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THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

W. Weaver Proprietor.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

Two Dollars per Annum.

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vertise by the year.

SOULS, NOT STATIONS.

Who shall judge a man from manner,
Who shall judge him by his dress?
Papers may be fit for princes,
Purses fit for something less.
Crumpled shirt and dirty jacket
May be, clothe the golden ore
Of the deepest thoughts and feelings—
Satin vests could do no more.

There are springs of crystal nectar
Ever welling out of stone;
There are purple buds and golden
Hidden, crushed, and overgrown.
God, who counts by souls, not dresses,
Loves and prospers you and me,
While he values through the highest
But as pebbles in the sea.

Man, upraised above his fellows,
Of forgets his fellows then—
Masters—rulers—lords—remember
That your meanness kinders men!
Man by labor, then by feeling,
Men by thought and men by fame,
Claiming equal right to sunshine
In a man's ennobled name.

There are foam-embroidered rinceps,
There are little weed-dial rills,
There are feeble, such high sayings,
There are cedars on the hills;
But God, who counts by souls not stations,
Loves and prospers you and me,
For to him all vain distinctions
Are as pebbles in the sea.

Toiling hands alone are builders
Of a nation's wealth and fame,
Titled laziness is pensioned,
Fed and fattened on the same;
By the sweat of others' foreheads,
Living only to rejoice,
While the poor man's outraged freedom
Vainly lifts up its voice.

But truth and justice are eternal,
Born with lovelessness and light,
And sunset's wrong shall never prosper,
While there is a sunny right;
And God whose world-wide voice is ringing
Boundless love to you and me,
Will sink oppression, with its titles,
As the pebbles in the sea.

EMMA, THE SAILOR GIRL.

BY MRS. WARD.

The following story is not merely "found-
ed" on fact—the chief incidents are literally
true, and the scene is from nature. The
real name of the heroine was Arnold, and
she was the daughter of a lieutenant in H.
Majesty's navy. His penurious habits drove
him from his post, and she, exchanging
clothes with a village play fellow, had her
self as cabin boy on board a vessel bound
for the Cape. An accident brought her
under the notice of a surgeon on board the
ship, and the events followed as I have re-
lated them in the tale.

Between the fishing village of L—
and the town of E—, there once stood
on the slope of a hill, facing the sea, a row
of dwellings, surrounded by neat gardens,
where those bright flowers through which
enlighten many a tenant, sheltered only
by the cliffs of our coast. The first of these
attracted the eye by its tasteful transforma-
tion from a common building to the pic-
turesque residence of a fragile looking lady,
who was seldom seen except when she
would step beyond the bowery porch, twined
with clematis and passion-flower, and shad-
ing her eyes from the glare of the ocean,
would gaze up the road watching for the
post-man.

Few knew her history, but it was under-
stood that against the consent of her father,
she had married a young and handsome
lieutenant in the navy; that, soon after her
marriage, her husband had gone to sea, and
that she had improved her post-cottage after
such a fashion as her taste dictated and her
 slender means permitted, and was now ex-
pecting his return.

Within a bay window of this dwelling a
breakfast table was laid, and at this sat the
lady, with a child of five years old beside
her. Both had been enjoying the fragrance
of the sunny garden, and the pale lady's
eyes brightened as she had looked on her
preparations of welcome. Her dress, as
well as her child's, was of the plainest fash-
ion, yet exquisitely neat. The little girl,
with her doll upon her knee, burst out into
a merry laugh from time to time, at the
gambols of a kitten, as it tried hard to over-
come the gravity of its sober mother, who
sat blinking her eyes in the sunny eastern
window, but lately gave no heed to her
daughter's repeated antics that she would
"only just look at Dot," she was scanning
the shipping list of a newspaper with ner-
vous haste and trepidation.

"Og Dower, H. M. Sigsbee 'Rainbow,' ar-
rived on the 4th inst from Jamaica; the ship
proceeds to the Downs, where a court mar-
tial will assemble for the trial of Lieutenant
Richard Temple, R. N., under arrest for
being drunk on duty."

