VOLUME 7.

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1855.

THE STAR OF THE NORTH

R. W. WEAVER,

OFFICE—Up stairs, in the new brick building, on the south side of Main Steert, third square below Market.

TER MS:—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; no discontinuages permited until all arrestages.

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CHOLOR POINTEY.

From the (London) Anthenaum. LOSSES. BY FRANCIS BROWNE.

Upon the white sea sand
There sat a pilgrim band,
Telling the losses that their lives had known
While evening waned away
From breezy cliff and bay, [moan
And the strong tide went cut with a weary

One with spake, quivering lip,
Of a fair freighted ship,
With all his household to the deep gone down;
But one had wilder woe,
For a fair face, long ago
Lost in the darker depths of a greater town.

There were who mourneth their youth With a most loving ruth,

For its brave hopes and memories ever gree
And one upon the West
Turned an eye that would not rest
For far off hills whereon its joy had been.

Some talked of vanished gold, Some of proud honors told. [e spake of friends that were their true

And one of a green grave, Beside a foreign wave, That made him sit so lonely on the shore

But when their tales were done,
There spake among them one,
tranger, seeming from all sorrow free—
"Sad losses have ye met,
But mine is heavier yet,
ra believing heart hath gone from me."

"Alas!" these pilgrimy said,
"For the living and the dead,
fortune's cruelly, for love's sure cross,
For the wrecks of land and sea! But, however it came to thee, Thine, stranger, is life's last and heaviest loss.

A Busy Pay Day.

A profligate young fellow, a son of a lawyer of some eminence in Rhode Island, on a certain muster or inspection day, purchased a farmer, and engaged to pay for it on the next inspection day.

When the inspection day had come, and the farmer, unsuspicious of the trick, supposed the note to be due, he called on the young man for payment. The latter expresd great astonishment that he should call on him before the note was out.

"But it is out," said the farmer; "you promised to pay me the next inspection day; the time has come and I want the mon-

"If you will look at that note again, said the young man coolly, "you will find that it has a long while to run yet."

The farmer was sure the note was due, or ought to be; but on spelling over carefully he found to his astonishment that it was not due till the resurrection day. He remonstrated with the young scapegrace but all to no father, the lawyer. The latter took his

distant, you are in a fair way to have busi ness enough on your hands that day to with-out having your notes to settle." The advice was taken.

It is announced officially that three splendid prizes, the least of which is \$25 in gold,

such exercise must have its effect, and la-dies gradually become so fleet in conse-quence of it, that they will doubly deserve knees; and the echo from the woods anquence of it, that they will doubly deserve thing goes on, however, the Hoosiers may

Know Nothing papers were fond of 'put down' upon the stump, by interruptions from 'Sam,' and the vast assemblages which wont to gather around the bustings of the Urator of Accomac. At one of these ineetings in Western Virginia, two of 'Sam'e' fastest young men had been more than usually noisy and insolant towards. ally noisy and insolent towards the speaker, and their interruptions were plainly intended to annoy and insult him. Wise paused in his speech, and turning to these "bloods" h, and turning to these pointed his long skinny finger, a la Randolph, at the offenders, and said: "Young men! I am to be your next Governor: you will probably be in the penientiary; and may depend upon it you will have to serve out your time!"
He was not interrupted again in that quar-

ed a country school-master of his pupil."Because he had no knife," said the boy.

Translated from the Fr. for the Home Journal.
THE MAIDEN WITH GOLDEN HAIR.

BY OLIVER S. LELAND.

Many, many years ago, near by the old Abbey of Chelles, there was a fountain, a little fountain, which went rippling, rippling along laughingly, through the flowers and

the fresh, green grass.

In the fountain, a large willow bathed its long green hair and under this willow came Jacqueline every evening, at the hour when the night flower opens its chalice. But Jacqueline came not under the tree to drink of the fountain; for here, at the hour when the night flower opens its chalice, came her lover, Pierre. Pierre was a blacksmith of the country, the handsome smith with the proud yet tender glance. And every evening they culled with the same hand, the little blue flowers which enamelled the borders of the fountain. And when the flowers were culled, Pierre would kiss them and conceal them in the bosom of the beautiful Jacque-

line with the golden hair.
One evening when Jacqueline came with Pierre under the great willow tree, he grew pale as death. "Dearest," said she, "vow o me to love thy Jacqueline as long as the fountain shall glide on." And Pierre answered, "As long as the fountain shall glide on, so long, and longer, will I love my beau-tiful Jacqueline with the golden hair.

