

John East

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

E. W. Weaver Proprietor.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

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THE WINTER OF THE HEART.
BY D. B. WILLIAMSON.

A wail of Winter, and a wail of woods—
A wail of the Summer's unseen soul!
A moan through the bare brown solitudes,
Like the ring of a broken bow!

Winds are sweeping, bright eyes weeping,
Heart leaves fall the Autumn frost—
Through the dim Halls. Memories are leap-
ing.
Seeking for joy's long since lost.

Whither, cry they, hath the fall sun flown
Whither the warmth of life—
Whither the burning Spirit's tone—
The Harp with music rife?

And a wail of winds, and a wail of bowers,
Sweep o'er the Heart's sad chords—
As a wail of bells for departing Hours,
Or a passing Spirit's words.

Where walks the Summer—where her glow?
Where the doves with verdure bowed!
Where the soft rain, the bal' bright blow—
The Iris upon the cloud!

gone—all gone—and the Wind Fiend shrieks
Rushing by, o' a cloud of leaves,
All night howling, till the morning breaks
And crimson the low sky-eyes.

When comes the Sun! cried a wretched soul
On a bare rock in Life's dread sea—
Where the help from these waves that roll
And threaten to cover me?

Ere 'twas born, a Star shone on that Main,
A Star of holy name,
And 'mid the wild sea rose an angel train,
To that Red Soul's rescue came.

Alone! alone! sighed the creaking heart
In Life's drear Autumn time—
Alone! alone! for I've seen that part,
Like flowers withered in their prime.

Not a joy remains, for sore and pale,
Lie the branches, the rose and leaf,
And I go down Life's cheerless vale
Along with the spectre Grief.

'Twere best to die, said a maiden pure
In her Love's dark winter day—
'Twere best to die, than thus endure
Life's fierce agony away.

And a mother bent o'er her dying child,
And wept as a mother will,
Nor more from that hour ever smiled,
For her grief though deep, was still.

This heart must break when its idol dies,
Said one by his wife's death-bed,
The sun is stricken from Life's dark skies,
And the soul of my joy is fled.

Thus in the wailing of winds and woods,
We hear through the winter day,
Wails from the bare bleak solitudes
Of hearts that are falling away.
PHILADELPHIA, 1850.

From the Dutchman.
Lectures on Various Subjects.
BY JACK BUNBY.

ON COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

There is a ninety ways of courtin a gal—
tenmost evry feller has got a way of his
own. The young gals that dun k no nothin
about the science of courtin dun kno nothin
what tu do. Afore he goes to see the gal,
he has to on all his best dry goods—gives
his boots a tick of grease—washes his hair
on't he makes it look as if he was in mourn-
ing for the loss of his occerpants which he
combed out that mornin—takes a switch in
his hand, and he's ready. Well, by the time
he gets to the dore of the gal's house, what
teele brains he's got is all in a snarl—he
looks as pale as ef he'd jst got over an at-
tack of the ager. In he goes, ennyhow,
and gits set down just as the old man, and
the old woman gits home arter a walk of
two hours. He dun kno what tu put his
feet nor what tu do with em, and his hands
keep a twitchin inter all manner of shapes.
Bimeby he blows his nose, wipes the sweat
off his face and then sez in a voice that
sounds something like bam, "good evenin".
Well, the gal sez the same, and then they
set for about an hour, and then he picks up
his hat and jumps up in a monstrous hurry,
and arter he sez "good evenin", he goes
away, and the gal sets that awhile tryin to
think which acted the most like a sheep,
she or him. She don't have no grait opin-
yon of him and he wonders of he'd like to
have a gal for a wife that dun kno how to
speak a word. But ef they ever do git mar-
rid it aint long afore he finds out that she
kint talk all her share and fur that matter,
his'n tu.

Well, now, that's one way of courtship
very much follered. That both on em aakt
as ef they wain't verri particularly desirous
of bein thought to kno a grait deal. But
that's bettir get than the way some ox em
goes in the business.

