

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

W. H. JACOBY, Proprietor.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

[Two Dollars per Annum.]

VOLUME 10.

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1858.

NUMBER 40.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

To Teachers and Directors.

APPLICANTS for Schools in the townships of Bloom and Montour, may meet me at the Academy in Bloomsburg, on Saturday the 23d of October, inst., at 10 o'clock a. m.; and those of Madison and Greenwood, may meet me at the Seminary in Millville, on the 30th inst., at 10 o'clock a. m., to undergo examination. School Directors are solicited to attend. Notice for the other districts, will appear next week. WM. BURGESS, Co. Supt. October 6, 1858.

Auditor's Notice.

Edite of William Workman, dec'd. The creditors and all persons interested will take notice, that the undersigned appointed Auditor, by the Orphans Court of Columbia county, to settle and adjust the rates and proportions of the assets of the estate of the decedent in the hands of Eli Bogard, Administrator of William Workman, deceased, to and among the several creditors according to law, will attend at his office, in Bloomsburg, in said county, on Monday the 15th day of November, A. D. 1858, for the purpose of performing the duties of his appointment, when and where all persons interested can attend if they think proper. ROBERT F. CLARK, Auditor. Bloomsburg, Oct. 6 1858-41.

Auditor's Notice.

Edite of Harmon M. Johnson, dec'd. THE creditors and all persons interested, will take notice, that the undersigned appointed Auditor by the Orphans Court of Columbia county, to settle and adjust the rates and proportions of the assets of the estate of the decedent in the hands of Joseph R. Robbins, Administrator of Harmon M. Johnson, dec'd, to and among the several creditors according to law, will attend at his office, in Bloomsburg, in said county, on Monday, the 15th day of November, A. D. 1858, for the purpose of performing the duties of his appointment, when and where you may attend if you think proper. ROBERT F. CLARK, Auditor. Bloomsburg, Oct. 6, 1858-41.

Administrator's Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that letters of Administration upon the estate of Catharine Boyer, late of Locust township, Columbia county, deceased, have been granted by the Register of Wills of said county, unto Daniel Boyer, residing in said township of Locust. All persons indebted to the estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having any claims against the same, will present them for settlement to the administrator. DANIEL BOYER, Adm'r. Locust, Sept. 29, 1858.

Administrator's Notice.

WHEREAS, letters of Administration to the estate of Henry Mez, late of Locust township, in the county of Columbia, deceased, have been granted to the subscriber residing at Esther Furnace, in said township of Locust. All persons indebted to the estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same, will present them, duly authenticated for settlement. PEIER KLINE, Esther Furnace, Sept. 29, 1858. Adm'r.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given to all persons interested that letters of administration on the estate of John Kemley, late of Orange township, Columbia county, deceased, have been granted by the Register of Wills of said county, to Henry K. Remley, residing in Orange township, said county, to whom all accounts must be presented properly authenticated for settlement. HENRY K. REMLEY, Adm'r. Orange, Sept. 29, '58.

GREENWOOD SEMINARY.

COLUMBIA COUNTY NORMAL INSTITUTE. THE next Quarter at this Institution, will commence on the 16th of August, and terminate on the 29th of October. The attention of Teachers is particularly directed to the advantages of a course of Normal instruction during this quarter. Some have already engaged, and all others who desire to join the Class, should make early application to the Principal. All who attend should make arrangements to commence with the quarter, or they will sustain a positive loss. TERMS.—About \$30 per quarter, for all expenses. Catalogues will be sent to all who apply for them. W. BURGESS, Principal. T. M. FOTIS, Preceptor. Millville, July 7, 1858.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

Terms.—Three Dollars per annum, or Twenty five cents a number. Upon the receipt of the subscription price, the publisher will mail the "ATLANTIC" to any part of the United States, pre-paid. Subscriptions may begin with any number. CLUBS.—For Ten Dollars the publisher will send five copies of the "ATLANTIC" for one year, the subscribers to pay their own postage. Clergymen, Teachers, and Postmasters will receive the periodical for two dollars a year. Bookkeepers and News-men will obtain the terms by the hundred, etc., upon application to the publishers. PHILLIPS, SAMSON & CO., 13 Winter street, Boston.

NEW AMBROTYPE SALOON.

