VOLUME 3.

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1851.

NUMBER 45.

THE STAR OF THE NORTH Is published every Thursday Morning, by R. W. WEAVER.

R. W. WEAVER.

OFFICE—Up stairs in the New Britk 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 subscribing; two dollars and fifty cents if not paid within the year. No subscription received for a less period than six months in o discontinuance 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 doller, and twenty-five cents for each additionl insertion. A liberal discount will be made to those who advertise by the year.

The Proud Miss Mac Bride. A LEGEND OF GOTHAM.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

O! TERRIBLE proud was Miss Mac Bride,
The very personification of Pride,
As she mimic'd along in Fashion's tide,
Adown Broadway—on the proper side—
When the golden sun was setting;
There was pride in the head she carried in
high.

high,
Pride in her lip, and pride in her eye,
And a world of pride in the very sigh
That her stately bosom was fretting

A sigh that a pair of elegant feet, Sandal'd in satin, should kiss the street The very same that the vulgar greet in common leather not over "neat"— For such is the common booting;

(And Christian tears may well be shed.
That even among the geutlemen bred,
The glorious Day of Morocco is dead,
And Day and Martin are reigning instead,
On a much inferior footing!)

O, terribly proud was Miss Mac Bride, Proud of her beauty, and proud of her pride And proud of filty matters beside—
That wouldn't have borne dissection; Proud of her wit, and proud of her walk, Proud of her teeth, and proud of her talk, Proud of "knowing cheese from chalk,"
On a very slight inspection!—

Proud abroad, and proud at home. Froud abroad, and proud at home,
Froud wherever she chanc'd to come,—
When she was glarl, & when she was glum
Proud as the head of a Saracen
Over the door of a tippling shop!—
Proud as a dutchess, proud as a fop,
"Proud as a boy with a bran-new top,"
Proud beyond comparison!

It seems a singular thing to say, But her very senses led her astray Respecting all humility; In sooth, her dull, auricular, drum, Could find in *Humble* only a "hum," And heard ro sound of "gentle" com In talking about gentihty.

What Lowly meant she didn't know,
For she always avoided "everything low,
With care the most punctilious;
And still queerer, the audible sound
Of "apper-stilly" she never had found
by the adjective supercitions! In the adjective supercilious

The meaning of Meek she never knew,
But imagined the phrase had something t
With "Mosos"—a peddling German Jew
Who, like all hawkers, the country thro
Was "a person of no position;"
And it seemed to her exceedingly plain,
It the word was really known to pertain
To a vulgar German, it wasn't germane
To a lady of high condition!

Even her graces—not her grace— For that was in the "vocative case"— Chill'd with the touch of her icy face, Sat very stiffly upon her! She never confessed a favor aloud Sat very small state of the simple, common crowd-Like one of the simple, common crowd-But coldly smiled, and faintly bow'd, As who should say: "You do me proud, And do yourself an honor!

And yet the pride of Miss Mac Bride, Although it has fifty hobbies to ride, Had really no foundation; But like the labrics that gossips devise— Those single stories that often arise And grow 'till they reach a four-story size, Was merely a fancy creation!

Tie a curious fact as ever was known In human nature, but often shown Alike in casale and cottage, That pride, like pigs of a certain breed, Will manage to live and thrive on "feed" As not as a nauner's notine;

vain, like her face—sufficiently plain; And, as to her musical powers Although she sang until she was hoarse, And issued Notes with a Banker's force, They were just such notes as we never For any acquaintance of ours!

Het Birth indeed, was uncommonly high—
For Miss Mac Bride first epened her eye
Thro' a sky-light dim, on the light of th
sky;
But pride is a curious passion—
And in taking about her wealth and worth,
She always forgot to mention her birth,
To people of rank and fashion!

Of all the notable things on earth,
The queerest one is pride of birth,
Among our 'fierce Democracie!
A bridge across a hundred years,
Without a prop to save it from sneers.
Not even a couple of rotten peers.
A thing for laughter, fleers and jeers,
Is American aristocracy!

nglish and Irish, French and Spanish orman, Italian, Dutch and Danish, ossing their veins until they vanish. In one conglomeration! subile a tangle of blood indeed, o heraldry-Harvey will ever succeed In finding the circulation!

