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The following is an extract from an excellent humorous poem in the last num-ber of Graham's Malazine. The poem is too long for our columns, but we give the best part of it, and those who have a curi-osity for more must consult "Graham."

THE UNHAPPY LOT OF MR. KNOTT.

BY JAMES B. LOWELL. My worthy friend, A. Gordon Knott,
From business snug withdrawn,
Was much contented with a lot
Which would contain a Tachr cot
'Twixt twelve feet square of garden-plot,
And twelve feet more of lawn.

He had laid business of the shelt
To give his taste expansion,
And, since no man, retired with pelf,
The building mania can shun,
Knott, being middle-aged himself,
Resolved to build (unhappy elf!)
A medieval mansion.

A medieval mansion.

He called an architect in counsel;

"I want," said he, "a—you know what,

(You are a builder, I am Knott.)

A thing complete from chimney-pot

Down to the very grounsel;

Here's a half-acre of good land;

Just have it nicely mapped and planned

And make your workmen drive on;

Meadow there is, and unpland too,

And I should like a water-view,

D' you think you could contrive one?

(Perhaps the pump and trough would do,

If painted a judicious blue f)

The woodland I've attended to;"

(He meant three pines stuck up askew,

Two dead ones and a live one.)

"A pocket-full of rocks' twould take

To build a house of free-stone,

But then it is not hard to make

What now a-days is the stone;

What now a days is the ste What now a days is the stone;
The cunning painter in a trice
Your house's outside petrifies,
And people think it very gneiss

And people think it very guests.
Without inquiring deeper;
My money never shall be thrown
Away on such a deal of stone,
When stone of deal is cheaper."

And so the greenest of antiques
Was reared for Kao to dwell in:
The architect worked hard for weeks
In venting all his private peaks
Upon the roof whose crop of leaks
Had satisfied Fluellen;
Whatever any body had
Out of the common, good or bad,
Knott had it all worked well in
A donjon-keep, where-clothes might dry,
A porter's badge that was a sty,
A campanile slim and high,
Too small to hang a bell in;
All up and down and here and there,
With Lord knows whate of round and square
Stuck on at random every where,
It was a house to make one stare,
All camers and all gables;
Like dogs let loose upon a bear,
The emulous styles, staboyd with care,
The whole among them seemed to tear,
And all the oddities to spare
Were set upon the stables.

Enott now delighted with series

Knott was delighted with a pilo Approved by fashion's leaders; (Cnly he made the builder smile, ity asking, every little while, Why that was called the Twodoor style, Which certainly lad three doors?) Yet better for this luckless man if he had put a downright ban Upon the thing in limine; for, though to quit affairs his plan, Ere many days, poor Knott began that raf Perforce accepting urangament. Could matter ever 23fer pain?

What would take out a cuer; stain!
Who picked the pocket of Seth Crane,
Of Waldo precinc, State of Maine?
Was Sir John Franklin sought in vain?
Did primitive Christians ever train?
What was the tamily name of Cain?
Them spoons, were they by Betty ta'en?
Would earth-worm poultice cure a sprain?
Was Socrates so dreadful plain?
Was Uncle Ethan mad or sane,
And could his will in force remain?
If not, what counsel to retain?
Did Le Sage steal Gl. Blas from Spain?
Was Junius writ by Taomas Paine?
Where ducks discomforted by rain?
How did Britanna rule the main?
Was Jonas coming back again? And crannies without number,
Wherethrough, as you may well pres
The wind, like water through a flum
Came rushing in cestaic,
Leaving, in all three floors, no room
That was not a rheumatic; Was Jones coming back again?
Was vital-truth upon the wane?
Did ghosts to scare falks, drag a chaiu?
Who was our Huldah's chosen swain?
Did none have teeth pulled without payin',
Ere ether was invented?
Whether mankind would not agree,
If the universe were tanged in C.? That was not a rheumatic;

And, what with points and squares and round Grown shaky on their poises,
The house at nights was full of pounds,
Thumps, bumps, creaks, scratchings, rapstill—"Zounds!"
Cried Knott, "this goes beyond all bounds,
I de not deal in tongues and sounds,
Not have I let my house and grounds
To a family of Noyeses!"

though Knott's house was full of airs, He had but one—a daughter;
And, as he owned much stocks and shares
Many who wished to render theirs
Such vain, unsatisfying cares,
And needed wives to sew their tears,
In watering was careful ther: In matrimony sought her;
They vowed her gold they wanted not
Their faith would never the sound they wanted not Their faith would never faller,
They longed to tie this single Knott
In the Hymeneal halter;
Sodaily at the door they rang,
Carde for the belle delivering,
Or in the choir at her they say,
Achieves the choir at her they sang, eving such a rapturous twan set her nerves ashivering.