Them people in what they call high life,
aakt jst as ridiculous in my opinyon, in evry
respeck. The gal puts on about a half a

cord of petticoats and busels, and then
she's fixed out fur a walk with her bo. Ar-
ter she goes out she makes right strait fur
sum plase or another whar she kno's she'll
find him, hitches on tu his elbo or walks by
his side, and then off they go tu sum gar-
den or show, or sumthing of that descrip-
shun. Ef he aint got but a dollar it's ob-
liged to go for a bokay or a ise cream,
or he's afeerd she'll think he's meen. May-
be he wants that saim half a dollar tu buy a
westcoat or a pare of galluses, or tu put
with sum more tu buy a pare of shues, but
that's nuthin, all he knos when he comes
back is that he aint got anny munny left.
She luffs and giggles and looks mighty fool-
ish, and he aaks like a run mad rang-o-tang.
By and by the business gits on further—then
he calls at her hoves fur her ockasionally.
Arter they've prossided sum pleassant even-
in, tu see him run inter the plase whar she's
a sittin, with his face as red as a peeces of
burnin charcole, and drop down on the flore
arter he spreeds his hanketcheef tu keep the
dust from sillin his pantaloons, and tell her
that she mudd've seen fur a long time, the
objeck of his intensions tu hur was tu gane
possession of her hart and hand—that gane
like her'n aint hewmaz, but sorter supernat-
eral—that he couldn't think of livin' anoth-
er minit on the airth ef she refused to maik
him happy by consentin to jine with him,
and that bein as his daddy was kinder sub-
ject tu melancholy fits, he'd taik one himself
ef she wouldn't have him, and then he'd be
sartin tu cut his throte clean thru with his
very sharpest razer. Arter all that talk that
sounds when it's unneralized like nothin at
all, he heaves a sigh that shows he's blessed
with a mighty good pare of lungs, and grasp
at her hand tu kiss it all ovver. Then she
busts inter tears, jumps at him and grabs
him about the neck, sez "yes, I only lub
yu, deer, booy!" and she kisses him and
he returns the compliment, and then she
falls on tu the nicest plase on the sofy, a cry-
in all the time that she's holdin' her happy
and wants sumbody tu hold her, whar he
sticks a burnt funder under her nose tu bring
her tu. She cums round direchly, and then
they taik one anoth-er by the hand and
march, a blusm like the tail of a pea fowl
inter the next room, whar the old pees is a
settin. Both on em falls down at the old
people's feet and sez they've agreed tu git
married and hope their deer parents will give
their consent and a blessing. Then she old
folks sez they are both tu happy tu live en-
ny longir and want tu die right away becaze
they've seed their beloved darter jined tu
sich a respectable young man. They all
git to cryin and slappin one anoth-er on the
back, until they look and aakt like kandidis
for the Lewnatick Assylum.

That's another way of courtin a gal, and
the foolishheit I've heard on yit. Ef a fellar
gits acquainted with a young woman, and
thinks he could live with her without havin
a battle or tu evry day, let him taik and aakt
like a man—a man of sense and knowlege
—and not like a ovvigtrown monkey. All
the old fo do-er he sez tu her lowirs him in
her opinyon insted of raisin him, that is, ef
she's got enny knowlege herself. Ef they're
both ruther week in the garrt, why, then
pilin on the agery has sum effect in jinin em,
but while it's a doin of that it's makin em
a luffin stock for evrybody that knos enny-
thing. Ef good plase sense can't git her,
she aint worth havin no how yu kin fix it.

That's one thing I've got tu say agin a
heap of the gals, and I must say it, ef I was
goin tu die the very next minit—What
I've got tu say is this enny—enmost all the
gals are in tu grait a hurry to git married.
It's a fact plane as the nose on a pig's face.
They ketch up the fust fellar that cums a-
long and offers himself—haff on em dun kno
ennything about him; they dun kno wheth-
er he's kalkulated to make em happy or not.
Sometimes it all turns out rite enuff, but men-
ny times they find out that they'd bettir
have waited a leetle longer fur a husband or
look none at all, fur he proves to be a thun-
derin sight worse than none. I've heard of
men a goin round the country on purpus tu
marry evrybody that'll have em. They
don't ginitrally have a gal onless she's got
sum munny or something they kin sell. Ef
she gits a hold of one of these sort of men,
it aint long afore he'll scriap together what
leetle truck she's got, sell it, and then maik
off tu another plase tu marry anoth-er gal.
Now ef she'd a waited, she'd a soon found
out whar sort of a charackter he was, and
gin him his walkin ticket afore mi old cat
could scratch her eer. But she's dun marrid
then, and maybe she maiks up a haff duzen
that he's served in the saim way. Sometimes
they ketch these swindlers and put em in
the penitentiary tu work fur the stat, but
what help dux that giv tu the poor creatures
they've fooled so orfally?

