

# THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

W. H. Jacoby, Proprietor.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

[Two Dollars per Annum]

VOLUME 10.

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NUMBER

## THE STAR OF THE NORTH

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING BY W. H. JACOBY.

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

**TERMS**—Two dollars per annum if paid within six months from the time of subscribing; two dollars and fifty cents if not paid within the year. No subscription received for a less period than six months; no discontinuance permitted until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the editor.

**ADVERTISING**—The rates of advertising will be as follows:

One square of 12 lines 3 times, . . .	\$1 00
Every subsequent insertion, . . .	25
One square, three months, . . .	3 00
Six months, . . .	5 00
One year, . . .	8 00
Business Cards of 5 lines, per annum, 3 00	

Merchants and others, advertising by the year, not exceeding 24 lines, . . . 12 00

Larger advertisements, at per agreement.

From the Atlantic Monthly.

## THE OLD MAN'S DREAM.

O for one hour of youthful joy!

Give back my twentieth spring!

I'd rather laugh a bright-haired boy

Than reign a gray-beard king!

Off with the wrinkled spools of age!

Away with learning's crown!

Tear out life's wisdom-written page,

And dash its trophies down!

One moment let my life-blood stream

From boyhood's fount of flame!

Give me one jolly, reeling dream

Of life all love and fame!

—My listening angel heard the prayer,

And calmly smiling said,

"If I but touch thy silver hair

Thy hasty wish hath sped."

"But is there nothing in thy track

To bid thee fondly stay,

While the swift seasons hurry back

To find the wished-for day?"

—Ah, truest soul of womankind!

Without thee, what were life?

One bliss I cannot leave behind:

I'll take—my—precious—wife!

—The angel took a sapphire pen

And wrote in rainbow dew,

"The man would be a boy again,

And be a husband too!"

—And is there nothing yet unsaid

Before the change appears?

Remember, all their girls have fled

With those dissolving years!"

Why, yes, for memory would recall

My fond parental joy;

I could not bear to leave them all:

I'll take—my—girl—and boys!

The smiling angel dropped his pen,

"Why this will never do;

The man would be a boy again,

And be a father too!"

And so I laughed,—my laughter woke

The household with its noise,

And wrote my dream, when morning broke

To please the gray-haired boys.

NIGHT IN THE TROPICS—By and by the night

comes on, but not as it comes in our North-

ern latitudes. Night, under the tropics, falls

like a curtain. The sun goes down with a

glow, intense but brief. There are no soft

and lingering twilight adieus, and stars

lighting up one by one. They come, a

laughing group, trooping over the skies,

like bright eyed children relieved from

school. Reflected in the lagoon, they seem

to chase each other in humorous play, print-

ing sparkling kisses on each other's lumin-

ous lips. The low shores, lined with the

heavy foliaged mangroves, looked like a

frame of massive, antique carving, around

the vast mirror of the lagoon, across whose

surface streamed a silvery shaft of light

from the evening star, palpitating like a

young bride, low in the horizon. Then

there were whispered "voice of the night,"

the drowsy winds talking themselves to

sleep among the trees, and the little ripples

of the lagoon pattering with liquid feet along

the sandy shore. The distant monotonous

## THE TIMES—

COGITATIONS OF AN OLD FARMER.

Hard times! So, everybody says; and so say we—for the "times" do bother us, as everybody else is bothered. Possibly we may not be so badly damaged as some others, but we know enough about the hard scratching which they inflict upon us to wish they were otherwise. We have had "good" times too, and quite a run of them for several years, until a few months ago. So the same "everybody," told us time and again. Yes they were good times. We had free trade, and free credit abroad; and we used it freely too, with a vengeance. We have built a long array of free rail roads, free to the select coteries of speculators who got them up for their own especial benefit, mind you on bonds which were gobbled up by the usurers with decided freedom. The roads gave free passes to the legislators, and judges of the country, as well as to various editors, for which, the little share that we had in riding we shall never cease to thank them. We imported millions of free goods that we did not need, but which we made out to wear, and eat, and dispose of in one way and another, and the beauty of it is, those which are not paid for, or used up—and they are many—the owners are free to send back to where they came from, as many of them probably will, or let the goods lie a long while in the bounded warehouses, awaiting better times for sale and consumption.

