

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

R. W. Weaver, Proprietor.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

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THE STAR OF THE NORTH

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Original Poetry.

For the Star of the North.

A FROG HUNT.

BY HIAWATHA, JR.

Once upon a time a party,
Forgetful of the early lessons,
Which they learned when they were young,
In good books of pastebored pictures,
Interspiced with wood-cut views,
Determined on a jolly frog hunt,
A frog hunt out at a mill-pond,
All full of hope and expectation,
Though they went not quite as fast as
Lightning, or a six-foot smoke-horse,
(Their drivers were all less than six feet)
Yet they drove with such a gusto,
That it seemed more like a horse-race
Than a party on a frog hunt.

Once there, in a meadow bright,
And they had just the same came,
And all charged upon the croakers,
Giving battle to the croakers,
Bloodwounds, inmates of the mill-pond,
It was truly fun to shoot them,
But those wily croakers jumped in,
Even after they had shot them!

So happened that the water
Was not clear enough to see through,
So the croakers like old Big-foot,
Saved themselves from immolation,
He his scalp and they their hind-legs.
Thus they hunted until noontide,
"Bobbin' round" the muddily mill-pond,
Each one hoped that day to dine on
Frog; but when the time came,
They had, alas! not one for each one;
But they were well supplied with bacon,
Butter, bread, and various fixings,
But the "captain coon," minus,
They all felt the deep deprivation,
For the frogs that had been captured,
Lay beneath the muddy waters,
The muddily waters of the mill-pond,
A sorry banquet for the fishes,
Mulletts, eels and other "small fry."
While they viewed their scanty larder,
A grand idea was suggested,
That of substituting poultry,
Far less trouble and far better.

Frogs at best are poor things,
They reasoned some of them;
Like the fox did with the grape-vine,
For this daring expedition
They selected a sharp shooter,
The cutest and most expert marksman;
Having chosen him a partner,
This cutest and most expert marksman
Took his journey to the mill-pond,
To the dreary land of sunset,
Where the chickens grow by hundreds,
And the people are most ready
To exchange them for the "needful."
While they journeyed to the westward,
They espied a little farm-house,
Quickly bent their footsteps toward it,
And found the farmer on the road-side,
With joy this cutest and expert marksman
Took a peep into the barn-yard,
There saw chickens in great numbers,
Every age and size and color,
All of which were good enough for
His poor dinnerless companions;
No time he lost upon the bargain,
But paid at once the price by the road-side,
Then turned to make a good selection,
With which the farmer scanned these chickens,
Weighed their merits and demerits,
At last, however, chanced to light on
Chanticleer, a famous rooster,
Whose full voice, both round and deep-toned,
Just at day-break from the hen roost,
Was accustomed to awaken
Yawns before that quiet farmer.
He drew his piece up to his shoulder,
A Real Sharpe or Minnie shot-gun,
Fired, and knocked the rooster's head off,
Nor ever put a single shot-gun
In the par designed for eating!

The next adapted to his fancy,
Was a pullet young and tender,
One he thought would stew much quicker,
And require less dental labor
To prepare it for digestion,
Soon he brought it in a straight line,
In a straight line with his four-piece,
Fired and killed a' la' t'other,
Then remembering his companions,
Who were waiting with all patience,
He took one upon his shoulder,
Gave the throat to his partner,
And together hastened homeward,
Warmly their companions greeted them,
Though the expedition lucky,
Seized the chickens to denude them,
Picked the chickens fat and stubby,
And then on to stew instanter.
The fire was kindled by a brook-side,
'Neath the branches of an oak tree,
The place was fine enough to grace a
Banquet of the Symphs and Satyrs,
Here they sat long time and feasted,
Cracked their jokes and joked on crackers,
Picked their chickens strong and well-knit,
(I mean the fibres from the frame work.)
Trying to persuade each other,
That they really were quite tender,
The leading facts are all narrated,
And a' on some of the minutiae,
Together with a few slight touches
Of what poets must resort to,
Just to keep up the connexion;
And since hum'rous poets never write on
Subjects that are once exhausted,
Let's forfeit reputation,
The next line will make an end of
The description of the frog hunt.

CURIOUS FACTS FROM HISTORY.

