

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

W. Weaver Proprietor.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

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TO THE MEMORY OF LUCY.
[ORIGINAL.]
And has she gone? My eyes
Behold the record of the tomb—
And yet, I cannot think it so.
E'en now, methinks I see her face,
As it appeared in days gone by,
Radiant with smiles.
And hark! that voice, 'tis hers—
I hear it now as I have heard
It oft before—So sweet and gentle
That it seems more like the
Whispering of Angels, than of
Human tongues.

But 'tis all delusion:
She has gone; too pure to sojourn here,
She has been taken to the home
Of her Father, where now she dwells,
In joys unpeakable.
We mourn but 'tis not right,
For what is lost to us, is gain to her.
L. U. A. P.
SCHOOLCRAFT, Michigan, Sept. 24, '51.
The Church and the Tavern.

I took passage for America in the good
ship Providence, and landed at New York
in June 1794. I was then in my twenty-
second year. When the ship cast off from
the wharf, in Scotland, and swung around
with the breeze, my father stood upon
the shore. He waved a last adieu, and ex-
claimed, "Remember the Sabbath day!" I ar-
rived at New York on a Saturday, and the
next day being the Sabbath, at nine o'clock,
A. M., three young men of our company
called at my lodgings.
"Where are you going to-day?" they in-
quired.
"To the church," I replied.
"You have been ten weeks at sea; your
health requires exercise. Let us walk out
to-day, and go to church next Sabbath,"
they replied.
"Said I, 'You can go where you please,
but I'll go to church; the last words I heard
from my father were, 'Remember the Sab-
bath day,' and had I no respect for the
Fourth Commandment, I have not yet for-
gotten his last advice.'"

"They went to the fields; I went to the
church; they spent forty or fifty cents in the
tavern; I put a penny in the plate, in the
morning, afternoon, and night service; total
three pence. They continued going into the
country, and in process of time the land-
lady's daughter, and the landlady's niece
would join their company. Then each
couple hired a pig at two dollars a day;
wine, cake, and ice cream on the road, fifty
cents each time; dine at Jamaica, one dol-
lar each. They got home at eight o'clock,
P. M., half drunk, and having been caught
in a thunder shower, their coats, hats, and
mantles were damaged fifty per cent. They
arose the next morning at nine o'clock, with
sore heads, sore hearts, muddy boots, and
angry consciences, besides twelve dollars
lighter than when they started. I went to
church, rose at five o'clock in the morning;
head sound, heart light, bones refreshed,
conscience quiet, and commence the labors
of the week in peace and plenty. They
were all mechanics—some of them could
earn twelve dollars a week. My business,
that of wrought nail maker, was poor; the
cut nail machines had just gone into op-
eration which cut down my wages to a shav-
ing. With close application, I could only
earn five dollars and fifty cents per week.
Never mind, at the end of the year, my
Sabbath-riding-ship-mates had fine coats,
fine hats, powdered heads, and ruffled
shirts; but I had one hundred hard dollars
piled in the corner of my chest. Having
lived fast, they died early. Nearly forty
winters are past, and forty summers ended,
since the last was laid in the Potter's, or some
other field; while I, having received from
my Maker a good constitution, (and com-
mon sense to take care of it,) I am as sound
in mind, body, and spirit, as I was on this
day 56 years ago, when first I set my foot on
shore at Governor's wharf, New York. Be-
sides, it is a fact, (for which my family can
vouch,) I have been only one day confined
to the house by sickness, during all that pe-
riod.

Now, Mr. Printer, I dare say you think,
with me, that the church on the Sabbath is
better than the tavern and the fields for the
laboring man.

A New Way to Pop the Question.
"Sally," said a green youth, in a vena-
ble white hat and grey pants, through which
his legs projected half a foot, perhaps more.
"Sally, before we go into this here Mus-
eum to see the Enchanted Horse, I want to
ask you something."
"Well, Ichabod, what is it?"
"Why, you see this here business is gwine
to cost a hull quarter a piece, and I can't af-
ford to spend so much for nothing. Now, if
you'll say you'll have me, dead or 'I don't
pay the hull on't myself. I will!"
Sally made a non-committal reply, which
Ichabod interpreted to suit himself, and he
strode up two steps at a time, and paid the
whole cost.

