

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

W. Weaver Proprietor.

Truth and Right—God and Country.

Two Dollars per Annum.

VOLUME 3.

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, JULY 10, 1851.

NUMBER 24.

THE STAR OF THE NORTH
Is published every Thursday Morning, by
R. W. WEAVER.
OFFICE—Up stairs in the New Brick building
on the south side of Main street, third
square below Market.
TERMS—Two Dollars per annum, if paid
in advance; or one dollar and fifty cents
if paid quarterly; two dollars and fifty cents if
paid for a less period than six months; no dis-
count permitted until all arrears are paid.
Advertisements not exceeding one square,
will be inserted three times for one dollar,
and twenty-five cents for each additional inser-
tion. A liberal discount will be made to those who
advertise by the year.

THE LAND OF DREAMS.
BY W. G. BRYANT.
A mighty realm is the land of dreams,
With steps that hang in the twilight sky,
And wailing oceans and thrilling streams,
That gleam where the dusky valleys lie.

But over its shadowy borders flow
Sweet rays from the world of endless morn,
And the nearer mountains catch the glow
And flowers in the nearer fields are born.
The souls of the happy dead repair,
From their bowers of light that bordering
And walk in the fainter glory there, hand,
With the souls of the living, hand in hand
One calm sweet smile in that shadowy sphere
From eyes that open on earth no more,
One waking word from a voice once dead—
How they rise in the memory ever and o'er
Far off from those hills that shine with day
And fields that bloom with heavenly gales,
The land of dreams goes stretching away
To dimmer mountains and darker vales.
There lie the chambers of guilty delight,
There walk the spectres of guilty fear,
And soft low voices that float through the night
And whispering sin in that helpless ear.
Dear maid, in thy girlhood's opening flower,
Scarce weaned from the love of childish
play,
The tears on whose cheeks are but the show-
er
That freshens the early bloom of May!
Thine eyes are closed, over thy brow
Pass thoughtful shadows and joyous
gleams,
And I know that by the moving lips that
now
The spirit strays in the land of dreams
Light-hearted maiden, oh, heed thy feet!
Oh keep where that beam of Paradise
falls,
And only wander where thou mayest meet
The blessed one from thy shining wale.
So shall thou come from the land of dreams
With love and peace to this world of strife,
And the light that over that border streams,
Shall lie on the path of thy daily life.

MEN AND THINGS IN ENGLAND.
BY D. W. BARTLETT.
Earl of Carlisle and Lord Brougham.
There are so few really lovable charac-
ters among the English nobility, that when
I find one I feel that I ought to give a sketch
of it. The Earl of Carlisle is such a char-
acter, worthy of renown and all honor—
Such a man, whether he spring from a hovel
or of a palace, whether his name be plebeian
or enveloped with high-sounding titles, de-
serves to be held up for admiration. And
one thing I have remarked, where you find
such men, whatever their social position,
they are not proud. Believing in the dignity
of the soul and manhood, they cannot be
proud of mere titles, or ribbons and garters,
or feathers.

The Earl of Carlisle sits in the House
of Lords, and is well known as an advocate
of Liberalism. He was formerly, (and is bet-
ter known by the name of) Lord Morpeth,
until the death of his father, when he be-
came a peer of the realm through heredi-
tary right. He belongs to one of the noblest
families in the kingdom—that of the How-
ards, whose blood is perhaps considered the
purest in England. You remember how
Pope alludes to "all the blood of all the
Howards." He is also connected by mar-
riage with the houses of Rutland, Candor,
Durham, and Stafford. Among the aristoc-
racy no one stands higher than the Earl of
Carlisle, and at the same time he is univer-
sally popular with the middle and lower
classes. There is a general love for him
everywhere, on account of his mild and
philanthropic disposition. As a matter of
course, his advocacy of Liberalism makes
him popular with the people. He is a friend
of authors and artists, and in society shows
not a particle of that odious exclusiveness
which so many English aristocrats practice.
He is above no man of real goodness or ge-
nius, and in a hundred ways testifies his
love of humanity. In a public speech he
once spoke of Charles Dickens as "That
bright and genial nature, the master of our
sunniest smiles and our most unselfish tears,
whom as it is impossible to read without the
most ready and almost sympathetic it is im-
possible to know I at least have found it
so," without a drop of respect and a warmth
of affection which a singular union of rare
qualities alike command."

