

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

R. W. Weaver, Proprietor.

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From the Lady's Book. THE SCHOOL MISTRESS.

BY MARY E. LADD.

She bends her head at her weary task,
And with patient trust she smiles;
Her toil grows light as a ray of hope
Her saddened heart beguiles.
She lifts her hair from her broad, fair brow,
When the summer sun shines warm,
Then gently chides her little group,
And her words fall like a charm.
She moves from her seat, and the scholars smile,
As she noiseless treads the floor,
A child leans forward to touch her dress,
While another looks out the door,
And longs to be with the birds and flowers,
And beautiful things and bright;
But a smile from the gentle face hard by
Changes his musings quite.
And they mistily pour their eyes on books,
And look their lessons through;
But they already dream of the flowers they
That morn on the glittering dew.
Her task done she stands alone
In the shade of the school-house door;
The little, restless, restless feet
Have passed its threshold o'er;
And her heart is out with the beautiful things,
Her soul looks through to God;
And she gives no thought to the morrow's task,
Nor sighs at the chastening rod.

HOPEFUL AND BEAUTIFUL.

BY MRS. HARRIET E. FRANCIS.

The sun shone down on the earth with a soft, hazy light, and the river flowed with a dull, monotonous sound as if half asleep, for a dreary, universal quiet seemed to have spread over nature, and sink each element to rest. But neither the subdued light nor the drowsy river was noticed by Mrs. Seymour, as she sat busily sewing by the cradle of her sleeping infant. There was a look of care on her fair brow, and an anxious, sad expression in her eyes, as if the light of her life had been dimmed in sorrow, or age had marked her forehead, or when the raven lustre from her hair. She had been the pet of a fond father and mother, and no sorrow ever crossed her path in childhood's home; and no one, not even those who always view the future through a dark cloud, prophesied evil for her as she stood by the side of Clarence Seymour on her bridal morning. Very fair and beautiful was she, with a look of clinging tenderness in her eyes, as if she had always had and expected a strong arm to uphold her, and lead her through the flowery paths of life; and competent seemed her chosen one for that task, with his broad, intellectual brow, and piercing eye, softened as he gazed on his bride, to a look of almost woman's tenderness.
A handsome mansion, a short distance from her father's, became their home, and for a few years she passed through one unclouded scene of joy and happiness; but a dark cloud hovered in the horizon, and soon spread over her bright hopes like a gloomy pall, making her days of darkness seem still more cheerless for the gladness that had preceded them. Her gifted and intellectual husband had been welcomed everywhere, and at every gathering the wincecup had awaited him; and almost before he was aware, strong coils were around him that he had no strength or resolution to unloose. Riches, honor, society, respectability passed away from them, and a miserable cottage, with no tall, noble trees, or clustering vines, or sweet associations, was all that now they could call their own.
Mrs. Seymour was thinking of these past scenes as she sat sewing; of the sunny days of her father and mother; of the soft, subdued light that stole in through the honey-suckle and rose that festooned in the windows of the old home; of the bright, low-glance from her husband's eye that quivered her heart-strings; and also of that hour when the truth crept into her heart that her chosen one loved the wincecup—alas, too well!—of her useless remonstrances, of bitter words, and bold, averted eye, and even of one heavy blow that sent her reeling to the floor; but even that seemed nothing to the thought that her dear, innocent boy, "her darling Frank," would be tempted as a drunkard's child, that no father's hand would lead him to better world! But then the bitterest drop in her cup were the words, "No drunkard can inherit the kingdom of heaven." All the night previous and a part of that day, that sentence had rung in her ears until her mind seemed upon the verge of madness. What could she do?—She had wept, prayed, and beseeched, and he was a drunkard still. But faith whispered "God is powerful; seek his aid once more;" and anxiously she sought her bedroom, and raised her thoughts in prayer. First, low means and sobriety arose, but, as her heart gathered strength, she pleaded aloud for help from Him who is mighty to save. She asked not for less trouble and suffering for herself; but only lead him from the error of his ways, and win him for an humble follower of Jesus.

Little dreamed she that her husband had

stolen soberly, quietly in, and was a listener to her imploring words. His heart became pierced and broken; and tearfully knelt by her side, and raised his voice with hers, for strength to break through the bonds that had been a withering curse to him as for her.