In kovkshun, I say tu all yung people
what is thinkin about gittin married, look
sharp; fur a whull life time is a good while
tu be repentin fur what maybe was daid care
enmost no time: Ef yu don't taik care
yung'll say a heap of times arterwards that yu'd
ought tu looked afore yu leaved, as the nig-
ger told his son when he jumped off the
bluff inter the spin jaws of a big alligator,
whar was a lyn a waitin to see ef that was
enny chance of gittin a breakfast.

Philadelphya pays over thirty per
cent of the whole amount of taxes raised in
the State of Pensylvania.

"Mine Got! vill de Frenchmen
make next?" as the Dutchman said when he
saw the monkey.

From the Albany Dutchman.
Crumbs for All Kinds of Chickens.

Lord Carlisle, in his late addresses before
the Mechanics' institute of Leeds, says that
if one may judge from the taciturnity of
Americans, they must be the most melan-
choly people in the world. His lordship
seems to forget that taciturnity may spring
from reflection as well as unhappiness. As
a general thing, the less a man reads the
more loquacious he is. Put a dozen igno-
ramuses in a room, and they will wrangle all
night about the 'constitutionality of a saw
mill.' Put the same number of sensible
men in the same situation however, and it
will not be an hour before they will all be
so absorbed by Butler or Scott, that stand-
ing will be visible of them but their standing
collars. Is it with men as it is with drums,
the emptier they are, the more noise they
make. Americans are not more melanco-
ly than other people they are only more stu-
diously.

There is a girl in Schenectady with hair
so red that they won't admit her into a
powder mill, for fear she will "touch it off."

Tom Picton, in speaking of our fashion-
able clergy, says that they are Leonidas in
white chokers, who heroically catch the dys-
pepsia for three thousand dollars a year.

"Sonny, who lives in that yaller house?"
"Aunt Sally."
"And who is aunt Sally?"
"Uncle Ben's wife."
"And who is uncle Ben?"
"The man who cotched the big whale."
"And what may his name be?"
"Whose, the whale's?"
"No, yu booby—your uncle Ben's."
"Wait a minit, and I'll aakt the Bible."

Dobbs says that the best thing yu can do
with an ugly wife, is to serve her as yu do
bad money—pass her off on somebody else:

A young man at Niagara having been
crossed in love, walked out tu the precipice,
took off his cloths, gave one lingering look
at the gulf beneath him, and then pitched—
for home. His body was found the next
morning in bed.

A duel came off at Troy on Thursday,
between the bar-keeper of the brick kiln and
the door-keeper of the State dam. They
fought with pistols across a table. After ex-
changing four shots with effect, the difficulty
was adjusted. Neither of the pistols wer
loaded, which probably accounts for the small
effusion of blood.

A Distant Relation.
We saw yesterday a recommendation
written by an Irish friend of ours, in favor of
a gentleman who was an applicant for a
commission in the army. Among the other
things, he says, 'My friend, Mr. —, is
closely connected with the President, his
father having fought a duel with one of the
Polks.'

The above brings to our mind an incident
that occurred some time ago, at Cincinnati,
on board the steamer 'Buckeye,' just as she
was about to depart for New Orleans.
A tall countryman, carrying a pair of sad-
dle bags on his arm, and covered with per-
spiration, and who looked as though he
couldn't tell his head from a bunch of shin-
gles, rushed into the cabin, calling out at the
top of his voice:
'Whar is Col. McIntosh? Is Col. McIntosh
on this boat?'
No one answered.
'Well, then, whar is the Cap'n? I must
see Col. McIntosh.'

On being informed that the Captain was
on the hurricane deck, our inquiring friend
pressed through the crowd in that direction.
'Haul in the planks and shove her off,'
sounded in his ears, just as he reached the
deck.
'Stop her! Cap'n—stop her! I'm not going
to Orleans!'

'Run out the planks!—ashore with you
then—quick!' shouted Captain Hartshorn.
'I say Cap'n, I want to see Col. McIntosh.
I must see him.'

'I don't know him, sir,' quickly answered
the old sea-dog. 'We can't wait—go ashore
—haul in the planks. I say!'

'O, Cap'n—Cap'n, I must see the Kernal
he is a distant relation of mine, and I never
seed him in my life.'

Now Captain H was a warm-hearted man,
as everybody knows. The last appeal touch-
ed his feelings, and he kindly inquired:
'How near of kin are you to the gentle-
man whom you are seeking?'

'Why, Cap'n he is the father of my first
child.'