Mrs. Temple sat paralyzed with the paper
in her hand; the child and the kitten con-
tinued their play, and when Margaret, the
only attendant on the cottage inmates, en-
tered the room to remove the breakfast
things, she found her mistress transfixed like
a statue in her chair. There was a sharp
tap at the porch door. It was a post-man
who had brought back a letter which he had
carried on by mistake.

The thoughtful Margaret sent the little
girl to the next cottage to tell Captain Wil-
mot, their kind neighbor, and an old naval
officer, that "mamma was in very great
trouble," and to entreat that he would come
to her forthwith.

"Under arrest!—disgraced, disgraced!—
my Richard, my husband! oh, my husband!"
Mrs. Temple was sitting on the floor as
she uttered these despairing words, with an
open letter in her hand; but there was not a
tear upon her clay pale face, though the
whitened lips were rigid with great agony.

"My friend, my friend!" she cried, as the
good old Captain of the navy raised her in
his arms from the ground, "my friend, my
only friend, I shall never hold up my head
again."

Truly, she had need of his friendship, and
as that poor, pale, afflicted creature cast her-
self in utter abandonment upon the old
sailor's breast, the tears poured down his
bronzed and honest face upon her shining
hair.

For three long weeks the miserable wife
of the drunkard, Richard Temple, waited in
all the agony of suspense the issue of the
court-martial sitting on board the "Rain-
bow." Evening after evening Captain Wil-
mot found her pacing her little drawing-room
her eye glazed and tearful, but with those
black circles round them, that marked how
restless had been her state by day and night.
Oh, the agony of suspense! how the dread
predominates over hope!

The fatal news came at last. The broken
hearted wife ceased to pace the floor, the
faithful servant and the weary child sat be-
side the bed-side of the sufferer, and Cap-
tain Wilmot awaited the arrival of Richard
Temple.

When the unhappy man knocked at the
porch door of his cottage home, it was
opened by Margaret, in deep mourning;
there had been some delay in communi-
cating with him, and ere he could be prepared
for the shock, he learned from Captain Wil-
mot that his wife's constitution had sunk un-
der the mind's affliction, and he sat down
beneath the roof she had adorned for his re-
ception, a widowed and a ruined man.

Seven years passed away. Captain Wil-
mot was lying in the church-yard near the
child's unfortunate mother. Margaret, com-
pelled to leave the service of the misguided
Richard Temple, had married a widow a
fisherman, with one son, and happy was the
wretched little girl when she could escape
from her miserable home to the fireside of her
former nurse.

Perhaps, had God spared the gentle wife
to the ruined Richard, he might have re-
covered in some measure, his position; but
God was merciful; and had spared the fra-
gile creature a burden too heavy for such
her to bear.

The cottage she had ornamented was soon
dismantled, the garden became a wilderness
of weeds; a vicious woman had ere long
taken Margaret's place, as house-keeper,
and poor Emma was sent to a day school at
L—. The few people who remembered
her mother, looked with mingled pity and
horror on the child's unwashed face, closely
clipped hair, and torn and soiled clothes, as
she wended her way, sometimes alone,
sometimes with a troop of children as ragged
and dirty as herself, between her deserted
home and the pretty school house in a
by-street of the great sea-port.

She had one friend in the world besides
Margaret; this was Margaret's step son, a
boy a little older than herself and when she
could not visit her former nurse, for her father,
in his drunken fits, would sometimes
keep her at home to sit the abandoned
woman he chose to place at his table—such
as it was—she would bound down to the
beach and forget her misery for awhile, as
she sailed her little ships in the pools under
the cliffs, or at times dared to venture out
in the red-sailed wherry with Edward's bluff
but good natured father.

The two children were very merry one
day; it was noon in a sultry summer's
month; and a troop of giddy creatures were
launching their tiny boats in a shady creek.
Edward had made a feast of apples,
and ship's biscuits, and had caught some fish,
which were broiling on a real fire; and they
were just about to enjoy their banquet when
a scream from Emma, and an upward glance
drew the attention of the little crew to the
cliff above.