The truth is, for the last eight or ten years we have built extravagantly, dressed nonsensically, lived lavishly, speculated wildly, trusted everybody about us, as we got trusted abroad, and "laid loose" around generally. Our farmers got great prices for their produce to feed the fools and tyrants who were doing up their own fighting in Europe; and they got such prices so long that they supposed they were always to have them. Our towns were so prosperous, and people in them got rich so rapidly that a vast many others, old and young who were doing well enough on their farms and thought they could do a great deal better in town, let them to know little peace or quietude afterwards. Our women and girls quit spinning stocking yarn at home, and took to spinning street-yarn, and wearing crinolines abroad. Instead of thumping the clothes in the pounding barrel in the kitchen, they took to thumping the piano, and the melodeon in the parlors, while the boys, and "young America," took to "fight horses," "gang nines," "cock tails," and a general "cut up," all round the board, and so went the world.

These are homely truths, bluntly spoken, we admit. But we have not just such times before—buting the railroad speculation—twenty years ago—and which we have the best reasons to remember so long as we live.

Our lives are a mixed commodity of good and evil. The old patriarch Jacob, who, after many days of prosperity, clouded occasionally with a trifle of adversity, being brought in deep affliction, and questioned by Pharaoh of his life, answered: "few and evil have been the days of my pilgrimage." So great a many of us may say now; yet, with all the warnings of wise men for some time past, like Jeshurun of old, we "waxed fat and kicked" at the shadow of calamity afar off; and with the homely proverb, having danced, we now must pay the fiddler. In short, we have to square accounts—those who can—and for those who can not, they must do the best they can, and get "clear of the ropes," somehow. In sober truth, we must "settle up," and again go to work. We must cease importing goods we do not want; we must stick to our farms, our workshops, and our trades, whatever they may be—if we can get a living by them—and if we can not do that, take to those at which we can. Instead of earning one, five, or ten hundred dollars a year, and spending more, we must earn all we can and spend less. That is the only true and honest way to fortune. A great master of human life has said:

"Sweet are the uses of adversity, Which like a toad ugly and venomous Hath yet a precious jewel in its head."

He did not know much about toads, however, for they are decidedly good things in a garden.

**A WONDERFUL MEMORY**—William Lyon, a striking player, performed in the year 1848, at Edinburgh, and was a most excellent representative of Gibby in the Wonder; this man was himself a wonder, remarkable for strength of memory, of which he gave the following surprising instances. One evening he wagered a crown bowl of punch, that next morning, at the rehearsal, he would repeat a *Daily Advertiser* from beginning to end. At the rehearsal, his opponent reminded him of his wager, imagining that he must have certainly forgot it. Lyon very coolly produced the paper, handed it to his adversary, and notwithstanding the little connection between the paragraphs, the variety of advertisements, and the general chaos, repeated it from beginning to end, without the least hesitation or mistake.

**PROFESSIONAL ADVICE**—The genius of that Irish apothecary was profound, who prescribed that "if you find three tumblers of whiskey punch disagree with you over night, don't take 'em till next day, and then leave 'em off entirely."

There are only three ways of getting out of a scrape—write out, back out, but the best way is to keep out.

## TRAFFIC IN CIRCASSIAN WOMEN.

The following very interesting account is copied from a late London Morning Post:

"There has been lately an unusually large number of Circassians going about the streets of Constantinople. Many of them, no doubt, belonged to the deputation which came to petition the Porte that their country might be taken under the sovereignty of the Sultan. A considerable portion, however, of the Circassians now in the capital have quite another mission than a political one to fulfil. They are here as slave-dealers, charged with the disposal of the numerous parcels of Circassian girls that have been for some time pouring into his market. Perceiving that when the Russians shall have re-occupied the coast of the Caucasus this traffic in white slaves will be over, the Circassian dealers have redoubled their efforts, ever since the commencement of the peace conferences, to introduce into Turkey the greatest possible number of women while the opportunity of doing so lasted.

