

# THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

R. W. Weaver Proprietor.]

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

[Two Dollars per Annum.]

VOLUME 3.

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1851.

NUMBER 43.

## 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  
within six months from the time of subscrib-  
ing; two dollars and fifty cents if not paid  
within the year. No subscription received  
for a less period than six months: no discon-  
tinuance permitted until all arrearages are  
paid, unless at the option of the editors.  
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.

## MORNING AND EVENING.

BY JANE GRAY.

On the shore of a dim and misty sea,  
With a broad green field before him,  
Stood a child in the early morn,  
With the blue sky hanging o'er him;  
And his heart leaped forth to the glad green  
earth.

Like a fountain to freedom springing;  
For blossoming trees waved there in the  
breeze,  
And birds in the boughs were singing.

But a voice from behind fell on his ear;  
"Though bright the sunshine o'er thee,  
O child, beware of the lurking snare  
That lies in the path before thee!"

And the youth went forth to the Field of  
Life.

With a high soul's firm endeavor;  
But the warning word in the morning heard  
In his heart was treasured ever.

Years were gone—and an old man stood  
On the verge of a swelling ocean,  
And the foamy spray on his locks of gray  
Was tossed by the wild commotion!  
The moon was past—and the glorious noon;  
At the twilight hour we find him,  
With its shadows dim encircling him,  
And the Field of Life behind him.

But he looked not back—his eyes were fixed  
On the misty sea before him;  
For he knew if the sun of life was gone  
Heaven's starlight still was o'er him.  
So he gazed with a calm, untroubled brow,  
Till the mist grew an angel's pision,  
And it bore him away to a brighter day  
In the spirit's high dominion!

## GUILTY, BUT DRUNK!

DAN MARBLE'S STORY OF THE GEORGIA JUDGE.

Not a few of our readers, West and South,  
who had the pleasure of an intimate acquain-  
tance with Dan Marble, will recognise the  
treacherous story he used to tell of the  
stolen spoons and the Georgia Judge. Col-  
lins, we believe, once dressed up the  
joke and set it agoing, and paraded in that  
guise we give it a place in the annals of the  
comedian.

"Many years ago, while the State of Georgia  
was yet in its infancy, an eccentric crea-  
ture, named Brown, was one of the Circuit  
Judges. He was a man of considerable  
ability, of inflexible integrity, and much  
beloved and respected by all the legal pro-  
fession, but he had one fault. His social  
qualities would lead him, despite his judi-  
cial, into frequent excesses. In travelling  
the Circuit it was his almost invariable ha-  
bit, the night before opening the Court, to get  
"comfortably combed," by means of appan-  
ages common upon such occasions. If he  
couldn't succeed while operating upon his  
own back, the gentlemen of the law would  
generally turn and help him.

"It was in the spring of the year, taking  
his wife—a model of a woman in her way—in  
the old-fashioned, but strong 'carry-all,'  
he journeyed some forty miles, and reached  
the village where the 'court' was to be open-  
ed next day. It was along in the evening of  
Sunday that he arrived at the place, and took  
up his quarters with a relation of his 'bet-  
ter-half,' by whom the presence of the official  
dignitary was considered a singular honor.  
After supper Judge Brown strolled over to  
the only tavern in the town, where he found  
many old friends, called to the place, like  
himself, on important professional business,  
and who were proper glad to meet him.

"Gentlemen," said the Judge, "it's quite  
a long time since we have enjoyed a glass  
together—let us take a horn all around. Of  
course, Sterritt (addressing the landlord),  
you have better liquor than you had the last time  
we were here—the stuff you had then was  
not fit to give a dog."

"Sterritt, who had charge of the house,  
pretended that everything was right, and so  
they went to work. It is unnecessary to en-  
large upon a drinking bout in a country tar-  
n—it will quite answer our purpose to state  
that somewhere in the region of midnight  
the Judge vomited his very devious way to-  
wards his temporary home. About the time he  
was leaving, however, some young barri-  
sters, fond of a 'practical joke,' and not much  
afraid of the bench, transferred all the silver  
spoons of Sterritt to the Judge's pocket.

"It was eight o'clock on Monday morning  
that the Judge rose. Having indulged in the  
process of ablation and absterition, and partaken  
of a cheerful and refreshing break-  
fast, he went to his room to prepare himself  
for the duties of the day.

"Well, Polly," said he to his wife, "I feel  
much better than I expected to feel after the  
frolic of last night."