For there stood Mr. Temple, Emma's
father. His ash cheeks, his livid lips, and
blood-shot eyes, gave him the appearance of
some frightful ogre; and, mute with terror
they gazed on the apparition which had
"broke up the meeting with most admired
disorder."

He sprang down from the busy height in-
to the midst of the group.

"Oh papa, papa, forgive me!" shrieked
his child, shrinking in an agony of dread
from an uplifted leather strap; I will go to
school directly, indeed I will, but Mrs. Jones
said her bill was not paid, and—"

A blow across the mouth silenced the lips,
from which the blood now poured; the
children flew apart like startled birds; but,
as the angry man raised the leather thong
again, Edward made a dart at it; Temple
stepped back to bestow, a heavier blow on
his opponent, but as he was preparing to
make a rush at the boy, Edward's father
turned the angle of the rock, and stood be-
fore them.

"Go home, Mr. Temple, for God's sake,
for the sake of the poor lady who is lying
under the green flag in the church-yard.—
You a man," continued David, as he saw
the state of the bruised and shivering Em-
ma; "you a man and strike that miserable child!"

Come home with me to Margaret; Edward
go on before us," said David, who knew his
son's disposition to well to trust him alone
with Temple. And the poor weeping child
looked back to her father hoping he might
utter one word, but he stood with frowning
brow, and made no sign. David carried her
home, and laid her in the old nurse's arms,
where she fell asleep, fanned by the soft
breeze that floated into the homely but
peaceful fisher's hut.

Some kind people suggested the magis-
trate's interference in the case, but then, who
was to take charge of the unfortunate child?
Even the most charitably disposed shrunk
from undertaking the care of one, whose
father might at any moment cast his shadow
in her path, and fight for his right upon his
victim.

All distinctions of position having been
as we have seen levelled between Edward
and Emma by the state of vice in which her
father had long lived, they sat down together
on the beach, and held a long consultation,
the result of which did not transpire for
some weeks after Emma's disappearance
from home; for next day a cry was raised
that Mr. Temple's ill used daughter was mis-
sing.

Some weeks after Emma's departure, Ed-
ward was questioned on the subject of it by
a magistrate, who had, with great difficulty
collected evidence to prove that the girl had
been seen, on a particular night, wending
her way, through a storm of wind and rain,
towards the beach.

The boy's statement, in the abstract was
as follows:—

That Emma and he had long and often
consulted together on the subject of her es-
cape from the sad thralldom she endured—
that he had given her his own clothes—that
he had a friend named Brent, a steward on
board a large merchant-ship, who had often
asked him how he should like to go to sea
with him—that Edward knew his father and
step-mother could ill spare his assistance in
fishing, and occasionally helping the pilots
at L—, and that he had told Brent that
he had a playmate who was friendless and
poor, and who would be thankful for a berth
on board the "Dartmouth"—that he had
brought his playmate to him, and that Brent
must not betray the boy—that Brent, who
was an honest, cautious man, had at first re-
fused to hear of "carrying off" a boy to sea
who was a runaway, but that afterwards he
had consented to see the child, and finally
decided on taking the little bruised and half-
starved wretch under his care.

"And by what name," asked the magis-
trate of Edward, when he had told this
strange tale, in all its details, "by what
name was the girl entered on the books of
the 'Dartmouth?'"

"We had forgotten about a name," replied
the boy ingeniously, till Brent asked her
what she was called; so then I put my arm
round her neck, and kissed her, and gave
her a little pinch, and said, 'Good bye,
Johnny Marvel,' and Johnny Marvel I sup-
pose she is now aboard the 'Dartmouth.'"

"Mother," said Edward to his father's
wife, when he loved most sincerely, and
who was sitting crying over her untailed cup
of tea, in a state of nervous excitement,
the result of the lad's suspicions before the
magistrate, "mother, don't cry; she is hap-
pier now than she was up yonder on the hill-
side."

"Ah!" sighed Margaret, "I shall never
see her again I know," and she fell into a
reverie sad and tearful.