Far away in one of the Western States, where the flower-garden prairie slopes down to the water's edge, stands a cozy cottage, half hid beneath the overhanging branches that form a canopy above it. It is a beautiful quiet spot where nature has been very bountiful, and was chosen for a home by one who was capable of joining taste and art with natural beauty, and thereby made it the Eden that it is. It was the hour for tea, and the mother busily worked away stitching the table, watching the hot cakes, and singing a low, sweet song, (one of those that only flow from the heart at ease,) while often she paused by the open door to kiss her chubby Allie, who proudly sat in her father's arms.

"I wonder why Frank don't come? It is past four, and I am sure school must be out," and she listened to her merry whistle down the road; but disappointed, she took up the paper, and was busy reading a story, when Frank's light step struck on her ear, and she started up to enjoy the quiet closing meal of the day. After the first bustle was over, she noticed how sad her boy looked, and that there were tears in his eyes and wondering, she asked him what troubled him.

"Oh, I feel sorry for Willie Carter! The boys plucked him at school, and would not play with him, because he was a drunkard's son. I am so glad that my father does not drink." "Ah, little did he dream, as his mother's cheek paled, and his father's face reddened while he left the table to hide his emotion, why it was, or how it was, that he escaped being a drunkard's son.—Godley's Lady's Book.

TO YOUNG MEN.

Young man! save that penny—pick up that pin—let that account be correct to a farthing—find out what that bit of ribbon costs, before you say you will take it—pay that half dime your friend handed you to make change with—in a word, be economical, be accurate, know what you are doing—be honest, and then be generous, for all you have or acquire thus belongs to you by every rule of right, and you may put it to any good use you please. It is not parsimony to be economical. It is not miserly to save a pin from loss. It is not selfish to be correct in your dealings. It is not small to know the price of articles you are about to purchase, or to remember the little debt you owe. What if you do meet Bill Fridge decked out in a much better suit than yours; the price of which he has not yet learned from his tailor, and belongs at your father's dress, and old-fashioned notions of honesty and right, your day will come. Franklin, who, from a penny-saving boy, walking the streets with a loaf of bread under his arm, became a companion for kings.

"Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves."
La Fite, the celebrated French banker, leaving the house to which he had applied for a clerkship, was not too proud or careless to pick up a pin. The simple pin laid the foundation of his immense wealth. The wise banker to whom he applied, saw the effect, called him back, and gave him employment, being convinced by the simple act that he would be a valuable clerk and a useful man.

Be just, the generous. Benevolence is a great duty, by which not only benefit the object, but feel a sensation of joy in your own soul, worth more than gain. But generosity can never be measured by the amount you lavish on a fine dress, or that you spend to gratify vanity and folly. Let the girls say you are small, rather than spend a dollar for useless books. Purchase good books, and they will tell you that no girl worth having, ever selected a man for her husband on account of his long tailors' bill, any more than on account of his long ears.

Be systematic.

A cotemporary truly says this will add more to your convenience than you can imagine. It saves time, saves temper, saves patience, and saves money. For a time it may be a little troublesome, but you will soon find it easier to act by rule than without one. Be systematic in everything; let it extend to the most minute trifles. It is not beneath you. Whiffled could not go to sleep at night if, after retiring, he remembered that his gloves and riding whip were not in their usual places, where he could lay his hands on them in the dark in any emergency, and such men leave their mark on the world's history. Systematic men are the most reliable men; they are those who comply with their engagements. They are minute men. The man who has nothing to do is the man who does nothing. The systematic man is soon known to do what he engages to do; to do it well, and to do it at the same time promised, consequently he has his hands full.

How to Know a Fool.—A fool, says the Arab proverb, may be known by six things. First, anger without a cause, second, speech without profit, third, change without motive, fourth, inquiry without object, fifth, putting trust in a stranger, and sixth, not knowing his friends from his foes.

Whenever I find a great deal of gratitude in a poor man, I take it for granted there would be as much generosity, if he were a rich man.

A PHYSICIAN'S STORY.

MY FIRST CASE; A MALADY OF MIND AND BODY.

"It is not all of life to live,
Nor all of death to die."

