

# THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

R. W. Weaver, Proprietor.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

[Two Dollars per Annum.]

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## Choice Poetry.

### SOMEbody.

Somebody's courting somebody,  
Somebody or other to-night,  
Somebody's whispering to somebody,  
Somebody's listening to somebody,  
Under the clear moonlight.

Near the bright river's flow,  
Running so soft and slow,  
Talking to itself and low,  
She sits with somebody.

Pacing the ocean's shore,  
Edged by the foaming roar,  
Words never breathed before,  
Sound sweet to somebody.

Under the maple tree,  
Deep though the shadow be,  
Plain enough they can see—  
Bright eyes has somebody.

No one sits up to wait,  
Though she is out to late—  
All know she's at the gate,  
Talking with somebody.

Tip-toe to the parlor door—  
Two shadows on the floor—  
Moonlight reveals no more—  
Susy and somebody.

Two, sitting side by side,  
Float with the ebbing tide,  
"Thus, dearest, may we glide  
Through life," says somebody.

Somewhere, somebody  
Makes love to somebody,  
To-night.

### The Mutiny in India.

The English papers are full of the details of the mutiny in India. The massacre at Cawnpore is confirmed in all its horrors.—But General Havelock has since severely punished Nana Sahib at Futtehpore, where the English troops behaved gallantly. At Agra, the disaster to the English was not qualified. The enemy they were opposed to lost severely. The consequence of the movement appears to have been that the mutineers abandoned the idea of assaulting the position, and marched off to Delhi.

Another set of mutineers, who had marched off from Sealkote in the Panjab, to reach Delhi, have been met and routed by Brigadier Nicholson. This affair took place on the banks of the Ravee, on of the principal rivers of the Panjab. The mutineers had already crossed the stream, when Nicholson fell upon them, forced them back, and compelled them to take shelter on an island.—Here he carried their position, slew a large number, and drove the remainder into the stream.

At Delhi no progress had been made, the British waiting for reinforcements. The Sepoys have made two sorties, but were beaten back.

### Steam Hod Carrier.

The Philadelphia Bulletin has the following description of a "Steam Hod Carrier," which was in operation on a new building in that city on Thursday:

"The motive power was a small locomotive-looking steam engine, upon wheels, which, although stationary at the time, looked as though it could be moved readily from point to point. A mammoth hod, holding twelve or fifteen times the quantity of bricks and mortar which could be carried by the stoutest laborer, was whirled to the top of the building in a trice by the same hod carrier, with the aid of a crane and a block and tackle. One man attended the engine, another loaded the mammoth hod, a third attended to its safe delivery up aloft, and without toil or fuss or sweat the little steam engine did the work of fully fifteen men.

**HEAVEN**—Can mortal minds conceive the glory of that upper sphere, where the sun never goes down and night can never come? Where the river of life rolls its crystal waves around the high white throne of the great Eternal. Fairer flowers than any Flora's hand has strewn on earth, bloom in the fields of immortality. Cherub forms float on the waves of music, swept from the golden harps of God's elect. Earth's brightest sunbeams are but darkness compared to the light that emanates from the sun of righteousness. Frail mortals deem it shadowy land! Not so! There no clouds come to dim the light of eternal day! Sorrow never flings its dark mantle o'er the sinless dwellers there. Shipwrecked mariners, tossed on life's tempestuous sea! Weary pilgrim, treading the path that leads to death! Let not earth's fleeting pleasures deceive you; trust alone in Heaven.  
—Kate Clair.

Peru is still agitated by one of those frequent revolutions which are the bane of our star republics on this Continent.

A Brother of Mrs. Cunningham, it is stated, is now confined in jail at Riverhead. He is said to be a very bad character.

In Philadelphia there is a widow lady who has twenty-five children, all living at home, and none of them married.

**REPORT OF R. W. WEAVER, ESQ.,**  
COUNTY SUPERINTENDENT,  
Of Columbia County for the year ending June 1st, 1857.

In this county the schools generally begin to open about the first of November, and close about the first of March, without having a term of public school in summer. This is unfortunate, as reducing the time of school visitations to four months, and those the most inclement of the year. It also prevents the attendance of young scholars; and even of the older scholars with that regularity which is desirable and profitable. There is, however, some improvement in this respect, and in several of the most thinly settled districts, the directors have resolved upon a summer term.