She was right, she never did meet Emma
Temple again; but Edward did, and that
under circumstances so peculiar as to de-
mand a revelation as strange as it is true.

The limits of my pen will not permit me
to dwell on the career of this extraordinary
sailor girl.

Neither must I follow our little "cabin-
boy" through two or three voyages which
"he" made in the "Dartmouth," always
retaining the patronage and protection of the
kind-hearted Brent when called up as "a
grew older, to work 'before the mast.'"

For "Johnny Marvel" soon became the
pet of the crew. Active, merry, and in-
trepid, the captain was wot't to point out to
passengers as "the cleverest little chap in
the ship."

It was well that our heroine's chief de-
light had been in sailing with Margaret's
husband and step son in the wherry when-
ever she had opportunity. Many a stiff
breeze had the child encountered, many a
lecture had Margaret bestowed on the rough
kind-hearted fisherman, little thinking what
would be the result of such tutelage.

There was a heavy swell one day in the
great Atlantic just where the trade winds
cease. "Little Jack" was up in the tops,
and went upon the fore yards where he sat
swinging in mid air to his own delight and
the great terror of Brent. The sailors look-
ed up and shook their heads, but laughed at
the boy's bold bearing and reckless song—
"Jack" was now nearly fifteen, and though
not robust was no longer the wretched crea-
ture he had been when Brent introduced
him with some misgivings to the captain.
As the ship rolled in the trough of the sea
the young sailor dipped the yard arm
almost into the lead-colored water, rose again
with a shout, and played at this wild game
till the captain, in angry tones, ordered him
"down." The sudden command startled
him, and hurrying along the yard, his foot
caught in a rope, while at some distance
from the ground, and thus, losing balance,
he fell headlong on the deck.

He was taken up insensible and carried
down the nearest hatchway to a messmate's
hammock by his friend Brent; and a sur-
geon, happening, with his wife, to be a pas-
senger on board the ship then, bound for the
Cape of Good Hope, he was summoned.

That night a "whisper fell" among the
crew of the "Dartmouth" that the merry-
hearted sea boy was like to die; then a lady
the surgeon's wife, moved along the silent
deck, and passing the boundary of the pas-
sengers promenade, was guided down the
hatchway to the lower deck, and there
stretched on a hammock, a sickly lantern
shedding its rays on her dark crisped locks,
matted with blood from a wound in the head,
was stretched poor Emma Temple, with
Brent crying beside her.

The blue shirt collar was open, and a red
stream was trickling across the slender throat
of the girl bronzed by a breeze, and
strongly contrasted with the fairer propor-
tions of the swelling bust; the sleeve had
been ripped, and the rounded arm, with its
bloody bandage, looked strangely white
above the tanned and almost muscular palm.

She was removed as soon as possible to
the ladies' cabin, and gently tended; rest
and care turned the scale in her favor, and
then the sailors were told the wonderful
tale, that their favorite, "Johnny Marvel,"
was a girl!

After such a career, young as she was,
truth to tell, little fitted to play the part of
a lady; all that the kind and judicious wife
of the surgeon could do for Emma she did.—
She took her into her own establishment as
an attendant, but a summons to England
deranging the plans she had formed for her
protégée, under her own surveillance, our
heroine found a new home in the house of a
married officer of rank commanding a garri-
son of importance on the frontier of South
Africa.

Her journey to this garrison was under-
taken in one of the cumbersome conveyances
of the colony, but ere this reached its destina-
tion it met with a common casualty, it
broke down; and as there was a probability
of delay, our heroine resolved, with her
usual independence of spirit, to proceed on
foot; being guided to the top of a hill, she
looked down on the town, whither she was
destined, descended the rough slope, crossed
the bridge which spanned a turbid and
swollen river, and inquiring her way to the
residence of the commandant, proceeded to
the gateway of the building pointed out to
her.

A sentry paced up and down in front of
the entrance; she was about to ask which
would be her best mode of obtaining admit-
tance, when the tall striding interpreter her
with, "Pass on young woman, it is against
orders to speak on my post."