IN BLOOMSBURG. Henry Rosenstock, of Philadelphia, respectfully informs the citizens of Bloomsburg and vicinity, that he has opened in connection with his Barber Saloon, a DAGUERREAN GALLERY, in the rooms lately occupied by C. Stahl, as a book bindery, and is prepared to take pictures, which will surpass anything of the kind ever seen in this place. Fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, now is the time to procure one of those imperishable Ambrotypes, and thus secure the features of beloved friends. Life is uncertain; but Ambrotypes are lasting. All are invited to call and examine specimens. [Oct. 6, 1858.]

N. S. LAWRENCE'S

PAPER, PRINTED CARD & ENVELOPE WAREHOUSE, No. 405 Commerce Street, Philadelphia. Cash buyers will find it to their interest to call. Jan. 7, 1858-1y

FRANKLIN HOUSE,

LIGHT STREET, COLUMBIA CO., PA. N. HUDSON, Proprietor. CHARGES moderate, and accommodations satisfactory. apr14, '58-41.

STAR OF THE NORTH.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY BY W. H. JACOBY.

Office on Main St., 3rd Square below Market. TERMS.—Two Dollars per annum if paid within six months from the time of subscribing; two dollars and fifty cts. if not paid within the year. No subscription taken for a less period than six months; no discontinuance permitted until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the editor. The terms of advertising will be as follows: One square, twelve lines, three times, \$1 00 Every subsequent insertion, 25 One square, three months, 3 00 One year, 8 00

Original Poetry.

LINES.

The sun has set, the night birds sing,
The dew is on the grass,
I hear the rush of the swallow's wing
As he hurries quickly past.
The cricket is chirping on the hearth,
The katy did on the tree,
And the frogs in the little pond hard by
Are croaking merrily.
The stars like lamps in the arch above,
Are hung in bright array,
And why should man be sad, and sigh—
When all nature is so gay?

When God from out his bounteous store,

With plenty doth us bless,
Unsatisfied, we sigh for more
When justice cries—give less!

Arise, my soul, with grateful lays,

And songs of joy and love,
(Let not dumb brutes excel in praise.)
To God, who reigns above.

Let not the blessings lavished now,

On thy unworthy head,
Be as bright flowers planted o'er
The dwellings of the dead.
Buck Hoar, Oct. 1858. LILLIAN.

Sunday.

Sunday is suited for various uses of general culture, improvement and happiness.—Its ways and means for this end change, advance, and multiply with the progress of society. The history of Sunday in Christendom, if written out for the sake of illustration these uses of its would be eminently instructive and delightful. The observance of our Sunday brings before us a company of men, women and children in a secluded place, listening to the reading of the evangelic narrative, and singing hymns, and praying to God. Were not the homes to which they returned happier for those exercises? In the semi-barbarous states of society, through which the Christian leaven was working its slow change, we may trace the softening, ameliorating influences of Sunday. Alas! that superstition mingled with it, that there was no more chaff than wheat, still this was better than to have had it all superstition and all chaff. Through the Middle Ages there were occasions which the Church could influence, though it could not control them, and a period of periods were appointed during which all strife and fighting were made to cease. Those quiet intervals in an agitated and warring society bore the noble title of "The Truce of God." Many had cause to bless them. They have grown to a longer and more general truce in the mountain regions of Christendom, in some of its fairest valleys, in some of its happiest hamlets, as well as in some of its most crowded cities, Sunday has become a chief element in civilization and all humane works.

The California Congressional Election.

In order that no one may be misled in regard to the vote lately given in California for McKibben and Stewart for Congress, which has been paraded in the Press, we state that the election, so far as they were concerned, was illegal, the Legislature having, by an act at its last session, changed the time from what it had been, and postponed it until a later day. That that body had a legal and constitutional right to make the change there can be no question; and that the regular Democracy took this view of the case, is apparent from the fact that they made no nominations and ran no candidates for Congress. Had they done so, there is no doubt that their nominees would have received a large majority of the popular vote, as did their candidates for Judge and Comptroller. Being law-abiding and law-sustaining citizens, they choose to postpone their action until the period fixed by law. We should not be surprised however, if McKibben and Stewart should come into the next Congress, and claim seats under an election thus clearly illegal.—Nor should we be surprised either, if every Black Republican in Congress shall vote for their administration in order to illustrate the beautiful workings of the "Higher Law" doctrine, as enunciated by William H. Seward.