"They have been so successful, notwithstanding the prohibition of the trade by the Porte, and the presence of so many of her Majesty's ships in the Black Sea, that never, at any former period was white flesh so cheap as it is at this moment. There is an absolute glut in the market, and dealers are obliged to throw away their goods owing to the extent of the supply, which in many instances has been brought by steam in the British flag. In former times a 'good middling' Circassian girl was thought very cheap at one hundred pounds, but at the present moment the same description of goods may be had for five pounds! In fact the creatures are eating their heads off, and must be disposed of at any sacrifice, however alarming. Independent of all humane and Christian objections to this abominable state of things, there are several practical ones which have even forced themselves on the attention of the Turks. With low prices, a low class of purchasers come into market.

"Formerly a Circassian slave girl was pretty sure of being brought into a good family, where not only good treatment, but often rank and fortune, awaited her; but at the present low rates she may be taken by any huckster who never thought of keeping a slave before. Another is that the temptation to possess a Circassian girl at such low prices is so great in the minds of the Turks, that many who cannot afford to keep several slaves in the market, are sending their slaves to market, in order to make room for a newly purchased white girl. The consequence is, that numbers of black women, after being as many as eight or ten years in the same hands, have lately been consigned to the broker for disposal. Not a few of these wretched creatures are in a state quite unfit for being sold.

"I have on the authority of a respectable slave-broker, that at the present moment there have been thrown on the market unusually large numbers of negroes in the family way, some of them even slaves of pacha and men of rank. He finds them so unsaleable that he has been obliged to decline to receive any more. A single observation will explain the reason of this, which might appear strange when compared with the value that is attached even to an unborn black baby in some countries. In Constantinople it is evident that there is a large number of negroes living and having habitual intercourse with their Turkish masters—yet it is a rare thing to see a mulatto—What becomes of the progeny of such intercourse? I have no hesitation in saying that it is got rid of by infanticide, and that there is hardly a family in Stamboule where infanticide is not practiced in such cases as a mere matter of necessity, and without the least remorse or dread."

**NOVEL MARRIAGE CEREMONY**—Rev. Chas. Brooks, in his interesting history of Medford, gives the particulars of a novel marriage ceremony, performed in that town in 1788, by Thomas Brooks, Esq., who acquired great popularity as one of the "marrying justices," of the period. One day, while riding on horseback to Woburn, he discovered six young persons—three male and three female—riding on horseback towards him. He guessed that the cocked hat, bush wig and silver buckles approaching them, must belong to "the squire." Both parties stopped. The bridegroom announced his wishes, and the squire replied thus: "My young friends, we are here in the midst of this lofty forest, upon an unfrequented road, with God's clear sky over us, and his green earth under us. We shall not be disturbed; I propose to solemnize your marriage here; what say you?" They gladly consented. He told them not to dismount, but to arrange themselves in due order, the gentlemen on one side and the ladies on the other. This being done, he placed his horse so as to be directly in front of the bride and bridegroom.—Then taking of his hat he began his prayer; and report says that he was "gifted in prayer," and that, on this occasion, "he prayed like an angel." The introductory service concluded, the plight of vows made, the union declared, and the benediction pronounced; and then the whole party journeyed together, rejoicing in the poetry applied to the great event.—*Boston Transcript.*

**CHARACTERS**—In new colonies, the Spaniard begins by building a church, the Englishman by building a tavern, the Frenchman by building a ball-room, and the American by making a railroad.