The voice was Edward's.

Yes, there stood her early companion, her
friend, in the uniform of the 91st Regiment,
and is not to be wondered at, that a recog-
nition took place in spite of rules and regu-
lations. At length Emma, at Edward's ear-
nest entreaties, and after a mutual promise
to meet again, passed through the gateway,
and presenting herself to her new mistress,
entered upon her employments, without,
however, alluding in any way to the singular
circumstances attending her arrival.

Edward's information was the first she
had received touching the scene of her early
career, for it so happened that she had never
revisited them from the time he had put her
under Brent's care on the deck of the "Dart-
mouth" four years before. He had put a sor-
rowful tale of himself to tell. His father had
been drowned off fishing, and it was not
long ere Margaret followed; he had been
induced, in what he at first thought an evil
hour to enlist, and said he to Emma, "what
I am going to tell will not cause you much
sorrow for your own sake. Your father did
not live long after you left; he put himself
into a dreadful fury when he found out
what I had to do in getting you out of his
clutches, and before my father and mother
died I had begun to think I had best get out
of his way, which you see I did at last, and
I am glad of it now, for here we are together
and I am sure this is the happiest day of my
life."

These two young adventurers upon the
uncertain sea of life, had been enjoying the
rest and peaceful recreation which the Sab-
bath always brought them in a colony where
the observance of the sacred duty, is deci-
dedly more attended to than in England, and
had extended their walk across the bridge
entrance of the town.

I have said before that all distinctions be-
tween these two young creatures had ceased
in their childhood, and Emma Temple, the
household servant, now looked on Edward
as a superior being to herself. He was but a
soldier, but he had been commended for
steady conduct and good principle, and truly
a moral might be read in the history of the
fisherman's son with his good name, and the
gentleman's daughter with the curse of the
drunkard upon her in her dependent, and
but for Edward, friendless condition.

And ere they parted they pledged their
troth. He was to try and obtain rank and
pay commensurate with the responsibilities
of a man who marries the woman he loves;
she was to relate her story to the kind lady
whom she served, and who, although aware
of a singular episode of Emma's life at sea,
had not the slightest idea of a lover in the
case.

In the course of a few months the young
man, who had long acquired the confidence
of his superior officers, was promoted to
the rank of sergeant; Emma had put by her

earnings, and with her mistress's assistance
had made up a tolerable sum wherewithal
to open another chapter of her eventful life.

The wedding-day was fixed, and a good
natured settler, who had become interested
in the romantic story of the lovers, came
forward with that considerate and liberal
hospitality which forms so agreeable a fea-
ture in the character of the South Africa col-
onist. He threw open his house for a festa
gathering, and summoned many friends to
share the pleasures of the bridal, and to
welcome the bride and bridegroom on the
threshold of their new life.

It was a glorious day outwardly, but the
fleecy clouds were coming up from the hori-
zon, and shaping themselves into dense and
swollen masses, which grew darker by de-
grees, and emitted, at sharp intervals fiery
tongues of lightning; but these evidences of
storm were far off, and in an opposite direc-
tion from the road which, on crossing a
stream, led to the town whence the bride-
groom was hourly expected.

The ground round the homestead pre-
sented the appearance of a gypsy camp,
with its wagons drawn up in shady pathways
and the smoke of fires, for it was of course
impossible to give house room by night to
such a throng of guests, a bivouac was es-
tablished on the good farmer's ground, and
the travelers' cattle were dispersed about the
bushes that festooned the hills in the back
ground of the snug settlement.

A bridal assemblage is always a cheerful
sight in a country where there is much la-
bor, certain difficulties and dangers to sur-
mount, and but little pastime. The present
occasion had brought many together who
came partly from pleasure, partly from curi-
osity, but all with hearty good will towards
the pair whose history had been the theme
of conversation in many a homestead, in
camp and in quarter.