Just at this time the Public's eyes
Were keenly on the watch, a sur
Beginning clowly to arise
About those questions and toplies,
Those rape that may apped mysteri

And Knott, alussily nervous grown
By lying much awake alone,
And listening, sometimes to a moun,
And sometimes to a clatter,
Whene'er the wind at night would rou
The ginger-bead-work on his house,
Or when some tasty-tempered mouse,
Behind the plastering, made a tower
About a family matter,
Began to windes if his wile,
A paralytic half her life,
Which made it more surprising,
Might pot, to rule him from ker urn,
Have taken a peripatetic turn
For want of exorcising.

Knott knew that cocks and sprites were And so bought up, Heaven only knows How many, though he wanted crows To give ghosts cause, as I suppose, To think that day was breaking; Moreover, what he called his pack, He turned into a kind of atk For dogs, because a little bark is a good tonic in the dark, If one is given to waking; But things went on from bad to worse, His curs were nothing but a curse, And, what was still more shocking. Foul ghosts of living fowl made scoll And would not think of going off In spite of all his cocking.

Changhais, Bucks-counties, Dominiques,
Malays (that didn't lay for weeks),
Polanders, Bantams, Dorkings,
(Waiving the cost, no triffing ill,
Since each brought in his little bill.)
By day or night were rever still,
But every thought of reat would kill
With cacklings and with quorkings;
Henry the Eighth of wives got free
By a way he had of axing;
But poor Knott's Tudor henery
Was not so fortunate, and he
Still tound his trouble waxing;
As for the dogs, the rows they made,
And how they howled, snarled, barked as

And how they howled, snaried, barked to bayed,
Beyond all human knowledge is;
All night, as wide awake as gnats;
The terriers rumpused after rats,
Or, just fer practice, tadight their brats.
To worry cast-off, shoes and hats,
The bull-dogs settled private spats,
All chased imaginary cats
Or raved behind the fence's slate
At real ones, or, from their mats,
With friends, miles off, held pleasant chat
Or, like some folks in white oravats,
Contemptuous of sharps and flats,
Sat up and sang dogsologies.

Of course such doings, far and wide, With romor filled the country-side, And (as it is our nation's pride To think a Truth not verified Till with majorities allied.)
Parties sprung up, uffirmed, denied, And candidates with questions plied, Who, I ke the circus riders, tried At once both hobbles to bestride, And cach, with his opponent vied In being inexplicit.
Earnost inquirers multiplied:

Whether mankind would not agree, if the universe were toned in C.? What was it ailed Lucindy's knee? Whether folks eat folks in Feejee? Whether his name would end with T. If Saurn's rings were two or three, and what bump in Phrenology They truly represented?

And what bump in Phrenology
They truly represented?
These problems dark, wherein they gro
Wherewith man's reason vainly coped,
Now that the spirit world was oped,
In all humility they hoped
Would be resolved instanter;
Each of the miscellaneous rout
Brought his, or her, own little doubt,
And wished to pump the spirits out,
Through his, or her, own private spout,
Into his, or her, decaner.