"Ah, Judge," said she, reproachfully,  
"you are getting too old—you ought to leave  
off that business now."

"Ah, Polly, what's the use of talking?"  
"It was at this precise instant of time that  
the Judge, having put on his overcoat, was  
proceeding according to his usual custom,  
to give his wife a parting kiss, that he hap-  
pened, in thrusting his hand into his pocket,

to lay hold of Sterritt's spoons. He pulled  
them out. With an expression of horror al-  
most indescribable, he exclaimed—

"My God! Polly!"

"What on earth's the matter, Judge?"

"Just look at these spoons."

"Dear me, where'd you get them?"

"Get them? Don't you see the initials  
on them?—extending them towards her—  
I stole them!"

"Stole them, Judge?"

"Yes, stole them!"

"My dear husband, it can't be possible—  
from whom?"

"From Sterritt, over there—his name is  
on them."

"Good heavens! how could it happen?"

"I know very well, Polly—I was very  
drunk when I came home, wasn't I?"

"Why, Judge, you know your old habit  
when you get among those lawyers."

"But I was very drunk?"

"Yes, you was."

"Was I remarkably so when I got home,  
Mrs. Brown?"

"Yes, Judge, drunk as a fool, and forty  
times as stupid."

"I thought so," said the Judge, dropping  
into a chair in extreme despondency—I  
knew it would come to that at last. I have  
always thought that something would hap-  
pen to me—that I should do something very  
wrong—kill somebody in a moment of pas-  
sion, perhaps—but I never imagined that I  
should be mean enough to be guilty of de-  
liberate larceny."

"But there may be some mistake, Judge."

"No mistake, Polly. I know very well  
how it came about. That fellow, Sterritt,  
keeps the meanest sort of liquor, and always  
did—liquor mean enough to make a man do  
any sort of a mean thing. I have always said  
it was mean enough to make a man steal,  
and now I have a practical illustration of the  
fact."

"And the old man burst into tears."

"Don't be a child," said his wife, wiping  
away the tears, "go, like a man, over to Ster-  
ritt, tell him it was a little bit of a frolic—  
pass it off as a joke—go and open court, and  
nobody will ever think of it again."

"A little of the soothing system operated  
upon the Judge, as such things usually do,  
his extreme mortification was finally sub-  
dued, an over to Sterritt he went, with a  
tolerable face. Of course he had but little  
difficulty in settling with him; for, aside  
from the fact that the Judge's integrity was  
unquestionable, he had an inkling of the  
joke that had been played."

"Judge Brown proceeded to Court, and  
took his seat; but spoons and bad liquor—  
bad liquor and spoons—liquor, spoons,  
drunk, larceny, and Judge Brown, was so  
mildly up in his 'worship's' bewildered head,  
that he felt awful, if he did not look so.

In fact, the Judge felt out down, and his usual  
self-possessed manner of disposing of busi-  
ness, his dictation and decisions were not  
what Judge Brown had been noted for.

Several days had passed away, and the  
business of the court was drawing towards  
close, when one morning, a rough looking  
sort of a customer was arraigned on a charge  
of stealing. After the clerk had read the in-  
dictment to him, he put the usual question:

"Guilty or not guilty?"

"Guilty, but drunk," answered the pris-  
oner.

"What's that plea?" exclaimed the Judge  
who was half dozing upon the bench.

"He pleads guilty, but says he was drunk,"  
replied the clerk.

"What's the charge against the man?"

"He is indicted for grand larceny."

"What's the case?"

"May it please your honor," said the  
prosecuting attorney, "the man is regularly  
indicted for stealing a large sum from the  
Columbus Hotel."

"He is, eh? and he pleads—"

"He pleads, guilty, but drunk."

"The Judge was now fully aroused."

"Guilty, but drunk! This is a most ex-  
traordinary plea. Young man, are you cer-  
tain you were drunk?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where did you get your liquor?"

"At Sterritt's."

"Did you get none nowhere else?"

"Not a drop, sir."

"You got drunk on his liquor, and after-  
wards stole his money?"

"Yes, sir."

"Mr. Prosecutor," said the Judge, "do me  
the favor to enter a nolle prosequi in that  
man's case. The liquor of Sterritt is mean  
enough to make a man do anything dirty.  
I got drunk on it the other day myself, and stole  
all Sterritt's spoons—release the prisoner, Mr.  
Sheriff. I adjourn the Court."

The Mission of Washington—Union A-  
mong Men.