'Cast off that hawser, and let her go!
Thee's the last words we heard. And the
boat and the man that was in search of his
relatives, wended their way toward Orleans.
We have not yet heard that the man found
Col. McIntosh, or the place where he landed.

An Irishman's Theft.
In the American war, an Irishman, who
was reputed a faithful and brave soldier, and
much esteemed by the officers, obtained
leave one day to ramble out of the camp, and
as he passed by a farmer's house, a cock
and hen turkey were sitting on a fence.
The cock, agreeable to nature, gabbled at
him—Paddy caught them both, and brought
them to the camp without injury.
The owner followed him, and entered a
complaint against him.
'How,' said the President, 'is this Jemmy;
that you have stolen the man's turkeys?'

Jemmy denied stealing them, saying, 'My
captain well knows that I have been a good
friend tu my county, and could never bear
the name of turk; as I was passing by the
man's house, that red headed baist stepped
up and calls out tory, tory, and I would
not bear it at his hands, so I took and brought
him tu camp for trial.'

'Well,' says his captain, 'but you have
brought the hen, and she has done no crime.'
'Ah! but,' says he, 'she was the only wim-
e I had against him.'

The witty turn of Paddy so pleased the
court-martial, that they paid the owner for his
turkeys and gave them to Jemmy to take
and punish it his own way.

CHURCH GAMBLING.—One of the religious
papers tells a story in relation to church
gambling, which contains a lesson worthy of
repeating. A member of a church went to
his pastor and entreated his personal inter-
position with a favorite son, who had be-
come ruminously addicted to the vice of gam-
bling. The pastor consented, and seeking
the young man, found him in his chamber.
He commenced his lecture, but before he
had concluded, the young man laid his hand
upon his arm, and drew his attention to a
pile of splendid volumes that stood upon
the dressing table. "Well," replied the pastor,
inquiringly, "Well," replied the young
man those volumes were won by me at a
fair given in your church; they were my
first venture, and but for that lottery, under
the patronage of a Christian Church, I
should never have become a gambler." The
pastor had no answer.

Do you know that there are some
people who can never say a plain thing in a
plain way? They must mince and mouth,
and adopt the high-faluting style in evry
thing they do or speak. Of such was the old
noid whom OLLAFOR encountered on a canal
packet-boat. Did you ever see Niagara Falls?
said a lady-passenger to her. "No I never
met them, but I've heard them highly spoken
of!" "Aint that the ridge-road, whar that
stage is going?" asked another passenger of
the same benign maiden-lady, pointing to a
coach on an adjacent turnpike. "Oh, no; oh,
bless me, no; oh, that were the ridge road
which they had stricker, upon the hill, o'er
whar the driver had just riz as we came
past!"

It is thought that the census for this
year will make the population of Pennsylvania
2,325,000.

Why he Wore a Wig.
Not long since a thorough-bred Yankee
arrived at one of our hotels, and excited con-
siderable attention by his inquisitive man-
ners. Among the things which appeared to
him as out of the ordinary course, he ob-
served that a fine-looking young man of twenty
wore a wig. 'Why was it? How did he
lose his hair so young?' were questions
the Yankee would fain have heard answered.
At last his curiosity became so strong, that
he resolved to apply for information to the
young man himself.
'I say, neighbor,' he began, 'seems to me
that hair o' yourn aint nat'ral.'
'Sir?'

'That hair o' yourn—it's a wig, aint it?'
The young man gave the Yankee a terri-
ble look, but answered coolly—
'It's a wig. What of it?'

'Nothing—only—tun't o'fen w Yankees
lose our hair so young. Seen trouble?'

'Some.'
'That's what made your hair fall off?'

'Not exactly.'
'Once.'
'Of then that's what—'

'No, it aint.'
'Pshaw! What was it then! I can't
think of any other way o' losing yer hair.'
'There is another way,' said the young
man coolly.

'What?' asked the Yankee, with mouth
and eyes open.
'You have heard about the prisons down
south?'

'No!'

'Well, they shave the heads of the con-
victs, down there.'
'Jerusalem! you haint been to prison?'

THE COQUETTE.
Now, pray, sir, do be quiet,
I wonder what you mean;
Indeed, my glossy ringlets
Are shocking to be seen.
A kiss! well—did you ever
Hear of so bold a man?
I kinder think you'll get it,
That is, sir, if you can!
How dare—I vow he's going!
O, that will never do!
Come back, dear Charles—don't go away!
I'm not much vexed—are you?
There! there! you needn't eat me!
But pray, remember this:
If you must ask silly questions,
That sometimes No—means—yes!