**Examinations and Teachers.**—In November last I made a series of appointments to travel the county, to meet and examine teachers; but, as in previous years, the attendance of teachers and directors was not so general as it ought to have been, to indicate and inspire that interest in public education which an intelligent community ought always to feel. The teachers stay away, because many of them know that they are only apprentices in the profession, though in most cases they have improved all the scant opportunities for mental improvement that were in their reach. Most of them frankly confess their incompetency, and excuse it by the want of proper instruction. In many cases I have found it necessary to instruct teachers, rather than to examine them. In order to find teachers for all the schools of the county, I was still compelled to give certificates of a lower grade than was desirable; and indeed to some teachers so deficient, that they confessed they would have preferred to go to school as scholars, instead of teachers. But I know that our county is not worse, in this respect, than many others; and the evil can only be cured when Normal schools are once established. We improve slowly, each year, by heavy effort; but it is only in a pace with the general progress of knowledge in the community, and the schools do not, as they ought, lead the public mind.

Within the time of my official service the wages of teachers have, raised, so as to be no more than to the grade of qualifications, and in many cases are rather above. It is to be hoped that the pay will remain up, and the teachers will now prepare themselves to earn it, by organizing a teachers' institute. True excellence will always command good wages.

Within the past year I granted one hundred and twelve temporary certificates, and three permanent ones. Ten applicants were refused certificates. The teachers of last year, in most cases, hold these certificates with some improvements. Their ages, time of service, and relative capacity, would rank very much as in my statistics of last year. So also would the condition of the school houses, and their destination of furniture, for there has been very little change in this respect.

**Visitations.**—I visited all the schools I could within the short months they were open, and found in most of them a decided improvement since my first visit in 1855.—Twenty-five schools I could not reach while they were in session. Catawissa is the only district in which I found retrogression from the excellent graded schools of last year.—I found twenty little abecedarians, and ten different reading books, in a school which the teacher was expected to make "first rate."

In general the manner of study and recitation has become more natural and more comprehensible to the scholars, and they have come to think more upon the subject of their lessons. There is, however, still great room for improvement, and in no branches more than in arithmetic and composition.

I have found that the most benefit resulting from a supervision of the public schools is in the work at home, where almost every day some teacher, director or citizen came for information, or with a bill of complaint. It is in explaining the workings of the common school system, in reconciling difficulties and misunderstandings, and in preventing feuds and law-suits, that most good can be done. Still, visitations are necessary, and it is highly desirable that those of the Superintendent should be followed by others from the directors.

The examination of teachers has a very good moral influence in driving incompetent persons out of the business of teaching, and in exciting among fit teachers a laudable spirit of pride to sustain a respectable examination, and obtain a good certificate. Although the school law of 1849 required an examination of teachers, its directions in that respect were not generally observed in this county, and where an examination was attempted it was very superficial and imperfect.

**Progress.**—Three years ago there were no graded schools in the county; oral arithmetic was almost unknown as a school exercise, and music unheard, except in one or two schools. There had been no public school examinations or exhibitions of any free school in the county, and no association of the teachers for progress or improvement.—Now almost all the towns have graded schools; oral instruction is applied as a strong element in every district of the county; music is a common branch of instruction and refinement; public examinations and exhibitions are coming to be considered as necessary incidents of the term, and within my time of service there have been six meetings of teachers' association.

Last summer proceedings were commenced to remove the directors of Roaring Creek

for not opening schools and laying tax; and that district last winter, for the first time, acted upon the common school system, and furnished public instruction to all its children. In order placed, they work in haste, and I shall therefore have the gratification of seeing, for the first time in the history of the county, that every township is acting under the common school system when my official connection with its closes.

**Taxation.**—I believe that the people of this county are generally disposed to treat the system of State instruction with fairness and justice. The present method of sustaining the schools is certainly the best I can conceive. If they were supported entirely by a State appropriation, this being raised by a tax on the property of the whole State, would be without any reference to the interest of each district, community in its peace, security and order; and without regard to the duty of parental provision for instruction.—The opposite system of private schools is based on a sort of poll tax, which contemplates only the duty of the parent, and ignores the duty of the State and its interest in the peace and progress of society. The poor could not bear their share of a poll school tax; and, therefore, the present method of supporting schools in part by a district tax, and for the rest by a State tax, is a fair compromise and disposition of the burden. The district tax must necessarily be with reference to the number of children to be educated, based on the duty of parents and the ability of children to be of service in earning a common education. The State appropriation is the contribution of the property of the State for its protection, and of the social system of the State for the preservation and progress of its civilization.