## An Incident in the Russian Insurrection.

The Grand Duke Michael Pavlovitch again began to propose going as mediator to try the effect of persuasion upon the rebels. The Emperor, still hoping to avoid the necessity of bloodshed, which, however, seemed at present inevitable, no longer opposed the generous devotion of his brother, and only ordered General Aide-de Camp Sevalshoff to accompany him. The Grand Duke rode straight up to the seaman, and addressed them with the usual salutation.—From the rebel ranks resounded the friendly acclamation, "We wish you good health, your Imperial Highness." "What has happened to you, and where are you thinking of?" continued he. "The sailors began to explain that, a fortnight before, when nobody had even heard of the illness of his Majesty—the Emperor Alexander Pavlovitch—they had been suddenly told that he was dead; that then they had been ordered to take the oath to his Majesty Constantine Pavlovitch, which they had done without a murmur; and that now, at last, they wanted them to swear again to another Emperor, assuring them that the first would not have their oath, and refused to reign. "How can we, your Highness," said they, "incure such a sin on our souls, when the person to whom we took the oath is still alive, and yet we do not see him? If they begin to tamper with the oath, what will remain sacred?" In vain did the Grand Duke endeavor to convince them that Constantine Pavlovitch had really, of his own free will renounced the throne; that he, the Grand Duke, was a personal witness of his having done so, and that precisely on that ground he had himself taken the oath to the new Emperor.

"We are always ready to believe your Highness," answered the blinded victims of the false suggestions of their immediate superiors; "but let Constantine Pavlovitch himself come and affirm his renunciation to us; as it is, we don't know even where he is." "All further reasoning remained ineffectual. The Grand Duke was obliged to return without success, and not without having run imminent risk of paying with his life for his gallant attempt. At the same moment, when he was trying to persuade the seamen to return to their duty, a young man, a retired civil functionary, of the most recent enlistment, but, at the same time, one of the most fanatical partisans of the conspiracy, was proceeding, with them, upon a mission to insubordination. He thought that he could take advantage of what, in his opinion, was a favorable opportunity, and at a distance of a few paces, he levelled a pistol at the brother of the Czar. "The Grand Duke was saved only by the momentary movement of three sailors, who were also standing in the ranks of the insurgents. Observing the villainous attempt, they all three threw themselves on the criminal, with cries of, "What has he done to you?" knocked the pistol out of his hand, and began to beat him with the butts of their muskets. A touching proof that even amidst all its errors, and in the wildest outbreak of its passions, our people look with disgust and horror upon every criminal design against the imperial family, which has for so many ages shown itself the object of their love and veneration.—*Accession of Nicholas.*

**A SUDDEN CHANGE**—A young man from the Emerald Isle, employed as a porter in a wholesale store, was surprised and delighted by the entrance of an old acquaintance.—After ten minutes jollification and talking over old times, the visitor left, when Pat's employer said to him: "So, Pat, you knew that chap in the old country?" "Och, an' sure did I; an' it's lucky the day I met wid'im here. It's a fine boy he is, wid all his family. His gran'father was a general, his father was a general, and he'd 'a' been a general himself, if he'd not come away."

"But what was he after in your pocket? I thought I saw him putting his fingers in there, rather silyly." Clapping both his hands to his pockets, Pat ascertained that both watch and pocket-book were among the missing. "Murder!" he cried, gestulating like a whale with a dozen harpoons in his sides, "the murderin' thafe! the spalpeen! I know him well, wid all his family. His gran'father was hanged, and his father was hanged, an' he'd 'a' been hanged himself if he'd not run away as soon as he did!"

**BRANDY THAT MAKES MEN HOWL**—The man who was once fortunate enough to get a drink of good brandy at a stage-house between Shasta and Sacramento, on presenting himself at the sanctum of the Shasta (Cal.) Courier, will be rewarded with a very extensive piece of gold bearing quartz.—Since the days of '49, wayside hotels have kept villainous stuff. Now, however, it is said to be perpetually diabolical. It not only kills at the counter, but occasionally "etches" a water fifty feet distant, with a stream of water between. A perfect idea of its quality may be obtained from the following incident, which occurred between two "dealers" doing business at stands five miles apart, between Shasta and Red Bluffs. Upper Stand Man—"Standing before the counter of 'Lower Stand Man'—"*I say, old fellow, you don't sell such stuff as I do. Mine kills a hundred yards without rest!"*

Lower Stand Man—"Well, I don't know whether mine kills, eventually, or not; but I always notice that after they take of 'such' of it, I can hear them howl all the way to your stand."