He has spoken in terms of praise of all
the noblest hearts in England, and his sym-
pathies are cast in no aristocratic mould.
For many years he sat in Parliament for
the West Riding, in England; but in 1841,
strangely, he was defeated, and the whole
nation mourned the defeat. A plenty of
of other places were open to him, but he re-
fused to be elected for any other place, and
made a tour to America. There he many

there became warm admirers of so simple
and unaffected a man, at the South as well
as North. In Washington circles he will
be long remembered.
On the death of Lord Wharfedale, a va-
cancy occurred in the West Riding, and
Lord Morpeth was returned without any op-
position from a single voter. Richard Cob-
den, the great champion of Free Trade, sits
in the House of Commons for the West Rid-
ing at present, and Lord Morpeth is in the
House of Lords, and has assumed the titles
of his late father. Through his whole po-
litical life he has been identified with the
Liberal party, gave in his adhesion early to
Cobden's Free Trade ideas, has been since
1846 a member of the Russell Ministry, and
is well known as an energetic friend of all
sanitary reforms. His philanthropy is un-
questionable, and he is very zealous in en-
deavoring to better the condition of the la-
boring population of Great Britain. He does
not hesitate to deliver lectures before com-
mon Mechanics' Institutes, and aids all edu-
cational schemes, schools, &c. He is a man
of talent, and a very eloquent speaker.
He can make himself acceptable to com-
mon men, and also to the best educated in
the country, for his best speeches are noted
for their classical purity.
At a great dinner given by the Mayor of
London, before the Great Exhibition build-
ing was built, in honor of the (then) pro-
posed project, the Earl of Carlisle, when
called on for a toast, gave "The Workingmen
of the United Kingdom," in connection with
the great Exhibition of the Industry
of the Nations, and made a most eloquent
speech in honor of the workmen of
Great Britain. I have often heard
radicals in London who detest the aristoc-
racy, root and branch, speak enthusiastically
in his praise as an exception to all the rest.
He is indeed an extraordinary man. It is
extraordinary in Europe to find a man born
to the highest titles, yet a simple-hearted
philanthropist. How such a man compares
with the great mass of the selfish and proud
British aristocracy, and how vividly his life
and conduct prove to us the duty of great
men, in rank, intellect, of wealth, to also
be good men!
The personal appearance of the Earl of
Carlisle is good. When the stranger looks
upon him, down from the Reporter's Gal-
lery in his seat in the gorgeous House of
Lords, he at once picks him out from the rest
of his peers as the noblest of all. He has a
fine, full forehead; full pleasant face, rich
lips, and a mild pair of eyes. His hair is
generally carelessly disposed, giving him
an artless look which is captivating. His
dress is generally rich, but at the same time
plain. It is vulgar in England to dress showily.
The passion for showy clothes which
possesses such a large proportion of our town
population, is never seen in good society
here. It would prove a man vulgar, unless
he had also consummate taste with his fond-
ness for dress.
When speaking, the Earl does not use
much gesticulation, but what he does is
graceful and natural.
Since his return from America, in two or
three lectures, he has given to the world
some of his opinions on America and
Americans, and they show his thorough lib-
erality. He is far more just towards repub-
licans and republicanism than Dickens, or
almost any English visitor. He speaks freely
of our voluntarism in religion; of Henry
Clay as eloquent and fascinating; of the
fiery yet noble-hearted John Quincy Adams
as truly an "old man eloquent;" of Con-
gress as rather disorderly at times; of the
Southern slaveholder as a man of winning
hospitality and generosity, but of slavery as
a sad evil which has plainly written its
effects upon land and people. Through the
whole of his remarks on America, there
runs a spirit of exceeding fairness, which
English travellers in America would do well
to imitate. As a whole, the Earl of Carlisle
is a man who reflects great honor upon him-
self and upon his class; a man who would
add reputation to any class to which he
might belong.
There is not a man in the House of Lords
for whom strangers enquire after with so
much eager interest as Lord Brougham—
His fame is as wide as the spread of civiliza-
tion, and the foreigner, as he takes his
seat in the Stranger's Gallery of the House
of Lords, is sure first to ask, "Is Lord
Brougham present?"
You are disappointed though, when he is
pointed out to you. What! that slender,
wriggling, sawing old man, the great
Brougham! Yes, verily. That man with a
face on which eyes, nose, eye-brows, lips
and cheeks seem all crowded together. That
man who cannot sit still five minutes to-
gether; who jumps up continually, is always
saying something, has a painful, nervous
twitching of the face; the man who im-
presses you with the idea of some harmless
lunatic. That is certainly the wreck of the
one great Brougham. For we believe that
none of his best friends contend that he now
possesses all the powers that he once pos-
sessed. Age has dimmed his faculties, and
some of his enemies believe that he is par-
tially insane. Perhaps so; but I guess not.
He is now an erratic man; incomprehensible,
but a great genius yet.
He is the wonder of the nation; though
the nation no longer loves him. However,
for his wonderful genius and his great ser-
vices rendered at a critical time to the country,
he will never be forgotten.
There was perhaps never a case in Eng-
land where a more common had the an-
nibilation for place like Brougham, and the
courage accompanying it.