Exposure to severe and inclement weather last winter so much impaired my health, that I did not think it right to continue any longer my connection with the office I have held. If it has not been profitable it has at least been pleasant, both by reason of the kindness and courtesy extended to me in the county, and also received from the Department at Harrisburg.

### The Law Protecting Fruit &c.

At the request of a neighbor and friend, who has suffered from depredations of thieves and unruly persons, we publish below the Law to protect Fruit and punish Trespass in this Commonwealth, as a warning to the offenders:

**SECTION 1.** Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, and it is hereby enacted by authority of the same, That the wilful taking and carrying away of fruit, vegetables, plants, ornamental trees, vines, or shrubs, in this Commonwealth, whether attached to the soil or not, shall be deemed and the same is hereby declared a misdemeanor, and may be prosecuted and punished as such under the laws of this Commonwealth.

**Sec. 2.** That any person or persons who shall wilfully and maliciously enter or break down, through or over any orchard, garden or yard fence, hothed, hot or green house, or who shall wrongfully clog, stone, cut, bark, break or otherwise mutilate or damage any nut, fruit or ornamental tree, shrub, bush, plant or vine, trellis, arbor, hothed, hot or green house, or who shall wilfully and maliciously trespass upon, walk over, beat down, trample or in any wise injure any grass, grain, vines, vegetables or other growing crop, shall be liable to conviction thereof in action of trespass before any mayor, burgess, alderman, justice of the peace, or in any court of law, have judgment against him, her or them for treble the amount of damage proven to have been done, with cost of suit; one half the damage or penalty to go to the use of the poor of the district where the premises lie, the other half of the damage or penalty to the use of the owner of the premises on which the said trespass shall or may be committed, and in default of payment of the said fine or judgment, with costs of suit, the party convicted may and shall be committed to the jail of the proper county for not less than three nor more than twenty days; said complaint or action to be made in the name of the Commonwealth, and the testimony of the owner or occupant of the premises shall be admitted as evidence to prove the trespass.

### Monkish Legends.

In one of his notes to "Lacon," Colton gives the following account of the marvellous things wrought in the bosom of the "mother church" in ancient times. Some of the saints, especially Dunstan, Dominicus and Lupus, must have been fond of a practical joke, and pretty "cute hands" at playing it off, to have so far gotten the weather-gage of the devil—for he is said to be a "fall hand."

These legends abound with stories of prodigious things, some of which are very ludicrous such as St. Swintha's making whole a basket of eggs by the sign of the cross: Patriotic making the stolen sheep bleat in the thief's belly after he had eaten it; then, St. Bridget's bacon, which in great charity, she gave to a hungry dog, and was, after the dog had eaten it, restored again in her kettle. Of the like nature is the story of St. Dunstan, who took the devil by the nose with the tongue and held him until he roared with pain.—Dominicus made him hold the candle till he burned his fingers. Lupus imprisoned the devil in a pot all night. A consecrated host being put into a hive of bees, to cure them of the murraia, was so devoutly entertained, that the bees built a chapel in the hive, with a steeple and bell; erected an altar, and laid the host upon it, and sung their canonical hours like monks in a cloister.

### THE QUILTING.

The day is set, the ladies met,  
And at the frame are seated;  
In order placed, they work in haste,  
To get the quilt completed.  
While fingers fly, their tongues they ply,  
And animate their labors,  
By counting beads, discussing clothes,  
Or talking of their neighbors.

"Dear, what a pretty frock you've on!"  
"I'm very glad you like it."  
"I'm told that Miss Micoonion  
Don't speak to Mr. M'lean."  
"I saw Miss Bell the other day,  
Young Green's new gig adorning!"  
"What keeps your sister M— away!"  
"She left town this morning."

"The time to roll!"—"My needle's broke!"  
—"So M'ensen's stock is selling!"  
—"Mary's wedding gown's bespoke!"  
—"Lend me your scissors, Ellen!"  
—"That match will never come about!"  
—"Now don't fly in a passion!"  
—"Hair-puffs, they say, are going on!"  
—"Yes, curls are all the fashion."