Depend upon it, my snobbish friend.
Your family thread you can't ascend,
Without a good reason to apprehend
You may find it waxed at the farber end,
By some plebian vocation!
Or, worse than that, your boasted line
May end in the loup of stronger twine,
That plagued some worthy estation!

But Miss Mac Bride had something beside Her lofty birth to nourish her pride—

According to public rumer:
And he lived "up town," in a splendid squa
And kept his daughter on dainty fare,
And gave her gems that was rich and rare,
And the finest rings and things to wear,
And feather enough to plume her!

An honest Mechanic was John Mac Bride, As ever an honest calling plied,
Or graced an honest ditty;
For John had worked in his early day,
In "Pots and Pearls," the legends say—
And kept a shop with a rich array
With things in the soap and can'ille way,
In the lower part of the city!

No "rara-avis" was honest John,
(That's the Latin for 'sable swan,")
Though in one of his fancy flashes,
A wicked wag, who meant to deride.
Called honest John "Mr. Phamiz Mac Bride,
"Bocause he rose from his ashes!"

Little by little he grew to be rich.
By saving of candle-ends and "sich,"
Till he reached, at last, an opnient nich
No very uncommon arlair;
For history quite confirms the law
Expressed in the ancient Scotish saw:
A Mickle may come to be mair!

Alack! for many ambitious beaux!
She hung their hopes upon her nose—
(The figure is quite Horatian!)
Unit from habit, the member grew
As, vrr, a Hook as ever yo k.ew,
To the commonest observation!

A thriving tailor begg'd her hand, But she gave "the fellow" to understand By a violent manual action, She perfectly scorn'd the best of his clan, And reckon'd the ninth of any man, An exceedingly Vulgar Fraction!

Another, whose sign was a golden boot, Was mortified with a bootless suit,
In a way that was quite appalling; For, though a regular sutor by trade, He wasn't a suitor to suit the maid.
Who cut him off with a saw—and bade "The cobbler keep to his calling."

(The muse maid let a secret out—
There isn't the faintest shadow of doubt,
The folks who oftenest sneer and flout
At "the dirty, low mechanicals,"
Are they whose sires, by pounding t
knees.
Or coiling their legs, or trades like theseContriv'd to win their children ease
From poverty's galling manacles.)

A rich tobacconist comes and sues, And, thinking the lady would scarce refuse And, thinking the lady would scarce refus
A man of his wealth and liberal views,
Began, at once, with "If you choose—
And could you really love him—"
But the lady spoiled his speech in a huff,
With an a iswer rough and ready enough,
To let him know she was up to snuff,
And altogether above him!

A young attorney, of wining grace, Was scarce allowed to "open his face," Ere Miss Mac Bride had closed his case With true judicial celerity;
For the lawyer was poor, and "seedy"

And to say the lady discarded his suit,
Is merely a double verity!

The last of those who came to court,
Was a lively bean, of the dapper sort,
"Without any visible means of support,"
A crime be no means flagrant
In one who wears an elegant coat,
But the very point on which they vote
A ragged fellow, "a vagrant."

A countly fellow was Dapper Jim,
Sleek and suple, and tall and trim,
And smooth of tongue as near of limb
A maugre his meagre pocket,
You'd say from the glittering tales he told,
That Jim had slept in a cradle of gold,
With Fortunatus to rock it!

Now Dapper Jim his courtship plied,
(I wish the fact could be denied)
With an eye to the purse of the old MaBride,
And really "nothing shorter!"
For he said to himself, in his greedy lust,
"Whenever he dies—as die he mustAnd yields to Heaven his vital trust,
He's very sure to 'come down with the dust,
In behalf of nis only daughter."

And the very magnificent Miss Mac Bride, Half in love, and half in pride, Onite graciously relented Quite graciously relented;
And, tossing her head, and turning her back To be a bride without the "Mac With much disdain, consent

Alas! that people who've get their box
Of cash beneath the best of locks,
Secure from all financial shocks,
Should stock their fancy with fancy stock,
And madly rush upon Wall-street rocks,
Without the teast apology!
Alas! that people whose money affairs
Are sound, beyond all need of repairs,
Should ever tempt the bulls and bears
Of Mammon's fierce Zoology!