The Chevalier D' Aubigne, who fled to England during the French Revolution of 1788, and for a while lived there, in a straightened manner, accumulated a fortune of eighty thousand francs by teaching the English fashionables how to mix salad. He visited his patrons in a carriage, attended by a servant.

The custom of setting a table to drink after dinner was over, was introduced by Margaret Atheling the Saxon Queen of Scotland.—She was shocked to see the Scottish gentleman rising from the table before grace could be said, and offered a cup of choice wine to all who would remain.

Fish did not become a popular article of diet in Greece until a comparatively late period, and there was a society against "crudely to fish" by abstaining from devouring what was alleged to make the devourer ferocious and inhuman. With Romans the mullet was prized above all other fish. It was sometimes served up six pounds in weight, and such a fish was worth three hundred dollars. It was cooked for the benefit and pleasure of the guests. Turbot was next highest in estimation, and occasionally offending slaves were thrown into ponds to feed them.

The older Romans paid special honor to agriculture, as did the Jews. Their coin was stamped with cymbals connected therewith. The Greeks refreshed the mouths of their plowing oxen with wine. Charles the Ninth exempted from arrest for debt all persons engaged in the cultivation of the staple articles of agriculture.

Cortez went to Mexico in search of gold, but the first discovery he made was chocolate. The monks were the earliest to adopt it, but the generous beverage was considered a wicked luxury for them, and they were warned against it. The moralists eagerly condemned it. The Spaniards, however, welcomed it with enthusiasm.

It is recorded that Antony once rewarded his cook with the gift of a city, for having prepared a repast which elicited the encomiums of Cleopatra.

An English dean, named Nowell, who flourished in the turbulent reign of Queen Mary, was the accidental inventor of bottled ale. He was out fishing with the fresh drain beverage at his side, when intelligence reached him that his life was in danger. He threw down his fishing-rod, buried his bottle of ale in the grass, and fled. Afterwards reclaiming the bottle, the cork flew out at the touch, and the dean was so delighted with the creamy condition of the ale, that he took good care thereafter to be supplied with the "same sort."

Streams and springs of water were greatly revered by some ancient nations. According to the popular belief of the Greeks, every spring, stream and fountain had its resident deity. The Egyptians grateful for the blessings derived from their beloved Nile, flung into it corn, sugar and fruit, as thank offerings. The Persians and Cappadocians raised altars beside streams, and paid adoration to the god whose existence was evinced by the crystal element. The common people of Rome drank to excess of water, both hot and cold. The former they drank in winter as a stimulant.

The breakfast of a Greek soldier, taken at dawn of day, consisted of bread soaked in wine. Greek patricians sat down daily to but one solid meal; soldiers and plebeians partook of two. They were accounted peculiarly coarse people who consumed three. The Romans were in this respect similar to the Greeks.

In Rome milk was used as a cosmetic, and for baths as well as for beverage. Five hundred asses supplied the bath and toilet vases of the Empress Poppaea. Some dozen or two of the same animals were kept to maintain the decaying strength of Francis I. of France. Approps of milk. Butter was not known either in Greece or Rome until comparatively late periods. The Greeks received it from Asia, and the Romans were taught its use by the Roman matrons.

Eggs filled with salt, used to be eaten by curious maidens, after a whole day's fasting on St. Agnes' eve, in the belief that in the after dreams of the maid, her future husband would be revealed to her.

Gov. Grimes Vindicating the Laws.

Iowa has been degraded so frequently by gangs of "Regulators," lawlessly assuming the authority to hang persons suspected of horse thieving, that Gov. Grimes has thought it necessary to call the attention of the lawful authorities to seize and punish the Vigilant Committees. The Regulators it appears are bound together by secret oaths to defend every one of their lawless gang. They number it is said, 2000 in Jackson county. The Governor calls upon the Sheriff to serve the warrants for the arrest of the leaders. If the county force is not sufficient to execute the laws, the Governor promises sufficient from other counties. He says:

"I am resolved that, so far as in me lies, this lawless violence, which under the plea of administering justice to horse thieves, sets at defiance the authorities of the State, and destroys all respect for the laws, both human and divine, shall be checked. I shall have no hesitation, therefore, when officially advised of the exigency, to call out the entire military power of the State, if necessary, to crush out this spirit of rebellion which has shown itself in your county."

