire.

"Dr. Parr," said a young student
once to the old linguist, "let's you and I
write a book." "Very well," replied the
doctor, "put in all that I know, and all that
you don't know, and we will make a big
one."

Whatever is good is worthy of pres-
ervation, is worthy of cultivation. The little
gem of truth you throw by the wayside will
not be lost—it shall not perish; not it will be
guarded and nurtured by angels, and shall
flourish forever!

Mr. Collamer, late Postmaster Gen-
eral, has been elected circuit Judge of the sec-
ond Judicial district of Vermont.

From the Albany Dutchman.

THE BRIEFLESS HARRISTER.
A BALLAD.
BY JOHN G. SAGE.

An Attorney was taking a turn,
In shabby habiliments dressed;
His coat it was shockingly worn,
And the rust had invested his vest.

His breeches had suffered a breach,
His linen and worsted were worse;
He had scarce a whole crown in his hat,
And not half a crown in his purse.

And thus as he wandered along,
A cheerless and comfortless elf,
He sought for relief in a song,
Or complainingly talked to himself:

"Unfortunate man that I am!
I've never a client but grief;
The case is, I've no case at all,
And in this, I've no case at all!"

"I've waited and waited in vain,
Expecting an 'opening' to find,
Where an honest young lawyer might gain
Some reward for the toil of his mind."

"'Tis not that I am wanting in law,
Or lack an intelligent face,
That others have cases to plead,
While I have to plead for a case."

"O how can a modest young man
E'er hope for the smallest progression—
The profession's already so full,
Of lawyers so full of profession!"

While thus he was strolling around,
His eye accidentally fell
On a very deep hole in ground,
And he sighed to himself, "It is well!"

To curb his emotions he sat
On the curbstone the space of a minute;
Then cried, "here's an opening at last!"
And in less than a puff was in it!

Next morning twelve citizens came,
(The coroner bade them attend),
To the end that it might be determined
How the man had determined his end!

THE PRINCE OF MAGICIANS.

It is related of Signor Blitz, that wishing
one day, while in Pennsylvania, to procure a
draft on New York, for a certain amount, he
stepped into one of the country banks in
this State, and made known his wishes to the
proper officer, who, by the way, was a stiff,
staid, old Quaker. Being informed that he
could be accommodated, he was asked—
"In whose name shall I draw the draft?"
"In my own, Signor Blitz," was the an-
swer.

"Art thou the wonderful man who 'is per-
forming all these mysterious things?" asked
the Quaker.

"The same," answered the Signor.

"And now, friend, will thee show me one
of thy tricks?" interrogated the Quaker.

"With pleasure," said the Signor, and
taking a quarter of a dollar from his pocket,
he handed it to the officer, and requested
him to mark it so that he would be able to
distinguish it. This the Quaker did.

"And now," said the Signor, taking a
glove from his pocket, and placing it over
the quarter, which he had laid upon the
counter, "are you sure the quarter is under
the glove?"

"Quite sure," answered the Quaker, gen-
tly lifting the glove, and beholding the quar-
ter snugly encoined under it.

"Sure, quite sure?" asked the Signor.

"Yes, friend, I see it with mine own eyes,"
answered the other.

"Lift the glove," said the Magician.

The Quaker did so, and to his consterna-
tion, the quarter was gone.

"Friend," said the Quaker, "wilt thou do
that once more?"

Again the Quaker placed the quarter in
the same position, and motioning the Signor
to stand back, the Quaker placed his eyes
down on a level with the counter, and then
making a sudden dive at the glove, he lifted
it, and—the quarter was gone.

"Jonathan," said the Quaker, drawing a
long breath, "place that money," referring
to the amount received from the draft, "a-
way in the safe, and lock it up, and put the
key in thy pocket."

"Well," said the Signor, who is always
fond of a joke, "now I will you a propo-
sition. If I can, standing where I am, draw
that money into my pocket, I may keep it;
if I cannot, I will surrender the draft, and
the money is yours."

"Go thy way, friend, thou shouldst not do
such things," said the Quaker, politely bow-
ing the Signor to the door.

Hon. Thomas Dorr, who was so vilely
persecuted by the algerine whigs of Rhode
Island, is now in very ill health at his fa-
ther's residence, and it is doubtful whether he
will long survive.

NOVEL ADVERTISING.—A dog covered with
advertising placards perambulates the Strand
and Fleet, London, with the utmost gravity
and decorum.