A poor corset maker, out of work

me that I should be without

and starving, thus vented her miserable com-

bread ; I that have STAYED the stomachs of

At once both hobbles to bestride,
And each with his opponent vied
In being inexplicit.
Earnest inquirers multiplied;
Folke, whose tenth cousins lately died,
Wrote letters long, and Knott replied;
All who could either walk or ride,
Gathered to wonder or deride,
And paid the house a visit;
Horses were at his pine trees tied,
Mourners in every corner sighed,
Widows brought children there that cried,
Swaims of lean Seekers, eager-syed,
(People Knott never could abide,)
Into each hole and crampy pried
With strings of questions cut and dried
From the Devout Inquirer's Guide,
For the wise spirits to decide—
As, for example, is it
True that the demned are fried or boiled?
Was the Earth's axis greased or oiled?
Who cleaned the moon when it was soiled
How baldness might be cured or foiled?
How heal diseased potatoes?
Did spirits have the sense of smell?
Where spirits fond of Doctor Fell?
Where would departed spinisters dwell?
If Earth were solid or a stell?
Were spirits fond of Doctor Fell?
Did the bull foll Cock-Robin's knell what remedy would bugs expel?
If Paine's invention were a sell?
Did apritts by Webster's system spell?
Was it a sin to be a belle?
Did daricing sentence folks to hell?
If so, then where most torture fell—
On little toes or great toes?
If lie's true seat were in the brain?
Did Ensign mean to marry Jane?
By whom, in fact, was Morgan slain?
Could matter ever "Ziffer pain!" 'My dear madam, I am in a hurry; please tell me now many yards of cloth you wove in 1850. I want to get through and go on. Well, well, who'd a thought you'd been so snappish! Well, as I was sayin', Sali's child hit kept gittin wuss, and old Miss Stringer, she kept a givin it the yearb tea; till at last the child hit looked like it would die any how. And bout the time the child was at its wust, old Daddy Sykes, he cum was at its wast, old Daddy Sykes, ne cam-along, and he said if we'd git some night-shed berries, and stew them with a little cream and some hog's lard—now old Daddy Sykes is a mighty fine old man, and he gin the boys a heap of mighty good counsel bout that case—boys, says he, I'll tell you what you do! you go and Old lad, said we, do tell about your cloth, and let the sick child and Miss Strin-

ger, Daddy Sykes, the boys and the law suit go to grass. I'm in a hurry.'
'Gracious bless your dear soul! don't git

Stringer, on roots, and yearls, and sich like!
Well, she made a sor of a tea, as I was saying, and she gis it to Sally's baby, it got wuss—the poor creetur—and she gin it tea, and looked like, the mote she gin it tea,

and a moanin' and I knowed---'

'Never mind about the child-just tell me the value of the poultry you raised last

year.'
'Oh. well-yes; the chickens you mean. luck agin; for since old Simpson tuk case up to the Chancery court-'Never mind the case; let's hear about

tuk the old hens as well's the chickens. The night I was tellin 'bout, I heard somethin' s q u-a l-l, s-q-u-a-l-l, and says I, I'll bet that's old Speck, that nast voudacious owl's that's old Speck, that nast's oudacious owl's got; for I seen her go to roost with her othickens, up in the plum tree, fornenst the smoke house. So I went to whar old Miss Stringer was sleepin', a d says I Miss Stringer was sleepin', a d says I Miss Stringer on the stringer of the stringer is ne's you're born, that atinkin' owl's got old Speck out'n the plum tree! Well, old Miss Stringer she plum tree! Well, old Miss Stringer she

Widow Stokes and the Census Taker.

Our next encounter was with an old lady notorious in her neighborhood for her garulity and simple-mindedness. Having been warned of her propersity, and being somewhat hurried when we called upon her, we were disposed to get through business as soon as possible. Striding into the house, and drawing out our papers—'Taking the census, ma'am!' quoth we.

'Ah! well! yes! bless your soul, take a seat. Now de! Arelyou the gentleman that Mr. Fillmore has sent on to take the sensis? I wonder! well, how was Mr. Fillmore and famila when you seed him!'

We told her we had never seen the President; didn't know him from a 'side of sole leather;' we had been written to to take the census.