Women in gay dresses, and fair-haired
English looking children were assembled in
the settler's garden, and turning their back
upon the angry clouds, looked anxiously
beyond the Koonap river up the hill. Even-
ing advanced, the thunder began to mutter
above the clouds, and descending rolled
along the mountain ridges, and kept up an
uneasy murmur in the ravines. A single
traveler on horseback wended his unnoticed
way down a bridle-road at the back of the
settler's dwelling, within which the clergy-
man, for he it was, found a table bravely
spread, but no guests. They were still in-
tently gazing into the distance beyond the
river, as some twenty minutes before, the
figure of another traveler on horseback had
appeared between a far hill top and the now
lucid sky.

The clergyman hung his horse's bridle on
an iron hook at the gate of the farm-yard,
in the rear of the house, and took his way to
the drift or ford where the guests had assem-
bled to bid the bridegroom tarry on his way.
There was a hoarse murmur of waters ris-
ing in the distance, where the cliffs over-
hung the swelling stream, and the bride
turned an anxious and searching look upon
the fanner, as after listening to the roar of
the mighty river, he exclaimed, "Now, God
help him! for so sure as he tries to cross
the drift this night, he must perish."

"But he hears our warning," cried Emma,
as she waved her hands to her lover. "See,
he laughs, and lifts his forage cap, and stops
his horse. And he is alone; ah! I know
how it is; he has been waiting for his com-
rade" if he had not done so, he would
have been here in the morning. Oh, Ed-
ward, Edward!" exclaimed the unhappy
girl in an agony, the depths of which could
not be understood by her auditors, "Oh, Ed-
ward, how could you put faith in him and
be a drunkard!?"

And her lover, now at the edge of the
drift, saw her distorted features, her clasped
hands, and resolved on trying to comfort her
in distress. Her surmise was too true, he
had put faith in a drunkard, and fluting that
if he waited any longer, there would not be
sufficient light for him to make the journey
before the time appointed for the marriage;
he had started alone on a horse borrowed
from a friend whose household cares did not
permit his joining the bridal party; and, ob-
serving the storm gathering along the hills,
had made such haste as the roads, strewn
with loose stones, and a horse taken off grass,
permitted.

The river lay between him and happiness.
—He could not distinguish a word uttered by
the group on the opposite side, for the wa-
ters roared and tumbled over the stones, and
the alder boughs swayed to and fro, as the
wind came whistling up the stream. Would
that the shriek which burst from the lips of
his betrothed, could have reached his ears
as his tired horse put its foot into the turbid
river, drew it back, snorted, and resisting
the blow of the sambok bestowed on its
smoking flanks by the impatient rider, less
wary of his danger than the sagacious beast
turned its face toward the stony hill, and
would have retraced its path, but for Ed-
ward's determination that it should ford the
drift.

After resisting the whip for several min-
utes, the horse, as though bent on revenging
itself on its master, plunged into the river,
rose gallantly at the stones over which the
restless element tumbled with the violence

Every soldier has a "comrade," each
being bound to assist each other in taking
charge of his effects when absent on duty
from the barracks, helping him in accounting
for parade, &c.

In South Africa, where the clergyman
has sometimes a ride of seventy miles, the
wedding often takes place at night.

Whig of sea cow's hide.

of a cascade, scattered the spray right and
left, and had just reached the last ledge of
the rocks, when its hoofs slipped under it,
and it was borne with its rider down the fo-
aming current.

For a few moments only the spectators on
the bank had a view of the young soldier's
face as he shook himself from his struggling
horse, spread out his arms in a vain attempt
to swim, sunk in the bubbling eddies, rose
again, and tossing helplessly in the surge,
was cast within a few feet of the bank. His
cap had fallen from his head, his brow was
knit with despair—one more desperate
plunge, but a flood of water that loosened
the largest rock, and carried it onward, lifted
the youth from the footing he had for an in-
stant gained, whirled him over and over,
and rapidly swept him down. They heard
his cry; they rushed along the brink of the
dangerous stream, swinging from bough to
bough when their feet failed them on the
chaly soil; they followed, though they
knew they could not help. Still that despair-
ing cry, mingling with the roar of the river,
and the whistling boughs of alders and long
tressed willows, and the crashing of falling
rocks. Still that cry—fainter—fainter—it
dies away; an unearthly scream!—the agonized
farewell of the drowning horse, rises
with shrill power above the tumult, the light-
ning scathes a noble tree, and the terrified
and sorrowful people come back to tell
that the hapless Edward had passed into the il-
luminable ocean of eternity!

