

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

R. W. Weaver, Proprietor.]

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

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those who advertise by the year.

AWAY WITH GLOOM.
BY JOHN YERMAN.
Spurn the lines which sorrow traces;
Laugh the ill of life away,
They who wear the gladdest faces
Always live the longest day.
Why complain, though fortune press thee?
Why repine at lowly birth,
While contentment still may bless thee
With the joys of pealing mirth?
Art thou rich in pounds and rubles?
Dost thou sleep on beds of down?
Laugh to see how vain the bubbles
Which deceive the gazing clown.
What though now thy years are many,
And thy locks are turning gray;
Hast thou not a hope of an
Joy beyond thy mortal day?
Thou hast dreamed perhaps of glory;
Fate has held thee under ban;
Still unknown to song or story,
Thou canst be a merry man.
Toil not after gilded sadness;
Let not woe thy soul entice;
For the world is full of gladness
Offered thee without a price.
Dost thou speak of cares and troubles?
Cares and troubles what are they?
Nothing more than floating bubbles,
Which a laugh may drive away.
Laugh, and charm the Fates to listen;
Hoot all gloomy fancies down;
Thus shall Time forget to hasten,
And e'en Death relax his frown.

From the N. Y. **STRONG-MINDED WOMEN.**
I have recently attended the annual Exhibition of ripening females who have sworn a solemn oath to snatch the pantaloons from the legs of the tyrant, Man, usurp the stove-pipe hat, and monopolize all the standing collars in the country. The Women's Rights Convention at the Tabernacle has been the scene of my labors, and the Strong-minded Females have been the subject of my observations. Was introduced by Dampfool, who said some of the leaders in the movement were relatives of his—indeed I had recognized at once several female Dampfools without this friendly explanation. Lot of people present, all sympathizers with the wronged Women. The wardrobe of the females seemed to be in a transition state, as if as yet undecided whether to subside into petticoats, or blossom into breeches; and if beauty had been a capital crime in the land, not even one of them would ever have been accused, or even suspected of the offense. I achieved admission without difficulty, though I had previously resolved, if necessary, to shave off my flowing beard, hoop up my honored legs after the prevailing style, and go in surreptitiously as a strong-minded female; but the Women's Righters had no prejudice against pantaloons, quite the contrary, and did not seriously object to whiskers. In fact, Lucy Stone's man, and Ernestine Rose's man, and all the strong-minded women's men who were there, wore whiskers—they couldn't have given more attention to raising them if there had been a famine in the land, and beards had been bread-stuffs. They elected a the President named Pauline—not the Pauline mentioned in the play, but a different animal altogether—one that Claude Melnotte would have gone six blocks out of his way to avoid, and whom he would not more have written poetry about, or sent flowers to, than he would have addressed a sonnet to Fighting Moll, or sent a bouquet of violets to Black Kate, cell 299, in the Tombs. There were considerable skirmishes, a Congress, and at one time I thought that Lucy Stone and the President would have a couple of rounds before they could settle their little matters, but when Pauline took her jacket, rolled up her sleeves and shook her fist with a sanguinary flourish, Lucy saw her error and backed out. Then they began to do what they called business—couldn't see much business in it—it was all about the monster, Man—how the monster, Man, was abusing frail Woman—how the monster, Man, would not let frail Woman vote, and objected to frail Woman's wearing his pantaloons; and didn't want frail Woman to make his laws, and would rather have frail Woman stay at home and tend the babies, than go to Washington and try to govern the Nation. And how the monster, Man, was setting up all sorts of monkey shins with frail Woman, and trying to keep frail Woman under his feet, instead of letting her rise to her proper sphere, and fulfill her lofty mission,—how, in short, all the world was leagued against the seven or eight particularly elderly women there congregated, and trying to pulverize them to eternal smash—I suppose this must be all true, though if I had not had their solemn assertions of the fact I should have gone to my grave supposing in my innocence that the world has bigger business to attend to. As to their frailty and delicate structure, it must be something that is indicated by outward man-