I had been a resident of M— some three or four weeks, but had been detained attending church on the Sabbath by violent storms; and, to confess the truth, I did not regret this as much as I should from the fact that I dreaded my first meeting, as their sole and newly established physician, with the wealthy and aristocratic inhabitants of that pretentious village. I shrank nervously from the unavoidable introductions, and the criticism which I knew must as inevitably follow. However, one morning I was benefitted by a patient of bad weather, and awakened by the sound of a bell, and I went most obediently to the door. There was not a cloud in the heavens, and I could reasonably persuade myself that the signal of a coming day; therefore I thought to myself, my wife and I—she all aglow with expectation, and looking, as I thought unusually charming in her pink ribbons, and I somewhat oppressed with an indefinable sense of doubt and dismay.

We were early. I seated myself quietly, and having nothing to occupy my thoughts, half unconsciously I watched the entrance, one by one, of the villagers. Among them I saw a face, which, as I beheld it then, has haunted me for years. It was that of a man in the prime of his life, handsome, well bred, and intelligent, but so impressively sad, so indicative of evident stagnation and despairing dissatisfaction, that I turned away in horror that anything made by God should dare to carry a countenance like that.
The services began with slow, sonorous notes of prelude from the mellow-toned organ. Throughout the aisle of the little antique church, up to the very rafters, floated that rare sobbing music, penetrating all hearts, sensitive either to good or evil, with that delicate sorrow, which Longfellow says "is not akin to pain."

It faded as the burden changed from sadness to jubilant hope, and ended in sudden staccato chords of triumphant joy. All eyes were then turned towards the pulpit, and all heads reverently bowed as the minister, an aged one, rose and uttered a brief impressive prayer. It was one of the "most solemn things which I ever listened to." Its beauty lay in its naturalness, undefiled, as it was, by acts of showy rhetoric. It seemed to proceed from the venerable clergyman's lips up to heaven, as the sincerest language in which man could address and adore his Creator.—By contrast, the cold triffliness of the sermon that followed, lost all effect; it could not touch me like that simple, honest supplication for divine mercy. All the after services of the day were nothing to me; I had poured out my whole soul with that prayer, and had no further power to desire worship. I was satisfied.

I discerned no lack of eloquence or ministerial learning in that aged divine's exhortation, and although, as we left the church, I heard many speak of it with expressions of lively pleasure, I felt assured that he himself was disinterested by the discourse. It was like this, fitful sunlight, veiling a lowering December sky; or like snow, blinding the eyes with glitter, yet in its actual self, very cold and unsubstantial. I perceived that there was that, beneath all this sparkle of words, which few present understood.—Was it private grief? Was it some hidden agony, warning against unnatural restraint? I recognized the evidence of insincerity, but whether temporary or habitual, I merely discovered. When he ceased, I felt merely the silence; there was none of that strange sensation at the cessation of impassioned, noble earnest delivery which I had experienced often before.

"Certainly," thought I, "that man is either very heartless or very miserable." The congregation was pouring itself quietly out, when, in the usual organ voluntary, came an abrupt but slight pause, followed by a deep stillness. Immediately a man's voice, a full and rare man's voice, commenced chanting that celebrated solo from Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy's "Messiah," "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Perfectly in time and tone, although with no further accompaniment than the few opening chords, the voice issued from the choir, bearing to the world-weary listeners consolation and peace. It was not the noble music, it was the expression gathered by the fine voice from the two, uniting in one glorious whole, till the atmosphere seemed to thrill with its wealth of melody. On the last notes of the solo, as it faded magnificently into silence, the organ's accompaniment recommenced, proving by the purest unity of the two sounds, the successful intonation of the unknown vocalist. Many curious eyes were directed towards the gallery, but the curtains were tightly drawn, and the mystery still remained mysterious. Some casual movement, however, momentarily displaced a portion of the flowing screen and revealed to me a glimpse of the dark, handsome face I had before noticed, and it was no less dark, handsome, or disconcerted than when I beheld it then. I asked myself in wonder if that soulful singing and that morose, unhappy countenance, belonged to one and the same individual.

The close of the Sabbath day was destined to reveal to me a strange fragment of the life history of this very man.
The night fell dewy and starry, but with an oppressiveness of atmosphere that was not in that part of the country, an uncommon consequence on long continued rains. The ground was almost destitute of moisture, and the grass of that harsh, vivid green, so destructive to vision. The air was

heavy and breathless, the very stars seemed to blink with universal drowsiness. We were just seated at the plainly furnished table, when there came a startling peal from the little primitive knocker on the door.
"A visitor," said my wife, settling her cap.