As the interest of this extraordinary tale
rests chiefly on the events connected with
the career of the young soldier and the sail-
or girl, I have deemed it advisable to drop
the curtain on the scene of Edward's mel-
ancholy death. But there is a sequel to Em-
ma's history, which is as follows:

After the shock experienced at so fatal an
occurrence, she again obtained employment
in a respectable household, and, sometime
afterwards united herself to a sergeant of
dragoons, who, in a few weeks, was ordered
into the field against the Kafirs, and return-
ing badly wounded, subsequently obtained
his discharge, and a comfortable appoint-
ment under government.

A FLIRTATION.—The Manchester Demo-
crat relates the following incident, in which
one of our countrymen figured:

A young American gentleman (a Mr P—
who is visiting Paris with the "old folks")
went to a masked ball to see the elephant,
and to have some fun. His great desire was
to meet an angel of the fair sex. He first
looked all round, waiting to make a decision
the moment he should find a fine waist and
small feet.

These beauties he discovered in a domino
of small figure, who took his arm and began
to intrigue with him. The lady told him his
name, the city of the United States from
which he was, and after all these prelimina-
ries, she related to him many flirting excu-
sions which he had made last year at Saratoga
and Newport. All these things whis-
pered in good English, were very puzzling
to Mr P—; and, in order to find out who
was his fair companion, he invited her to
supper in a private cabinet. The lady first
refused; but after some time she consented,
and the couple started in a carriage for the
well known restaurant of Vachette, where
all the Americans take their meals. A cabi-
net was opened, the *petitsouper* was ordered;
and when they came to eat it, the lady was
obliged to take off her mask. Mr P. dis-
covered in her—whom? Guess it. You
give it up? She was his mother. The re-
vance was over, and he took the joke the
best way he could. Mrs P. is one of the
prettiest women in Paris; and no one when
looking at her—considering the freshness of
her complexion and the beauty of her char-
ms—would suppose that she had a son
twenty three years of age.

DANDY ALL OVER.—"Good gracious!" drawl
ed out Brummel of the first water, who
was breakfasting with some friends one
morning—"good gracious! I'm dreadfully
dressed, unspeakably fatigued, already,
absolutely exhausted. These mornings are
horrid things. Why can't we do without
mornings? Will you, my dear madam,"
continued he addressing a young lady who
sat next to him, "will you be so obliging as
to try and open that muffin for me, for, pos-
itively, I haven't strength; and in the mean-
time I'll make an effort to flirt with this bit
of toast."

DIDN'T MEAN THAT EVENING.—A cracked
brained man, who was slighted by the to-
matoes, very modestly asked a young lady,
"if she would let him spend the evening
with her?"

"No," she angrily replied, "that's what I
won't."

"Why," replied he, "you needn't be so fussy;
I didn't mean this evening, but some
stormy one when I can't go any where else."

If you would pass for a culprit, all that's
necessary is to look like one. Is the opin-
ion of most jurors, the man that hangs his
head deserveth hanging. "Carry up," there-
fore, Justice is an easily humbugged as girls.

A gentleman down east seeing his
pretty maid with his wife's bonnet on, kissed
her, supposing her to be the real owner.
He soon discovered his error through the
assistance of his wife.

"Iranston," Barnum's residence in Fair-
field, Ct., has been sold for a water cure es-
tablishment.

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

A POOR DEVIL.—The man who marries an
heirless. As long as a woman is dependent
on her husband for support, he is surely not
her wheedling, if not of her good sense.
Let her be able to pay her own way," how-
ever, and he is reduced to a non-entity—a
sort of tenant by sufferance, whose presence
in the house is needed rather to account for
the frequency of children, than to minister
to its comforts, or take part in its responsi-
bilities. There is but one creature more de-
serving of pity than such a husband, and
that's a good natured dog with four lengths
of stove-pipe tied to its tail.