Old John Mac Bride, one fatal day, Became the unresisting prey
Of Fortune's undertakers;
And staking all on a single die,
His founder'd bark went high and dry
Among the brokers and breakers

At his trade again, in the very shop,
Where, years ago he let it drop,
He follows his ancient calling—
Cheerily, too in poverty's spite,
And sleeping quite as sound at night,
As when, at Fortune's giddy height,
He used to wake with a dizzy fright,
From a dismal dream of falling.

But alas! for the hau, bry Miss Mac Bride,
"I'was such a shock to her precious Pride!
She couldn't recover, although she tried,
Her jaded spirits to rally
"I'was a dreadful change, in haman affairs,
From a place "Up Town," to a nook "Up
Stairs."
From an Avenue down to an Alley!—

Twas little condolence she had, God wot— From her "troops of friends," who hadn't forgot The airs she used to borrow: They had civil phrase enough, but yet 'Twas plain to see that their "deepest re-

Was a different thing from sorrow !

They owned it couldn't have well been worse
To go from a full to an empty purse:
To expect a "reversion," and get a reverse,
Was truly a dismal feature!
But it wasn't strange-they whisper'e-at all!
That the Summer of Pride should Lave its
Fall

Was quite according to Nature ! And one of the chaps who make a pun,

And one of the chaps who make a pt As if it were quite legitimate fun Te be blazing away at every one With a regular double-loaded gun,—Remark'd that moral transgressio Always brings retributive sings To candle-makers, as well as kings; For "making light of cereous thugs," Was a very wick-ed profession!

And vulgar people the saucy curls— Inquired about "the price of Pearls,"
And mock dather situation;
"She was n't ruined—they ventur'd to hope
Because she was poor, she needn't mope—
Few people were better off for soan,
And that was a consolation !"

And to make her cup of woe run over, Her elegant, atdent, plighted lover Was the very first to forsake her; "He quite regretted the step, 'twas truo-The lady had pride enough 'for two,' But that alone would never do To quiet the butcher and baker!"

And now the unhappy Miss Mac Bride
The mearest ghost of her early pride—
Bewails her louely position ?
Cramp'd in the very narrowest niche—
Above the poor, and below the rich—
Was ever a wose condition?

MORAL.

BECAUSE you flourish in worldly affairs, Don't be haughty, and put on airs.

Don't be haughty, and put on airs.

With insolent pride of station!

Don't be proud, and turn up your nose.
At poorer people in plainer clothes,
But learn, for the sake of your mind's repose,
That wealth's a bubble that comes—and goes!
And that all Proud Flesh, wherever it grows,
Is subject to irritation.

Walker and Webster on the Tariff,

We give the following correct and useful xtract from a report of the Hon. Lobert J. Walker on the subject of the tariff.