BY G. H. WILEY, OF NORTH CAROLINA.

For nearly six thousand years the world  
was without one pure patriot; for nearly six  
thousand years our race had been making  
progress before it produced a soldier with-  
out ambition, a statesman without guile, a  
ruler who preferred to live under equal laws  
rather than be the law himself.

He had been looked for: through the long  
years of injustice and misrule, of fraud and  
force, his expected coming shed a hope in  
the hearts of men. And often it seemed  
that he had come; but they who ran to  
meet him and laid offerings at his feet were  
smote with iron rods and delivered into bon-  
dage.

Still this hope gathered strength, and the  
race advanced in the attributes of him who  
came to redeem it from its fallen estate.

"The Lord planted a garden eastward in  
Eden," and there he put man, formed in his  
own image, the possessor of life and happi-  
ness. But he was tempted and fell, and his  
estate forfeited; and, with a curse upon his  
head, he was driven from paradise. West-  
ward, his face was set; and westward his  
children were still driven leaving their paternal  
estate, the happy mansion of their father  
behind.

Westward, still westward they continued  
to go; but though they were ever leaving  
their ancestral abode still farther in the rear,  
they were all the time coming nearer to the  
condition which man once there enjoyed.

Their exile was designed to chasten, soften,  
and purify their corrupted natures; and at  
each remove, instead of dragging a heavier  
chain, their yoke became easier and their  
burdens lighter. Still onward they went in  
their pilgrimages, for to look backward or  
turn back, the avenger pursuing at their  
heels; but they carried a covenant with  
them, and they often stopped to read and  
scan and study its promises.

Thus they fled until they reached the  
shores of the Great Western or Atlantic  
Ocean; and on its borders they multiplied  
and increased in comfort and knowledge.  
But the spirit of Cain still pressed upon  
them; and then they took shipping  
and with their covenant and its promises  
bade adieu to eastern land, committing  
themselves and their hopes to the wide sea,  
steering westward, though nothing but the  
bleak sea was before them. They found  
land, a new world of primal forests; and  
here their hopes grew brighter and their  
hearts stronger, while their minds expanded  
with new ideas and happier fancies. But  
the oppressor still pursued and overtook  
them; and they looked again to be driven  
westward to find their expected champion  
and their resting-place. But he arose in their  
midst; and they prepared to stand their  
ground, and to fight here the battle of lib-  
erty and of right.

They heard and heeded a word to which  
human ears had been strangers since the  
strife between Adam's sons; they received  
and cherished a counter-charm greater than  
that "divide and govern" maxim which since  
the days of Nimrod, had worked such won-  
ders for kings and politicians. That precious  
secret, that potent talisman was the word  
"Union"—it blended the hearts of the common  
people into one mighty heart, whose pulsa-  
tions sent a healthful glow over the whole  
country; it embodied the just impulses of  
our better nature into one living mass of op-  
posite principle, that spoke the same eter-  
nal truths with a thousand voices of thun-  
der; and it bound up in one resistless arm  
the whole patriot-strength of oppressed hu-  
manity. This compact heart was a heart of  
power and courage; this blended sentiment  
was a consuming fire; this united strength  
an ever-match for any human force.

"Divide and conquer" shouted old Oppres-  
sion from beyond the sea. "Unite and be  
free" whispered the spirit of Washington.

They did unite: and this compact humani-  
ty, like a mighty Briareus with a thousand  
arms, struck back at pursuing tyranny, over-  
whelmed and trampled on it, and shook off  
the chains from its sturdy limbs.

The mission of Washington was fulfilled;  
he laid aside the sword and the insignia of  
power, he enthroned law in the seat of jus-  
tice, in the seat which he himself had filled  
and resigned, and he bowed to it and hailed  
it as his ruler, and the ruler of all—God's  
only vicegerent on earth.

The hope of humanity was reached—its  
Washington had come—and as he descended  
into the grave, he called his followers a-  
bout him and gave them his parting bless-  
ing and his dying counsel. He told them  
how much they had gained, and how they  
had gained it; and he told them how they  
could retain the blessings they had achiev-  
ed.

His eye surveyed the extent, the beauty  
and greatness of the country which had  
been partially redeemed from the curse pro-  
nounced on Adam; earnestly and affection-  
ately gazed at the busy and happy throngs  
that watched for his last benediction; and  
his heart swelled within him as he solemnly  
uttered the last promptings of his patriotic  
spirit, "Be united and free!" and then pas-  
sed forever from the abode of mortals.