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land where a more common had the an-
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[Hint: M. M.]

CALIFORNIA.
The *Washington Commonwealth* clips the
following items of interest from California
correspondence.
San Francisco is about half as large as St.
Louis, and nearly all are men, and a queer
place it is to be without ladies. The men
seem lost for want of company; if we had
a good many ladies here we could be much
better off; and spend our time more pleas-
antly; but we must put up with it hoping
for more pleasant times and company here-
after. The streets of this city are all laid
with plank, from side to side, as level as a
floor. We have no brick or stone pavements
like you have. Our streets are as clean as a
floor, we have no carriages or wagons to
travel on them: ours are small wagons and
light carts, drawn by mules; few horses,
and they are all small. There are very few
cows here, and they sell at the lowest price,
for a very small cow, one hundred dollars,
and milk at 75 cts. a gallon. We have a
great many stores and very fine goods in
them, of the very best kind for ladies wear,
such as Silks, Satins, Lawns, Gloves, Shoes,
Bonnets and none, or very few to buy. It
is said that they are lower than in N. York,
at wholesale; the finest Shawls I ever saw
are here, and every kind of fine things for
girls are here; the most beautiful too—pins,
rings, chains, and combs of Gold. I never
saw any so fine in any other place. Gold
combs sell at \$200 and upwards; one jew-
eler told me that he had sent a dozen such
combs to the States, bought of him for pres-
ent.
The markets are well supplied and about
double the St. Louis and Pittsburgh markets
—beef 12 to 18 cts., pork the same—fish
very plenty and fine, but high in proportion.
Water is carried on mules in kegs, at 10 cts.
a bucket! there are some wells, but people
are so busy to dig wells—wood is brought in,
in small trucks, two feet long, on the backs
of mules, at \$1 a load—coal is from \$12 to
\$18 a ton, very few make use of fires except
for cooking; the mornings and evenings
are quite cool, but are very fine. The hire
of girls is about \$70 a month; man about
double that as cooks—waiters not so high;
washing is now down to \$4 a dozen—cloth-
ing of all kinds is as low, or nearly so, as
in the States. Wages of carpenters \$7 to \$8
a day—laborers \$3 to \$5, owing to work-
money all gold and silver; no credit here—
interest on money from three to seven per
cent a month. The town now is about two
miles long by three-fourths broad and con-
tains some forty thousand inhabitants. The
buildings are generally frames—the best are
brick, and occupied by gamblers, who carry
on at a large scale—open day and night. There
are now more than five hundred sail
of vessels in the harbor—it is a busy place,
all go ahead—the town is situated on the
side of sand hills—no soil at all; there are
several little towns for buildings, which, with
some labor, might be made very fine.
OUR OWN CONSEQUENCE.
BY REV. ALBERT BARNES.
We think of our own consequence; our
talents; our attainments. We think what a
breach will be made when we die—of the
mourners who will gather around us with
broken hearts. We think of the solemn
sad procession that will go with us to the
tomb—forgetting how seldom it is that the
hearts of any considerable proportion in a
funeral procession are serious and solemn at
all, or care anything about the dead. We
look at our own affairs and press them for-
ward as if the world had no interest so great
that they may not be required to yield to
our convenience.
Now, how contrary all this is to truth and
reality, it is hardly necessary to attempt to
show. Few will care about it when we die;
and the world at large will care nothing, and
know nothing about it. A very little circle
of friends will be afflicted—as a little circle
of water is agitated when a drop of rain
falls into the ocean. At the centre of that
small circle of friends there will be some
deep emotion, and some tears of genuine
grief will be shed; at a very little distance,
the emotion will be fainter and feebler; at
a point but a little more remote there will be
none, and soon, very soon, all the agitation
there will have died away, as when the lit-
tle drops of rain fall into the ocean—
The gay will laugh,
When thus is gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will share
His favorite phantom. BYAST.
A few friends will go and bury us; and
then they will turn away to their own con-
cerns, forgetting that we are sleeping in the
grave. Affection will rear a stone and plant
a few flowers over a grave—but the hand
that reared the stone or planted the flowers
will soon be unable to cut the letters deeper
as they become obliterated, or to cultivate
the flowers—and in a brief period the little
hillock will be smoothed down, and the stone
will fall and neither friend nor stran-
ger will be concerned to ask which one of the
forgotten millions of the earth was buried
there. No "Old Mortality!" will cut
again those effaced words which told our
name, and the line of our birth and death.
Every vestige that we ever lived upon the
earth will have vanished away. All the lit-
tle memorials of our remembrance—the
lock of hair enclosed in gold, or the portrait
that hung in our dwelling, will cease to have
the slightest value to any living being, nor
will even momentary curiosity be excited to
know who we go that hair, or whose coun-
teance is delineated there.
On my grassy grave
The men of future times will careless tread,
And read my name upon the sculptured stone,
Nor will the sound familiar to their ears
Recall my vanished memory.