"Nations cannot grow rich by destroying "Nations cannot grow nen by desiroying of the Mediterranean, and produced a relation of 25,000 dollars in specie, and 15,000 dollars in specie, and 15,000 dollars in Italian merch andize. These sums to better. Commerce is an exchange of products; specie often adjusting balances, but ducts; specie often adjusting balances, but S100,000 more than was exported, and is constituting so inconsiderable a part of the therefore proof of an unfavorable balance of value of products and property, but a small trade to that amount in this adventure. We should find no great difficulty, sir, in paying off our balance, if this were the nature of the tempt, then, by high tariffs, to make large them all. The truth is, Mr. Chairman, that the state of the species of sales for any length of time for the specie of other nations, is impracticable, and must discussed the quantity and price of our exports. As specie sales for long periods or great extent are impossible, that nation which, from the surplus products of its own labor, at the best price, purchases at the lowest sale the times are owing to the exportation of specie. largest quantity of the products of the labor. Here again we refer to the same speech, largest quantity of the products of the labor of the world, progresses in wealth most rap-idly. Thus, if one nation, by high duties, should forbid its citizens purchasing any of the products of other nations, except at a greatly advanced price, or should restrict the exchange of the products of its own labor for the products of the labor of other nations, such restricting nation would certainly receive less of the comforts or necessaries of life in exchange for the products of its own labor, and in this manner (the wages of labor being connected with the value of its pro-ducts) depresses wages. If there were three nations—the first raising breadstuffs, the second sugar, and the third cotton-and the first restricted the exchanges of its breadstuffs for the sugar of the second, and the cotton of the third, it would cercainly get less sugar and cotton in exchange for its breadstuffs. han other nations which encourage free exchanges. Labor, then, untaxed and unre-stricted in all its exchanges and markets, will certainly receive in exchange a larger than where labor is restricted in its products to a single market, abandoning the profits of the exchanges with other nations. It is thus clear that a tay or exercising. clear that a tax or restriction on commerce is a restriction or tax upon labor, and falls chiefly upon the wages of labor; and it will ecome an axiomatic truth, that all tariffs are a tax upon labor and wages. One of the most common errors is to compare our imports, exclusive of specie, with our domestic exports, exclusive of specie; and if there are more such imports than exports in any one year, such balance of trade is set down as so much lost by foreign commer to the nation. A single fact proves the falla cy of this position. From 1790 to the pres ent period, our imports, exclusive of specie, have exceeded our domestic exports, exclu-sive of specie, several hundred millions of dollars; yet our wealth has increased with rapidity unprecedented. The theory there fore is disproved by the facts; and the reasons are obvious, of which the following an among the most prominent: The product of our whale fisheries extracted by dy seamen from the ocean, and most clearly dy seamen from the ocean, and most clearly one of the great products of American industry, when imported here are included in the list of our foreign imports, and go to swell several millions of dollars every year this alleged unfavorable balance. The earnings of freight in foreign commerce by our cares and vessels are of breathing for the contract of the contract rews and vessels are not brought into the count, or often against us, wh n foreign imports. The profits of exchange

He sends it to Calcutta, and sells it at an ad-vance of a thousand per cent. The proceeds he may invest there in the purchase of goods, which he can bring to Liverpool, and proba-bly sell at a profit of twenty or thirty per cent.; and the aggregate profits realized at Calcutta and Liverpool he takes home in specie, or in imports, or in a bill of exchange, which he probably sells at a premium for pear, or may even appear as an unfavorable balance under the head of imports.—Upon the same fallacious theory, if, instead of purchasing millions of foreign fabrics from the profits of foreign commerce, such valuable foreign articles were presented gratuitously to the American merchants, and brought by him into the country, they would swell this alleged unfavorable balance of trade." The following is see xtract from a speech

of Daniel Webster, and gives an accurate view of the vexed question relating to the balance of trade, and the Whig heresy that

the exportation of specie is ruin to a country.

"Now sir, the whole fallacy of this argument consists in supposing that, whenever the value of imports exceeds that of exports. the difference; whereas, ordinarily, the import is now more than the result of the ex-port, augumented in value by the labor of transportation. The excess of imports over exports, in truth, usually shows the gains, ships in conveying goods also, it shows the profits of Commerce and the earnings of navigation," and to illustrate his position at page 283 he cites the fact that "some years pected; for the "briefless barrister" was before that, a ship left one of the towns of New England with 70,000 specie dollars. The proceeds to Mocha, on the Red Sea, and there laid out these dollars in coffee, drugs. spices, &c. With this new cargo she proceeded to Europe, two-thirds of it were sold in Holland for \$130,000, which she brought outfit. The other third was sent to the ports of the Mediterranean, and produced a return

our speakers, professing Democracy and ut-tering whig sentiments, that the present

page 286, 7, for a refutation of that "These are the shallower reasoners (says Webster) that those political and commerwith this additional circumstance belonging to them, that they are made by the general consent of nations, the standard by which consent of nations, the standard by which the valure of all other merchandize is to be estimated.—There may after the precious and he finally made up his mind to come metals too much or too little in a country at an understanding, in some way or other, just as soon as practicable. other countries, than when coffee and sugar

EPIGRAM.—The following epigram is very clever. The reader has only name, substitute that of Miss -, mark

paper round, and send it to her :-"Maria's like a clock they say, Unconscious of her beauty; She regulates the live long day, Exact in every duty.

If this be true, such self command, Such well directed powers,
O! may her little minute hand
Become a hand of ours!"