Mr. BARON is now out in search of the
Minister who always minds his own business.

From the Albany Dutchman.

MARRIAGE—An institution that enables us
to engraff ourselves upon new stems, and
thus transmit our names to the latest poster-
ity. While the name of Sourby, the bach-
lor, will expire with himself, the name of
Smith the marrying man, will flourish like
a green bay tree, till time throws away his
scythe, or breaks his hour-glass. Being the
author of an epic poem, is a good way to
render your name immortal; but being the
author of six healthy boys, is still better.

The young lady that wouldn't go into a
gun factory, because some of the rifles
hadn't their breeches on, is stopping at Tror.
She was awfully shocked on Wednesday.
It appears that she had been rolling a potato
under her feet, without reflecting that such
things had eyes. Burnt feathers were
promptly administered, but we regret to say
that her nervous system is so deranged, that
there are but small hopes entertained of her
recovery.

It is really amusing to see the generalship
that women display to keep themselves in
pocket money and nick-nacks. A hus-
band's inexpressibles are very frequently
transmuted into a pair of flower vases,
while his second best shirt goes into a cruci-
ble as rags, and comes forth a pair of pie
pans. Our friend Dubois says his wife will
make money enough from her last baby's
croup, to buy herself a silk frock and new
bonnet. Four times a day she would send
up to the shop for "finest soap right away,"
to buy paragonic with. So much for the
croup. When the measles are in the family
she contrives, he says, to get up a revenue
of sixpences that amount to some two dol-
lars per week.

Smith says that Donnelly would be a pat-
tern of a husband, if it was not for a falling
or two he's got. He always comes home
drunk, and when he's drunk, he always
pitches his wife out of the window, and
sends the tea table after her. With these
slight drawbacks, he says, he is "as good
a man to his family" as you could possibly
desire. This being the case, we hope Mrs.
Donnelly will bear his foibles, and bless the
Lord that he didn't send her a brute for a
husband, like some poor women have got.

The effect of commerce on politeness is
strikingly shown at Constantinople. A cen-
tury since, Turks used Englishmen for spit-
toons. They now attend horse-races togeth-
er, get drunk and sociable out of the
same punch-bowl.

LOUISIANA PORTER.—A late traveler
among the Ionian isles, says the first thing
he met at Athens, was a Greek girl selling
"Morrison's Pills." Had the pyramids
thrown scorn, he would not have been
more astonished.

The first three months of marriage is gen-
erally spent in finding out each other's bad
qualities—the next three in getting use to
them. Till you are wedded, therefore, a
half year, don't count on being happy. An-
gels frequently become devils in that time.

Father Maloney says the only way to
make punch, is to have the beverage (two
cups) and all the rest of the ingredients.
Should this be too strong, you must dilute it
he observes, by throwing in more whiskey.

Dobbs says that the man that keeps a fast
horse and a fighting-cock, is just as sure to
go to the devil as a brick house that is lock-
ed up in a law suit.

Beautiful people are generally mischievous.
While our office boy never talks to a person
without looking down the left leg of his
breeches, he is no sooner left alone, than he
is setting figgery four to throw the forman
into the coal bin.

If you would know how a bull would look
when his tail is twisted, just ask a man for
"that little bill he owes you" when he is
talking to a woman.

A late writer says that the skies of Italy
are bluer than any thing he ever saw, with
the exception of Miss Smith's eyes. Miss
Smith is the young woman he sits up with.

An exquisite who boards at the City Ho-
tel, says that oysters are so cold and damp,
that he dare not eat the "dem things" for
fear of catching "a dem catarrh."

To make people idle and poetic, we know
of nothing better than love. A young
friend of ours, who "has got it bad," has
done nothing for the last three months, but
sat in the garret, and wrote sonnets to his
Saville-street's eyebrow.

Mrs. Smithers says that Jenny Lind is a
blessed woman—all the larks being wings
to make her a perfect "syrup."

CHURCHES—Places where dressy women
go to learn the fashions.

A lad who had lately gone out to ser-
vice, having had called served up at dinner
every day for a week, ran away and when
he was asked why he left his place, replied,
"they made me eat grass!" the summer,
and I was afraid they'd make me eat grass
in the winter, and I would not stand that; so
I war off."

Alex. E. Brown, of Northampton coun-
ty, is spoken of by the whigs for U. States
Senator.