The quilt is done, the tea begun—  
The beaux are all collecting;  
The table's cleared, the music heard—  
His partner each selecting.  
The merry band in order stand,  
The dance begins with vigor;  
And rapid feet the measure beat,  
And trip the mazy figure.

Unheeded fly the moments by,  
Old Time himself seems dancing,  
Till night's dull eyes are o'ud' to spy  
The steps of morn' advancing.  
Then closely stow'd to each abode,  
The carriages go tilting;  
And many a dream has for its theme,  
The pleasure of the quilting.

### From the Home Journal. INTERESTING TO LADIES.

**PERSONAL BEAUTY—ITS RELATION TO MORAL BEAUTY AND TO ART.**—BY GENIO SCOTT.

Immediately after the Creation, the Father of all looked on his work and saw that it was good. Since the Fall his best children have looked on the same and pronounced it beautiful. Despite the great calamity, the mark of God's finger is still upon us; for man, though he went forth from the presence of his Maker and shunned His eyes, was never forsaken by Him.

Now, although Goodness and Beauty were not synonymous terms, yet in this essay we shall endeavor to show how intimately they are connected. The Pagans represented Psyche, or the Soul, as delicately beautiful, with a force that almost seemed to speak, so eloquent was it—which, indeed, could be read, for it symbolized innocence, loveliness, and goodness; and the books which we now peruse merely symbolize the thoughts developed in the souls of writers. "Not so Venus; fuller and more luxuriously beautiful, she created merely sensual desire, and inspired the best of her worshippers with almost inextinguishable yearning to become like her, loose and careless of all higher aspirations. But when Psyche was born, (or, in other words, the soul was lighted up,) pleasure loving as the Greeks were, they were not so degraded that they could not perceive the greater worth of their new acquisition, and they left the shrine of Venus with all her fascinations, for that of her reasonable rival.—That they returned the better from their journey who may deny, seeing that the children of her worshippers became philosophers of Greece, the humanizers of Rome, and the art teachers of the Universe.

Rome, too, embraced external beauty ere she sought internal. She worshipped Venus before she became Christian; but she never forgot her Greek instruction. She adorned her churches, and her sons sought out the fairest slaves to wait at their tables, which love of the beautiful brought Christianity to the Anglo-British children for sale to Rome, and there in the market-place Gregory admiring them, pronounced these remarkable words, "Non Angli, sed angeli!" (not Angles, but Angels.) That they must have been beautiful who can doubt when they called forth such an exclamation from the father of the Church—in default of payment of the said fine or judgment, with costs of suit, the party convicted may and shall be committed to the jail of the proper county for not less than three nor more than twenty days; said complaint or action to be made in the name of the Commonwealth, and the testimony of the owner or occupant of the premises shall be admitted as evidence to prove the trespass.

That when England became Christianized she did not decrease in beauty, is sufficiently evident from the many records which have come down to us. The statutes which remain of the ladies of the thirteenth century in their graceful draperies have almost always beautiful faces; and the Troubadours of France who perpetually abuse the English, cannot help calling the women the "most fair of earth's angels." Flaxman, too, a man who prided himself on being classical, was constrained to praise these monuments of English beauty. But just about Elizabeth's reign, art in England perished for above two hundred years. A few portrait painters remained, because English beauty could not be destroyed forever. And in Elizabeth's reign, too, personal beauty culminated in her great men and women, and with the wane of art declined loveliness of mind, body and soul.

But the love of art has again risen in England, and with it will her sons and her daughters return to the beauty of their ancestors, for mind moulds matter. It is the brain of the poet, and not the hand, which fashions the beautiful vase; the hand is the slave—limb of Helot of the graceful Psyche—and is often untrustworthy; not carrying out the artist's conceptions. It is the fiat of God that makes life what it is. Man is only the instrument, and he likewise is often unmindful of his trust.