It comes to this always in the end, when legal authority is usurped, under any specious pretext. The usurpers themselves become the greatest-violators of the laws, and have to be put down by force. The people whose will is expressed in the laws, will not allow their authority to be overturned by persons who are not disposed to submit to the law's wholesome restraints.

A WORD TO THE GIRLS.

We never expect to tire in interest or in labor for the girls. We see so much to hope for in relation to the young females of our country and so much that is defective in their education, that their interest—their good lies upon our heart like a perpetual inspiration. When we see girls educated in the schools of folly and fashion, selling themselves body and soul to the blandishments of the shop-keeper and mantua maker, idling their young lives away in gossip and nonsense, taking early lessons in rouge-daubing and toilet gliding, talking seriously of matrimony in their early teens, looking forward to making a fortunate match, as their only hope and care of life, forgetting all that is best and greatest in their minds and hearts, ignoring all womanly aspirations and aims, giving no heed to the preparations for life's great duties and joys, my heart bleeds within me. How many good people are trying to improve the homes of the world. How many are seeking to awaken in hearts a better ideal of home life, a truer estimate of home virtue, a more thorough insight into home duties. How limited will be their success unless the hearts of the girls can be warmed with a burning zeal for improvement. Woman is the mistress, the presiding genius of home; and she must become true to herself, true to her womanly qualities of mind and heart, ere the homes of this world can be what they should be.—She must cease to worship at the shrine of folly; she must cease to place her sole good in marriage; she must cease to regard herself simply the doll or plaything of man; she must cease to desire to be his pet; she must cease to lean on father, brother, husband for support, for instruction. She must feel that she has a mind to be educated, a soul to be taught the way of duty. She must learn to be independent of her opinions, her actions, her duties and aims. Every girl should have some aim in life, and educate herself for some place and duty. Her education should be solid and thorough. Why should the boys be sent to college from fourteen to eighteen and the girls to a seminary or academy only as many months. Why should the boys be three or four years learning a trade or a profession, and the girls never learn to do anything? Why should the boys be all their minority learning agriculture with the best books, instructions and experiences they can get, and the girls that are to be their wives be ignorant of everything that pertains to their future duties and trials? Why should it be the province of the boys to know so much and the girls to know so little?

We want to see the girls of this age wake up to a new life and every one of them fix on some great attainment that they will secure. First of all let them learn to be true women, intelligent, self-reliant, virtuous, high-minded, sober, affectionate, thoughtful, loving, all that is truly loving and nothing that is not demanding of all their associates that they shall be honorable and respectful. Secondly, let them determine that they will know the most that they can know about the practical and useful duties of life, that their hands shall be taught to be useful and their minds active come what fortune may. Thirdly, let them learn how to preserve their health, to care for and do for the sick, to be judicious managers of households, sick rooms, nurseries, gardens, dairies, and whatever falls to the common lot of men and women. Fourthly, let them learn to do something by which they could earn an honest and comfortable living were they thrown upon their own resources. Fifthly, let them read and acquire useful knowledge. With such efforts the girls of to-day may be glorious women for the next forty years.—*Valley Farmer.*

Town Making.

A gentleman recently returned from the West relates that, in setting out early in the morning from the place where he had passed the night, he consulted his map of the country, and finding that a very considerable town, called Vienna, occupied a point of his road, but some twelve or fifteen miles off, concluded to journey as far as that place before breakfast. Another equally extensive town, bearing as sounding a name, was laid down at a convenient distance for his afternoon stage, and there he proposed halting for the night. He continued to travel at a good round pace until the sun had risen high in the heavens, and until he computed that he had accomplished more than twice or thrice the distance which he proposed to himself in the outset. Still he saw no town before him, even of the humblest kind, much less such a magnificent one as his map prepared him to look for. At length, meeting a solitary wood-chopper emerging from the forest, he accosted him and inquired how far it was to Vienna. "Vienna!" exclaimed the man; "why you passed it five and twenty miles back. Did you notice a stick of timber and a blazed tree beside the road? That was Vienna." The dismayed traveller then inquired how far it was to the other place, at which he designed passing the night. "Why you are right on that place now," returned the man; "it begins just on the other side of your ravine, and runs down to a clump of girdled trees which you will see about a mile further on the road." "Are there no houses built?" faltered out the traveller. "Oh, no houses whatsoever," returned the woodman; "they hewed and hauled the logs for blacksmith's shop, but before they raised it the town lots were all disposed of in the Eastern States; and every thing has been left just as you now see it ever since."—*Boston Traveller.*

The increased wear and Tear of the Brain in Modern Life.