Gen. Washington's Farm.
The farm of General Washington, at Mt.
Vernon, contained, 10,000 acres of land in
one body, equal to about 15 square miles.
It was divided into farms of convenient size,
at the distance of two, three and five miles
from his mansion house. He visited these
farms every day, in pleasant weather and
was constantly engaged in making experi-
ments for the improvement of agricultur.

some idea of the extent of his farming op-
erations may be formed of the following
facts: In 1787, he had 580 acres in grass;
sowed 600 bushels of oats; 700 acres with
wheat, and as much more in corn, barley,
potatoes, beans, peas, &c., and 150 with tur-
nips. His stock consisted of 140 horses; 112
cows; 236 working oxen, heifers and
steers, and 500 sheep. He constantly em-
ployed 250 hands, and kept 24 ploughs going
during the whole year, whar the earth and
the state of the weather would permit. In
1780, he slaughtered 150 hogs for the use
of his family, and provision for his negroes,
for whose comfort he had great reward.

What a miserable cynic of an old
bachelor it must have been who wrote the
ensuing description of marriage! He ought
to be ashamed of himself.—"Look at the
great mass of marriages that take place
over the whole world; what poor, contempt-
ible affairs they are! A few soft looks, a
walk, a dance, a squeeze of the hand, a
popping of the question, a purchasing of a
certain number of yards of white satin, a
ring a minister, a stage or two in a hired
carriage, a night in a country inn, and the
whole matter is over. For five or six weeks
two sheepish-looking persons are seen dan-
gling on each other's arms, looking at wat-
er-falls, or making morning calls, and guz-
zling wine and cakes, and every thing falls
into the most monotonous routine; the wife
sits on one side of the hearth, the husband
on the other, and little quarrels, little plea-
sures, little cares and little children gradu-
ally gather round them. This is what ninety-
nine out of one hundred find to be the deli-
ghts of matrimony."

A correspondent at Skunk's Manor
says that he has been 'treated like a dog,' and
he expects us to say how! So have we been
in our capacity, more times than you can
shake a stick. What dog was it that we
were treated like? Not like CANZA, not like
THESE, not like SYRAX. To lie on a warm
rug, to lick a lady's hand, to eat crackers,
to be led on tender line, to ride out in a car-
riage, to be patted by a gentle hand, to have
your part taken in all quarrels to pay noth-
ing for board, washing, light, fuel—'that's
being 'treated like a dog.' We should like
to be a dog at that rate.

'Why do you not admite my daugh-
ter?' said a proud mother to a gentleman.
'Because,' he replied, 'I am no judge of
paintings.' "But surely," replied the lady,
not in the least disconcerted by this rude
reflection. "You never saw an angel that was
not painted."

We know a man who is so mean that
he buttons his shirt collars with wafers. He
is a near relation to the old colger who looks
at his money through a magnifying glass.
By this means, he says a quarter looks as
good as a half dollar.

An Irishman, travelling in a street
that was paved, was accosted by a dog with
a threatening growl. The traveller attempt-
ed to pull up one of the paving stones to
throw at him but it was fast. "Arrah," said
Paddy, "what a country is this, whar stones
are tied and dogs let loose!"

It has often happened in military
movements, that soldiers with fevers and
inflamed wounds, have been exposed in wa-
gons to rains and severe cold; but in all ca-
ses recorded, I say seemed the better for the
exposure, and to the astonishment of the ar-
my surgeons, their fever patients cases all
recovered.

"Come here my dear, I want to ask
yu all about your sister. Now tell me true,
has she got a bean?" "No, it's the yellow
jaundice—the doctor says so."

"Old age is coming on me rapidly," as
the urchin said when he was stealing apples
from an old man's garden, and saw the own-
er coming cowfide in hand.

One of the most remarkable fact in
the diet of mankind, is the enormous con-
sumption of tea and coffee. Upwards of
800,000,000 pounds of these articles are an-
nually consumed by the inhabitants of the
world.

White gloves conceal black hands.

FOREIGN ITEMS.
An unknown picture by Raphael has just
been discovered at Cremona. It represents
the Virgin kneeling and adoring the infant
Savior. St. Joseph is in the background, in
one corner are the initials of Raphael, S. R.
V.