So far we have obeyed his injunction and  
inherited his blessing. The wilderness has  
given way to fields and meadows and gar-  
dens; cities and towns and villages cover all  
the haunts of the deer and buffalo; our riv-  
ers are crowded with ships and boats; our  
people fly from province to province on the  
wings of steam; our thoughts and wishes  
are communicated to our friends scattered  
all over this fair land, by the viewless mes-  
sengers of the clouds. We are thrifty—we  
are free—we are increasing with amazing  
rapidity in strength, and substance, and  
comfort. In the midst of our abundance  
we are secure: we are sovereign, owe alle-  
giance to no man, and pay tribute to no  
man. We make laws to suit ourselves—  
we fight no man's battles, we reap where we  
sow, and go whither we list. A healthy,  
vigorous, and intrepid humanity has sprung  
from and taken the place of the deceased  
brained bodies that offend the eye in their  
lands; and it has spread its thrifty branches  
to the limits of the continent.

I said that at each remove of our race  
from its birth-place, its condition was im-  
proved; that from the beginning of its ex-  
ile it had been slowly regaining some of the  
precious things lost by the grand shipwreck  
of Adam. Modern science has revealed  
another fact: we now know that in our pro-

gress westward we have been in fact on the  
road—a long and weary one it has been—  
but we have actually been on the road to  
the east. And now, from the borders of the  
western sea, the children of Washington ex-  
tend to the Southern or Pacific; and just be-  
yond this Pacific is the east, the starting  
point. We have arrived in view of this our  
first abode; we have made the circuit of the  
earth in exile, and are now approaching the  
paternal hearth, redeemed, regenerated, and  
disenthralled. Happy and proud, erect and  
hopeful, the children of Adam gaze across  
the Pacific, upon the scenes of their fathers'  
glory and disgrace; and with free limbs,  
and renovated hearts and joyful recollections  
of perils past, or dangers overcome, and  
crimes expiated, hail the old ancestral  
home. Nature there glows in all her  
ancient glories; there are still the golden  
skies, the spicy groves and the unfading  
flowers of paradise. But a brooding curse  
indicts the air; the flowers still bear the  
stain of Abel's blood. And they who have  
lingered there are still branded with the  
marks of Cain; death mortal death, still lo-  
vers over and about them, and the dreadful  
doom pronounced on the first sinning man  
and woman has, with aggravated horrors,  
been their constant portion. But now, from  
the east of them, a light has dawned upon  
them; from them the light of Christianity  
has dawned upon their long long night of  
gloom. And with the name of Christ and  
the Christian's hope comes a new name; and  
it is whispered in the dungeons and castles,  
in the dens of wretchedness and the places  
of pride. It kindles an unwonted glow in  
withered heart of philanthropy; it strings  
the nerveless arm of patriotism, and awakes  
a new song on the lips of eastern bards.

Like the shadow of a great rock in a wea-  
ry land it is a refuge and a comfort; and  
they who have heard it, look out and are  
amazed. They see a silent coast become  
suddenly alive with a new and noisy and  
bustling race of people, building cities,  
covering the waters with travelling palaces,  
founding great states, and administering jus-  
tice and keeping order without the aid of ar-  
mies or of soldiers. And they see among  
these people men, with something of the e-  
reos bearing and majestic presence of Adam  
and women in whose faces shine glimpses  
of that spiritual light of those morning hues  
which graced the first mistress of Eden.

These are the people who cherish that  
name which has awakened hope in the east  
the people in whose hearts is engrained the  
great name of Washington. In the centre  
of their country stands the city called for  
him; and from it, to the remotest extremes  
of that extended country, radiate law and  
justice, protecting, governing, and support-  
ing all the vast multitudes of people who  
cover that wide country with the improve-  
ments, the comforts, conveniences, and or-  
naments of art and science.

And over them floats a meteor flag which  
none dare insult or touch with irreverent  
hands; a flag which on the Andes and Him-  
alayas mountains, in the deserts of Ara-  
bia, and in the polar wastes, renders secure  
from the hostile or plundering hand of man,  
savage or civilized all who repose beneath  
it. It is a charmed flag; on its starry folds  
is fixed a charm more powerful than ever  
adhered to sacred stone or relic, to lette or  
firmans or passports of kings and potentates.  
It is a word which made us free; it is the  
word which has led us to glory and to pow-  
er—it is the ever-blessed, the all-powerful  
all-conquering word, UNION.