That it is the mind which moulds the matter, we may easily convince ourselves by a little ordinary experiment. We walk into the city, and there we see anxious faces—what makes these but business? We meet the

crowds leaving an execution, and in them we behold specimens of humanity which almost make us ashamed of the name man or woman—what makes these but vice? We visit a well conducted orphan asylum, the offspring of various tempers and temperaments, and there we perceive joyousness and innocence, for no child is born with an anxious face; no infant is sent into the world with a hang-dog countenance. Even where the stamp of vice has begun to set its seal, it may be effaced by care. Her Majesty has in her possession some photographs of boys snatched from the streets, whose faces after a few months training were scarcely to be traced in these portraits of their former features.—Photography so nearly speaks the truth, that it is likely to become a great adjunct to education. True it enlarges the prominent features, and deepens the shadows as the world exaggerates the great characteristics of a man; but it cannot create mind. Look at Albert Durer's "Man of Sorrows"—that heavenly face with a suffering body—and compare it with the photograph recently imported—a vicious base actor in a greasy wig! Sun of heaven, they use these badly when they put life-creating beams to such uses. Then, too, there is a fine piece of spectacular engraving, published by the Galvanographic Company, called "Don Quixote"; but where is the amiable Don? A ruffianly "pater" in a chair surrounded by stage properties, with his eyes turned up, is there, having left his vocation of selling "bull-roasters' only" apenny for the sitting.

Wonderful as the discovery of photography, and minute as are its delineations, it can only copy. Art can create, but can create only up to the conception of a painter. Lely's women have no minds; Lawrence's ladies small moralities—like their painters. Geo. Moreland loved pigs, Meniers beer-drinkers, Sir Joshua Reynolds children, and their art has been graded in accordance therewith; while the amiable Fra Angelico, although so successful in his "Paradise,"—when he came to paint Satan and his crew in the "Last Judgment," drew only distortions, and Giotti was so successful with his Madonna—the Mother of mothers—that the very women of Florence or what was it was carried in procession to church. What a stride between this angelic face and the first portrait drawn in charcoal by the hand of love which turned to diamonds to light up the cottage of a forlorn girl! Praise like, we give thanks to the sun for having destroyed that prolific race which distorted the "human divine" at five shillings per sitting; thanks, many thanks to it, for having dissolved the portrait clubs, which soveo inanities broadcast over the land at five guineas per head.

We English have ever been fond of portraits, and have perhaps the largest collection in the world, could we gather them together; not that we are vain of our personal appearance than other nations, but home beauties seem to have developed in us an especial love for portraits and landscapes. There is scarcely a book whose sale has not been enhanced by a portrait of the author, if perhaps we except "Dilworth" and other spelling assistants, with which are often accompanied unassuming reminiscences. The portrait helps to illustrate the writing, and a clever work without one is like talking to a beauty behind a curtain. But we often err in taking those portraits. We select any time of life, any condition of mind, and that we transmit to posterity as the likeness of the man; whereas it is but a glimpse, little more than a shadow, of the living form. Ask the mother if ever a painter drew all the sweetness to be found in her beloved child's eyes; question the lover about the locket at which he gazes so oft and so earnestly, and see how he will disparage the artist! Yet true love is not blind, as the ancients depicted it. It looks beneath the surface—it searches the heart, and discovers the connection between that and the face.—Hated is blind. Like the blow fly which seeks tainted parts, it can only discover defects. The poet, the painter, the musician, and all who deal in poetic expression, should be painted as soon as the fire of their eyes breaks forth; the historian, the philosopher, and all who think deeply just as thought begins to line their brow; the holy man in his grey hairs; while women of all classes should be selected for portraits ere Time with his rough fingers has brushed the bloom from her cheeks. This may seem very fanciful to some minds but there is as much reason in it as in selecting the flower when in its prime—the rose-bud for its beauty, the opening petals for the scent.

We have little conception how much loveliness is coupled with goodness, because so many of the beautiful are dragged through the sink-hole of vice, yet we will keep on with that inherent love of the elegant which the Father of all beauty has planted in us, selecting lovely wives and adorning our offspring with every ornament which can set off their charms to advantage. Indeed, it is not easy to conceive the future destiny of the human race when the reign of peace shall begin—when the second Paradise, for which all sigh, shall be realized. Then the circle of life being completed, women will reap beauty as beautiful as her mother Eve; for beauty is normal, ugliness abnormal. But what will man have gained? Knowledge. He had chosen to know the latter, he must suffer from it—conception of the feeling is not sufficient; it must be nursed and fed with the whispering of his bosom. Perilous choice!—but the man who is true to his soul shall conquer.