## The Ship and the Guinea Hens.

We heard a story many years ago of the late Mr. Bartlett, of Newburyport, Massachusetts, an eminent merchant, and founder of the Andover Theological School, which is characteristic enough to be true. We give it as we had it from one of his neighbors, and being somewhat in the agricultural line, is not out of place here.

Mr. Bartlett was largely engaged in the India trade, but to amuse his leisure hours, bought a farm, a few miles out of town, to which he frequently rode for recreation, and in its various occupations he was much interested. Seeing a pair of Guinea Fowls brought to market one day, and being the first that he had met, and highly pleasing his fancy he bought them and took them out to his farm. As it was in the spring of the year, before many weeks had passed, the hen began to lay. Instructing his farmer to look closely after the eggs, in a few days he had collected enough for a sitting, and placed them carefully under a common hen. The peculiar appearance and strange manner of the new birds had greatly interested Mr. B., and he was impatient to see their little chickens, and every time he went to the farm inquired if they were about to hatch, and charged his man to let him know as soon as any appearance of the young chicks was indicated. Faithful to his trust, one sunny morning the man rode into town, found his employer at his counting room, and told him that some of the eggs had "pipped" and the chickens would probably be out in the course of the day. "Sam," said Mr. B., calling to his porter, "go to the house and harness the horse before the carriage, and bring him here instantly; I must go to the farm." Away went Sam, as directed, and in a short time he drove the horse to the door, where stood Mr. B., impatient for his coming. Just as he was getting in, one of his clerks stepped up and informed him a favorite Ship of his had just arrived from India with a valuable cargo. She was down the bay and the captain had sent up to know what disposition should be made of her. "Tell the captain to wait," said Mr. Bartlett, "I am going to the farm to see about my Guinea Hens, and when I get back 'twill be time enough to look after the Ship."

Now here was a ship and cargo, worth perhaps a hundred thousand dollars; but that was of no consequence for the time, as the vessel was to be sold for a few hundred dollars, and the cargo was worth so much more, that let the consequences of waiting be what they would for the ship, cargo and crew, the Guinea chickens must be looked after any way. Ships and cargoes were every day matters with the great merchant, but Guinea hens were a rarity. Who says that a rich man may not take pleasure in his farm if he wishes to?

**GALLANTRY FROM HEAD TO FOOT**—"Excelsior," the correspondent of a New York paper, was walking along a path a foot wide, up the hill, at Trenton Falls, when he met four young crinolines sailing towards him. He could not turn back nor get around them, so he says: I put my wit to work for an expedient. By Jove! there is inspiration in a pretty foot—a thought had struck me, and no sooner thought than done, down went "Excelsior" flat as groundling, lengthwise in the path; and one by one the fair dancels walked over 'er rhod. Don't ask me to describe my feelings while undergoing the process. I held my breath, and went it blind—but I'll bet my head that one pair of those feet has left impressions that it will take something besides the washerwoman to eradicate.

**MRS. PARTINGTON ON WEDDINGS**—"I like to 'tend weddings," said Mrs. Partington, as she came back from one in church, and lung her shawl up, and replaced her bonnet in the long preserved bandbox. "I like to see young people come together with the promise to love, cherish and nourish each other. But it is a solemn thing, is matrimony, a very solemn thing, where the minister comes into the chancery with the surplus on, and goes through the ceremony of making them man and wife. It should be husband and wife. It isn't every husband that turns out to be a man. I declare I never shall forget when Paul put the nuptial ring on my finger and said, 'With my goods I thee endow.' He used to keep a dry goods store and I thought he was going to give me the whole there was in it. I was young and simple, and didn't know till afterwards that it meant only one calico dress a year.

**A LARGE DOG** had been accustomed to get bits of money from his master to go to a meat stall to get his lunch of fresh meat.—One day when change was short, his master gave him a piece of white paper on which was an order for the meat. The dog, after much urging, carried it to the meat stall and received his food, and so for several days, when thinking one piece of paper was as good as another, he would pick up pieces of white paper and carry them to the stall without applying to his master. It was not long before a large bill came in from the meat dealer, who had such confidence in the dog that he did not look at the paper, and the dog himself was very fat. No arrest was made, and the dog occupies a respectable position in society as ever.