On my grassy grave
The men of future times will careless tread,
And read my name upon the sculptured stone,
Nor will the sound familiar to their ears
Recall my vanished memory.
[Hint: M. M.]

From the Cleveland Democrat.
DON'T RUN IN DEBT.
BY FRANCIS D. GLAZE.
Don't run in debt—never mind never mind,
If the old clothes are faded and torn;
Fix them up, make them do, it is better by
far,
Than to have the heart weary and worn.
What'll I have you more for the set of your
hat,
Or your ruff, or the tie of your shoe,
The shape of your vest, or your boots or
cravat,
If they know you're in debt for the new.
Don't run in debt—no canary's the go,
Wear blue if you have got the cash,
Or—no matter what—so let the world
know,
You're a man that runs on a dash.
There's the comfort, I tell you, in walking
the street
In fine clothes, if you know you're in debt,
And feel that perchance you some trades-
man may meet,
Who will sneer—"They're not paid for yet."
Good friends, let me beg you, don't run in
debt,
If the chairs and sofas are old—
They will fit your back better than any new
set.
Unless they are paid for in gold;
If the house is small, draw the closer to-
gether,
Keep it warm with a hearty good will;
A big one unpaid for, in all kinds of weath-
er,
Will send to your warm heart a chill.
Don't run in debt—now, dear girls, take a
hint;
(If the fashions have changed since last
season.)
Old Nature is out in the very same tint,
And Old Nature we think has some rea-
son.
Just say your friends, that you cannot af-
ford
To spend time to keep up with the fash-
ion;
That your purse is too tight and your honor
too bright
To be tamished with such silly passion.
Gents, don't run in debt—let your friends, if
they can
Have fine houses, feathers and flowers,
But unless they are paid for, be more of a
man.
Than envy their sunny hours.
If you have money to spare, I have nothing
to say;
Spend your dollars and dimes as you
please.
But mind you, the man that has his note
to pay
Is the man that is never at ease.
Kind husbands, don't run in debt as you do;
Fill up your wife's cup full of joy;
To know that a neighbor may call at your
door,
With a bill you won't settle to-morrow.
(But that, you may some of you doubt.)
I'll whisper a secret, now seeing 'tis you-
I have tried it and know all about it.
The chain of a debtor is heavy and cold,
He links all creation with rust,
Gilt it o'er as you will—it is never of gold,
Then spurn it aside with disgust.
The man who's in debt is too often a slave,
Though his heart may be honest and true;
Can he hold up his head, and look saucy
and brave?
When a note he can't pay becomes due?
"OUT WEST."—They have a little town
"out west," which appears to have been
overlooked by Dickens and other English
travellers, and which is "all sorts" of a sit-
ing place. In one day they recently had
two street fights, hagg a man, rode three
men out of town on a rail, got up a quarter
race, a turkey shooting, a gander pulling,
a match dog fight, had preaching by a circuit
rider, who afterwards ran a foot-race for ap-
ple-jack all around, and as if this was not
enough, the judge of the court, after losing
his year's salary at single-handed poker and
whipping a person who said he didn't under-
stand the game, went out and helped to
lynch his grand-father for hog-stealing.