To recover this lost personal beauty of the human race requires many years of labor, as it has taken many centuries to make the most degraded nations the most ugly; but that it is to be attained, all history points out

to us. The Turks by intermarriage with their lovely neighbors have turned the former ugliness to elegance, while the descendants of the Prophet (the handsome man of his time) at Medina, on the same principle have almost transformed themselves into negroes. During the time the Turks were a conquering people they retained their ancient unloveliness, but soon after they settled in Turkey, they grew idle, married women better educated than themselves, and the latter transmitted their beauty to their offspring.

The face of a beautiful good woman at home is like the spirit of an angel in the house, with the air of heaven still about her, and the light of the Eternal City in her face; but a false countenance like veneer, cannot stand in the sunshine of truth but warps and twists, and turns into every fantastic form, yet never by chance comes straight.

### The Sunday Liquor Law.

Chief Justice Ellis Lewis, on Thursday last heard at the Court House, in Pottsville, an application made by F. W. Hughes, Esq., for the allowance of a writ of error, in the case of the Commonwealth vs. Lewis Reese, recently convicted of the violation of the law of 1855, prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors on Sunday. Mr. Hughes argued in support of the application, that the first section of the law is unconstitutional, because it provides a second criminal proceeding and punishment in the Court of Quarter Sessions in addition to the proceeding and penalty before a Justice of the Peace provided for in the second section. Judge Lewis declined to grant the writ of error, because in the case of Reese, the defendant had not been proceeded against and paid the penalty before a Justice of the Peace before he was convicted in Court; but the Judge stated that if a case should hereafter arise where the defendant charged with violating the Sunday law, and who had been convicted before a Justice of the Peace and paid the penalty, should be afterwards prosecuted for the same offence in the Court of Quarter Sessions and after pleading the first conviction and punishment in bar for further prosecution, should be convicted and sentenced to an additional penalty in Court, he would allow a writ of error, in order to bring the question before the Supreme Court.—Harrisburg Telegraph.

### Ancient Families.

It is well known that the Highlanders are great Strickers for hereditary honors, and trace back, with the most earnest veneration, the origin of families into the remotest ages. An amusing instance of this tenacity to hold to the dignity and antiquity of their kindred, may be found in the case we subjoin.

A dispute arose between Campbell and M'Lean upon this never-dying subject.—M'Lean would not allow that the Campbells had any right to rank with the M'Leans in antiquity, who he insisted, were in existence as a clan from the beginning of the world.—Campbell had a little more biblical lore than his antagonist, and asked him if the M'Lean clan lived before the flood?

"Flood! what flood?" said M'Lean.  
"Why the flood that, you know, drowned all the world but Noah, and his family, and his flock," replied Campbell.  
"Pooh! you and your flood," said M'Lean, "my clan was afore the flood."

"I have not read in the Bible," said Campbell, "of the name of M'Lean going into Noah's ark!"  
"Noah's ark!" retorted M'Lean, in contempt, "who ever heard of a M'Lean, that had not a boat of his own?"

**Rents in Chicago.**—We learn from a gentleman just arrived from Chicago, that three months since, on his arrival at that city, he tried to lease a store for a stock of carriages. He could at that time find but one, and that not a very eligible one, which was offered at a rent of \$300 per month. He declined it, and the store remained unoccupied for months, when it was finally offered to him for nothing. The falling of rents in Chicago is not at all surprising. The depression in money matters has cooled the fever of land speculators, and thrown a large amount of property upon the market.

**The Biggest Fool in New Orleans.**—Some nine years since, a letter was received in New Orleans, directed "To the biggest fool in New Orleans." The post-master was absent, and on his return one of the younger clerks in the office informed him of the receipt of the letter. "And what became of it?" inquired the P. M. "Why replied the clerk, I did not know who the biggest fool in New Orleans was and so I opened the letter myself!" "And what did you find in it?" inquired the P. M. "Why," responded the clerk, nothing but the words, "thou art the man!"

**CALIFORNIA POETRY.**—The following is one stanza of a patriotic poetical production that appears in the Nevada Democrat: Keep your eyes fixed on the American Eagle Whom we as the proud-bird of destiny hail; For that wise fowl you can never over-weigh, By depositing salt on his venerable tail.

**MARRIED.**—On the 21st inst., Mr. Strango to Miss Strango all of this city. This is a little strange but probably the next event will be the whispering of his bosom. Perilous choice!—but the man who is true to his soul shall conquer.

An Ohio politician was boasting, in a public speech, that he could bring an argument to a point as quick as any other man. "You can bring a quart to a pint a good deal quicker," replied a Kentucky editor.