WOMAN'S SPHERE.
The following, from a recent number of
the Ohio Cultivator, by Mrs. FRANCES D.
Gale, will interest and encourage our read-
ers. She says:—"I am now at the house of
a friend, eight miles from Cleveland, on a
visit. I wish you could, all of you, see this
beautiful garden. The nicely graveled
walk—the neat plots of grass, without a
weed—the beautiful, varied evergreens, the
fresh blooming roses and flowers—ah! you
would, some of you, I am thinking, be
hooping up those big docks and Jamestown
weeds, that are spoiling your door-yard.
But that was not what I was going to talk
about: but those cherry-trees, loaded till
their boughs bend with fruit, these rasp-
berries, white, yellow, and red, that give
fair promise of luxuriant living by and by;
peach-trees that the frost of May slipped
over; and strawberries—such strawberries!
It would do your eyes good to see them; and
give your nostrils a wider expansion to
smell them, and your mind an enlarged
view of the comfort you might take, if you
would only set yourselves about it, and have
these delicious berries fresh for your own
table in the early spring-time. It is no ex-
aggeration to say that many of them are too
big for a bite, and one that was laid upon
my dish yesterday, made four good mouth-
fuls, and would have made twenty for those
ladies who eat peas with a fork. It meas-
ured five inches in circumference, and was
really the berry that ever blessed my eyes or
my plate—for I ate it all at one meal.

They say that strawberries can be easily
raised, and that any ground that will grow
good beets and lettuce will grow good straw-
berries. Leached ashes and rotten wood
make the best manures, so I am told here; and
surely I should believe, for the like of
others I should be not found every day; and
girls, you can plant them, raise them, and
pick them yourselves; and eat them, and
too, if you will, without stepping out of
your line of business, or compromising your
dignity either. Shall I tell you who? Yes, I
will, for who should set your fashions but
the Governor's wife and daughters? Yes,
girls, the Governor's wife and daughters! Now
I'll be a big strawberry that you are, some
of you, fancying three stately ladies, dressed
in rich silks, with gloved hands and haughty
air. Fire! no such thing! Mrs. Woon (I
know them only as farmer folk) has her
checked apron on, now getting breakfast,
and her daughters, I'll warrant you, are busy
the oldest one, Mrs. GEORGE MENKINS, it was
that raised and presented me with the big
strawberry.

These ladies work in the garden, train up
the vines, weed the beds, tend the borders,
and around them a fair land of beauty and
luxury. *Why may not you do the same?*
Now, dear girls, you whose homes are
situated away from the bustle and confusion
of the city—by the bubbling brooks, or
upon the borders of the forest, or even you
who live in more favored places, amid the
comforts of wealth and ease, let me ask you
to think sometimes about the wife of your
Governor—think of her as one like unto
yourself—performing all life's holiest duties,
cheerfully. I have heard some of you some-
times say that such an one was as 'proud
and stuck up as if she were the Governor's
wife.' Now don't slander the Governor's
wife any more; go imitate her quiet domes-
tic virtues—be faithful to her duties, cre-
ate around you an atmosphere of beauty
and usefulness, live plain, simple, truthful,
earnest lives. Think less of the trimming
of your dress, more of garniture, of your
heads and hearts, and more of your yards
and gardens. For the sake of those you
love, do this. How can your sons or your
brothers grow up coarse and unrefined, if
you throw around them a panorama of beau-
ty and harmony? Fill your gardens and
yards with fruits and shrubbery; toll the
birds to your bowers, and let them sing their
merry harmonies at the threshold, and by
and by you may have a home of your own,
each one of you, that will fill the heart of the
sojourner within its gates with hopeful hap-
piness."