NATURAL CURIOSITIES.—In the Baltimore

coal mines, near Wilkesbarre, Luzerne county, Pa., the superintendent recently discovered the remains of a forest of trees, which had been imbedded in slate of rock, above the large vein, fragments of which, by a fall had been detached and now lie in confusion—stumps, roots, limbs and impressions of bark in the mine. Among the curiosities are two large stumps, as perfect as if just drawn from the earth by a stump machine, the roots cut off where they had entered ground, and the surface looked as if the bark had been taken off while the sap was running. In the rocks above can be traced the ends of the logs, from which the stumps have fallen, and in one place the body of the tree protrudes, the surface presenting the impression of the bark.

A Clergyman living in New Jersey,

was not long since called out on a dark and stormy night, to marry a couple who lived some two miles from his residence. After the ceremony, the groom handed the reverend man a dollar bill in payment for his services. He took the bill, looked at it tenderly, and handed it back to the groom saying, "It is too small to groupon such a night as this. Keep it till it grows larger." In the course of a week the bill grew to an X.

An eminent spirit merchant in Dublin

announces, in an Irish paper, that he has still a small quantity of the whiskey on hand which was drunk by George IV, when in Dublin.

The Man of Many Trades.

About fifteen years ago, when game was abundant in Delaware, large parties of sportsmen came down from the North and waged war with the unsuspecting feathered tribes. Among the number of those who were induced to exchange their cheerful homes for the more delightful prospect of roving over a rocky and uneven country were three individuals, named respectively Doctor Pearce, Bill Fisher, and Sam Wilson.

After 'coasting about' for days, and not being sufficiently rewarded for their trouble, they were rather disheartened, and which added more to their dejection, Fisher had a violent toothache. The doctor, out of consideration for Bill's sufferings, suggested that they should go in quest of a tavern.—Some two hours hard riding brought them in sight of a singular looking building, in front of which projected one of those old-fashioned well-poles. As they neared the house, a confused hum of voices saluted their ears.

"Thunder," said the doctor, "this place is not a tavern, it's a school house." "Suppose we inquire," suggested Sam Wilson. On entering a room, near the front door, Wilson's idea that the party had got into a country inn, was confirmed. On a shelf, behind a small counter, stood some six tumblers, upon the tops of which were about the same number of lemons, by way of decoration. Hardly had our thirsty friends got seated, when a side door opened and a tall, red-faced, long-nosed individual, with an immense quill stuck behind his ear, stepped into the room. The doctor remarked, "We are looking for a tavern, but from the noise, I should think that we have got into a school-house." "Sir," replied he of the quill, with much gravity, "you are in a school-house; nevertheless, I can accommodate the gentlemen with a 'snifter' all round. You see, sir," he added, "I attend to my duties as teacher, while I ladle out liquor at the same time." "Well, you are a trump," said the doctor, in great admiration.

"And sir," continued the schoolmaster, "I am a member of the Legislature!" "Good gracious! are you anything else?" timidly inquired Sam Wilson. "Yes," replied Quill, "I can say, and say it with pride, I am the only dentist in the country!" "How fortunate," exclaimed the doctor, "here is a friend of mine who is suffering from a severe toothache—do you think you can relieve him?" "I should think so," replied the dentist. "When there is any pulling of teeth I am in." So saying, he left the room, but returned in a few minutes, bringing with him a pair of large, unwieldy pincers, such as are used by fishermen to skin eels. "Thunder!" almost yelled the excited Fisher, "you don't intend to force, those infernal catfish nippers down my throat?" The dentist was struck dumb by this question. Not so the waggish doctor, who immediately explained that the instrument in question was the regular forceps. The member of the Legislature now, for the first time, began to feel that his skill as a dentist was at stake.