In the report of the Commissioners on Lunacy, for the year 1847, we find the total number of private patients of the middle and upper classes, than under confinement in private asylums, amounted to 4,649. Now, if we skip eight years, and refer to the report of 1855, we find there only 4,557 patients under confinement, or about 96 less, notwithstanding the increase of population during that period. If we compare the number of pauper lunatics under confinement at these two periods, we shall find a widely different state of things, for in 1847 there were 9,654 in our public and private asylums, whilst in 1855 they numbered 15,822. In other words, our pauper lunatics would appear to have increased 6,170 in eight years, or upwards of 64 per cent.

It is this extraordinary increase of pauper lunatics in the county asylums which has frightened some psychologists from their propriety, and led them to believe that insanity is running a winning race with the healthy intellect. But these figures, if they mean any thing, prove that it is not the intellect of the country that breeds insanity, but its ignorance, as it cannot for one moment be contended that the great movements now taking place in the world originate with the laboring classes. We shall be told, we know, that there is a constant descent of patients from private asylums to public asylums; that the professional man and the tradesman, after expending the means of his friends and family for a year or two in the vain hope a speedy cure, becomes necessarily in the end a pauper lunatic, and that this stream adds to swell the numbers in the county institution.

Allowing its due weight to this explanation—and those who know public asylums are well aware how small, comparatively speaking, is the educated element yet as the same disturbing element in the calculation obtained at both periods, we may safely conclude that both the figures are not thereby essentially altered. A still more convincing proof that mental ruin springs rather from mental torpidity than from mental stimulation is to be found by comparing the proportion of lunatics to the population in the rural and the manufacturing districts. Sir Andrew Halliday, who worked out this interesting problem in 1828, selected as his twenty non-agricultural counties—Cornwall, Cheshire, Derby, Durham, Gloucester, Lancashire, Northumberland, Stafford, Somerset, York (West Riding) and Warwick, which contained a population at that time of 4,493,194, and a total number of 3,910 insane persons, or 1 to every 1,200. His twelve agricultural counties were Bedford, Berkshire, Bucks, Cambridge, Oxford, Lincoln, Norfolk, Northampton, Hereford, Rutland, Suffolk, and Wilt, the total population of which was 2,012,979, and the total number of insane persons 2,326, a proportion of 1 lunatic to every 820 sane.

Another significant fact elicited was, whilst in the manufacturing counties the idiots were considerably less than the lunatics, in the rural counties the idiots were to the lunatics as 7 to 5! Thus the Hodges of England, who know nothing of the march of intellect, contribute far more inmates to the public lunatic asylums than the toil-worn artisans of Manchester or Liverpool, who live in the great eye of the world and keep step with the march of civilization, even if they do bring up their rear. Isolation is a greater cause of mental ruin than exaggeration—our English fields can afford cretins as plentifully as the upland valleys of the mountain range seldom visited by the foot of the traveller; whilst, on the other hand, in the workshop and the public assembly, "As iron weareth iron, so man sharpeneth the face of his friend."—*Quarterly Review.*

English Anecdotes.

Campbell's Lives of the Chief Justices of England, just published, contains some amusing stories. One is of a young counsel, who had the reputation of being a very impudent fellow, but whose memory was apt to fail him. He began a speech with "the unfortunate client who appears by me—the unfortunate client who appears by me—my Lord—my unfortunate client." The Chief Justice interposed in a soft encouraging tone, "You may go on, sir, so far as the court is quiet with you." On another occasion, a Quaker coming into the witness box at Guildhall without a broad brim or dittoes, and rather smartly dressed, the crier put the book into his hand, and was about to administer the oath, when he required to be examined on his affirmative. Another witness having given rambling and discreditable answers, was asked what he was, and said "I employ myself as a surgeon." "But does any one else employ you as a surgeon?" asked Chief Justice Lord Ellenborough. Henry Hunt, the famous demagogue, having been brought up to receive sentence or a conviction for holding a seditious meeting, began his address in mitigation of punishment, by complaining of certain persons who had accused him of "stirring up the people by dangerous eloquence." His Lordship answered, "My impartiality as a judge calls on me to say, sir, that in accusing you of that, they do you great injustice." A very tedious bishop having yawned during his own speech, Lord Ellenborough exclaimed: "Come, come, the fellow shows symptoms of insanity; but this is encroaching on our province." Soon after he was made Chief Justice he removed to a splendid mansion in St. James' Square.—To give an idea of its size to an old lawyer of Chancery Lane, he said, "Sir, if you let off a piece of ordnance in the hall, the report is not heard in the bed-rooms."