MUSICAL CATECHISM.—We find the follow-
ing in the papers:
"What is a slur?"
"Almost any remark one singer makes a
bout another."
"What is a rest?"
"Going out of the choir to eat some re-
freshments during sermon time."
"What is called singing 'with an under-
standing'?"
"Marking time on the floor with your
foot."
"What is a staccato movement?"
"Leaving the choir in a huff, because one
is dissatisfied with the leader."
"What is a swell?"
"A professor of music who pretends to
know everything about the science, while he
cannot conceal his ignorance."

A COLD FIRE.—One cold night a jolly old
fellow who had partaken rather freely of flip
at the tavern, started for home in a sleigh,
and on the way was upset and left by the
side of the road. Some persons passing the
same way a short time after, discovered the
old fellow to a sitting posture, holding his
feet up to the moon, ejaculating to some in-
visible person "John, pile on the wood, it's
a thundering cold night!"

RICH AND POOR.—Every man is rich or
poor, according to the proportion between
his desires and enjoyments.

From the Albany Dutchman.
Crumbs for all Kinds of Chickens.
Philadelphia possesses an atmosphere
most beneficial to quacks; all a gaitop
humburg wants to rear him a palace and
make a fortune, is to have a large funda-
mental principle of brass, and wealth comes
to him there, with the same facility that a
negro gets into a new hoe down, or an Irish-
man into the greasy business.

Always observe "the unities," and time
your conversation by the circumstances
which surround you. At the conclusion of
a tragedy, the curtain always falls to slow
and mournful music. Imagine the effect
that would be produced should its descent
be accompanied with "Old Dan Tucker," or
an invitation to certain "yaller gals" to
come out to-night and go through a series of
certain tepeachian movements "by the light
of the moon." We say, imagine this and
act accordingly.

"Mrs. Smithers, where's (hic cup) my
shavel 'tensils?"
"Your shaving utensils? What do you
want of your shaving utensils at this hour
of the night? Come to bed, you brute, you're
drunk!"
"You lie, my love, I'm not (hic-cup)
drunk, but I want to know what come (hic-
cup) of them seven 'tensils what I bought
yesterday morning (hic-cup); of that blue-eyed
bonnet what wore the white silk young
'oman. Say, where's them shavel 'tensils?
If you don't speak (hic-cup) I'll take a door,
my love, and break the club in!"

When we left, Smithers was talking about
the Constitution to the key hole of a bed-
room door.
"I say, Bob, what yer doing for a living
now?"
"I'm in the scorbatic line—supporting my-
self with a broken leg and a pair of bites."
"Well, how d'ye make em go?"
"Only tolerable. My friends think I'd do
better with a wooden arm, and I'm most
tempted to try it—bites, you see, don't draw
as they used to, while the war with Mer-
cino has given some legs such a run, that I'm
blowed if a man can pick up one meal a
day with the best one in town. "Please,
sir, give us a cent; I'm deaf, dumb and
blind."

A late traveller, speaking of Egypt, says
her products consist of wheat, flies, and sore-
eyed children. So much for her crops.
In remarking on her commerce, he observes
that her imports are made up of undersea
Englishmen in pursuit of the pyramids—
while her exports consist of the same Eng-
lishmen "done brown," and fleeing from
beggars and bed-bugs. Nice country that.

A young gentleman who has just married
a little underzaid beauty, says she would
have been taller, but she is made of such
precious materials, that Nature could not af-
ford it. How full of sugar the honey-moon
makes one, don't it? A year from now
he'll be swearing about the house, because
his "d— fool of a wife has been cleaning
the cook-stove with his best shoe-brush.

The more we like people, the less we see
of them. The man who once saved us
from drowning, we have not seen in a doz-
en years or more—while the wretch that
pushed us overboard, passes by the house
with as much semi-daily regularity as the
milkman. From some inexplicable reason
or other, the man who injures you never
leaves town—while the good-natured fellow
who goes your bail, is always "in the coun-
try."