A late writer, in speaking of Bostonians,
says, they divide their time between "mas-
sachusetts" and "rancy poultry;" and while they
look upon Emerson as far ahead of inspira-
tion, they look upon a thirty pound rooster as
far ahead of him.

Which is the most difficult to find, a cock-
eyed canary bird, or a wicked man that
laughs heartily? Vice is not only as sharp
as a steel trap, but almost as snappish. A
rogue may raise a smile, but a good hearty
laugh is as much beyond his reach as hap-
piness.

Before you pronounce on a man's virtue
you should ascertain what salary he gets.
Our divines are rather exemplary in their
conduct—but when you come to recollect
that their virtue is frequently rewarded at
the rate of three thousand a year, you will
perceive that what is now termed morality,
is only another name for selfishness and dis-
cretion. To tell whether a man is really
honest, let him carry a bod for 5 shilling a
day, with the thermometer at 90 in the
shade.

The passion for bare shoulders and short
frocks has so increased with our belles that
Dobbs says it's almost impossible to tell
when a young lady starts for a ball, whether
she is dressed or undressed.

Whether a man's pocket book is full or
empty, it should be closely buttoned under
his overcoat and jacket. While a purse la-
boring under a plethora will subject you to
the kind attentions of botes and borrowers,
one that has had the diarrhoea will secure
you too many attentions from your landlady
and washerwoman. The best way to com-
mand respect, is to throw about your resour-
ces as much mysterious uncertainty as possible.

A genius up town has just invented a ma-
chine for hatching out ideas. On a rest filled
with a rhyming dictionary, two spelling
books, and a copy of Tom Moore, he sits
an admirer of Willis. At the expiration of
three weeks a progeny of half sledged
thoughts are produced, which will pass for
poetry with nine girls out of ten.

Since belles are so anxious to wear some-
thing not worn by their rivals, isn't it singu-
lar that none of them have ever thought of
putting on a little modesty? We pause, &c.

"EXTRAVAGANCE."—Such tastes in
other people as we should like to indulge in
ourselves, if we only had the means. One
half of our condemnation is only another name
for an empty pocket book.

The less a man thinks the faster he writes.
Byron would sometimes labor a whole day
over a single line. The poet to Day & Mar-
tin's blacking will write you an epic ode
in fifteen minutes. People are like trees—
the more leaves they produce the less fruit.

The happiest day in a man's life, is the
day he first thinks of poetry and milk maids.
There is a pink tinge about that period of
existence, in comparison with which every
other portion of our pilgrimage seems dark,
prosy, and miscellaneous.

To brighten conversation, dip it in cham-
pagne.

Whether men are ugly when they are
drunk, depends a good deal on what they
imbibe. While low-priced brandy is invari-
ably given to bloated noses and throat-cutting
beer tastes to history, and botes you with
"the last war" and Coriolanus.

Comfort and christianity are more rarely
connected than most people imagine. Elder
Swan says in all his experience, he never
knew a man to be converted while he had
tight boots on. Divines will please notice.

Timon, in speaking of gossip, says they
ought to get a happy faculty of marrying every
body but themselves.

Dandies divide time, not into weeks and
months, but into shirts and dickies. A clean
linen day is one sacred to promenades and
pomatum—a dirty linen day, on the contrary
is devoted to Moore's Melodies and an attic
bed room.

Men are like boats, the lighter their draft
the easier they skim about among shallows.
The same philosopher that will sail through
a senate with flying colors, will no sooner
drift into a drawing room, than he will find
himself half aground on some barren or other
that a coxcomb will float over with all the
grace of a swallow.

FOLLY.—To think that you can make pork
out of pig iron, or that you can become a
shoemaker by just drinking sherry "cob-
blers."

THE GLASS OF FASHION.—A glass of cham-
pagne.