**FASHION**—Is not this "Fashion" a shabby divinity to possess such zealous adherents? A mere phylax lacquey! Like a creature which struts through one country with the cast off finery of another.

**THE EDITOR OF THE "WING AND TAIL"** says he has seen the contrivance which our lawyers use when they "warm up with the subject." He merely says it is a "glass conker, and holds near a pint."

## Angel Whispers.

BY WILLIAM H. LAWRENCE.

Do angels bend them down and breathe Sweet words of love within our ears, And round our weary spirits wave A soothing spell to calm our fears? And when the clouds are dark above, And rough the path before us seem— Do not the forms of those we loved, Tho' "gone before," light up our dreams? Their tender ministrations cheer The heart bowed down with sorrow here; For may not those we loved below, Our joys still soothe—our sorrows know!

## Be Energetic.

It is the strained bow that gives the arrow the force. It is the determined will that makes labor easy and successful. Whatever honest employment Providence throws in your way, go at it with a good will, and a fixed purpose to do it. Keep at it—heartily and earnestly at it. Do not slack and be languid. Press on. We will give capital reasons and a variety of them.

1. It is the way to be happy. "I have lived," said Dr. Adam Clarke, "long enough to know that the great secret of human life is this: The old adage of 'too many irons in the fire,' conveys an untruth. You can have too many—poker, tongs, and all—keep them all going."

2. It is the way to accomplish a vast deal in a short life. The late Wm. Hazlitt remarked, "There is room enough in human life, to crowd almost every art and science into it. The more we do the more we can do; the more busy we are, the more leisure we have."

3. It is the way to be contented. The unemployed are always restless and weary. Occupation quiets the mind, by giving it something to do. Idleness makes it, like an empty stomach, uneasy. The mate of a ship having put everything to rights called on the captain for what next should be done. "Tell them to scour that occupation, however needless, saves from the discontent of idleness."

4. It is the way to keep out of bad company. He will rove who has not rest for his mind in some occupation; and roving he will fall in with other rovers: they are birds of a feather. And as gathered burning brands augment the flame and heat, so do gather rovers and idlers augment the taste and activity of each other's minds for evil doing.

**COMPLETE BUSINESS MEN**—"Rare, almost as great poets—rarer, perhaps, than virtuous saints and martyrs—are consummate men of business. A man, to be excellent in this way, must not only be variously gifted, but his gifts should be nicely proportioned to one another. He must have in a high degree that virtue which men have always found the least pleasant of virtues—prudence. His prudence, however, will not be merely of a cautious and quiescent order, but that which being ever actively engaged, is more fitly called discretion than prudence. Such a man must have an almost ignominious love of details, blended (and this is a rare combination) with a high power of imagination, enabling him to look along extended lines of possible action, and put these details in their right places. He acquires a great knowledge of characters, with that exquisite tact which feels unerringly the right moment when to act. A discreet rapidity must pervade all the movements of his thought and action. He must be singularly free from vanity and is generally found to be an enthusiast who has the art to conceal his enthusiasms."

**A LAZY MAN**—A worthy old citizen of Newport, who had the reputation of being the laziest man alive among "them hilllocks," so lazy indeed that he used to weed his garden in a rocking chair, by rocking forward to take hold of the weed, and backward to uproot it—had a way of fishing peculiarly his own. He used to drive his old white faced mare to the spot where the tautog (black fish) might be depended on for any weight, from two to twelve pounds—backed his gig down to the water side—put out his line, and when the tautog was safely hooked, started the old mare and pulled him out.

**A LADY**, having read of the "valuable discovery" going the rounds of the press, by soaking muslin dresses in a solution of chloride of zinc and drying them, they would not blaze on contact with fire, tested the discovery according to direction. The experiment did not succeed, but her effort did. In a second all that remained of twenty yards of muslin was a small heap of tinder, and a loud scream. The valuable discovery is a valueless humbug.