Rum's a great elevator. Old Hicks says,
night after last he couldn't pay his board—
the thought made him desperate! He drank
half a pint of R. G. (rot got), and in fifteen
minutes he felt as though he owned all the
real estate in town!

In Mississippi, a man always makes his
will before accepting a nomination to run
for Congress, and trusts to a pair of revolv-
ers, bowie knife and leather lunge to whip
his opponent in the race.
The following question is now being de-
bated before the Sand Lake Lyceum:
"Which is the meanest man, the wretch
that steals a blind man's dog, or the fellow
that goes about collecting militia fines?"
We shall announce the decision in an extra.
The last advice from Timbuctoo, was that
the Pickaninnies were studying the bowie
knife practice, while the full grown Congos
were revelling upon roasted missionaries
and elephant oil. Brother Peccavi writes,
that owing to the reaction, and his feeble
health, guesses he'll come home!
A late writer says, nobody bears adversity
like a woman. Remove her from the parter
to a garret, and instead of taking arsenic, as
a man would, she actually becomes more
cheerful. Like a lark, the nearer she ap-
proaches Heaven, the more she seems to
sing.
For some complaints, a little good luck is
the best medicine in the world. Low spir-
its take their rise not so often from a burst-
ing heart as from a collapsed pocket-book.
We once knew a man to be saved from sui-
cide by just raising his wages a shilling a
day.
If "running after the women" be injuri-
ous to health, how comes it that physicians
last so? Please answer by return of mail.
WINTER is fast approaching.

From the Philadelphia Ledger.
Feminine Suffrage and Dram-Shops.
At the "Woman's Rights Convention"
lately held at Akron, in Ohio, Mrs. Swis-
helm, editress of the "Pittsburg Saturday
Visiter," while objecting to several proposi-
tions before the Convention, said that wo-
men ought to have the right of voting upon
the question whether dram-shops should be
prohibited or not.

Whatever we may think about the right
or expediency of feminine suffrage in gen-
eral, we cannot object to the proposition
here presented by Mrs. Swisshelm. If wo-
men be excluded from the polls in all other
cases, we think that they ought to be ad-
mitted in this. Most objections to feminine suf-
frage seem to regard elections merely with
reference to officers and their salaries; and
with this view of the subject, they gravely
ask why women should be interested in the
choice of a President, a Governor, a Senator
or Representative in Congress, or a member
of a State Legislature, or of the amount of
their pay? Were these the only points involved,
their objection might be well founded. But
Legislatures are elected to make laws, judi-
ciaries and executives to interpret, apply
and enforce them, and these laws govern
women, as well as men. The essence of
freedom is that human beings, of age ren-
dering them capable of self-government,
have the right of making the laws by which
they are to be governed, and of exercising
this right personally or by deputy, at their
discretion. Old-fashioned lawyers, who
have been educated in the doctrine of the
English common law, that married women
were civilly dead, that is, had no rights, were
political and social nonentities might admit
single women to the elective right, but
would take for granted that the earth would
be "swallowed up alive" by the extension
of such privileges to *femmes coertes*. But
these same objectors must admit that even
married women have some interest in the
laws that govern the community, at least so
far as such laws are designed to keep married
men in order.

Have married men an interest in the pun-
ishment of rape, adultery, slander, of as-
sault and battery, of burglary? Women
are the exclusive victims of the first, most
frequently the victims of the three next,
and always, either alone or in common
with men, the victims of the last of these
crimes. Why then should they not have a
voice in legislation for the punishment of
the criminals and the redress of the suffer-
ers? Have married women no interest in
the right of divorce? In the custody of
children upon divorce? In the custody
of their husbands, and therefore think that
they should have some voice in making the
laws to govern these things. But we shall
be told that they would vote under the control
of their husbands, and therefore that the
right in their hands would lead to no other
practical result than giving to each married
man the right to vote twice. Even if this
were true, as men, according to Dr. Frank-
lin, in marrying, give bond to society for
their good behavior, they can be better
trusted with two votes than single men. But
as husbands and wives do not always agree
in every thing, we should doubtless have
quite as many independent and intelligent
votes from the latter, as from the former.
And it would confine conventions and nomi-
nating committees to the selection of candi-
dates of good moral character, as the only
one who could obtain feminine votes; and
this would certainly be an improvement in
the politics of Pennsylvania, if not of States
farther South.