"A patient," said I, rushing from the room, just in time to upset a black boy who ran violently against me. Alternately rubbing his bruised sides, and grinning from ear to ear at the attendant, he informed me that "messa was took sick in a great hurry," and then scampered off, having just pointed out a large and conspicuous house, quite near to my own, as the residence of the sick man. I had often before noticed it for the elaborate arrangement of its extensive gardens.

In a few moments I was in the chamber of the first patient to whom I had been called during my residence in M—. The room was large and brilliantly lighted; bouquets of delicate flowers were scattered over it—evidently illness had been totally overlooked for by the master of the dwelling. As I entered, the face of my patient was hidden from me by the pillows in which it was buried. The wife, a young slight thing, half sad, half reclined beside him, her head bowed on her bosom, her pale hands tightly locked one in the other. She raised her eyes as I entered, and on seeing me a sudden gleam of something, which, if it were not hope, had all its beauty, passed over her features.

"Doctor!" she cried wildly, advancing to meet me. "Doctor, save him—save him!" Before I had time to answer, a voice from the other side of the bed, uttered in a low, sonorous, but self-possessed tone:—"It is too late!"
Glancing quickly that way, I saw the gray haired minister. On his hands were great red spots of blood; the pillows, the sheets were marked with it; and on the white dress of the young wife glittered also fresh crimson stains.

"He is dying," said the old man, reverently kneeling at the bedside; "human aid is of little consequence now. Again I say it is too late. Abner, my son, my boy, do you hear me—you are dying!"
"I approached the bed, and as I did so the sick man raised his head; and I saw before me the beautiful despairing face of the morning. The dark eyes were fiercer and brighter, and deeply sunken in their sockets, while the heavy masses of hair and beard gave the ghastly complexion a still more unearthly hue. The color of his face was a pale, leaden white. At a glance I saw that the case was hopeless, and that the little I could do, was almost as well undone. Life was ebbing fast—mortality verging into immortality. I caused his face to be bathed and the clotting blood to be washed from his nostrils and beard—that was all.

Meanwhile the old man sat there on the bed's edge, clasping one of those colorless hands in his own. He kissed the almost lifeless forehead, he bent over the dying man with the anxiety which none but a father could feel at such a moment.
"Abner, Abner," he whispered, "do you can you hear me? If you can give me some signal."
The eyes, gradually assuming a dull, dreamy look, closed wearily, and opened again very slowly.

A low wail burst from the wife. The old clergyman turned upon her quickly, and said, with bitter importuness:—"Be still, I must speak with him." Then, again bending over the bed:
"Abner, have you thought of DEATH? Shall we pray—have you made your peace with God?"

There appeared to be a sort of convulsive effort on the sick man's part to attain a sitting posture. For a moment he seemed possessed of perfect strength.
"God!" he echoed hoarsely; "father, how dare you name Him? God! You, who made me what I am; you, who goaded me in sin, and all for money, money! Was it so precious to you that I must sell myself, body and soul, marry for it? Don't speak to me of God. There is none—no God—no God!"

He sank back on his pillows exhausted. Blood burst anew from his mouth. He tried to move, but the words were drowned in the warm tide that bubbled over his chest. And she, the wife stood there in marble calmness, and heard that which was to blast the rest of her young life. Her hands were clasped again, her eyes fixed unflinchingly on the floor. She neither moved nor spoke. Looking at her, you would have felt your very heart melt with compassion, so wild, so forlornly miserable was the expression of that sweet girlish face.

"Abner, Abner, my son," was all the father spoke with blanched, quivering lips. The momentary flash faded from the dying man's features. I stood beside him and wiped the blood from his mouth, and I knew that in a few moments all would be over. There was no struggle, but there was that gathering shadow on his forehead which is so terribly understandable. Seeing this, the intense despair on his wife's face grew a trifle more staccato, and her hands locked the maddeningly tighter till blood gushed from the smooth palm that came in contact with the finger nails. Not a word was spoken, not a sound broke the deep stillness of the chamber, but the indistinct and oppressive breathing of the dying man. I thought it grew fainter and slower, and I bent down to place my finger on the wrist, and to listen more intently; but the old man waked me fiercely, jealously away.

"Touch him not," he said, "for he is dead."