LOVELY .- An interrogatory of silver sweet contained in the following method of ge

The moon shines bright; Can I go home with you to-night?

er:—
The stars do too;
I don't care it you do.

SHARP RETORT.-Two smart fellows, riding after a fast nag, observed a farmer sowing seed, and one of them accosted him

'Well, honest fellow, its your busin sow, but we reap the fruit of your labor. 'Tis very likely you may,' replied the far-mer 'for I am sowing hemp.'

ing our imports, or of sales of foreign products, do not appear in the balance, or, if so, to a very limited extent, or often against us.

Thus an American merchant ships from Boston a cargo of ice during the winter, valued at that time, as an export, a very small sum. The Last Folly .- A volatile young lord

MARRYING A FORTUNE. BY GEO. CANNING HILL.

Full half of mankind will never get through searching up money-matches for themselves until the other half has done with holding the money. That is a fixed fact, which no

one will attempt to call in question.

Tom Turnabout was one of the penniles nes. Not that it was by any means the ones. Not that it was by any means the fault of his own, but it merely happened to be so; it was "in his stars" to be poor. And what made the matter worse, beside being poor, per se ne was a poor barrister—a situation rendered by all odds exquisitely distressing; for a briefless barrister is always short of everything, from soap to suits.

Tom was, withal, an individual of more

than ordinary personal attractions—so far as the opinion of the majority of the other sex went-and upon this opinion he early deter-mined to found pretty much all his future. With his affable and excessively social manners, it would have been no wonder at all if he did not have to undergo many a pang in the measurement of his living by his circum-

throws of the dice of chance of which we read or hear but rarely, Tom Turnabout was married, and that to a lady of fortune. It seemed to him as if the fortune was accu-mulated for his use and behoof alone. And not the losses of Irade; or in a country that not only buys and sells goods but employs to be found who could make show of a lar on his wedding-day, no man was anywhere

as well, perhaps, as ought to have been expected; for the "briefless barrister" now possessed of a comtortable home, and assured of an excellent living, with a young and pretty wife; for Mrs. Euphrasia Turnabout, as every lady *aid, was a verry pretty young woman. Her hair curled, her eyes were of a jet black, her hand was delicate and lily-white, and she knew how to disback and placed in the same Bank from the pense the most gracious and bewitching vaults of which he had taken her original smiles: how could she be otherwise than

pretty? And if pretty, likewise amiable?
At least so thought for a time Tom Turnabout, esq., who esteemed himself her liege lord and master.

But there was one thing that seriously trou-bled Tom, and that was, how to broach the

He went round and round the subject in his mind for a long time, at each revolution becoming the more perplexed. At no single are of Commerce."

It is a subject of complaint by some of our speakers, professing Democracy and utthe matter completely understood between them. Euphrasia had never attended to the subject of money, simply going ahead and managing the household as if she had fully resolved to count at least one in its manage nent and classification. Tom had repeated Webster) that those political and commercial interests who would represent it to be the only and gainful end of commerce to actual interests who would represent it to be stocks," "taxes," and all the other minute appurtenances to the possession of a fortune; but hitherto to just no purpose at all; she

stocked with them, as it often is, their exportation becomes as proper and as useful as that of other commodities, under similar circumstances. We need no more repine, cate nerves of his wife, and thus lose his when the dollars which have been brought here from South America, are despatched to that disguise helped him not a whit, he screwed up his courage to venturing a bold take the same direction.—[How true is this push that should settle all. He finally benow of the gold from California.] We often came a convert to the sentiment so epigram-

Or his deserts are small,
Who dares not put it to the touch,
To gain or lose it all." Accordingly he laid himself out to bring

"Dick," said he to a companion of his ore afternoon, as they sat together in a little

office of the latter, "Dick, I'm in a quanda

"A quandary !" "About what ?"

"I want some money." "You want money! Why, how much did you marry, pray ?"
"More than I shall ever get, I fear."

"Well, that's a good one! rouble ?" "Do you keep a secret?" asked Tom in

"Try me, and see." "I married money, you know." "Everybody says so, you know."
"And everybody thinks so, but me! There's plenty of money in the case, but unlucki-y there's none to be had! I can't lay hold

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Dick, in his face. "You laugh, but what would you do?"
"What would I do?"