But the objectors, alarmed by independent
voicing among married women, will raise old
objections about the disturbance of domestic
tranquility. We believe that the right would
promote domestic tranquility; for it is
much more frequently disturbed by men
than by women, if the latter were armed
with legislative power, they would in con-
junction with all good husbands, and all
well disposed single going men, have a ma-
jority, and make stringent laws against the
disturbers.

But however sound be the objection a-
gainst the right of suffrage in married wo-
men, even the objectors must admit that
single women have some interest in the laws
by which they are to be governed, and there-
fore should have a voice in making them.
And if single women voted, we doubt not
that the majority of the singly men would
be of their party. The objection about dis-
order at the polls, to the terror of women, is
idle; for their presence would shame or so-
ften the worst into comparative good behav-
ior, and improve the behavior of all the
rest.

But if women be excluded from the polls
in all other cases, we agree with Mrs. Swis-
helm in proposing their admission to vote
upon license laws. Women are the princi-
pal sufferers from intemperance. The pov-
erty, the misery, the disgrace, the cold,
the hunger, the rags, the desolation, the unkind-
ness, the insults, the blows, the murders,
which flow in such awful profusion from
the intemperance of husbands, fathers, sons,
brothers, fall with heaviest, most crushing
force, upon women, upon wives, mothers,
sisters. Who among women that are cursed
with an intemperate husband, father, son, or
brother, would vote against a law to restrict
or suppress rum selling? Not one! No!
Not one! And how much crime and mis-
ery might have been prevented, how many
wives would have been saved from prema-
ture graves, if which they were hurried by

misery or murder, how many children would
have been saved from the almshouses, or
from growing up to infamy, how many
wives and children would have been saved
from the anguish of brutal blows, had wo-
men been endowed with the right of suf-
frage upon this question? Alas, only twenty
years ago!

Widow's Tactics in Astoria.
In Astoria we saw one day, when there
was quite a crowd at the encampment, sev-
eral squaws, all dressed in their best attire.
These were all more than usually attentive
to their personal appearance. The princi-
pal among them was a widow, whose time
of mourning for the death of her husband
had just expired—Her object was to notify
her friends that she was ready to receive the
addresses of any one who was in want of a
wife. To give such notification was, I found
on enquiry, a common custom among the
Chinooks. The widow was of a masculine
make, and what we would call a buxom
dame. She was attended by seven others,
of small stature in comparison, who were
her Maids, and all evidently accompanied
her to do honor to the occasion. Every half
hour they would arrange themselves in a
row, and the widow at their head, affecting
a modest demure, would commence a
chant, informing the bystanders that her
period of mourning was out, that she had
forgotten her deceased husband, given her
espousal to the winds, and was now ready to
agree to another. This chant was accom-
panied by a small movement of the feet and
body, which, with the guttural song and con-
sequent excitement of such an exhibition,
caused the fair ones to wax so warm that
the perspiration rolled down their painted
cheeks; this, with the crimson flush, all
tended to add brilliancy to their dark eyes, as
they were now and then cast around upon
the multitude of Indians, who seemed all
admiration—I did not ascertain whether the
fair one succeeded in winning a second hus-
band, but I am satisfied that her exertions
were such as ought to have obtained her
one.—U. S. Exploring Expedition.