ifestations, for if I had not been left to my own judgment I should have supposed that Luce Stone and Lucrecia Mott could hold their own in a fair stand-up fight with Charley Duane and Billy Mulligan—indeed, if a match could have been arranged between the former lady and Yankee Sullivan himself, I should have lost money on Luce, for she looks plucky—though to be sure Luce's milk-and-water husband probably doesn't offer opposition enough in any little family quarrels they may have, to keep her skill and science up to concert pitch—he's a short winded chap, and hasn't got the bottom for a pitched battle. All the unfortunate men who have been captured and converted into husbands by these females are living examples of severe domestic discipline, and of the extent to which women can rule men when they once get the upper hand—and those of the women who are not supplied with a man, look vicious and tomhawk to the last degree, and appear to be contemplating a piteous foray into society to seize husbands by force of arms. After a while Luce Stone led off in the speech making. She made an oration about the monster, Man, and about his appropriating the property of frail Woman—she wanted the laws altered so that her husband couldn't sell her shoes and shoes and stockings, trade her best bonnet off for brandy and water, or bet her laced night-caps on poker without giving her a chance in the game—she said that if she ever got the law into her hands, she would for the sake of the example, pawn all her husband's linen and leave him without a dollar to go to a shirt-tail-or for a new supply. (Here she looked at that unfortunate specimen, and he quivered in his boots.) She also wanted to boss her own children, for fear her men would "prentice the boys to chimney sweeps, and make the girls beg cold victuals, in which case he would wax riotous on high living. Luce, having now said the same speech which she has made every year for the past seven, here ran out and subsided. Then Ernestine Rose speechified—Ernestine was belligerent and went in for the fighting privileges of the monster, Man,—she wanted to smoke and drink rum punches—she wanted to go to Congress and practice her art of war—she knew she could fight her way—she considered the use of pistols, bowie knives and bludgeons, elegant accomplishments for a lady—she said she had been perfecting herself in the science of the ring, and was "some" in a rough and tumble fight—she said she could strike from the shoulder and gouge her man or bite his nose off in a manner worthy of the greatest masters—she invented a peculiar and complicated tick in the stomach which she thought would be considered a masterpiece of genius, and an irresistible proof of the greatness of the female mind—she also wanted to learn smoking, tobacco chewing, swearing and many other little elegancies now usurped by the monster, Man. She hoped soon to see the day when a woman can smoke a cigar in the street without being stared at, and cook her heels up on the mantel piece in the bar-room without being made the subject of impudent remark. The only thing she really despised of was the beard—she would be willing to trade off half a dozen husbands for a sizeable pair of whiskers—she had, she said, faithfully tried her investigators without number, but she regretted to say, the symptoms were not encouraging—she had made her face a perfect hirsute hot bed, and for eight months had perseveringly anointed it three times a day with a preparation "warmed to bring out a beard on a pine log in six weeks," but the only result thus far was pimples. Ernestine sat down in agony of grief, and surveyed her chain in a pocket magnifying mirror, with an expression of the intensest despair on her countenance. Other women spoke, all pitching into the monster, Man, and claiming for frail Woman the privilege of voting at general elections, and giving her a chance to get her head broken at the primary meetings if she chose to mix in. Nothing was said about rooking the cradle, or otherwise attending to the wants of the rising generation; from which I infer that it is a part of the great Woman's Rights plan to import from somewhere some new breed of babies, with a ready-made appetite for pork and beans, and without any preliminary craving for milk diet. I noticed too that women were willing to assume the responsibilities of men except the work—there were plenty of applicants for the Presidency and for Congress, but there was no applicant for the blacksmith's sledge-hammer and forge, no candidate for the carpenter's adze and jack-plane, and not a single voice claimed the farmer's privilege of chopping cord wood or following the breaking-up plough. Lucy would like to be President of the United States, but she wouldn't dig potatoes; Lucrecia would like to be Minister to France, but she wouldn't drive a coal cart, or get an honest living as a street scavenger; and although Pauline would have no objection to becoming Secretary of State, she is the last one in the world to roll up her sleeves and support herself by laying stone wall, or digging cellars, or carrying a mortar hod up a forty foot ladder. They all wanted to be fed on the choicest cuts of beef and mutton, but not one was willing to water oxen, or to feed pigs. To end up with, they passed the same old set of Resolutions, denouncing in the strongest terms the monster, Man, and declaring that the race might become extinct for all they would do towards the keeping up of the population.