WHERE DOES WOOD COME FROM.

If we were to take up a handful of soil and examine it under the microscope, we should find it to contain a number of small fragments of wood, small broken pieces of the branches, or leaves, or other parts of the tree. If we could examine it chemically, we should find yet more strikingly that it was nearly the same as wood in its composition. Perhaps then, it may be said, the young plant obtains its wood from the earth in which it grows?

The following experiment will show whether this conjecture is likely to be correct or not. Two hundred pounds of earth were dried in an oven, and afterwards put into a large earthen vessel; the earth was then moistened with rain-water, and a willow tree, weighing five pounds, was planted therein. During the space of five years, the earth was carefully watered with rain-water or pure water. The willow grew and flourished, and to prevent the earth being mixed with fresh earth, or dirt being blown in by the winds, it was covered with a metal plate, full of very minute holes, which would exclude everything but air from getting access to earth below it.

After growing in the earth for five years, the tree was removed, and on being weighed, was found to have gained one hundred and sixty-four pounds, as it now weighed one hundred and sixty-nine pounds. And this estimate did not include the weight of the leaves or dead branches which in five years fell from the tree. Now came the application of the test. Was all this obtained from the earth? It had not sensibly diminished; but in order to make the experiment conclusive, it was again dried in an oven and put in the balance. Astonishing was the result—the earth weighed only two ounces less than it did when the willow was first planted in it; yet the tree had gained one hundred and sixty-four pounds. Manifestly, then, the wood thus gained in this space of time was not obtained from the earth; we are, therefore, compelled to repeat our question, "Where does the wood come from?" We are left with only two alternatives the water with which it was refreshed, or the air in which it lived. It can be clearly shown that it was not due to the water; we are, consequently, unable to resist the perplexing and wonderful conclusion, it was derived from the air.

Can it be? Where those great oceanic masses of wood, which are as old as man's introduction into Eden, and wave in their vast and solitary luxuriance over the fertile hills and plains of South America, were these all obtained from the thin air! Were the particles which unite to form our battle-ships, Old England's walls of wood, ever borne the world about, not only on wings of air, but actually as air themselves. Was the firm table on which I write, the chair on which I rest, the solid floor on which I tread and much of the house in which I dwell, and once in a form which I could not as much as lay my finger on, or grasp in my hands? Wonderful truth! all this was air.—*Life of A.*

Getting Used to it by Degrees.

"Somewhere about here," writes a Southern correspondent, "lives a small farmer of such social habits that his coming home intoxicated was once an unusual thing. His wife urged him in vain to sign the pledge.

"Why, you see," he would say, "I'll sign it after a while, but don't like to break right off at once; it ain't wholesome. The best way is to get used to a thing by degrees.

"Very well, old man," his helpmate would reply, "see now if you don't fall into a hole one of these days, while you can't take care of yourself and nobody will help you out."

Sure enough, as if to verify the prophecy, as he returned home drunk one day, he fell into a shallow well, and after a good deal of useless scrambling, he shouted for the 'light of his eyes' to come and help him out.

"Didn't I tell you so?" said the good soul, showing her cap fall over the edge of the parapet; "you had got into a hole at last, and it's only lucky I'm in hearing, or you might have drowned. Well," she continued after a pause, letting down the bucket, "take hold." And up he came higher at each turn of the windlass, until the old lady's grasp slipping from the handle, down he went to the bottom again. This occurring more than once, made the temporary occupant of the well suspicious.

"Look here," he screamed in fury, at the last splash, "you're doing that on purpose—I know you are!"

"Well, now I am," responded his old woman tranquilly, while winding up once more. "Don't you remember telling me, it's best to get used to a thing by degrees? I'm afraid if I haul you right up of a sudden, you won't find it wholesome!"

The old fellow could not help chuckling at the application of his principle, and protested he would sign the pledge on the instant, if she would lift him fairly out. This she did and packed him off to sign the pledge wet as he was.