Fashions of the Day.
Our scissors have provided us with two
notes upon the fashions of the day; one on
church going, the other on party-making.
The church of course must take the preced-
ence:
"Well, Laura, give me a short sketch of
the sermon. Where was the text?"
"Oh! I don't know. I have forgotten—
but would you believe it, Mrs. V. wore that
bonnet of hers. I couldn't keep my eyes
off it all the meeting time; and Miss T.
wore a new shawl that must have cost fifty
dollars of such extravagance, and there was
Miss S. with her pelisse—it's astonishing
what want of taste some folks exhibit."

"Well, if you've forgotten the sermon,
you have not the audience; but which
preacher did you prefer—this one, or Mr.
A?"
"Oh, Mr. A.; he is so handsome and so
gracious! what an eye, and what a fine set
of teeth he has!"
And for a fashionable party, we believe
the following recipe will be found all-suffi-
cient:—
"Take all the ladies and gentlemen you
can get, place them in a room with a slow
fire, stir them well, have ready a piano
forte, a harp, a handful of books or prints,
put them in from time to time, when the
mixture begins to settle, sweeten it with po-
liteness or wit, if you have it—if not, flattery
will do as well, and is very cheap.
When all have stowed together for two or
three hours, put in one or two turkeys,
some tongues, sliced beef or ham, tarts,
cakes, and sweetmeats, and some bottles of
wine—the more you put in the better, and
the more substantial your rout will be.
"N. B. Fill your room quite full, and let
the scum run off itself."

Graves in the Sea.
The sea is the largest of cemeteries, and
its slumberers sleep without a monument.
All other graveyards, in other lands, show
some symbol of distinction between the
great and the small, the rich and the poor;
but in that ocean cemetery the king and the
clown, the prince and the peasant, are alike
undistinguished. The same waves roll over
all—the requiem by the minstrelsy of the
ocean is sung to their honor. Over their re-
mains the same storm beats, and the same
sun shines; and there unmarked, the weak
and the powerful, the plumed and the un-
honed, will sleep, until awakened by the
trump, when the sea will give up its dead.
I thought of sailing over the slumbering,
but devoted Cookman, who, after his brief
but brilliant career, perished in the President
—over the laughter-loving Power, who went
down in the same ill-fated vessel, we may
have passed. In that cemetery sleeps the
accomplished and pious Fisher; but where
he and thousands of others of the noble
spirits of the earth lie, no one but God
knows. No marble rises to point out
where there ashes are gathered, or where
the lover of the good and wise can go and
shed the tears of sympathy.—Who can tell
where lie the tens of thousands of Africa's
sons who perished in the "middle passage"?
Yet the cemetery hath ornaments of Jeho-
vah. Never can I forget the days and
nights as I passed over the roblest of the
cemetery without a single human monument.
—Giles.

Amicitia est contemptoria.
The Last Appendix to "Yankee Doodle"
YANKEE DOODLE sent to Town
His goods for exhibition;
Everybody ran him down.
And laughed at his position;
They thought him all the world behind;
A goney, ruff, or noodle;
Laugh on, good people—never mind—
Says quiet YANKEE DOODLE,
Chorus.—YANKEE DOODLE, &c.
YANKEE DOODLE had a craft
A rather tidy clipper,
And he challenged, while they laughed,
The Britshiers to whip her.
Their whole yacht-squadron she outped,
And that on their own water;
Of all the lot she went to head,
And they came nowhere arter.
Chorus.—YANKEE DOODLE, &c.
O'er Panama there was a scheme
Long talk'd of, to pursue a
Short route—which many thought a dream—
By Lake Nicaragua;
JOHN BULL discussed the plan on foot,
With slow irresolution,
While YANKEE DOODLE went and put
It into execution
Chorus.—YANKEE DOODLE, &c.
A STERNER of the COLLINS line,
A YANKEE DOODLE'S HOTTER,
Has also quicken't the breeze
Across the Atlantic Ocean.
And British agents, nowadays
Her merits to discover,
Have been and bought her—just to tow
The CUNARD packets over.
Chorus.—YANKEE DOODLE, &c.
Your gunsmiths of their skill may brag,
But they again don't mention;
I guess that God's revolvers whack
Her merits to discover,
Their very first invention.
By YANKEE DOODLE, too, you're beat
Downtown in Agriculture,
With his machine for reaping wheat,
Chaw'd up as by a valure.
Chorus.—YANKEE DOODLE, &c.
You also fancied, in your pride,
Which truly is taration,
Them British locks of your'n defied
The rigors of all creation;
But CURTIS'S BATHMAN'S HONNS has pick'd
And you must now be view'd all
As having been completely lock'd
By glorious YANKEE DOODLE,
Chorus.—YANKEE DOODLE, &c.