OBVIOUS ORDERS.—(Will you keep an eye
on my horse, my son, while I step in and
get a drink?)
"Yes, Sir."
[Stranger goes in, gets his drink, comes
out and finds his horse missing.]
"Where's my horse, boy?"
"He's run away, Sir."
"Didn't I tell you to take care of him, you
young scamp?"
"No, Sir, you told me to keep my eye on
him, and I did it! he got clear out o' sight!"

WASHINGTON LETTER.—We have heard it
stated on the authority of the interested par-
ties, that Sir Walter Scott, anxious to secure
the brilliant pen of Washington Irving, offer-
ed him the editorship of a new Edinburgh
newspaper, at a salary of £500 a year. The
offer was declined, but the reason for declin-
ing it was peculiar.—Mr. Irving stated that
he could not write *impromptu*. He had his
moments of inspiration, and he was obliged
to wait for them.—*Wheeler & Smith's European
Times.*

A talking match lately "came off" at
New Orleans for five dollars a side. It con-
sisted according to the Advertiser, for thir-
teen hours, the rivals being a Frenchman
and a Kentuckian. The bystanders and jud-
ges were talked to sleep, and when they wa-
ked up in the morning, they found the
Frenchman dead, and the Kentuckian whis-
pering in his ear.

Among the prominent benevolent ob-
jects of the day, we perceive the call for the
formation of a society for the amelioration
of the condition of Women with *staring
husbands*!

CURIOSITY.—Looking over other people's
affairs and overlooking our own.

Commerce of New York.
The business of the Port of New York
continues to increase beyond all precedent,
and some are seriously alarmed as each
month's returns swell the aggregate expan-
sion. There is less cause to fear, however,
in this flow of prosperity when we consider
that nearly all branches of business have re-
ceived a corresponding impulse. The bu-
siness has not been confined to real estate or
stocks alone; the imports of merchandise,
about which many are so fearful, have not
increased in proportion to the exports; and
the expansion of the currency has been, not
for speculative purposes, but to meet the
wants of increased regular business, and has
been based on a large increase of specie
capital. The increased imports, either for
the long month, or the quarter ending 1st
of April, are not made up, as many seem to
suppose, chiefly of dry goods, the increase
of other merchandise being full as large in
proportion.
The shipments for the last month of do-
mestic produce show an increase of more
than 30 per cent. over the same period of
last year. The exports for the quarter are
also larger in the same particular than for
any previous year if we except the year of
"famine" abroad.
The exports of specie have been large,
but bear no comparison with the actual re-
ceipts. In the latter item our entries at the
Custom-house are seriously at fault, as the
larger portion of the California gold dust is
brought in the hands of passengers. This
statement was at first received with incredul-
ity, and the large capitals displayed in the
newspaper extras on the arrival of each
steamer from the Isthmus, were looked upon
by the more cautious as mere traps to en-
courage emigration. But the returns from
the Mint not only confirm these reports, but
actually go beyond them; the deposits for
the quarter being double the nominal reports.
Thus we have in our nominal imports
from California but \$5,530,510, while the ac-
tual receipts at the Mint, acknowledged from
that source, amount to \$10,431,000. Consid-
erable amounts in gold dust have also been
included in our exports, so that the quarter's
receipts from California at this port alone
are upwards of ten and a half millions.—
Hunt's Mer. Mag.