"For, you see," she added emphatically, "if you ever fall into the ditch again, I'll leave you thar—I will!"

I TAKE THINGS AS I FIND 'EM.

BY BLOOM.

I seek no change
Of notion strange,
Of progress or reform;
Or will I mix
With politics,
Or faction's angry storm.
I'll not be sad,
Though times are bad;
My maxim's better far—
I take things as I find 'em,
And leave 'em as they are.

Some folks will get
In such a pet,
Because things don't go right;
They plot and scheme,
And plan and dream,
Though many a weary night,
But deuce the bit
Will I permit
Such stuff my rest to mar—
I take things as I find 'em,
And I leave 'em as they are.

The constant tax
Upon our backs,
With crushing weight may press;
Poor men may bear
The greater share,
While richer bear the less.
Throughout the State
Abuses great
May scandal spread apace—
I take things as I find 'em,
And I leave 'em as they are.

Men's votes, which ought
Not to be bought,
But should be free as air,
May still be sold
For rum and gold,
What matter, I don't care.
Or else, with rap,
Paid rowdy debts—
Our voting may deprive—
But I take things as I find 'em,
And I leave 'em as they are.

Poor children might
To read and write
Be taught—I think they should;
Good schools to keep
Might be as cheap
As jalls—I think they would.
But things like these
Should not be my case
Or quiet comfort mar—
I take things as I find 'em,
And I leave 'em as they are.

Yet do not dream
That I would seem
To countenance abuse;
I should delight
In things set right,
But then 'twould play the deuce
With me, to be
Continually
'Gainst error forced to spar—
So I take things as I find 'em
And I leave 'em as they are.

BE CONTENT.

Freeman Hunt, in his 'Worth on Wealth,' thus beautifully and truthfully depicts the charms of a contented spirit—of such an one as it is written, "A contented mind is a continual feast."

"The health, and strength, and freshness, and sweet sleep of youth are yours. Young Love, by day and night circles you;—Hears unsoiled by the deep sin of covetousness, beat fondly with your own. None—ghoul-like—listen for the death tick of your chamber. Your shoes have value in men's eyes, only when you tread in them. The smiles, no wealth can purchase, greet you, living; and tears that rarely drop on rose-wood coffins, will fall from plying eyes upon you, dying. Be wise in being content with competency. You have, to eat, to wear, enough; then have you all the rich man hath. What though he fares more sumptuously? He shortens life—increases pains and aches—impairs his health thereby. What if his raiments be more costly? God loves him none the more, and man's respect in such regard, comes ever mingled with his envy.

Nature is yours in all her glory; her ever-varying and forever beautiful face smiles peace upon you. Her hills and valleys, fields and flowers, and her holy places know no desecration in the step of poverty; but welcome ever to wealth and beauty, rich and poor alike.

Be content! The robin chirps as gayly as the gorgeous bird of Paradise. Less gaudy is his plumage, less splendid his surroundings. Yet not joy that cheers the eastern beauty, but comes upon his barren hills to bless the nest that robin builds. His fight's as strong, his note as gay; and in his humble home, the light of happiness shines all as bright, because no cloud of envy dims it. Let us then, labor and be strong in the best use of that we have; wasting no golden hours in idle wishes for things that burden those who own them, as the gifts already bestowed by a wisdom that never errs. Being content, the poorest man is rich; while he who counts his millions, hath little joy if he be otherwise.

ANOTHER HINT TO LADIES IN THE CARS.

The "hint to ladies in the cars," which some time ago found its way into the newspapers receives an appropriate counterpart in the following:

The seats were all full, except one which was occupied by a rough looking Irishman—and at one of the stations, a couple of evidently well bred and intelligent young ladies came in to procure seats; but seeing no vacant ones were about to go into a back car—when Patrick rose hastily and offered them his seat, with evident pleasure. "But you will have no seat yourself," responded one of the young ladies with a smile—heating, with true politeness, as to accepting it; "Niver yea mind that!" said the Hibernian, "yer welcome to it! I'd ride upon the cow catcher till New York, any time, for a smile from such gentlemanly ladies!" and retreated hastily into the next car, amid the cheers of those who had witnessed the affair.

BIRDS—THEIR UTILITY.