The Science of Dinning.
"I say, Jacques, this dinning is easily re-
duced to a science and art. A boot-maker
desired me to collect a bill of twenty dollars
against a clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Truesdell;
you know him Jacques? A man of talent
—great talent, virtue—particular friend of
mine. Went to see him—couldn't pay.
Called the next day on his pretty wife—fin-
est eye in New York—got on the tender
side of her; she promised to make her hus-
band pay—called the next day; would not
see me. Went to church early—like going
to church. Truesdell was to preach; got a
seat in the first pew, right straight in front of
the pulpit. Sat quiet through prayers, till
Truesdell got up in the pulpit to preach, then
didn't I lean forward and rest my elbows on
the front of the pew, and held my chib with
both hands, and didn't I fix my eyes upon
him—never stirred them once—looked
right straight into the very middle of his
forehead, like two Magnetizers do. No
preaching that day. No preaching at all;
tried to do it, but I kept my eye on him, and
he did not know what he was driving at.
Everybody said it was the shortest ser-
mon they ever heard. People went away—I
went and thanked him for such a good ser-
mon. Didn't he turn red and pale? he an-
swered as quiet as a lamb; then I asked in
a whisper, what time he would see me to-
morrow—9 o'clock," says he, and away I
went. Called this morning, just as the clock
was striking nine; came to the door him-
self, looked doleful, as though he was going
to the burial service. I put the bill into his
hand, he put the money into mine, put the
other on my shoulder, "God bless you, my
son," said he—"Amen!" cried I. Great
country, this, fine preachers—fine preachers."

The Flight of Time.
In reference to the flight of time, Dr.
Spring once closed a discourse in the follow-
ing graphic language:
"I shall never address this audience a-
gain. I shall never again meet them "but at
the bar of God. That interview seems in-
deed far distant. But it will be soon as time
with his eagle wings, shall have finished the
little remnant of his short career. "After
death, the judgment." We die; but inter-
vening ages pass rapidly over those who
sleep in the dust. There is no dial plate
there on which to count the hours of time.
No longer is it told days, months, or years;
for the planets which mark these periods are
hidden from their sight—his flight is no longer
noted by events perceived by the senses;
for the ear is deaf and the eye is closed.
The business of life, which wakes at each
morning and ceases every night goes on a-
bove them, but to them all is silent and un-
seen. The greetings of joy, and the voice of
grief, the revolution of empires and the
lapse of ages, send no sound within that nar-
row cell. Generation after generation are
brought and laid by their side; the inscrip-
tion upon their monumental marble tells the
centuries that have passed away; but to the
sleeping dead the long intervals is unobser-
ved.—Like a dream of the night, with the
quickness of thought, the mind ranges time
and space almost without a limit; there is
but a moment between the hour when the
eye is closed in the grave, when it wakes in
judgment."

Gov. Johnston's Sinking Fund.
It has been ascertained that Gov. John-
ston's sinking fund is situated in his right
breches pocket, (the left one contains the
unsigned bill of last session,) and that in
addition to the thirty dollars he received for
travelling fees, and \$181 50 for sixteen days
survives before he was Governor, it has re-
cently been considered as increased by draughts
from the State treasury for salary in
advance.