I saw Him do It—Worth Reading.
I saw a laborer weary with his work.
I saw him stoop and take a stone, that lay
in the pathway of passing wheels, and cast it
out of the road. This sight did me good.
This stone might be struck by a passing
wheel to the discomfort perhaps of the trav-
eller, and possibly the injury of the vehicle.
It was kind in the man to remove it.
"What a trifle for a newspaper paragraph!"
says a captious one. Not so, my friend, the
act was small, but the motive noble—that
act was small, but the principle on which it
is based, is of unspeakable value to the hu-
man race.
I love to trace things, especially such
things, to their fountain. That man had
emotion in his soul when he stooped to pick
up that stone. He felt right. It was kind
in him. I have a right to think that act was
but one of the links of a chain—and never
was a chain made of better material—love
for the welfare of others. Such a chain is
all gold. The man had just done such things
before, I could not doubt. He would do
such things again. It cost him nothing to do
this, for there was a pelting storm of sleet,
and he carried an umbrella; and he must
pause in his rapid walk to do it. Well done,
my humble friend, if every other man would
stop and pick out of the path of his fellow
travellers through life the things that vex and
annoy them, how many sunny faces there
would be in place of scowling ones! Drops
make a shower; give enough of them.
Such acts as this man's—give us enough of
them—and how great a shower of blessings!
How much misery would be prevented!
I shall not stop here. The man that will
do such things, will do greater things. That
will show what the fountain is. He has a
kind heart. He will remove larger stones
than that from the path of human life.
Give me that man for my adversary. He
who has honored the small draft will honor
the greater. His good will not be exhausted
by that effort.
It was a trifle, was it? Please then think,
my friend, it can be but a trifle for you to
do such a thing. Do every such sort of thing
—anything that will remove obstructions
out of the path of human happiness. Give
your neighbor a jog to do too. Perhaps he
will pass the jog along, and we shall joggle
some of the selfishness out of the human
heart.
Why is the life of an editor like the
Book of Revelations. Because it is full of
types and shadows; and a mighty voice
like the sound of many waters ever saying
to him, Write!

An English jury, in a criminal case, is
said to have brought in the following ver-
dict:—"Gilty, with some little doubts as to
whether he is the man."

The narrowest escape we ever heard of
was that of the chap who crept through a
knot hole, when his wife was chasing him
with a broomstick.
A young man, who recently took a wife,
says he did not find it half as hard to get
married, as he did to buy the furniture.

THE DEACON'S CONUNDRUM.—Which is
the quickest—heat or cold? Heat, because
you can catch a cold.