We do not always know our best friends. But experience sometimes teaches us, working out for us conclusions very unlike those we had previously entertained. In the history of birds, similar examples are not wanting. A writer of note says, "After some States had paid threepence a dozen for the destruction of blackbirds, the consequence was a total loss, in the year 1749, of all the grass and grain, by means of insects, which had flourished under the protection of that law." Another ornithologist, Wilson, computes that each redwinged blackbird devours, on an average, fifty grubs daily during the summer season. Most birds live entirely on birds and insects, and though some are destructive to our cherries and other fruits, the numbers of such are small, and these propensities are to be offset by numerous and valuable services which no other agencies can perform.

The following descriptions may throw light upon the treatment these birds have a right to claim at our hands:

The Baltimore Oriole, a beautiful and well-known bird, called sometimes Gold-robin, Hang-bird, etc. It feeds chiefly on insects, and its services are of great value.—They visit our gardens for grubs only, and thus protect our pea vines and other plants from a destructive enemy.

The red-winged blackbird often arrives at the North ere the snow has disappeared.—It feeds on grubs, worms and caterpillars, without inflicting any injury upon the farmer. Hence it does him a very important service.

The Cow blackbird is less numerous than the species just described. They follow our cattle, and catch and devour the insects that molest them. From this fact they derive their name.

The Rice Bunting, or Bob-o-link, is constantly employed in catching grasshoppers, spiders, crickets, etc., and thus does good service. It is, however, said to do some injury to grain, especially at the South, and particularly when they collect their young in flocks preparatory to a flight toward their winter quarters.

The Crow blackbird is one of our early visitors. When it devours immense numbers of grubs, etc., it is also clearly proved that it pulls up the corn. Southern farmers attempt to diminish the amount of depredations, by soaking their corn in Glaubens' salts, making it unpalatable to the birds.

The American Crow devours every thing eatable, without much apparent choice, whether fruit, seeds, vegetables, reptiles, insects, dead animals, &c.

The Cedar-bird gathers caterpillars, worms etc., which it devours with an insatiable appetite. Our cherries and other fruit are not spared, but are devoured, in their season, as rapidly as are the canker-worms, and other enemies of the trees, in their season. But whatever injury they may thus inflict seems irremediable, as their numbers can scarcely be diminished by any agency in our control.

The King bird lives wholly on insects and worms, without any mischievous, unless it be occasionally to devour honeybees. That he has a taste for such food is pretty well established, though some deny it. [They attack the drones, only.]

The Cat-bird is constantly employed in devouring wasps, worms, etc., but does not always spare our fruit. They devour of the latter, however, much less than would the insects they destroy.

The Wood thrush lives on worms, beetles, etc., and never commits depredations of any kind. Their residence is much more constant in the extreme South, than farther north.

The Blue-bird confines himself to the destruction of beetles, spiders, grubs, wire-worms, etc., and though they attack the sumac and wild cherry, and other wild berries, they do no injury to the fruits or vegetables of the garden.

The Golden-winged Woodpecker is reputed as a fruit-stealer, but "with all its faults," it is of great use to the horticulturist.

The Red-headed Woodpecker, like the former, helps itself to fruits of all kinds, carries off apples even in its bill; but this useful labor is also worthy of its hire; it does much more good than evil.

The Downy Woodpecker, and perhaps some other species, come under the same category as those species already described.

A MANY-HOBBED DILEMMA.—We could not but be amused at the centralizing efforts of a man on Main street the other night. He had been to some grocery, and was walking along the pavement with a cabbage under each arm, some potatoes in the bosom of his shirt, a beef steak in one hand and two pullets in the other, besides a brick or two in his hat. Here his troubles commenced. He dropped one cabbage; stooped to pick it up; he spilled his potatoes; laid down his steak and chickens; put the potatoes in his pockets; the cabbage in his bosom; meanwhile one chicken traveled off; caught it, found chicken No. 2 had taken leg bail; wedged chicken No. 1 between the two cabbages and a stone, and made after No. 2; captured it, and when we left was trying to arrange matters for convenience of carriage, to the infinite amusement of quite a crowd of lookers on.—*Kook's Post.*

"Ah," said an Englishman, "I belong to a country upon which the sun never sets."

"And I," said a Yankee, "belong to a country of which there is no correct map; it grows so fast that surveyors can't keep up with it."