And I thought, indeed that it was so, for even as he spoke, the faint respiration suddenly ceased, and the palor of an everlasting unconsciousness crept slowly over the still features. But in another moment I saw that life was not yet extinct. The eyes again partly unclouded in the same powerless, dreamy way as before, and an indelible radiance for an instant lit up the pale, handsome face; handsome even then, but with an unearthly beauty.

"God!" the colorless lips muttered, "God there is a God!" and a smile, whose utter beauty I have never seen equalled, flickered around the mouth. Then the shadow deepened, fell, and he expired. It seemed as if the soul had been loosed free, and returning gave evidence of that eternity which is but partially entered.

A woman's voice, sobbing, at last broke the dreary silence.
The old man rose, and approaching his dead son's wife said feebly:
"Eather be comforted; God is over all."

She drew her hand from his clasp with a gesture of unequivocal abhorrence.
"Comfort," she echoed, with a great defiant flash of her eyes: "comfort! you preach to me of comfort. Hypocrite!"—she hissed the word from between her closed breath, with startling, indignant energy. "It is all clear to me now. Who was it that plotted and schemed to bring it together? Who tempted him into marriage where there was no love on his side—none, none, O my soul—but for money? Answer me that!"

"Never shall I forget the impression created by that indignant appeal, and the tragic, excited beauty of this woman. And the sequel was no less sad. Within a year, another grave was made for the poor, deceived wife. It is strange that I should recollect so well the day she died. While freshly fallen, snow laid on the ground. It had come early that year. The trees were loaded with light fleecy snow, among which the brilliantly dyed leaves gleamed out in the sunshine, like blood on a woman's face.

Women of Naples.

You have heard of the bright eyes and raven tresses, and music like language of the Neapolitan, but I can assure you there is nothing like it here—that is to say, among the lower classes. The only difference that I can detect between them and the American Indians is, that the latter are the more beautiful. The color is the same, the hair of the same shade, and as to the "soft" and "singing" dialect I ever heard. I know of no other father shocking to one's ideas of Italian women. I am sure I was prepared to view them in a favorable way, in a poetical light; but amid all the charms and extenuations of this romantic land, I cannot see otherwise. The old women are hags, and the young women are dirty, slipshod slatterns. Talk about bright-eyed Italian maids! Among our lower classes there are five beauties to one good looking woman here, population that live in filth, and eat the vilest substances to escape the horrors of starvation. But it is otherwise as to form.—In form the Italian excel us. Larger, fuller—they naturally acquire a finer gait and bearing. It is astonishing that ladies should persist in that ridiculous notion, that a small waist is, and per necessitate, must be beautiful. Why, many an Italian woman would cry for vexation, if she possessed such a waist as some of our ladies acquire, only by the longest, painfullest process. I have sought the reason of this difference, and can see no other than that the Italian have their glorious statures continually before them as models; and hence endeavor to assimilate themselves to them; whereas our fashionables have no models except those French stuffed figures in the windows of the milliners' shops. Why, if an artist should presume to make a statue with us as the perfection of harmonious proportion, he would be laughed out of the city. It is a standing objection against the taste of our women the world over, that we would practically assert that a French milliner understands how they should be made better than nature herself.—Gladley's Letters from Italy.

Rev. Dudley A. Tyng.

At the election held by the congregation of the Church of the Epiphany, last night, the votes were as follows:
For the Vestry, 57; against the Vestry, 44; blank, 1. This result involves the immediate resignation of the rector, Rev. Dudley A. Tyng, the previous action of the Vestry having been sustained by a majority of the legal voters of the congregation. The difficulty between the reverend gentleman and his congregation, it will be remembered, results from a political sermon preached in his church in the early part of the present political canvass. Mr. Tyng feeling it incumbent on him to denounce slavery and to commend the candidates of the party opposing it. Without venturing to any expression of opinion on the subject of slavery as a political question, we can but be gratified at the single rebuke which this congregation has given to the pernicious practice of introducing politics into the pulpit.—Ledger.

THE HUMAN JAW.—The muscles of the human jaw produce a power equal to four hundred and thirty-four pounds. This is what science tells us, but we know the jaw of some of our lawyers is equal to a good many thousand dollars a year to them.

An Eloquent Extract.