I thought of the Fox and Grapes, and questioned if that ancient and respectable fable is not paralleled by the Strong-minded Women and their Babies, that they haven't got. The Fox and the Women are alike disdainful, and the Grapes and the Babies equally impossible. I wondered, as I left the Convention, if it wouldn't be a pleasant thing to see the Strong-minded Women establishing their claim to pantaloons by doing men's work. I really thought the world would be edified by the sight of Pauline in a blue shirt and sheep-sgray breeches, breaking paving-stones by the day—or Lucy Stone in a carter's frock and stogy boots, hauling molasses for sixteen cents a load; or Lucrecia, with her sleeves rolled up, and a leather apron on, forging wagon-fires, with Ernestine to blow and strike. Hoping yet to behold all these glorious fruits of the Women's Rights movement, I remain, Yours, Progressively,
Q. PHILANDER DOESTICK, P. B.
A GOOD ONE.
We cut the following from the Philadelphia correspondence of the N. Y. Dispatch. There is much truth in it and an excellent anecdote:
Among the distinguished strangers in town this week, has been Hon. Allison White, a gentleman extensively known in your city, whom, at the recent election, the Democratic party of Lycoming and Clinton counties chose as their representative to Congress. Mr. White's friends will be pleased to learn that he is enjoying superlative health, and ready to carry warfare into the camp of fanaticism and fogysim whenever an opportunity may present itself. Mr. White is emphatically a self-made man, and like an emetic, cannot be "kept down." His residence is Lock Haven, Clinton Co. He is not a man of large wealth, nor will he probably ever be. As wealth invariably ends in gout and dyspepsia, it is not wonderful that a man should be satisfied with considerably less than a million. Mr. W. believes the happiest man in this world to be one who has just wealth sufficient to keep him in spirit and just children enough to quicken his industry. And he is right, for annui is as great a bore as war.
By the way, let me relate a little incident which will illustrate the difficulties with which lawyers have to contend in making the desired impression upon the jury. It was on an occasion when Mr. White was defending a boatman before the County Court on a charge of assault and battery upon an Irishman, in which the evidence went altogether against his client. After the witnesses for the prosecution had all been examined, and the District Attorney had taken his seat, perfectly confident of convicting the prisoner, Mr. White called up another Irishman, his sole witness. "Your name, I believe, is Finegan?" "It is, sir." "Where do you reside, Mr. Finegan?" "Across the river, sir, in a small state runnin', forrest out Nat Hanna's." "And which way does the street run?" "Lengthways, sir." "But which direction, north or south?" "If you stand at the upper end it runs south sir; if you stand at the lower end it runs north." "Then you mean to say it runs north and south?" "Yes sir, pervidin' you stand midway between the ends." "And how wide is the street, Mr. Finegan?" "From side to side, do you mane?" "Yes, well, as near as I can tell, the distance between the two fences was precisely equal; they mightn't be, so I wouldn't like to risk the virtue of me oath upon it." "Are you a married man, Mr. Finegan?" "No, glory to be god!" "Ab, then I suppose you reside with some one; who is it?" "With the man I board with." "And who is he?" "Do ye know the ould blacksmith over again the river bank?" "I think not particularly." "Then how the devil can you know who I board with?" "Well, never mind, then; did you hear the testimony of these witnesses?" "I did." "Do you know anything about the matter yourself?" "I do not; but I know them witnesses in a general way to be the biggest liars in all Lock Haven!"
This ended the testimony for the defence. After the District Attorney had addressed the jury in a strain of magniloquence, altogether unselected to the occasion, and especially to the jury, who happened to be a jolly, good-natured set of fellows, Mr. White arose to speak for the defence. He appreciated and fathomed the jury in a moment, and shrewdly adapted his remarks to their tastes. "Gentlemen of the jury," said he, "if these witnesses could be compelled to get on a pile of broken bottles until they told what they knew, you would have discharged my client without a word. But it's as hard to get the truth out of some witnesses, as to draw a bob-tailed cat through the bung hole of a barrel. Gentlemen of the—" Mr. White had progressed thus far when the foreman of the jury, in a spasm of laughter, told the Court that they had agreed upon a verdict, and were ready to adjourn. It was—"Not Guilty!" Had Mr. W. pursued his usual dignified and scholarly mode of address, nothing would have saved his client from a six months incarceration. This occurrence, however, transpired many years ago, when the present Congressman was a legal stripling, and when twenty dollar fees were less plentiful than ten times that amount is now to a first class attorney. It was the beginning through which every successful lawyer must pass.