He vowed: but one day Jacqueline stood all alone beneath the great willow free. She gathered the little blue flowers while waiting for him, but he came not to place them in the little red bodice. She threw the flowers into the fountain, and she thought that the fountain wept with her. The next day she came a little sooner and went away a little later. She waited; the nightingales were singing in the woods, the caule were lowing in the meadow. She waited; the old abbey clock sounded the hour of the Angelus; the miller of Nogent chanted his joyous song.

Eight days after, Jacqueline came once more to the fountain. She was still alone .-"It is over," said she; "it is over!" The soldiers of the king just then passed by the brookside. "Ah!" said she, "he has gone to the war.'

She went and knocked at the door of the Abbey. "It is a poor girl," said she, "who wishes to love God alone."

They cut off her beautiful golden hair—

they sent back to her mother her little red bodice and her ring of silver.

with the proud eye, yet tender glance.—
'Jacqueline, Jacqueline, where art thou?"—
The fountain still runs on: it is the hour when the white pigeons seek the dovecot, the hour when the night flower opens its Where art thou ?" And even as he spoke, the kitchen at midnight with no fire, and the Pierre was Jacqueline pass by, robed in the black carb of the nuns. Poor Jacqueline! | truth is I had miscalculated the distance of

ine, what hast thou done with our happiness? While I was a prisoner of war, beheld thou hast descended into a living tomb.
Jacqueline, darling, what shall I do at my
forge without thee? Thou, who shouldst
have given to me thy smile to cheer my heart, thy brow to embalm my lips, thy neck on which to rest my arms. Thou who shouldst have given to me children, beautiful as anpurpose, and he finally laid the case before gels, to enliven the corner of my fireside. son aside, and told him he had better settle with their little rosy feet, playing on their the thing at once. with their little rosy feet, playing on their father's knees, smiling in their mother's "For," said he, "though the pay day is far arms. Adieu, Jacqueline; adieu! I will go to night and bid farewell to the fountain, and to the great willow tree, and to the little blue flowers. And when I have said farewell to all that I have loved. I will cut me a staff in the old forest, and I will journey into

far off-lands." That evening when Pierre came to the did prizes, the least of which is \$25 in gold, fountwin, the sun was gilding with his last will be offered to the ladies of Seneca Counpale ray the branches of the great willow ty, Ohio, at the next annual Fair, October, tree. It was a hunting day, and the baying growl and bark, so as to drown my voice of the dogs and the shouls of the huntsmen which is naturally plaintive and tender. the fastest lady on foot to take the highest resounded gayly over the Maine. When Besides there were two bolted doors and in a few hours. It seldom spared its victims Pierre had come under the great willow tree. That is, the Ohioians are seeking to im- he shuddered and pressed his hand closely prove the human race by introducing the feminine element. As a matter of course, leaning against the stone base of the foun-

swered, sadly, "Jacqueline! Jacqueline!"
With fright and love he raised her in his long expect to be qualified to stay at u.ms. "Farewell, dear Pierre," she said, home to wash dishes and spank the baby, sofily; "since I have prayed to God within the women folks will go out and do all those gloomy convent walls, I have felt that while the women folks will go out and do all those gloomy convent wans, the chewing, swearing and horse-racing.— I was dying from hour to hour. Already am the chewing, swearing and horse-racing.— I dead; if my heart still beats, it is that it is ble and began to expostulate with him, but those gloomy convent walls, I have felt that so near to thine. Grant me one favor, will you not, dearest? When I am dead bury me here. I do not wish to return to the convent, where my heart was frozen; but bury me here, dear Pierre, where I may still hear the rippling of the fountain and the waving of the branches of the great willow tree.— And in the soft, sweet evenings of the month of May, when the nightingale sings his ten-

ber that you have loved me well."

heard him not. How beautiful she seemed in death, resting her pale face upon the shoulder of her lover, Pierre!