The sea is the largest cemetery, and its slumberers sleep without a monument. All graveyards in all other lands, show some symbol of distinction between the great and small, the rich and the poor; but in that ocean cemetery the king, the clown, the prince, and the peasant are alike distinguished. The waves roll over the same requiem sung by the minstrel to the ocean to their honor.—Over their remains the same storm beats, and the same sun shines; there unmarked, the weak, the powerful, the plumed, the honored will sleep, until awakened by the same trumpet, when the sea will give up its dead. I thought of sailing over the slumbering but devoted Cookman, who after a brief but brilliant career, perished in the "President"—over the same ill-fated vessel we have passed. In that cemetery sleeps the accomplished and pious finisher, but where he and thousands of others of the noble spirits of earth lie, no one but God knoweth. No marble slab rises to show where their ashes are gathered, or where the lovers of the good can go to shed their tears of sympathy. Who can tell where lie the tens of thousands of Africa's sons who perished in the "middle passage"? Yet that cemetery hath ornaments of Jehovah. Never can I yet forget my days and nights, as I passed nobles of cemeteries without a single monument.

UNCLE BENJAMIN'S SERMON.—Not many years ago I heard Uncle Benjamin discussing this matter to his son, who was complaining of pressure. "Rely upon it, Sammy," said the old man, as he leaned on his staff, with his gray locks flowing in the breeze of a May morning, "murmuring pays no bills. I have been an observer many times these fifty years, and I never saw a man helped out of a hole by cursing his horses. Be as quiet as you can; for nothing will grow under a moving harrow, and discontent harrows the mind. Matters are bad, I acknowledge, but no ulcer is better for being fingered. The more you groan the poorer you grow. Rejoicing at losses is only putting pepper into a sore eye. Crops will fail in all soils, and we may be thankful that we have no famine. Besides, I always took notice that whenever I felt the rod pretty smartly, it was as much as to say, 'there is something which you have got to learn.'—Sammy, don't forget that your schooling is not over yet, though you have a wife and two children."

A HINT TO REFORMERS.—The trees must be cut down before the ground can be tilled, and bounteous harvests reward the husbandman's toil. The old structures must be removed before truth can lay her deep foundation, and build her palace to the skies. In the work of reform, then, we need the woodman whose sturdy blows shall lay the ancient errors low, as well as the ploughman turning up the virgin soil, and the sower scattering abroad the good seed. We require the puller-down, who needs must make a noise, no less than the silent builder, skillfully rearing the soul's habitation. Shall the ploughman quarrel with the wood chopper, because his vigorous blows and the crashing trees disturb the forest's quiet? or shall the chopper blame the sower because he aids him not in making war upon the giant tree?

Why Common Sense is Rare.

It is often said that no kind of sense is so rare as common sense; and this is true, simply because common sense is attained by all far more, and as a natural gift far less, than most other traits of character. Common sense is the application of thought to common things, and it is rare because most persons will not exercise thought about common things. If some important affairs occur, people try to think, but to very little purpose; because, not having exercised their powers on small things, their powers lack the development necessary for some of these. Hence thoughtless people, when forced to act in an affair of importance, blunder through it with no more chance of doing as they should, than one would have of hitting a small or distant mark at a shooting-match, if previous practice had not given the power of hitting objects that are large and near.—Elements of Character.

General Pierce is the first President of the United States who has uniformly declined to drink wine with his guests—and he is styled in the Providence Transcript a besotted drunkard. He is the first President, since Washington, who has closed his house against all visitors on the Sabbath—and he is called a brawler, a ruffian, an enemy of religion, and a murderer.

LATER FROM KANSAS.—Accounts from Kansas to the 29th ult., state that Gov. Geary had arrested several of the ringleaders of the marauding parties near Osawatimie. The Grand Jury had found bills against ninety prisoners for murder in the first degree. The Legislature meets at Leocompton in January.

When a powerful and enlightened continental monarch, who reigned some centuries ago, saw his courtiers smile at an act of condescension he had just performed towards a great artist, he rebuked them in some such terms as these:—"I could easily make a hundred nobles such as you; but not one painter like him who stands among us."

The words of a man's mouth are as deep waters, and the well spring of a wisdom as a flowing brook.

A SCENE IN 1856.

BY BEN SCHIBLER.