From the Philadelphia Ledger.
A PROFITABLE TELEGRAPH.
There can now be no question that the Atlantic Telegraph will prove one of the most brilliant and important successes on record. The stock is about all taken, and will, beyond doubt, soon be at a premium. Every feature connected with it has been already tried and proved, before a step has been taken, so that it starts off with success guaranteed in every possible form and contingency. In a scientific point of view, it has been tested by actual experiment on the land, and the demonstration made clear that the current can be sent along a much more extended line, while it is also known by actual trial that the isolation can be maintained as perfectly under water as above.
In a commercial point of view, it starts with a guarantee of four per cent. on the whole capital stock, from one customer alone, the British government, which cannot be reduced below 2 per cent. for twenty-five years to come, and not to that, until the whole income is six per cent. It is true, that for the larger sum the British government has a right to about six messages per day, costing \$35 apiece. For all over that, it will have to pay the usual rates. It has also priority over all customers, except the United States government.
England will find this a cheap and profitable bargain for herself, saving much money in the transportation of troops, &c. For \$70,000 per annum, she is put in momentary communication with the whole of the Canada, Nova Scotia, Newfoundland and New Brunswick, and, above all, with her Minister at Washington. This also will be the channel of intercourse with her West Indian possessions, which will soon be connected with the telegraph system of the United States. Thus she will be kept in instant communication with all her Governors, her troops, and her fleets.
The United States government will, perhaps, not pay quite so much, and yet, when the absolute necessity is considered of the government at Washington being able to communicate as rapidly as any other power with its agents in England, France, Spain, Germany, in fact, all over Europe, and with its fleets in the Mediterranean, there can be no doubt that, to secure equal advantages with the British government, a nearly similar amount might well be paid. Other governments will come next in point of dignity and precedence, probably, though not in point of the profit they will yield avowedly. But Spain must communicate with Havana, and all governments with Washington. The newspaper press will afford one of the most certain and rapidly increasing sources of revenue. If the charges are high, it is probably that, at first, there will be some associated press arrangement, by which the markets and most important outlines of the news will be transmitted each way. This cannot hold for long. Mammoth papers like the London Times will want their special columns daily for their own correspondents. Our own journals will not be found deficient in this kind of enterprise, nor should we be surprised if in six months one line has more business than it can perform, and other wires have to be laid. Besides this, the private communications of business men will be immense. The large houses of New York and London will want to communicate important transactions daily. Brown, Boven & Co., and Brown, Shipley & Co., Hope, and Rothschild, in fact, all the really large houses, dealing either in stocks, exchange or produce, must, and will have almost daily correspondence in cipher.
And not only between N. Y. and London but from Chicago to Calcutta, and all in between, will make use of this, the sole highway of lightning and of thought. Paris and St. Petersburg will have their commercial announcements to make to New York. The arrival and departure of almost every important vessel will by degrees come to be notified, and hundreds of inquiries made after every one delayed at sea. Besides commerce, friendship and family ties will require the use of the telegraph for some hours in each day. Whether parties will ever be married by telegraph across the Atlantic may, perhaps, be a question. It is said such things have happened in this country; but soon, at least, the day will arrive when every other sort of agreement will thus be made. Her Alderman in London will send to New York and to the West Indies for the finest turtle of the season, regardless of expense, and Dr. Dryasdust will send in his bid for some rare old manuscript or volume to be sold that day in Vienna, or Paris, or London. The Mayor of New York will be invited the Lord Mayor of London to a banquet in the Crystal Palace, ten days before the hand, and the Governor of Canada and Lord Palmerston will be able to sit in their offices, one in Quebec and the other in Downing street, but put in communication, chat and touch glasses by telegraph on the Queen's birthday-day, as they drink her Majesty's health.
With all these sources of revenue, the line must be a grand success pecuniarily, if it is only decently managed. Deep down in the depths of the ocean, the sparks of lightning will flash along the wires, and across from end to end in less than a quarter of a second. There will be no night then, for fresh relays of operators will work it without cessation. Of course the whole thing will be conducted more expensively than if the Yankees had hold of it. Such things always are on British ground, but it will be done substantially and reliably well. There will be no way stations to keep up, so that the expenses ought to be small, and the profits must be

very large. Nor should it be forgotten how much it will improve the business and the value of an equal length of line extending from this city to Newfoundland. If the former be a success, the latter will be doubly so. New Orleans and London will daily want to feel each other's pulse as to cotton and sugar, and the cargoes bought and sold must be notified all through.