All the night long Pierre prayed to God for the soul of his dear Jacqueline, some times on his knees before the body, some times pressing her wildly to his heart. A daybreak, all sobbing, he dug her grave, and lined it with the fresh, groen grass, glistening with the morning dew, all studded with flowers and pearls. On this funeral bed he placed Jacqueline for eternity. For the last time he pressed her hand, for the last time he kissed her pure white brow. Over the body he scattered all the wild flowers he

could gather in the meadow, or at the bor-ders of the wood. Upon the wild flowers he

threw the earth—earth blessed by holy tears. Slowly he went away. The nuns, on their awaking, heard the sobs of the lover, Pierre Since that sad day, the smith has never beaten the iron at his forge. Since that sad day, Jacqueline has slept to the rippling of the fountain-music sweet to her heart. And in the soft, sweet evenings of the month of May, when the nightingale sings his ten-derest lay down there in the woods, she re-members that Pierre has loved her well.— And to this day, you can see the little blue flowers growing from her tomb, which is ev-

How Mr. Sparrowgrass went down Stairs

er green.

One evening Mrs. S. had retired, and I was busy writing when it struck me a glass of ice water would be palatable. So I took a candle and pitcher and went down to the pump. Our pump is in the kitchen. A country pump, in the kitchen, is more conveni-ent; but a well with buckets is certainly more picturesque. Unfortunately, our well water has not been sweet since it was cleaned out. First I had to open a bolted door that lets you into the basement hall, and then I went to the kitchen door which proved to be locked. Then I remembered that our girl always carried the key to bed with her, and slept with it under her pillow .-Then I retraced my steps; bolted the basement door, and went up into the diningroom. As is always the case, I found when I could not get any water I was thirstier than I supposed I was. Then I thought I would wake up our girl. Then I concluded not to do it. Then I thought of the well, but gave that up on account of its flavor. Then I opened the closet doors—there was no water there; and then I thought of the dumb waiter! The novelty of the idea made me smile; I took out two of the movable shelves, stood the Yet he came back—he, the blacksmith got in myself with the lamp; let myself with the proud eye, yet tender glance.—

| down, until I supposed I was within a foot of

the floor below, and then let go. We came down so suddenly, that I was shot out of the apparatus as if it had been a catapult; it broke the pitcher, extinguished "Where art thou, Jacqueline?- the lamp, and landed me in the middle of air not much above the zero point. The she has lost her golden har.

He approached her. "Jacqueline, Jacque-had fallen five. My first impulse was to ascend by the way I came down, but I found that impracticable. Then I tried the kitchen door, it was locked; I tried to force it open; it was made of two inch stuff, and held its own. Then I hoisted the window, and there were the rigid iron bars. If I ever felt angry at anybody, it was at myself for putting up those bars to please Mrs. Sparrowgrass. put them up, not to keep people in but to

keep people out.
I laid my cheek against the ice-cold barriers and looked out at the sky; not a star was visible; it was as black as ink overhead. Then I thought of Baron Trenck and the pris-oner of Chillon. Then I made a noise! I shouted until I was hoarse, and ruined our preserving kettle with the poker. That brought our dogs out in full bark, and between us we made night hideous. Then I thought I heard a voice, and listened—it was Mrs. Sparrowgrass calling to me from the top of the staircase. I tried to make her hear me, but the dogs united with howl, and the whole body with a feetid prespiration. which is naturally plaintive and tender .- | complete prostration, and arriving at a crisis double deafened floors between us how could she recognize my voice even if she did hear it ? Mrs. Sparrowgrass called me once or twice, and then got frightened; the next thing I heard was a sound as if the roof had fallen in, by which I understood that Mrs. Sparrowgrass was springing the rattle. That called out our neighbor, already wide awake. He came to the rescue with a bull-terrier, Newfoundland pup, a lantern and a revolver. The moment he saw me at the win he would not listen to reason. In the excite ment I had forgotten his name, and that made matters worse. It was not until he had roused up everybody around, broken in the base ment door with an axe, gotten into the kitch-en with his savage dogs and shooting iron, nized me-and then wanted me to explain it! But what kind of an explanation could I make to him? I told him he would have ber that you have loved me well."

She ceased, and pressing her death-cold lips for the last time upon his brow, she breathed her soul away in that last kiss of love. Thus died Jacqueline, the beautiful maiden with the golden hair.

The moon, just rising above the mountain top, shed down a sweet, sad light upon the scene. Pierre took her in his arms, saying to her a thousand tender words, thinking still that she would answer him. But she heard him not. How beautiful she seemed.

Why is a poor horse greater than Nabelon 1. Because in him there is many bor to wait until my mind was composed, and then I would let him understand the whole

THE PLAGUE.