E. Pluribus Unum, that is its motto! One  
out of many, that is the talismanic sentence  
which protects the American citizen, the  
citizen of the United States, in all quarters  
of the earth. He is never alone, he is never  
unguarded; like a great monarch, protect-  
ing hosts march by his side, hosts that are  
better than the guards of kings, for they are  
hosts of his brethren. And on he goes,  
wherever his interest or his inclinations  
lead him; he pushes his researches in all  
the corners, and nooks, and holes of this  
planet; he plants himself and his customs,  
and takes his comfort, and follows his de-  
sires, a free, vigorous, inventing, managing,  
cheerful man, sovereign and independent in  
all zones and all latitudes, all fearing, re-  
specting, and giving precedence to him over  
whose head is emblazoned that warning sen-  
tence, E. Pluribus Unum! Harm him not,  
for he is one of many brethren! That is the  
language which our banner speaks; that is  
the language which the divided and fratricidal  
tribes of the east look on with wonder  
and delight. With hands red with the blood  
of brethren, with dejected men and scowling  
faces, our ancestors started on their ex-  
ile westward from the pleasant site of "the  
garden of the Lord;" with bands of music  
and cheerful songs, and majestic stride, they  
approach again their paternal hearthstone,  
while upon their flaunting banners flash the  
words "Liberty and Union, one and insepa-  
rable, now and forever!"

A SENSIBLE REPLY.—During the exami-  
nation of a witness, as to the locality of the  
stairs in the house, the counsel asked him,  
"Which way did the stairs run?" The wit-  
ness, who by the by is a noted wag, replied,  
"That one way they ran up stairs, but that  
the other way they ran down stairs." The  
learned counsel winked both eyes, and then  
took a look at the ceiling.

The Evening Post says whole rows of  
new houses in the upper part of the city of  
New York, are now standing unsold and un-  
tenanted.

## EXTRACT FROM

## THE LIFE OF DAN MARBLE.

Towards the close of Dan's apprentice-  
ship, he became what is called stage drunk.  
Hartford afforded few incentives to study the  
profession, or means of judging what it was  
all about; but Dan had caught the fever,  
and it affected him in about the same way it  
affects thousands who get into that way.

Everything around him assumed a dra-  
matic hue, or was turned to stage account. A  
journeyman "Smith," at work in the shop of  
Dan's master, was an old stager; that is, he  
had seen the foot lights often, if he had not  
exactly snuffed their exhalations. This man  
kindled Dan. Marble's "penny dip" of stage  
enthusiasm into a perfect flambeau of stage  
longings for a glance at the great actors  
and immense play-houses of New York.

Dan caught "snatches" of tragedy, drama,  
and farce, from his old friend, and the con-  
sequence was, that everything touched, look-  
ed at, or turned up, was converted into a  
weapon of defence or onslaught, and theo-  
retically addressed or dismissed. As he be-  
came a piece of silver ware—

"Out, out, damned spot!" would accom-  
pany his frictional efforts with buff and pow-  
der.

One day, Dan's master came in, in the  
midst of a great harranguing of the "greasy  
citizens" of Rome, by Brutus and Marc An-  
thony: the journeyman and apprentice, some  
half dozen, other operatives and idlers look-  
ing on, and the whole functions of the silver-  
smithery being in a state of suspended opera-  
tion.

Of course Dan felt that as panachees, and  
got a moral lecture a yard long. But the  
next day or two gave the boss another ink-  
ling into what was going on during his ab-  
sence. Entering the shop rather hurriedly,  
the boss, in a state of agitation better con-  
veyed than described, sees his apprentice con-  
founded out upon the floor, the journeyman  
standing over him, and in a voice and with  
a face terribly worked up, screeching the  
poor into the dying body of poor Dan, and  
in an awful long guttural gasping—

"Down, down (giving the poker a savag-  
eous screw), to he-e-e-e-l (another screw), and  
say I sent you here!"

The first impulse of the "boss" was to run  
out—nobody else than those described being  
in the shop—call in the neighbors, and se-  
cure the murderer; but changing his mind,  
the boss was about to pitch into the blood-  
stained yard, and secure him himself, when  
an inmate Dan, and speaking to his work,  
bidding like a boiled lobster—

"Dan Marble," says the "boss," feeling  
much easier in his boots, "this won't do.  
Now, sir, you must quit this infernal non-  
sense, or you and I'll have a settlement. And  
you, sir, to the cheap feeling yard, "may  
quit my shop if you are to turn it into a  
playhouse, sir!"