It is quite possible indeed that one or two cables may be lost by storms. But they will probably be insured, and should half a dozen cables prove failures, with such brilliant prospects of a dividend, the attempt will be renewed until successful. We should not be surprised if in five years, there are at least as many rival lines competing for the carrying trade of facts and thoughts across the Atlantic.
CURIOSITIES OF ELECTRICITY.
The peculiarities of that terrible but mysterious agent, lightning, are made the subject of an interesting paper in a recent number of the British Quarterly Review. Two clouds are not necessary for the production of lightning, which is frequently discharged from a solitary clump of vapor, when a connection can be established with the earth. A French Academician, named Marcolle, describes a case where a mere cloudlet about a foot and a half in diameter, killed a poor woman by dropping a thunderbolt upon her head. It has been shown by Faraday that the electric fluid contained in a single flash might perhaps be supplied by the decomposition of one grain of water alone. M. Arago has divided the lightning into three sorts. The first include those where the discharge appears like long luminous lines, bent into angles and zigzags, and varying complexion from white to blue, purple or red. This kind is known as forked lightning, because it occasionally divides into two branches.—Charpentier relates a case where a flash severed into three forks, each of which struck on points several hundred feet apart. Still more numerous furcations have been reported, for it is said that during a tempest at Landenau and St. Paul de Leon, twenty four churches were struck, through three distinct claps were heard. This was eight churches apiece for the three explosions!
The second class of lightning differs from the first in the range of surface over which the flash is diffused, and is designated as sheet lightning. Sometimes it simply guides the edge of the cloud, whence it leaps; but at others it floods with a lurid radiance, or else suffuses its surface with blazes of a rosy or violet hue.
The third class of lightnings are remarkable for their eccentricities, and have been made the subject of considerable attention among meteorologists, many of whom have denied their right to be treated as legitimate lightnings; they differ so widely from the ordinary sort of flashes. They exhibit themselves as balls or globular lumps of fire—not momentary apparitions, but meteors which take their own time, and travel at a remarkable rate. It is this incelsity which gives them their doubtful character, as an electric bolt is supposed to be one the leading emblems of velocity. Among other anecdotes related of this kind of lightning is the following incident, which occurred to a tailor in the rue St. Jacques, Val de Grace, about the year 1543. M. Babinet was commissioned by the Academy of Sciences to investigate the facts, and reported substantially as follows:
"After a loud thunder clap, the tailor being finishing his meal saw the chimney-board fall down as if beset by a slight gust of wind, and a globe of fire, the size of a child's head, came out violently into the room, at a small height above the floor; the tailor said it looked like a good sized kitten, rolled up in a ball, and moving without showing its paws. The globe came near his feet, like a young cat that wants to rub itself against its master's legs; but by moving them aside gently he avoided the contact. It appears to have played for several seconds around his feet, he bending his body over it and examining it attentively. After trying some excursions in different directions, it arose vertically to the height of his head, which he threw back to avoid touching his face. The globe elongating a little, then steered towards a hole in the chimney above the mantel-piece, which hole received a slope-pipe in the winter, but was now pasted over with paper. The thunder, he said, 'could not see the hole; but nevertheless the ball went straight to the aperture, removing the paper without hurting it, and made its way into the chimney. Shortly afterwards, and when he supposed it had time to reach the top, it made a dreadful explosion, which destroyed the upper part of the chimney and threw the fragments on the roofs of smaller buildings, which they broke through. The tailor's lodging was on the third story: the lower ones were not visited at all by the thunder-bolt."