The most terrible scourge of the Middle Ages was the "Black Death." It is compu-ted that this mighty reaper gathered in his "tharvest home" twenty-five millions of peo-ple one fourth of the then population of Eu-rope. The disease first appeared in the king-dom of Cathay to the north of China in the year 1333. In 1334 it visited France and England, and subsequently Scotland, Norway, Russia and Poland. It dashed in among the Poles with a wolfish appetite and seemed disposed to anticipate the Russians in making a morsel of its nationality. Three fourths of the entire population were de-voured by the hungy monster. Of the Rus-sians and Norwegians two-thirds were de-stroyed. The disease is described by Hecker as a specie of Oriental plague, exhibiting it-self in inflammatory boils and tumors of the glands, accompanied with burning thirst; sometimes, also, with inflammation of the lungs an expectoration of blood; in other cases with vomitings of blood and fluxes of era, with a discoloration of the skin, and black spots indicating putrid decomposition, from which it was called in the north of usually fatal within two or three days of the first symptoms appearing, but in many cases of Ohio, but fifty years old, and yet contain. or to ascend into His Throne, to were even more sudden, some fall as if struck ing two millions of inhabitants, great, rich, ceptre, and hurl His thunderbolts. by lightning. In some countries, dogs, cats, fowls, and other animals were affected by the disease and died in great numbers. In England it was followed by a fatal murrain access to the sea, but even for its political among cattle, occasioning a great advance

in the price of food. Upon the heels of this black night of Mortality, there came polking into Europe the Dancing Mania or Tarantism, as it was called in Italy, where it was attributed to the bite of the ground spider—the tarantula.— The disease, it is said, showing itself in vioof the legs, the physicians of the times concouraged to dance until they fell exhausted, a reaction would commence and a cure result. This singular prescription was so much vided, and airs composed to harmonise with the peculiarities of the dance; but these public exhibitions seem to have had the effect of propagating the epidemic.

In a short time-naturally enough, to be sure—all Germany was in motion. tion en masse took to dancing until the fatherland became a vast ball room, and the anti-chamber to the "valley of death."-There circles were formed in the churches public buildings and in the streets. Joined hand in hand and appearing to have lost all control over themselves, they continued dancing regardless of the by-standers, for hours together in wild delirium until they fell to the ground exhausted. The dancing mania, however appeared to run its course more readily in Germany than in other places. It prevailed in Italy as late as the seventeenth century.

We have historical accounts of two other singular epidemics, the biting mania and the mewing mania, the former begun, it is said, with a nun, in a German nunnery, who show-ed a great propensity to bite her companions, spread to many other nunneries. The mewing mania was also a nunnery diseasethe victims of this disease would spend several hours of the day in imitating the mewing of a cat. Both of these epidemics occurred in the fifteenth century, when nervous diseases appear to have been unusually prev-

The "sweating sickness" another terrible epidemic, made its appearance in England in 1544; it produced a fatality nearly as great as that of the Black Death. The disease de-vastated England five times within six years, and then entirely disappeared. The disease was a violent inflamatory fever, that suffused Its attacks was followed immediately by life. It was remarkable, that robust and vigorous men were generally singled out as the favorite target for the arrows of this deadly universally escaped.

Plagues have existed in nearly all ages and can hardly be said to be extinct—even at this day. The great plague of London in 1665, carried off nearly 70,000 inhabitants of that city. It commenced with shivering, nausea and headache, followed by total pros ration or delirium, and sometimes parox-yems of frenzy. If the patient survived these till the third day, buboes commonly appear ed, and when these could be made to rate, there was hope of recovery. The 'plague of the guts,' which is mentioned in a table of casualties of 1659 and 1660, and which proved awfully fatal in 1670 and 1699 is supposed to have been the cholera in its malignant form. The minute description given of this disease by Dr. Hecker, identify it with the epidemic cholera of this period and seem to explode the theory that before the year 1817, the cholera was altogether unknown either in India or Europe.

ARRIVAL OF GOV. SHANNON IN KANSAS .-- WE earn from Westport, Kansas that Governor Senator Pugh-An Eloquent Extract.