'Well, now, there agin! lover your soul! Well, 1'spose Mr. Fillmore wit yous letter, did he? No! Well there's mighty little here to take down—times is hard; but it looks like people can't get their jest rights in this country; and the law is all for the rich and

white—

"Mrs. Stokes! give me the value of your poultry, or say you will not! Do one thing

to take down—times is that, like people can't get their jest rights in this country; and the law is all for the rich and

country; and the law is all for the rich and none for the poor. Did you ever hear tell of that case my boys has got agin old Simpson! Looks like they will never git to the eend on it. The children will suffer, I'm mighty afeard. Did you ever hear him say what he's agwine to do in the boys' case agin Simpson; No! Well, 'squire, will you ax him the next time you see him, and write me word; and tell him what I say; I'm nothing but a poor widow, and my boys has got no larmin, and old Simpson tak 'em in. It's a mighty hard case, and the will oughtn't never to a been broke, but——'

Hors they came, roosters, hens, pullets,

been broke, but—'
Here we interposed and told the cld lady Here they came, roosters, hens, pullets Here we interposed and told the cld lady that our time was precious. After a good deal of trouble, we got through with a description of the members of her family, and the 'statistical table' as far as the article old lady seemed delighted, thus to exhibit her feathered 'stock,' and would occasiona-bly exclaim—'a nice passal, aint they a How many yards of cotten cloth did you Weave in 1850, ma'am? "Well, now!—less see! You know Sally what they were worth; no persuaiton could Higgins that used to live in the Smith settlement? poor thing, her daddy druv her off—poor gal, she couldn't help it. I dare say. Well, Sally she come to stay wi? me when she said herself, she had 'a mighty nice passive sall."

The late Mrs. Stephen Girard.

Well, Sally she come to stay wir me when she is the old man druv her away, and she was a selly powerful good hand to weave, and I did think she'd help me a power. Well, arter she'd bin here awhile, her baby hit took sick, and old Miss Stringer she undertook to help it; she's a powerful good hand, old Miss Without and aich like! A cotemporary, says the Ledger, calls A cotemporary, says the Ledger, calls public attention to the propriety of having the body of Mrs. Girard interred in the college grounds will those of her invokand, temarking, that the amains of Mrs. Franklin were cousigned to the same tomb in which rested those of Dr. Pranklin, and observing also that the sage councils of the wife may have contributed to the fortune of the founder of the "College for Orphans." The allusion to Mrs. Girard is every way unfortunate, and can meet with no responsive symate, and can meet with no responsive sym-pathy from those who admire the social character of her spate, to whose jealous temper she fell a member victim, in the heyday of his prosperity; cruel treatment it is alleged, having allerated her reason, and as a consequence of which she became an inmate of the infane department of the an inmate of the instance department of the Pennsylvania Hospital, in whose grounds she was buried, for the consideration of \$2000, paid that institution by her opulent husband. The books of the Hospital show that Mary Girard was admitted an insance patient on the 21st August, 1790, where she died on the 13th September, 1814. Mrs. Girard's maiden name was Lum. Seven months after her admission into the Hospital she gave birth to a daughter, who was beptised by the name of Mary, and this was the enly child of Girard, who died in its irfancy. The deranged mird of the wife was Gracious bless your cear soul: don't git agravated. I was jist a tellin' you how it come I didn't weave any cloth last year.

Oh, well, you didn't weave any cloth last year.

Oh, well, you didn't weave any cloth last year.

Oh, well go on to the next arrible.

It is certain that slander pursued her to her grave, and that this slander was larged to a jealeus husband, who

The fruits of the Protective system. Yes: you see the child begun to swell invariably traced to a jealeus husband, who and turn yaller, and hit kep a weilin' its eyes ha! married one only too beautiful.

Rise of Men of Eminence.

Mr. Disney, member of Congress from Why, I reckon you never in your born days tor Dickinson worked at a mechanical trade see a poor creetur have the luck that I did-and looks like we never shall have good Turney, U. S. Senator from Tennessee, and Ohio, was formerly a house painter; Sena-Turney, U. S. Senator from Tennessee, and Andrew Johnson, Representative fom the same State, were and are tailors; and there of honor, are full of instruction, and worthy of emulation by the youth of the present

> A talkative member of Parliament was reproaching one of his colleagues for not having opened his mouth during the

ger: Of strings of old Speck out'n the plum tree! Well, old Miss Stringer she turned over upon her side like, and rays she, what did you say, Miss Stokes? and says the same position? while all around her have been changing.