Lightning, when it meets with an obstructing object, dispersing and bursting substances asunder in every direction, as if they had been charged with gunpowder.—The stone pinnacle of a church in Cornwall was struck by lightning, and one fragment weighing three hundred pounds was hurled sixty yards to the southward, another four hundred yards to the north, and a third to the south-west. In 1838 the joggallant-mast of H. M. ship Rodney was literally cut up into chips by a flash of lightning, the sea being strewn with the fragments as if the carpenter had been sweeping their shavings overboard. Sometimes, in striking a tree or mast, the electric fluid will slice it into long

shreds or filaments, so that it will appear like a huge broom or a bundle of laths. Lightning bolts will occasionally dash through resisting objects by tearing great openings, as in a Cornish church, where apertures were made in the solid wall of the belfry fourteen inches deep, and as if cut out by art. In other instances small holes are drilled which are surprising for their perfect circularity of form. Window panes have been frequently pierced in this fashion, without effecting the rest of the glass. In forming these apertures, a burr or projection is left upon the edges.
Juvenile electricians are in the habit of making holes in cards by passing discharges through them when a burr or projection will be observed on both sides of the orifice.—Sometimes a single discharge will produce two holes in a card, each puncture marked by a single burr, one on the upper and the other on the under part of the card. In some instances the results are such as to suggest that a flash may be split up into several fiery filaments before it strikes an object. In 1777 by a weathercock of tinned copper was pierced by a thunderbolt from the top of a church in Cremona, and, upon inspection, was found to be pierced with eighteen holes; in nine of them the burr was conspicuous on one side, and in nine it was equally prominent on the other, while the slope of the burr was identical in all.
Among the curiosities of lightning are what is termed "fulgurites," or tubes, which the lightning constructs when it falls upon a silicious spot, by fusing the sand. They may be called casts of thunderbolts. In some hillocks of sand in Cumberland, England, these hollow tubes have been found from one-fifth to two inches in diameter, tapering perhaps to a mere point. The entire extent of the tubes may be thirty feet, but they usually separate into numerous branches, and have the appearance of the skeleton of an inverted tree. They are lined with glass as smooth and perfect as if it had been made in a glasshouse.
Accident in High Life.
[From our Fal-lal Correspondent amongst the Superior Classes.]
On Tuesday last, a lady of 46, whose name has hitherto been kept a profound secret, whilst proceeding up the grand staircase of Sutherland House, to pay the amiable duchess a visit, neglected, we are sorry to state, to take the necessary precaution of walking up sideways. The consequences of her recklessness (which, it is to be hoped, will net as a warning to other ladies) was that her dress, which, *selon la mode*, was fully twice as broad as it was long, became so completely wedged in between the banisters and the wall, that it was impossible for her to move either one way or the other. Her ladyship's position was not one of the most agreeable in the world. It was, in fact, as alarming as it was awkward; for it was not a pin's point more practicable for her to advance than it was to retreat. There she remained for some considerable period, perfectly immovable in body, though not unmoved in temper; and every minute of that prolonged agony will probably be recollected by the fair prisoner of Crime into the last day of her life, when she throws off the "mortal coil" of hoops and hen-cooped petticoats. Finding, at last, her efforts to release herself from her ridiculous immurement perfectly ineffectual, the question naturally arose as to what had best be done. Were the banisters to be seen away? or was a hole to be excavated in the wall, of a sufficiently large circle, in which her ladyship could with safety turn round and slide off? No; out of respect to the duchess, it was resolved by a council of elderly ladies, held on the landing, that it was better that the dress should be cut away. Accordingly, half a dozen young milliners were fetched from Madame de Japon's establishment in the neighborhood; and with the help of a large scissors and garden-shears, they set to work in good earnest, in order to clear the thoroughfare. During the operation, which was witnessed in the most breathless silence by a crowd of European nobility, that owing to the passing impediment, had gathered behind, her ladyship was supported by burnt feathers being applied under her aquiline nose, and lumps of sugar dipped in eau-de-cologne being dropped into her mouth. However, owing to the distance caused by the circumference of her dress, these had to be inserted between a pair of tongs (of the brightest steel), and it was only by exerting the tongs at arm's length that the restoratives could be introduced near enough to reach her exhausted person. After severe labor, and the sacrifice of many yards of the most expensive *more antique*, Madame de Japon's assistants (who, if they had been female navigators, could not have worked with greater zeal or hardihood), succeeded in extricating the unfortunate lady from her distressing dilemma, of solitary confinement. The difficulties they encountered in cutting through the innumerable strata of silk, whalebone, gimpure, foundation muslin, gauze stiffening, calico, flannel, caoutchouc, and crinoline, would, we are told, if minutely related, send a thrill through the bosom of the stoutest engineer! The lady, considerably curtailed of her fair proportions, was carried home, more dead than alive, in a sedan-chair. The ruins of the dress were removed in a cart. The staircase is to be enlarged.—Punch.