### WHAT IS TROUBLE.

A company of Southern ladies were one day assembled in a lady's parlor, when the conversation chanced to turn on the subject of earthly affliction. Each had her story of peculiar trial and bereavement to relate except one pale, sad looking woman, whose lustrous eye and dejected air showed that she was a prey to the deepest melancholy. Suddenly arousing herself, she said in a hollow voice, "Not one of you know what trouble is."

"Will you please, Mrs. Gray," said the kind voice of a lady, who well knew her story, "tell the ladies what you call trouble?" "I will, if you desire it," she replied, "for I have seen it. My parents possessed a competence, and my girlhood was surrounded by all the comforts of life. I seldom knew an ungratified wish, and was always gay and light hearted. I married at nineteen one I loved more than all the world besides. Our home was retired; but the sunlight never shown on a lover's eye, or a happier household. Years rolled on peacefully. Five children sat around our table, and a little curly head still nestled in my bosom. One night, about sundown, one of those fierce black storms came on, which are so common to our Southern climate. For many hours the rain poured down incessantly. Morning dawned, but still the elements raged. The whole Savannah seemed afloat. The little stream near our dwelling became a raging torrent. Before we were aware of it, our house was surrounded by water; I managed with my babe to reach a little elevated spot, on which a few wide-spreading trees were standing, whose dense foliage afforded some protection, while my husband and sons strove to save what they could of our property. At last a fearful surge swept away my husband, and he never rose again. Ladies—no one ever loved a husband more; but that was not trouble.

"Presidently my sons saw their danger, and the struggle for life became the only consideration. They were as brave, loving boys as ever blessed a mother's heart, and I watched their efforts to escape, with such agony as only mothers can feel. They were so far off I could not speak to them, but I could see them closing nearer and nearer to each other, as their little island grew smaller and smaller.

"The sudden river raged around the huge trees; dead branches, upturned trunks, wrecks of houses, drowning cattle, masses of rubbish, all went floating past us. My boys waved their hands to me, and then pointed upward. I knew it was a farewell signal, and you, mothers, can imagine my anguish. I saw them all perish, and yet—that was not trouble.

"I hugged my baby close to my heart, and when the water rose to my feet, I climbed into the low branches of the tree, and so kept retiring before it, till an All-powerful hand staid the waves, that they should come no further. I was saved—all my worldly possessions were swept away; all my earthly hopes blighted—yet that was not trouble.

"My baby was all I had left on earth. I labored night and day to support him and myself, and sought to train him in the right way; but as he grew older, evil companions won him away from me. He ceased to care for his mother's counsel; he would sneer at her entreaties and agonizing prayers. He left my humble roof that he might be unrestrained in the pursuit of evil, and, at last when heated by wine one night, he took the life of a fellow-being, and ended his own upon the scaffold. My heavenly father had filled my cup of sorrow before; now it ran over. That was trouble indeed, such as I hope His mercy will spare you from ever experiencing."

There was no dry eye among her listeners, and the warmest sympathy was expressed for the bereaved mother, whose sad history had taught them a useful lesson.

**The Beauty of a Blush.**—Gosche was in company with a mother and her daughter, when the latter, being reproved for some fault, blushed and burst into tears. He said: "How beautiful your reproach has made your daughter. The crimson hue and those silvery tears become her better than any ornament of gold and pearls.—These may be hung on the neck of a wanton, but these are never seen disconnected with moral purity. A full brown rose, besprinkled with the purest dew, is not so beautiful as this child blushing beneath her parent's displeasure, and shedding tears of sorrow for her fault. A blush is the sign which nature hangs out to show where chastity and honor dwell.

"The last case of garrotting that we have heard of is this: As a young man was about leaving the house in a fashionable part of the place, where he had been spending the evening, a pair of white arms was thrown around his neck and his lips were stifled. The suddenness of the attack deprived him of all power of resistance. As usual, "no policeman was to be seen."

"God has written it on the flowers that sweeten the air—upon the breeze that rocks the flowers upon the stem—upon the rain drops that refresh the spring of moss that lifts its head in the desert—upon every pencilled sheet that sleeps in the caverns of the deep, no less than upon the mighty sun that warms and cheers millions of creatures which live in its light—upon all the works he has written: "None liveth for himself."

This line just fills the column.