'Yes; what shall I do?" "Nothing is easier," replied Dick.
"I hope not," said Tom, "but how shall I to to work?"

"Have you broached the subject to "Haven't dared to; she won't let me, in

"Then run up a bill or two." Then what ?" asked Tom, earn "Have it sent at such a time to the house

"I never thought of that." "She will either pay it or blow," continued

Dick. "Then you have got at the core of you

subject, and you can go ahead after that as circumstances will best allow."

"I'll try it—I'll act on your happy sugge "True; what will you have? Shall we go

into Carter's and get one of his nicest teami and take a drive on to Spikeville " "You couldn't have hit the nail more actly on the head, let's go at once !"

Dick. Dick.

That was a fast afternoon—the remainder of it—and it began a new era. To be sure it was a step in the dark, but Tom hoped that it would lead to happy results and plen-

ty of money.

In due time the bills began to come in. One morning the door bell rang; it chancel to be about nine o'clock. The servant answered the summons and carried a bill up stairs to her mistress. The bell rang again and there came a second bill. A third time, and another bill. Mrs. Euphrasia Turnabout now began to grow alarmed.

Presently came along the dinner hour. It duly found Tom Turnabout, esq., at home, and at the table.

All during the meal he anxiously scanne the features of his wife, trying his very best to imagine her as feeling extremely happy in enjoying the privilege of paying her dear husband's bills; but he succeeded in read-ing no such expression on her face; he looked for the slightest trace of it in vain.
It was too perplexing. There sat Euphra-

sia, worth her fortune, over against him at table—a mountain of gold, as it were, within his reach, but he not able to pick off even shiny scale from its surface. She was as calm as a delicious cool summer's morning he, on the other hand, was burning up with disappointment and chagrin.

He declared within himself that he could

stand it no longer. It was a few steps be-yond human endurance. Better die at once than live long in this suspense.
So, at last, he meekly remarked to his wife,

"Euphrasia, was there anything brought ere this morning for me?"

"Yes, dear," she replied, "there were hree bills for horse-hire, and confectionery, refreshments, and one thing and another but I did not read them particularly—you know that's not a lady's business."
"Was there a bill for furniture, too?" in-

uired the agitated Iom,
"Yes, dear; I paid that and took a re-

ceipt—but the others, your personal matters, you know, those I carefully placed in your

safety do it, he pushed for Lis office. Ere long his old friend Dick made his appear.

"Well!" said Dick, "how goes it, Tom? "It's no go,', surlily answered Tom.
"How now?" Were the bills paid?"

Tom explained the whole. His friend admitted that it would be ex seedingly hard to get round a woman who inderstood hersef and him so well, especially

when she held the purse strings.

Tom gave it up altogether. That afternoo he spent in reflecting upon the extreme worthlessness of his relying for an independent living upon another, and in forming a strong resolution to go ahead, and do some-thing for himself.

The lesson he learned chanced to be a most valuable one, which many a married lady may at her leisure give her husband, to his decided advantage

Tom Turnabout, esq., became a respecta ble member of his profession; able to earn sufficient to pay his curriage and oyster-house scores, at least, and at home he never knew what trouble meant.

A Palpable Hit.

A lawyer once plead with great ability the his client for nearly an hour. When cause of his client for nearly an hour. When he had done, his antagonist, with a supercilious sneer, said he did not understand a believe so, for I was speaking law.

A FAIR Hir.-'Here, you bog trotter, said a half dandy soaplock to an Irish labo er, 'come tell the biggest lie you ever told in your life, and I'll treat you to a whiskey punch.' 'An by me sowl, yer honor's gentleman,' retorted Pat.

The last case of indolence is related in one of our exchanges-it is that of a man named John Hole, who was so lazy that in writing his name, he simply dised the let-ter J, and then punched a hole through the

A PAIR OF THEM .- There is a man Pleasant Street, so sharp that he has only to lather himself, and look into the glass—he never needs a razor to shave with. And another so dull that his wife has to strap him every morning.