Western Annoyances.
Judge J—, who recently returned from a tour in the West, states an anecdote illustrating the horrors to which travellers in that region are exposed. In his passage to one of the rivers, he fell in company with a talkative lady and gentleman, to whom he was relating some of his sufferings from mosquitoes.
"Husband," said the lady to the gentleman owning that title, "you had better tell the gentleman about the man we met—in Iowa."
The hint was sufficient, and "husband" proceeded to say that, in their travels farther west, they had made the acquaintance of a stalwart, rollicking, western hoosier, one of the genus who would "whip his weight in wild cats," but who possessed a fund of quiet humor. On one occasion they stopped at a hotel in the interior, not of the most inviting appearance. They were shown to their rooms, the hoosier at one end, and the lady and gentleman at the other, of a long hall. About midnight the drowsy couple were started by a report of fire-arms, proceeding from the end of the hall occupied by their travelling companion.
Both started up in bed and began to speculate upon the probable cause of this untimely alarm, when they heard a rushing of feet, and a confusion of voices in the hall.— On going to the door the gentleman found the whole household, headed by the landlord, rushing in the direction of the report. He curiously led him to join this midnight procession, and he arrived with the rest, in front of the hoosier's door. The landlord tried the latch, but found it fast, whereupon, in a loud voice, he demanded instant admission:
"What do you want?" roared the voice within.
"Want to come in!" replied the landlord.
"Can't do it!" was the response from within. "It's my room, and I'm in bed; can't come in."
"Get me in!" shouted the landlord, in a louder tone, at the same time shaking the door violently, "or I'll break the door down."
"Hold on!" rejoined the voice within; "I'll open the door."
The door was soon opened, when in rushed the whole party, expecting to find the floor covered with blood. What was their surprise to find everything in its proper place, and the hoosier calm and unconcerned. A revolver was lying carelessly upon the bed.
"Who fired that pistol?" demanded the landlord.
"I did!" was the reply.
"Why?" asked the landlord.
The hoosier stepped to the bed, and throwing open the covering said:
"Look here! do you see that?"
The attention of the party was at once directed to the point indicated, and there, over the whole surface of the sheet, bedbugs were scampering in every direction, like a flock of sheep frightened by a dog.
The landlord was chagrined and puzzled, and looked to his lodger for an explanation.
"These," began the hoosier, straightening himself up to his full height, and gesticulating with his right hand in grandiloquent style; "these are my friends; I have settled an armistice with them, and we are on friendly terms; but on the window-sill there, just outside, you will find two infernal big fellows that I couldn't do anything with, and so I just put a bullet through 'em. But it's all right now, it's all understood between me and my friends here, and we shall get along well enough now."
It is needless to add that the landlord retired to his own bed visibly crest fallen, while the spectators enjoyed a hearty laugh.
DISASTERS ON THE LAKES.—The present season has been remarkable for the great number of marine disasters which have occurred. The losses upon our inland seas are greater in number and fatality than have ever been known before in the same length of time. From an imperfect list of lost vessels which has been published, we see there has been six steamers, nine propellers, two tugs, five brigs, and twenty-eight schooners, either burned or wrecked. Several have never been heard from. At least two hundred lives have also been lost.
The man who hates you is the man you have helped. Jones one day refused to endorse any more for Skidmore. What has been the result? Why, Skidmore allows that Jones is the meanest man in New York, and has some thoughts of setting fire to his carriage house, and burning up Mr. Jones' phaeton and light bays.
Owing to the new order of skirts, concert rooms do not hold as many people as they formerly did. In consequence of this, Thalberg talks of charging women by the foot. Not a bad idea, provided he makes them pay the expense, and not their husbands.
"I cannot imagine," said Alderman H., "why my whiskers should turn gray so much sooner than the hair of my head."
"Because you have worked so much more with your jaws than your brain," observed a wag.
Rest—Rest is a very fine medicine. Let your stomachs rest, ye dyspeptics. Let your brain rest, ye wearied and worried men of business. You can't! Cast off all superfluities of appetite and fashion, and see if you can't.
Female help are said to be better paid in San Francisco than any other class of people, receiving from \$40 to \$60 per month.