**WHAT, MY FRIENDS, IS MONEY?** asked a preacher, in a sermon lately. "Two per cent a month," said a state street broker, suddenly awakening from a doze.

## A TOUGHESTORY.

The following was told in Sandusky, Ohio, and appears in the Massillon New York.

A party of young men in that ancient city amuse their leisure moments at the hotel in drawing a long bow, or telling yarns for the benefit of those, apparently verdant, who may happen to come in from other parts. They tried the effect of an extraordinary wolf-story upon a young and sedate customer not long since who came to spend the night at the hotel, and he listened to them with much surprise and interest until their stock appeared to have run out and the conversation flagged, when he remarked that he had been much interested in the news they had given him, relative to the primav inhabitants of that country; but regarded an event in his early life as more peculiar than any they had named. Said he:

"When a young man, I was travelling in Western New York, and late of a storm night applied at a log cabin for lodging. The occupant, a woman, refused it, saying her husband and sons were out hunting, and if they found me there would kill me."

I preferred it to the chance with the men, and she consented that I might lie down before the fire. In the night I heard the coming and scrambling of the chimney. Thinking I was safe when at the top I stepped over the roof, and jumping down on the back of the cabin, jumped plain into a wolf trap. A scream of pain brought the men and boys out, and they declared I deserved a more severe punishment than death, so they kept me both in a trap and in a hoghead, and then they put me up in a hoghead, with no air or only through the bung-hole, they put a sled and drove me some four miles to a hill, and then rolled me off to starve. I undoubtedly should have done but for a singular occurrence. The wolves smelled me out and gathered around my prison, when one of them in turning around thrust his tail into the bung hole. It was my only chance. I caught a firm hold and held on like death to a negro, which of course frightened the wolf and he started down the hill, followed by the hoghead and me. It was a very uneasy ride, over the stumps and stones; but I had no idea how long it was, until the hoghead striking a stone fairly, the staves went by long travel, were broken in, and I fell out and found myself in a very narrow channel, the banks of the county, some thirteen miles from the scene of the disaster. Good night gentlemen—I did not express any doubt of your stories, and I hope you will not of mine."

It is currently reported that the "sell cab" of Sandusky has not had a full meeting since that occurred.

**LAKE**—Life bears us on like a stream of mighty river. Our boat at first glides down the narrow channel—through the playful murmuring of the little brook and widening of its grassy borders. The trees shed their blossoms over our young heads—the flowers on the brink seem to offer themselves to our young hands: we are happy in hope, and we grasp eagerly at the beautiful around us, but the stream hurries on, and still our hands are empty. Our course in youth and manhood is along a wilder and deeper flood, and amid objects more striking and magnificent. We are animated at the moving pictures and the enjoyment and industry disappearing. The stream bears us on, and our joys and griefs are alike left behind us. We may be shipwrecked, we cannot be delayed—whether rough or smooth, the river hastens to its home, till the roar of the ocean is in our ears, and the tossing of the waves is beneath our feet, and the land lessons from our eyes, and we take our leave of earth, and its inhabitants, until of further voyage there is no witness, save the Infinite and the Eternal.—*Harper.*

**WILD HEMP**—The plant called wild hemp (*Canabis Indica*), in Egypt named *Assis* or *Baskish*, is manufactured into a substance called *Bungue* or *Bung*, which is much used throughout Egypt, Persia, Arabia and Hindostan, as a powerful and peculiar intoxicant. For this purpose a liquor is prepared from its juice, of its dried leaves are made use of. The common people among the Arabs pound the leaves, make a little ball of them, and swallow it. In Hindostan the plant is grown for no other use than for the purpose of intoxication. It produces tranquillity of mind, and a singular kind of exhilaration, during which the person laughs involuntarily, speaks incoherently, and sings and dances, without staggering or giddiness. Like opium, it stimulates courage, and, during sleep, it promotes agreeable dreams.

**A LITTLE BOY** had a colt and a dog, and his generosity was often tried by visitors asking him (just to see what he would say,) to give him one or both of his pets. One day he told a gentleman that he might have his colt—reserving his dog, as he had to the surprise of his mother, who asked: "Why Jakey,