The Cincinnati Enquirer has brought ou the following extract of a speech of the Hon. Geo. E. Pugh, made in that city, April 6th, 1854. Is there an Ohioan, who loves his country, and desires the perpetuity of this glorious Union, but will respond an hearty amen to the patriotic and eloquent sentiments of this extract. It is worthy the reputation it finds a place in the hearts of our young, rising politicians .- Stark Co. (O.) Dem Said Mr. Pugh: "The continuance of the Union is a mat-

ter of vital importance to the people of Ohio.

Lake Erie was achieved, and let him jourand enviable, will have passed before hima State which is not merely indebted to the Union for peace and protection, for means of not pierce it, fires cannot consume it, poisons existence. Arrived at this capital of western trade and power, this queen of cities, which glasses herself in a river proverbial for beauty, let him contemplate here a triumph of industry and enterprise as superb in design as it is magnificent in proportions, which, but for the Union's continual care, would quickly fade into despair and ashes. Let him go hence by the agency of that subtile minister which enlivens so many wondrous forms of mechanism, until he has reached the States which lie upon our southern border-those fertile and sunny lands through whose allutertile and sunny lands through whose allowion the Mississippi cleaves a hundred outlets to the gulf. That, also, is his country.—

There, amid the fields of verdant cane or in There, amid the fields of verdant cane or in the groves of citron and olive, or where the fig tree casts its clustering shade, will be found men and women to whom Whshington is likewise a guiding star-whose hopes er. Truth gains the victory in the end, not are bound up with his own hopes-whose fortunes depend on his fortunes—over whose homes, as over his home, the Government which Washington established—the Govern-ment which Washington besought us to victorious arm. If there be an American pirations, a common liberty, and the joint ineritance of so great a name conspire thus closely to unite; if there be an American who could ever wish those things otherwise, I pity his head-I pity the father and mother who are compelled to own him-I pity the soil

dimmed and eclipsed by such a birth of undying shame.' How they read Newspapers

which his very footsteps contaminate—I pity even the day whose healthful sunlight was

It is a proof of the great variety of human developement to notice persons reading a

mewspaper.
Mr. General intelligence first glances at the telegraph, then at the editorial, then he goes into the correspondence.

Mr. Sharper opens with stocks and mar

wants, hoping to find a victim. Aunt Suckey first reads the stories, then

ooks to see who is married. Miss Prim looks at the marriages first, and

then looks at the stories. Mr. Marvellous is curious to see the list of ecidents, murders and the like.

Uncle Ned hunts up a funny thing, and laughs with a will.

Madame Gossip turns to the local department for her thunder, and having obtained

that, throws the paper aside.

pathy over the deaths, and then over the marriages : for, says she, one is about as bad as the other.

Mr. Politician dishes into the telegraph, and from that into the editorial, ending wi

he speeches alluded to. Our literary friend is eager for a nice com position from the editor, or some kind cor respondent. After analyzing the rhetoric grammar and logic of the production, he turns a careless glance at the news depart

ment, and then takes to his Greek, perfectly satisfied.

The pleasure seeker examines the pro grammes of the public entertainments, and decides which will afford him the greatest mount of entertainment.

The laborer searches among the wants fo a better opening in his business, and-but There is just as much difference in readers as in anything.

But the worst is yet to come. If each

does not find a column or more of his pecu-lar liking, the editor has of course been lazy, and is unworthy of patronage. Oh! who rouldn't be an editor!

RACHEL has given \$1000 to the sufferer at Norfolk and Portsmouth, and the New York merchants sent off on Sunday a ship Shannon arrived there on the 31st ult. He was serenaded, and being called our made a speech, in which he said he regarded the Legislature as legal, and its such binding, and would exert his authority to enforce them.—

He declared himself in favor of slavery in the declared himself in the declared him

We invite every unprejudiced mind to the fundamental truth as penned by Epos Sargent, Esq. It is possible for any man to ponder these fair and legical deductions from history, and then to continue to wage war upon any sector denomination for the second sector denomination for the sector denomination of the sector denomin rious consideration of the following great upon any sect or denomination for mere opin- sake, your honor, pray forgive us!" and his

to religion, is to pervert it to the purposes of faction. Heaven and hell are not more distant than the benevolent spirit of the Gospel and the malignant spirit of party. The most impious wars ever made were those called