We began to get very tired, and signified the same to the old lady, and begged she would answer us directly, and without circumstants. The actual debt of Pennsylvania is would answer us directly, and without circumstants. The day of

Extreme Unction: Or the Horse Jockey's Spiritual Advisor

A noted horse jockey in Connecticut, who had, by his profound knowledge of Horse-ology, and various arts and sciences 'adja cent thereto,' accumulated a considerable property, was a great hypochondriac, and exaggerated every slight disorder that attack ed him, into a dangerous disease.—Some of his neigheors were uncharitable enough to assert that his conscience made him trem-ble at the slightest menace of deatq. It is certain that whenever he was laid upon his bed with sicknes, he began straightway to talk loudly of his approaching dissolution, and bored his friends and neighbors with querclous complaints.—Once when sick, an old confederate who had travelled with him and sided him in spoiling the Egyptians in every county of the State, called to see him. This friend comprehended the nature of his complaint at once, and requested the family to allow him to manage matters in his own way a day or two. He changed the tacttes which others had previously employed, and which others had previously employed, and, instead of prophesying in smooth things, he out-Heroded Herod in croaking over his out-ferouse Heron in croaking over his friend's maladies, and soon prouounced him a dying man. From time to time he dropped in, and so worked upon his feeling that

he brought the disease to a crisis.

He called upon him the second day about noon, and taking his sick friend's wrist beween his fingers, he shook his head mournfully, and with a tear in hls eye he murmur

ed,—'Poor fellow, it will soon be over.'
'This is hard, Sam,' said the sick professor of horseology, and he groated in bitteress of spirit.

'Hard enough,' said Sam: 'just as you've

go this nice farm paid for. Your boys'll raise the devil with it when you are goae.' Oh-oh !

'What's the matter?'

Oh, no! Sam, I've nothing to say-that is, I've got so much to say that it's no use to try.'

Sam !

'Can't you -can't you pray for me !' Well, It's something that ought to be done, and I think I'll try.' d I think I'll try.'
'Sam knelt down, and the sick one cov

ed his head with the blanket, and fairly writhed in agony of soul. Sam began, keeping one corcer of an eye upon the

down convulsively. Thou knowest, that he has been one of the greatest liars, (heightened color in the sick man's face,) and cheats, (fist doubled under the blanket,) and the d-est horse-jockey that ever trotted over thy footstool.

the reviving patient. 'You're a cus-ed sight worse than I ever could be!' and he leaped from the bed. 'You cheated me twice your self, you cussed hypocrite!, roared the furi-ous invadid, and he fairly turned his friend out of doors.

nd soon commenced sending his boys to of our family. Cheer up—waste no time school, and reforming his own manner of mourning for one who is unworthy of you.

the Union is committed, has eulogized the peculiarly m English system as the perfection of all so- ed, sweet wife, from giving words to my afcial government. "Where is the workshop fection, and disposed to write coldly, for the world—there is the heart of wealth of too powerfully affecting you. I commerce, and power. This is not the crude sentiment of Mr. Corwin, it is a canon of public faith with the party who now ternity of torture, if by so doing I could, segovern our country. For if they puff and cure your happiness. Again, I say, death pray, and become sanctimonious and lie. It for me, apart from considerations of you and is the Shibboleth of their worship, the corpus to their state craft, and the limit to their oapacity. Twice the Union was perilled by it before, and now again it disputes the predominance in the chaldren of cant and fa-fulfilled, and the Great Creator cannot missing the control of the control of the cannot be control of the control of t dominance in the chaldren of cant and fa-saticism, which menace a similar result. Let us have workshops; workshops in Illinois; workshops by the Columbia; workshops on the Blue Mountains; workshops on the Alleghanies; workshops by the Salt what cost, no matter how much to the detworkshops! Let us, in a word, be Angle Saxon-Anglo Saxon in language, in blood, furaces, in customs, in feelings, in heart, in furaces, in bellows-blowing, in spinning jennies! Grind! grind! Let the world go round, be the hinges of the engine oiled, and the cogs kept in limber order. In world go round, be the hinges of the engine oiled, and the cogs kept in limber order. In the bowels of the earth let manhood and worranhood in barbarous nudity be bound down to perpetual toil, perpetual ignorance, living will coace to be constant. down to perpetual toil, perpetual ignorance, and perpetual beastliness. Maim, distort, erippie dwarf the young and the old, sout and body; but make money—create for and power;" imitate England.—Democratic