It is said in the *Messagiere* of Modena,
that the naked statues in the churches at
Rome are to be covered from motives of
modesty. Canova's Genius of Death in the
Museum to Pope Clement is to be thus
adorned, and the many little cherubs which
abound in various churches are no longer to
be left in a state of improper exposure. The
immodest pictures are also to be improved.

Count d'Orsay is, it is said, engaged on a
painting of some magnitude, which is like'y
to excite a sensation. The President of the
Republic, from old acquaintance, was dis-
posed to appoint him as ambassador to one
of the Courts of Italy, but the Minister for
Foreign Affairs remonstrated against the ap-
pointment, and the intention was abandon-
ed.

George Sand has met with a severe check
in the perusal of the authorities to allow a
play from her pen to be produced at the
Theatre St. Martin, entitled "Claudia." Ev-
erything had been prepared for it, and con-
siderable expense had been incurred, when
the Censor stepped in, and politely announ-
ced hi refusal of a license.

Lord Brougham's eye is now considered to
be quite safe by the most experienced of
London oculists. Lord Brougham has, dur-
ing his sojourn at his chateau near Cannes,
been engaged in some optical experimen-
ts, and his researches on the diffraction of light,
and he has no doubt that his sight was
injured by the length and continuity of re-
searches carried on in a dark apartment.
His lordship, in passing through Paris,
communicate an account of his experiments
to the National Institute, and is at present at
Brougham Hall.

Mr. Heald has very honorably discharged
all the outstanding claims of creditors for ar-
ticles supplied either to him or Lola Montes
during their residence together in Paris.
Mr. Lewis, his agent, has just left, after pay-
ing all the honest creditors in full, and
compelling others to strike off extortionate
demands. Lola has, it appears, made anoth-
er effort but a vain one, to bring back the
runaway. She continues to receive month-
ly her allowance of £500 a year from Mr.
Heald, but this is upon the express condition
that she shall not annoy him in any way,
and it has been intimated to her that if
the name of Mr. Heald should be mentioned
in her forthcoming memoirs, her allowance
will be stopped.

Lamarine went to England lately to sell
his new book, *The History of the Directory*,
to some publisher. He said he would put
his whole soul in it—*pointant d'actualite* it
would astonish Europe—and he would con-
tent himself with a poor five thousand
pounds as honorarium. The publisher de-
clined the offer. He is soon to print it in
Paris. Granier de Cassagnac, a noted news-
paper hack, is writing on the same subject
in opposition.

From the Pansylvanian.
Major Blake at the Opera.

An eccentric western man,—Major Billy
Blake,—is "stopping" at one of our big ho-
tels, and affords some excellent pastime to
his fellow lodgers. On Monday night, sev-
eral of them proposed a visit to the theatre,
—and the Major consented to be one of the
party. They conducted him to the Italian
opera and took possession of a box near the
stage. It was a new entertainment for
Major Billy. When the performance began,
his companions observed him stretching out
his neck, with seeming anxiety to catch the
sounds,—for he was not advised by his
friends that the language of the vocalists
was one to which his ear had not been ac-
customed. His look of puzzled disappoint-
ment showed that he had not succeeded in
making anything of the music. At last,
when the performer who does the base came
out and executed a solo,—the Major started
like one electrified and began to kindle up;
—he jumped to the front of the box, swore
several transpontine oaths, grinned feroci-
ously and shook his fist at the opera singer.
His companions forced him back to his seat
and enquired the cause of his excitement:
"Did'n't you hear what that fellow in the
green jacket sung out?" said the Major, frow-
ning with rage.—"He come over tu two or
three times—I see Major Blake—I see
Major Blake—old Billy Blake—the blighted
old sinner! Then that ar little woman run-
ned out and squall'd—What foteh him here?
—what foteh him here? Green jacket says
—tumble him out of the window,—right out
of the window! Fumble me out, eh? Let
me go, will you, I'm going to jump over
the fence and pitch into him!" The Ma-
jor's company tried to hold him back, and
began to explain that the music was Italian,
and meant something very different from
what the Major supposed,—but he was not
in a temper, to hear them. Breaking away
from his detainers, he began to clamber over
the balluster, with the design, as it seemed,
of reaching "green-jacket" on the stage,—
when some of the peace preservers of the
establishment laid hands on him—and, with
some difficulty, forced him from the premi-
se. The Major's friends followed him into
the street, and entering into explanations
with the officers, obtained his release.

White gloves conceal black hands.

White gloves conceal black hands.