under the auspices of a Federal Government, and as it may stand or fall, so must our face be. If any Abolitionist will calculate the value of the Union to us, or even to those who may fill our places hereafter, let him behold the prosperity and happiness which have fallen to our choice. Let him depart from Sandusky with Monday's train—first having the fallen to our choice. Let him depart from Sandusky with Monday's train—first having the fallen to our choice. Let him depart from Sandusky with Monday's train—first having the fallen to our choice. Let him depart from Sandusky with Monday's train—first having the fallen to our choice. Let him depart from Sandusky with Monday's train—first having the fallen to our choice. Let him depart from Sandusky with Monday's train—first having the fallen to our choice. Let him depart from Sandusky with Monday's train—first having the fallen to our choice. Let him depart from Sandusky with Monday's train—first having the fallen to our choice. Let him depart from Sandusky with Monday's train—first having the fallen to our choice. Let him depart from Sandusky with Monday's train—first having the fallen to our choice. Let him depart from Sandusky with Monday's train—first having the fallen to our choice. Let him depart from Sandusky with Monday's train—first having the fallen to our choice. Let him depart from Sandusky with Monday's train—first having the fallen to our choice. Let him depart from Sandusky with Monday's train—first having the fallen to our choice. Let him depart from Sandusky with Monday's train—first having the fallen to our choice. Let him depart from Sandusky with Monday's train—first having the fallen to our choice. Let him depart from Sandusky with Monday's train—first having the fallen to our choice who may fill our places are stated in the fall the fall the fall the fallen to our choice. Let him depart from Sandusky with Monday's train—first having the fallen to our choice who may fill our places of the fall the fall the fall the fallen to our choice who ma renewed his patriotism at the sight of those unwise. It not only opposes every precept islands near which the immortal victory of of the New Testament, but it invades the prerogative of God Himself. It is a usurpaney hitherward until the sun declines. What pation of the attribute which belongs exclusion will greet his eyes! The noble State or to ascend into His Throne, to wield His

And then its own history proves how useless it is. Truth is immortal; the sword cancannot incarcerate it, famine cannot starve
it; all the violence of men stirred up by the power and subilety of hell, cannot put it to death. In the person of its martyrs it bids defiance to the will of the tyrant who perse-cutes it, and with the martyr's last breath, predicts its own full and final triumph. The Pagan persecuted the Christian, but yet Christianity lives. The Roman Catholic persecuted the Protestant, but Protestantism yet lives. The Protestant persecuted the Roman Catholic, but yet Catholicism lives. The Church of England persecuted Nonconformists, and yet Nonconformity lives. Nonconformists may be extinguished in one place, but it will break out in another. If opinions cannot be put down by argument, they cannot by pow-

only by its own evidences, but by the sufferings of its confessors. Therefore if we have a mind to establish peace among the people, we must allow men to judge freely in matters of religion, and to embrace that opinion they think right, without any hope of temporal reward, without any fear of temporal pun-

THREE THINGS .- Three things that never become rusty: The money of the benevo-lent, the shoes on a butcher's horse, an la fretful tongue.

Three things not easily done: To allay hirst with fire, to dry the wet with water, to please all in everything that is done.

Three things that are as good as the best: Brown bread in a famine, well water in thirst, and a great coat in winter.

Three things as good as their better: Dir-

ty water to extinguish fire, an ugly wife to a blind man, and a wooden sword to a cow-

ard.
Three things that seldom agree: Two cats over one mouse, two scolding wives in one house, and two lovers of the same maiden.

Three things of a short continuance: A boy's love, a chip fire, and a brook's flood. Three things that ought never to be from home: The cat, the chimney, and the house-

Three essentials to a false story teller : A good memory, a bold face, and fools for an

audience.

Three things seen in the peacock: The garb of an angel, the walk of a thief, and the voice of the devil.

Three things that are unwise to boast of:

The flavor of thy ale, the beauty of thy wife, that, if you make them happy now, and the contents of thy purse.

Small Mouth, One Husband .- Large, Two-

Old Gov. I of Vermont was one of the most inveterate jokers of the early times in which he figured. An anecdote is told of and never can be, perhaps, with much effect; but we will try it. One fall as he was returning from the Legislature on horseback, as usual at that day, he was hailed from ase by a garralous old maid, who had of ten annoyed him with questions respecting public affairs

"Well, Governor," said she, coming ou towards the road, " what new laws have you passed at Montpelier, this time ?" "Well, one rather singular law, among the

asked the excited querist.
"Why, that the woman in each town, who

has the smallest mouth, shall be warra hasband."
"Whoy, whot!" said the other, drawing

up her mouth to the smallest compass; what a queer curious for that is !!'
"Yes, but we have passed another that beats that-the woman who has the largest

nouth is to have two husbands."