Marriage is very often like a new -more pleasant for the mind to dwell on than for the parties to dwell in. What ap-pears at a distance as merely a relief to the pears at a distance as merely a renot to the landscape, too frequently turns out to be bar-ren wastes and uncultivated morasses. The eccentricity of the lover often becomes hatefulness in the husband, while the love of music in the mistress is discovered in the wife to be only a fondness for idleness, and a dislike of kitchen duties. Now as whata dislike of kitchen duties. Now as whatever disappoints our expectations increases to our hate, it would be wise for those who contemplate white vests and wedding rings to look well to the pertner that they are selecting for "the voyage of life." The young man that is "everything nice" in a cotillion, may be so, changed by the tea and sugar statisfies of house keeping as to become "quite another individual;" white the same young lady that is a perfect angel in a polka, may subside into the sulks the moment she gets the minister to the your hands together. It has often been said that dissentions be tween married people generally take their the same to be an affectionate and careful father. To you I have never uttered an untween married people generally take their rise from very inconsiderable circumstances; to which we will add, that the better bred to which we will add, that the better bred the parties are, the more extended will be the effect of their dissentions. The same impropriety that a pair of welgar people would settle with two smoothing-irons and a broomstick, will so estrange a gentleman and lady of refinement that nothing but a divorce can reconcile them, either to themselves or society. Mrs. Forrest lost her husband's af fections by calling him a liar,—an offence in Mrs. Mallony that her husband would have adjusted by throwing the table at her head. This toubyness of well bred people may This touhyness of well bred people may seem odd, but the difficulty is easily solved Persons of this character look upon the tie matrimonial with so much delicacy, that the Oh, such a pain shot through me! matrimonial with so much delicacy, that the smallest possible offence becomes magnified into a mountain, while trifles, light as air, is sufficient to embitter a whole life with dissentions and resontment. Again we repeat, sentions and resentment. Again we repeat, be careful in your selections. If you don't wish your wife to call you a liar, be mor particular in the selection of your mistress Remember, people never improve after marriage. The gitl that's insolent to her parents, will be very apt to give "sass" her husband.

The Suicide of one-eyed Thompson.

The following letter is published in the N. Y. Herald: Letter from Thompson to his Wife .- Wile

bed.

'Oh Lord, thy servant that's now lying sick on the bed, having burnt out the candle of life in the service of the devil, (groans from the blanket) is now desirous of throwing the snuff into his Maker's face, (sick one lytrouble, I could certainly average my onthe blanker) is now desirous of throwing the snuff into his Maker's face, (sick one peeps out.) He lies here a broken down nag, spavened, ring boned, and heavy, and right spaces that he has raised the hardest results from a land to the snuff into his Maker's face, (sick one peeps out.) He lies here a broken down all the complaints made to my prejudice, it could be the most easily defeated, for at the will forgive one whose folly has not been from a bad heart, but from an unbalanced transfer of the same and heavy. The same are the same in New York, I brain. Lord, was in Dr. Rice's store, as he recollects, an previous thereto, for an hour you end others know me to have been in Brooklyn. But, my Mary, I am sick of life, so much so that ind cheats, (fist doubled under the blanket,) at the d—est horse-jockey that ever trotted been thought of the control of the c made me capatice of intering and more than most men similarly circumstanced could have done. I know, dearest Molly, that you will suffer for a time by my loss. us invand, and he fairly turned his friend hat you will solde for a time by my lost only, sweet one, throng hy your affection for me, but upon you will devolve the care Cheer up-waste no time fortunes. Once away, and kind friends will protect you. Your repuation has never been Engl purer or better nature, as all who know you ming in November, to hasten to his One of the men to whom the destiny of ferings by supposing my last moments to be

> take the purposes of his mechanism.
>
> On my breast, nearest the heart that ha beat for you alone, place a look of your hair, with the one I preserved of my father's, gether with our children's, so that with my dust may assimilate a portion of the dust those whom I have loved so well.