Stoollegs.
When Whigs talk about Locooco plun-
ders, they should try to think of the thirty
dollars travelling fees, and the \$181 50 for
sixteen days' services, filched from the
Treasury by Gov. Johnston, without the
shadow of law or equity in his favor.

A country clergyman, being opposed to
the use of the bass-viol in church service,
was overruled by the congregation. The
first Sunday it was brought into use, he an-
nounced the psalm as follows:—"To praise
God, we will now fiddle the 46th psalm,
second part, short metre!"

A lady upon taking up Shelly's novel,
"The Last Man," threw it down very
suddenly, exclaiming, "The last man! Bless
me! if such a thing ever was to happen,
what would become of the women!"

He that thinks he sees another's
estate in a pack of cards, or a box and dice,
and ventures his own in pursuit of it, should
not repine if he finds himself a beggar in
the end.

TRouble of HATRINO.—Hannah More said
to Horace Walpole:—"If I wanted to pun-
ish an enemy; it should be by fastening on
him the trouble of constantly hating some-
body."
NATURE AND CUSTOM.—Nature makes us
poor only when we want necessities, but
custom gives the name of poverty to the
want of superfluities.
RELIGION OF A HYPOCRITE.—There are two
sides to every thing except the religion of a
hypocrite, and that is all outside.

A Hypothetical Case.
Some years ago, an awkward chap in
western New-York who obtained his liveli-
hood by forgery, in a blacksmith's shop, hir-
ed a horse one day, to carry a load of
wrought nails to the next town, a few miles
distant. Through his own carelessness,
and that of the horse, and by the misad-
venture of the two, a very pretty castanet
was brought about. While descending a
steep hill, the smith gave his animal a few
extra cuts, thinking to accelerate his speed
in a place where gravitation seconded the
motion of the whip, but the steed stumbled,
floundering into the ditch, and kicked—the
bucket. The blacksmith, upon turning the
body over, discovered that the anatomical
harmony of the beast's neck was destroyed,
that the bone was dislocated beyond the
bone-setter's art, and that in fact, the "hoss"
was dead.
With a rueful countenance, he repaired to
the owner of the nag, and asked what must
be done?
The reply was "you must pay for the
horse."
The blacksmith demurred, went to consult
a lawyer.
The lawyer happened to be away from
home, but his wife, prone to mischievous
fun, thought she saw in the client, food for a
little sport, and inviting him to enter the
house, remarked that she sometimes gave
legal advice in her husband's absence, and
requested him to state his case.
"Very well," said the blacksmith, seating
himself, leisurely, "I'll 'spose a case."
"If you please—that will do as well as to
state your own," said the handsome attor-
ney.
"Well! yer see it's just like this. 'Sposin
you war an old hoss—an' I should drive yer
—drive yer to mill. And 'sposin I should
cut yer up the least mite on the flank, and
you should rane up and kick up, and break
the breechin', and finally, yer should fall in
to the ditch, and break yer cussed neck—
who'd pay for ye? would I?" asked the ex-
cited Vulcan, in a voice of thunder. "No!
I'd be hammered into horse shoe nails, and
drove into the devil's cloven foot I'd pay the
fast red cent!"
By this time the volunteer counsellor had
retreated to the door of the apartment, and
after informing her client with a courtesy
that his was a plain case, and he need not
fear an action for damages, she disappeared,
resolving never again to give legal advice to
her husband's customers.

Alexander Gunn was discharged from
the Custom Court at Edinburgh, for a mal-
practice. The entry in the books stands
thus:—"A Gunn was discharged for making a
falso report."
"Hiram, did you ever take an eme-
lic?"
"Yes, once, and blow me if it didn't
make me sick."
There is a modest young lady in N.
York, who views objects with glasses, so
that she may not see them with the naked
eye.
A gentleman, looking at his watch
after midnight, cried—"It's to morrow
morning I must bid you good-night!"

Slanderers are like flies that leap over
all man's good parts, to light upon his sores.

Amicitia est contemptoria.

Amicitia est contemptoria.

Amicitia est contemptoria.