From the Albany Dutchman.
Crumbs for all Kinds of Chickens.
Sit—Anything that is wrong and unprof-
itable. As long as our railroads made money
by running cars on the Sabbath, they dis-
gusted sin under the plea of necessity. The
moment it ceased to pay however, they
were so shocked by the profanation, that they
they not only locked up their coal bins, but
they even went so far as to forbid their loco-
motives to whistle. Whether men serve
God or the Devil, depends altogether on the
wages which they give.
To bring about a loosening of words, we
know of no better laxative than the weath-
er. Strike this topic out of conversation, and
the mind becomes as positive as a lunatic.
"It looks like rain," has floated many a man
into a happy marriage—while a casual re-
mark on "yesterday's wind," has often proved
the first zephyr in the breeze of success.
What is Fashion?
Dinners at midnight and head aches in the
morning.
What is Wit?
That peculiar kind of talk that leads to pul-
lled noses and broken heads.
What is Idleness?
Working yaller mountains on a pink sub-
soil—or a blue tailed dog in sky colored
convulsions.
What is Joy?
To count your money and find it over and
a hundred dollars.
What is Conscience?
Something that guilty men feel every
time it thunders.
What is Knowledge?
To be away from home when people come
to borrow books or umbrellas.
What is Contentment?
To sit in the house and see other people
stuck in the mud? In other words, to be a
little better off than our neighbors.
What is Justice?
The opinion of twelve drunken jurymen.
What is Ambition?
A desire to become possessed of a yellow-
pine leg and a half-soled eyebrow.
The Fair Reversed.—The bells of Troy
formerly measured eighteen inches around
the waist. By giving the bed-reacher an-
other ten, last week, she has got it down to a
little over a foot.
"First John the Baptist, stand up. Who was
John the Baptist?"
"John the Baptist was one of the Acts of
the Apostles, what I read an eunuch, and
went forth into the wilderness to lie down on
the pillar of salt."
"Go to your seat, you booby, and see how
much an apple will come to a cent a piece."
The more private the consolation, the
more effective. Miss Flighly, who married
Ballion, the octogenarian, says she quite for-
gets her misery in the carress of a sym-
patizing companion, who presses her palpit-
ating bosom against the fourth button of his
canary colored vest. Quite likly.
Dobb's says one of the heaviest thing to
lie on the human mind, is a late supper of
cold potatoes. In his opinion, a murder
don't begin with it.
Country cousins are a good deal like fits
of the goat—tho' often they visit you, the
longer they stay. To get rid of either, you
must resort to this diet.
"Poppy, the corn's up?"
"The corn up? Why I only planted it
yesterday!"
"I know that—but the hogs got in 'last
night, and give it a lit you hadn't counted
on."
Scene closes with grand tableaux—in the
midst of which Poppy seizes a poker and
rushes out.
CRUELTY.—The connecting link between
quakery and success. To Dr. Bramdretth,
faith is almost as necessary as it is to reli-
gion. To make people swallow things,
there has nothing yet been discovered whose
efficacy can approach it.
Whether a country beauty passes for a city
belle, depends altogether on how well she
hides her modesty.
CRIME.—In Hindostan, to touch a priest; in
New York, to sell fresh fish after nine o'clock
on Sunday morning.
HAPPINESS.—With men, a little more money,
with women, a little more dress; with
sailors, a little more rum.
FORTUNATE.—A young lady so troubled
with ophthalmia, that she very frequently
mistakes a fool for a philosopher.
To cure flatulence, study Tom Hood.—To
bring it on again, spend an evening with an
expensive.
An actress crossed in love, only knows of
two sources of consolation—religion and the
footman. She commonly takes the latter.
Wealthy papa's will please nobody.
Always speak the truth. By doing this,
your chance of a broken head and an early
martyrdom are increased wonderfully.
LOST.—A pocket book belonging to a poor
woman with a steel clasp. The finder will
please send it in.
Scolding is the pepper of matrimony—
the ladies are the pepper boxes!

From the Albany Dutchman.
Crumbs for all Kinds of Chickens.
Sit—Anything that is wrong and unprof-
itable. As long as our railroads made money
by running cars on the Sabbath, they dis-
gusted sin under the plea of necessity. The
moment it ceased to pay however, they
were so shocked by the profanation, that they
they not only locked up their coal bins, but
they even went so far as to forbid their loco-
motives to whistle. Whether men serve
God or the Devil, depends altogether on the
wages which they give.
To bring about a loosening of words, we
know of no better laxative than the weath-
er. Strike this topic out of conversation, and
the mind becomes as positive as a lunatic.
"It looks like rain," has floated many a man
into a happy marriage—while a casual re-
mark on "yesterday's wind," has often proved
the first zephyr in the breeze of success.
What is Fashion?
Dinners at midnight and head aches in the
morning.
What is Wit?
That peculiar kind of talk that leads to pul-
lled noses and broken heads.
What is Idleness?
Working yaller mountains on a pink sub-
soil—or a blue tailed dog in sky colored
convulsions.
What is Joy?
To count your money and find it over and
a hundred dollars.
What is Conscience?
Something that guilty men feel every
time it thunders.
What is Knowledge?
To be away from home when people come
to borrow books or umbrellas.
What is Contentment?
To sit in the house and see other people
stuck in the mud? In other words, to be a
little better off than our neighbors.
What is Justice?
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