A very pretty, delicate, fashionably dressed young gentleman is seated in a drawing-room, working quite desperately at some embroidery, and now and then heaving a gentle sigh. He is attired rather differently from the youths of the last century, for his hair is parted in the middle, and falls in clustering curls to the throat, which is ornamented with a splendid necklace; his coat, with the tails reaching almost to his feet, is made low neck and short sleeves; shoes are of the softest kid, and pants of fine silk.
A ring at the door. The servant announces Miss Fast. Mr. Manly rises from the sofa, blushes deeply, and casts down his eyes; not so the lady, who advances with a firm step, and with the gentleman "good evening," and softly touches his delicate digits. After a little conversation the beauty takes up his fan, saying—

"I saw you, Miss Fast, this morning, walking very rapidly past our house, and I thought something dreadful had occurred; at first I imagined our dwelling was in flames, and was so overcome (for my nerves are very weak), that I gasped for breath and nearly fainted. Now please do tell me what was the matter with you, for I have hardly yet recovered from my fright."

"Ah, my dear Mr. Manly, I fancied you looked pale when I came in—I missed those beautiful roses on your cheeks, and can I forgive myself from being the cause, though innocently, of so much suffering?"
"Oh, no ma'am—pray don't distress yourself; I am quite well now. But," he added, with a sweet smile of killing glance, "what made you walk so fast and look so thoughtful?"

"Why, I was going to court," commenced the lady, pulling her cravat and looking professional, "as I had a case to plead, and a strange one it was too. A man was such an outrageous fool as to disobey his wife, and insisted that he ought to carve and she pour out the tea; but when she informed him that no such thing would be allowed in her house, he threw over the tea board and dashed from the room, leaving his wife and lawful protector petrified with astonishment. The lady followed him soon, however, and told the man she was grieved to see her husband act in such a manner, expressing the desire that the offence might not be repeated; but he behaved in a most unmanly way, said he had borne tyranny long enough, and would have the same rights men possessed in the last century! Did you ever hear anything like it?"

"When he could not be pacified, his wife quietly turned the key of his boudoir, and leaving orders with the servants at what hour to have dinner, went out to her business.—On returning home, she discovered the miscreant had fled, and in a short time he actually applied for a divorce. Of course he could not gain it, there was not a shadow of chance."
"Oh, dear! oh, dear! exclaims Mr. Manly, I fear he is deranged; I hope he will not be allowed to remain at large; I shall not stop a wink at night until I know he is confined. Oh, Miss Fast, will not you see he does not go about unless strictly guarded! Oh, I shall die, I am certain, were I to meet him in the street!"

"My sweet Mr. Manly," replies the lady, with a look of inexpressible tenderness, "do not fear, I shall see that you are not troubled. Mrs. Rampart, the chief of the police, shall be informed of the matter—I am sure you can trust me."
"Yes ma'am, I will rely on you, as I have always done," here he checks himself, blushing deeply.

"What pleasure I receive on hearing you say so, and those beautiful downcast eyes tell more, I hope, than your rosebud mouth can utter."
"Now, Miss Fast," cries the gentleman, at the same time tapping her with his fan, "you are beginning your flatteries. What a bad, naughty, hateful creature you are. I do protest," he adds with an enchanting lip, "that you are the most perfect flirt. I know how you trifle with us gentlemen."

"Trifle with you, Mr. Manly," the lady bursts forth, going down on her knees. "Is not my whole life bound up in you—will you not smile on me with delight, when I confess I adore you with all the power of a strong womanly nature—that I will protect you thro' life's journey, and you shall desire no firmer arm to lean upon and look to for support.—Oh, say, my better angel, that you will be mine!"

"Really, Miss Fast—I do not—spare me—I am not eslin just now—some other time—I am very young—such preference—oh—ab—I am so startled—how my heart does palpitate—a glass of water"—and the gentleman sinks back on the sofa, nearly swooning.—He recovers shortly, as the lady fans him most vigorously, and looking up in her face with swimming eyes, says, "go ask my noble mother's consent and then think it is!" "Why do you suppose is the cause of it?" "Why really, I don't know," replied the other, "what part of you would be liable to so very minute a pain, unless it be your soul!"

A man of exceedingly contracted mind, was one day complaining to an acquaintance that he had a very sore pain—a little sharp pain, not bigger, seemingly, than the point of a pin. "It's amazing strange," he continued, "don't you think it is?" "What do you suppose is the cause of it?" "Why really, I don't know," replied the other, "what part of you would be liable to so very minute a pain, unless it be your soul!"