> I should like to be buried in New Jersey in the burial ground of my uncle, but do not care—spend no means unnecessarily on my body—for remember that all places are alike indifferent to it. But I am getting fool-

living will cease to be -your dearest self included. Then spend no time in use ess repining; live for your children—and the children of such a mother will be a blessing to

From the Albany Dutchman world; but it is not so—I know and I fee that ultimately it will be to your advantage.

world; but it is not so—I know and I fee that ultimately it will be to your advantage Love is strength, and the power of kindness most efficient. With thrust for our I have fought the world, and been a loser, even when victorious. My judgment has been at fault, and my philosophy erroneous. It was the fault of my organization and education; your nature is fortunately different—it is mild and affectionate. You conciliate and make friends of all who approach you; and when the dragon is out of the way, friends will not fear to prove themselves as. the dragon is out of the way, friends will not fear to prove themselves so. The little of happiness that I have known.

s il into your minds a love of truth—that no matter how the world estimates me, you know me to be an affectionate and careful father. To you I have never uttered an untruth, and if you prove worthy of the care I have bestowed upon you, I have not lived in vain. Love one another. I never allowed you to tell tales of each otner, for it engenders hatred and ill will; when disposed to be ngly or quarrels-cme, let a remembrance of me recall you to yourself. The world will, for a time, persecute you on my account; but care not—endure it patiently; prove that you are honest and truthful, and all good men will sustain you; recollect that prove that you are honest and truthful, and all good men will sustain you; recollect that I know every departue from the virtuous and cornect to be attended with punishment—in some way it is sure—either by encouraging injurious habits, wrong thinking, or by bringing more than the sure way the sure way. injurious habits, wrong thinking, or by bringing upon you the condemnation of yous fellow beings; all this I have frequently explained to you; if you love me, prove that you have not forgotten it. With you and your mother is my last breath. Anxiety on your accounts is the only bitterness I feel. Good bye, my Richard, Billy, sweet Rebecca, and my brave little Josey. God-help and protect you! protect you !

protect you!

Sweet Wife—as I wrote, a passing whim made me speak of Jersey. I entreat you, as you love me, to heed it not—dispose of my body in the most economical way. You, the living, require all the little means you may passess—I realize. may possess—I, rothing. Sweet panner, good bye—fare you well. Think of me as little as possible; with the effort you can do it. Occupy your mind with other subjects.

[We omit a few lines containing a me-

morandum of a few sums amounting to less than a hundred dollars, due him mostly for pamphlets, &c. After mentioning the names of several Brooklyn friends, the letter contin-

Jerry Cantstakes was one evening retailing his day's experience to a cluster of delighted neighbors—among other things, out to the corn house, and I wan't minding, you see, and when I came out I locked the little critter in. Well, if you'll believe me, that little rogue eat up a ham of bacon that weighed thirty pounds, and a loaf of bread that had a peck of meal in it, and then

NATIONAL -A man residing in a New relation, received a message one cold eve entirely left him. The sick man presently turned his head, saying in a faint voi

crawled out through a knot hole.

Who is that .' He was informed that it was his relative who had been sent for. 'Oh!' said he, 'he must be cold. Make him a good warm toddy—yes, hot toddy.'

'I guess he ain't crazy,' said 'he visitor,
'he talks very rational.'

A certain traveller was recounting with an air of truth several incredible things when a cute Vermonter present, exclaimed, "Dew tell! But it ain't much arter all. Why, a suckenstance happin'd up there in our village, that takes it down all holler." "What was it. Seth?" asked one of the

"Our organ," replied Seth, with a face so sober that every one knew something rich was coming, "our organ, the organ of our meetin'ous, it imitated thunder so nateral one day, that it curdled all the milk for five

MR. Morse. M. C., from Louisiaua, Bayou Teche, where the only newspapers are printed on the skine of dead alligators, where whiskey is two cents a quarr, where the gospel don't shine but once in seven years, and where every man who can read and write is sent to Congress, to the Legis-My last act may appear selfish—to leave and write is sent to Congres you alone to fight your way through a rude lature, or to the Penitentiary.