"Why, whart !" exclaimed the old maid,

NUMBER 35.

Anecdotes of Rev. Sydney Smith.

A PRIVATE GALLOWS.—Young delinquents on's sake?

"The very worst mischief that can be done this time, and delay the arrival of the private

SMALL Men.-An argument arose, in which my father observed how man; of the most eminent men of the world have been dimin-That is the term of all our greatness and all only wars. He who hates another man for our hopes. We came into being, as a State, not being a Christian, is himself not a Christian among the ancients, he added, "Why look under the auspices of a Federal Government, the control federal great of the control fe there at Jeffrey; and there is my little friend

> SORROW FOR A GREAT MAN DEPARTED .- At Stewart—one whose name ever brings with it feelings of respect, for his talents and high character. The news was received with so character. The news was received with so much levity by a lady of rank who sat by him, that he turned round and said, "Mad-am, when we are told of the death of so great a man as Mr. Dugald Stewart, it is usual, in civilized society, to look grave for at least the space of five seconds."

PARENTAL ADVICE .- "Lucy, Lucy, my dear child, don't tear your frock; tearing frocks is not of itself a proof of genius; but write as your mother writes, act as your mother acts; be frank, loyal affectionate, simple, honest and then integrity or laceration of frocks is of little import. And Lucy, dear child, mind your arithmetic. You know, in the first sum of yours I ever saw, there was a mistake.—You had carried two (as a cab is licensed to do), and you ought, dear Lucy, to have carried but one. Is this a trifle! What would life be without arithmetic, but a scene of hor-rors? You are going to Boulogne, the city of debts, peopled by mer who rever under-stood arithmetic; by the time you return shall probably have received my first paralytic stroke, and I shall have lost all rec tion of you; therefore, I now give you my parting advice. Don't marry anybody who has not a tolerable understanding and a thousand a year, and God bless you dea child !"

A BABY ESTABLISHMENT.—The usual establishment for an eldest landed baby is, two wet nurses, two ditto dry, two aunts, two physicians, two apothecaries, three lemale friends of the family, unmarried, advanced in life; and often, in the nursery, one clergyman; six flatterers, and a grand-papa! Less than this would not be decent.

A hint on Household Management.

Have you ever observed what a dislike servants have to anything cheap? They hate saving their master's money. I tried the experiment with great success the other day. Finding we consumed a vast deal of soap, I sat down in my thinking chair, and took the soap question into consideration, and I found reason to suspect we were using a very expensive article where a cheaper one would serve the purpose better. I or-dered half a dozen pounds of both sorts, but took the precaution of changing the pupers on which the prices were marked, before giving them into the hands of Betty. 'Well, Betty, which soap do you find washes best?' 'Oh, please, sir, the dearest in the blue paper; it makes lather as well again as the other.' 'Well, Betty, you shall always have it then;' and thus the unsuspecting Betty saved

me some pounds a year, and washed the clothes better.—Rev. Snyder Smith.

He was an accurate observer and a sound reasoner, who said: "Mankind are always happier for having been happy; so make them happy twenty years hence by the memory of it. A childhood passed with a mixture of rational indulgence, under fond life a feeling of calm pleasure; and in ex-treme old age, is the very last remembrance which time can erase from the mind of man. No enjoyment, however inconsiderable, is confined to the present moment. A man is the happier for life for having made once an agreeable tour, or lived for any length of time with pleasant people, or enjoyed any considerable internal of innocent pleasure, which contributes to render old men so inattentive to the scenes before them, and carries them back to a world that is past, and to scenes never to be renewed again.

> Good .- A man who is very rich now, was very poor when he was a boy. When asked how he got his tiches, he replied, "My father taught me never to play till my work was finished, and never to spend my money till I had earned it. If I had but an hour's till I had earned it. If I had bot an hour's working a day, I must do that the very first thing, in an hour. After it was done I was allowed to play with much more pleasure than if the thought of an unfinished task obtruded upon my mind. I early formed the habit of doing everything in turn, and it soon became perfectly easy to do so. It is to this I owe my prosperity." Let every boy who reads this go and do likewise.

preachers, owing to the fact that they pro-claim vive voce the approach of day. What then shall we style the hens?—Why lay mem-