Like the boy caught in the thief trap, they  
hadn't a word to say, but "ripped" into their  
work like a house afire.

Not long after this, the moral ears of the  
boss were saluted with such a storm of su-  
per talk in the garret, on Sunday, that he verily  
believed a dozen man-of-war's men had  
got up there; but crawling into the precincts  
quietly, he found Mr. Dan. Marble, and his  
crony the journeyman, going it like bricks—  
Dan, as a sailor, talking about swinging off  
the yardarm, and conferring as a dozen ship-  
mates, receiving shares of "poor Jack's"—  
"poor William's," rather—goods and chat-  
els—

The next day the journeyman stepped out  
for New York, and Dan Marble was caution-  
ed not to do so any more! Whether Dan  
left on "French leave," or a Parley's furlough,  
or whether he was bound apprentice for a  
specified term, without reference to age, we  
know not; but certain it is, Dan Marble  
stepped ashore one morning from a boat on  
the North River side of Gotham shortly after  
the above noted time. And as he was only  
about nineteen or twenty years of age, he was  
probably set a little ahead by his father in  
his indentures to his master. This, we  
take it, was the true version of the case.

WEIGHT AND MEASURES.—The following  
table of the number of pounds of various  
articles to a bushel may be of interest to our  
farmer friends:

Of wheat, sixty pounds.  
Of shelled corn, fifty-six pounds.  
Of corn in the cob, seventy pounds.  
Of rye, fifty-six pounds.  
Of barley, forty-eight pounds.  
Of potatoes, sixty pounds.  
Of beans, thirty pounds.  
Of bran, twenty pounds.  
Of clover seed, sixty pounds.  
Of timothy seed, forty-five pounds.  
Of flax seed, fifty-six pounds.  
Of hemp seed, forty-four pounds.  
Of buckwheat, fifty-two pounds.  
Of castor beans, forty-six pounds.  
Of dried peaches, thirty-three pounds.  
Of dried apples, twenty-four pounds.  
Of onions, fifty-seven pounds.  
Of salt, fifty pounds.

We never knew of a sagacious, en-  
terprising business man but what advertised.  
All who do this systematically make money.

Every man has three characters, one  
which his enemies give him; one given  
him by his friends; and one which he real-  
ly merits.

John Case is about to remove his  
quarters to Milton with his newspaper.

## THE MAN WITH A BRICK IN HIS HAT.

I'll tell you a tale quite flat,  
(But the first one on the docket.)  
Of a man who stood with a brick in his hat,  
And his hand in his breeches pocket.

He stood in a mournful way,  
And muttered a single "A—"  
Then sung out a doleful lay—  
"Twas the drunkard's song of the dram."

"Dram! dram! dram!"  
Morning, noon, and night;  
Dram! dram! dram!"  
Till I've almost lost my sight:

For my eyes are running—red—  
And my hat's without a crown;  
I've a terrible pain in my head,  
And my boots are all run down;

My boots are all run down,  
And I am run down too;  
I find I've been done brown—  
Jewhikeens! what shall I do?

I am out of credit and cash,  
(He sang it with a sigh.)  
If I had I'd cut a dash,  
And drink this grocery dry."

But the rain was falling fast,  
And the wind was getting cold,  
So he laid him down at last,  
With his story half untold.

Next morn he was seen lying flat,  
And O, I think 'twas a sin—  
This man we left with a brick in his hat,  
Was found too dead to skin!

Young man, when taking a horn,  
Just think of this drunken youth,  
And I think you'll acknowledge the corn,  
That I am good at telling the truth.

WM. P. DAVIS.  
Paris, Tenn. July 27, 1851.

## THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

Levenhook says that there are more ani-  
mals in the milt of a single fish than there  
are men upon the earth.

Herodotus, a Greek Historian, states that  
when he was in Egypt, the Egyptian priest  
told him that they had a tradition, that the  
sun rose twice in the west, and set twice in  
the east!

Cotton was first planted in the United  
States, in the year 1789.

Isinglass is made from the entrails of a  
fish.

The ancient Persians trained their chil-  
dren to speak the truth, and to live strictly  
temperate.

All bodies or substances, have impenetra-  
bility, extension, figure, divisibility, inertia,  
and attraction.

Holbach says, Liberty, to man, is the fa-  
culty of doing, for his own peculiar happiness  
everything