The man who thought he could coax a lawyer to take "a doller less," is now try-ing to set fire to an ice-berg with a eigar.

He Rather Got Her, Several years ago, when one of our presonly using so of the superior Court was Dis-trict Attorney of a neighboring county, rath-er a laughable incident occurred, related by trimself. Court weeks he used to declify a bed room at Cot. Lewis's, who kept the principal hotel at that county seat. He had his books and papers in this room—here he drew his indictments—and in important cases its used to direct the sheriff to bring up the people's witnesses for preliminary ex-

unination.
It happened at one court that he had an It happened at one count that he had an important murder case coming on. The celebrated Gen. Inow Judge] Nye was counsel for the defendant. He examined the witnesses, as usual, and fook careful minutes of what they would state on the stand. He found that a lady was the most important witness for the people, and he also discovered that she was rather excitable and high-

string, and a fast talker.

Apprehensive of trouble, he thought he'd caution her a little. So he told her when she came on the stand not to talk. "Pay a"ention," said the district attorney, "to my questions, and answer them, but don't talk.
And when Nye comes to examine you, you must be very careful and not get excited, for he's a great blackguard, and will try to get you mad. Just pay attention to his questions and scancer them. tions and answer them—no matter how of-ten repeated or how apparently silly, but don't allow him to get you off your bal-

The district attorney and witness parted for the night. The next day the case came on. The district Attorney called his witness and she went through with her evidence, ou

the part of the people, to his perfect admi-ration, and handed her over to Nye. He went along awhile very smoothly. Pretty-scon he began to crowd her, and she began "flare up;" he crowded her the more, and she resented the more, and very soon they made a regular breeze. Finally, loosing all self-control, she broke out on him as forlows :-

"I won't answer any more of your contemptible questions; you are a nasty, dirty blackguard, and the district attorney told me

After the laugh partially subsided, Nye

says:
"What! the District Attorney told you so !- When and where did he tell you so ?" "He told me so lust night, up in Col. Lewis's

bed room."

The scene which followed the answer may be readily imagined. In the midst of the shout, Nye told the witness she might "pass."

you know, those I carefully placed in your escritoire, where you could readily find them when you wished to. I hope you do not consider me too inquisitive in just looking at them to see what they were!"

Tom was not possessed of any too much philosophy, and this last serious sally of his wife quite upset what little he had. Swalwife quite upset what little he had. Swalwife hands which makes it peculiary a whig hands, which makes it peculiary a post of danger; and a corresponding good fortune about the latter office which makes to tune about the latter office which makes it substantially the post of honor. We were prepared for a long list of whig candidates for the Vice Presidency, but supposed the whigs might find some difficulty in getting a candidate with sufficient hardibood to stand for the first place. We were, however, altogether mistaken in this, for there seems to be no lack of whig names ambitious of the honors of martyrdom.—Eric Observer.

Preventive of Jealousy.

A beautiful young ludy having called oot an ugly gentleman to dance with her, he was astonished at the condescension, and was astonished at the condescension, and believing that she was in love with him, in a very pressing manner desired to know why she had selected him from the rest of the company. 'Because, sir,' replied the laly, 'my husband co such a partner as should not give him cause for jealousy.

Cent Imental.

Bulwer, or somebody else writes : "What more precious offering can be laid upon the altar of a man's heart than the first love of a pure, earnest and affectionate girl, with an undivided interest in eight corner

lots and fourteen three story house No Sinecure.

Colonel M—— was complaining that, from the ignorance and inatention of his officers, he was obliged to do the duty of the

'I am,' said he, 'my own captain, my own lieutenant, my own coronet,'—'and trumpel er, I presume,' said a lady present.

Conjugal Affection

Madame Geoffrin, disagreeing once with a literary gentleman, the dispute became very warm, and many high words were ex-changed with great acrimony. 'How now,' said a mutual friend of theirs, stepping be-tween them, 'can it be that you are clandes-

Russia will be 1000 years old next year; and her thousandth birthday is to be celebrated with great splendor. Kos probably, would rather go to her funeral

A Western poet, in speaking of the noon, said :- "She 'laid her cheek upon a moon, said :- "She 'laid her cheek upon a cloud like beauty on a young man's bosom." O, git cont.