"Perhaps," said he, "you doubt my ability to pull teeth, but I will show you that the thing can be done." Entering the school room he cast his eye over the group of children then assembled. Suddenly he seized a stout country lad, and after a short struggle, succeeded in dragging him to the bar-room, and dumping him down into a chair. "Now, gentlemen," said Quill, with a splendid flourish of his arms, "you will see a great thing done here." So saying, he grasped the boy by the neck, and, despite his frantic struggles to get free, drew a sound tooth from the boy's mouth. Holding the tooth in the snippers, the operator exclaimed in a tone of triumph, "What do think of that gentlemen?" Mr. Fisher, whose toothache quite left him, after such an atrocious piece of business, remarked, "We won't stay another moment in your house." Accordingly our indignant party of sportsmen were getting into their wagon, when the schoolmaster, tavern-keeper, member of the Legislature, and dentist, bawled out, "I for to mention that the people of the county have nominated me for sheriff!"

A FABLE.—A young man once picked up a sovereign lying in the road. Ever afterwards, as he walked along, he kept his eyes fixed steadily on the ground, in hopes of finding another. And in the course of a long life he did pick up at different times a good amount of gold and silver. But all these years, as he was looking for them he saw not that heaven was bright above him, and nature beautiful around. He never once allowed his eyes to look up from the mud and filth in which he sought the treasure; and when he died, a rich old man, he only knew this fair earth of ours as a dirty road in which to pick up money as you walk along.

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Terrific Adventure in the Mammoth Cave.

At the supposed end of what has always been considered the longest avenue of the Mammoth Cave, nine miles from its entrance, there is a pit, dark and deep, and terrible, known as the Melstrom. Tens of thousands have gazed into it with awe, whilst bengal lights were thrown down to make its fearful depths visible, but none ever had the daring to explore it. The celebrated guide, Stephen, who was deemed insensible to fear, was offered six hundred dollars by the proprietors of the cave if he would descend to the bottom of it, but he shrank from the peril. A few years ago a Tennessee Professor, a learned and bold man, resolved to do what no one before him had dared to do, and making his arrangements with great care and preparation, he had himself lowered down by a strong rope a hundred feet, but at that point his courage failed him, and he called for help to be drawn out. No human power could ever have induced him to repeat the appalling experiment.

A couple of weeks ago, however, a young gentleman of Louisville, whose nerves were tremulous at mortal peril, being at the Mammoth Cave with Professor Wright of our city and others, determined, no matter what the dangers and difficulties might be, to explore the depths of the Melstrom. Mr. Proctor, the enterprising proprietor of the Cave, sent to Nashville and procured a long rope of great strength expressly for this purpose. The rope and some necessary timbers were borne by the guides and others to the point of the proposed exploration. The arrangements being soon completed, the rope, with a heavy fragment of rock affixed to it, was let down and swung to and fro, to dislodge any loose rocks that would be likely to start and fall. Several were thus dislodged, and the long-continued reverberations, rising up like distant thunder from below, proclaimed the depth of the horrid chasm. Then the young hero of the occasion, with several hats drawn over his head to protect it as far as possible against any masses falling from above, and with a light in his hand and a rope fastened around his body, took his place over the awful pit and directed the half-dozen men, who held the end of the rope, to let him down into the Cimmerian gloom.

We have heard from his own lips an account of his descent. Occasionally masses of earth and rock went whizzing past, but none struck him. Thirty or forty feet below the top, he saw a ledge, from which, as he judged from appearance, two or three avenues led off in different directions. A beautiful view from the top of the ledge, from the side of the pit went rushing down the abyss, and as he descended by the side of the falling water and in the midst of the spray, he felt some apprehension that his light would be extinguished, but his care prevented this. He was landed at the bottom of the pit, a hundred and ninety feet from the top. He found it almost perfect by circular, about 18 feet in diameter, with a small opening at one point, leading to a fine chamber of no great extent. He found on the floor of immense size, vastly larger than were ever discovered in any other part of the Mammoth Cave, and also a multitude of exquisite formations as pure and as white as virgin snow. Making himself heard, with great effort, by his friends, he at length asked them to pull him partly up, intending to stop on the way and explore. That he had observed opening above the bottom of the pit. Reaching the mouth of that cave, he swung himself into it, and holding the end of the rope in his hand, he incautiously let it go, and it swung out apparently beyond his reach. The situation was a fearful one, and his friends above could do nothing for him. Soon, however, he made a hook of the end of his lamp, and by extending himself as he was, he succeeded in securing the rope. Fastening it to a rock, he followed the avenue one hundred and fifty to two hundred yards to a point where he found it blocked by an impassable avalanche of rock and earth. Returning to the mouth of the avenue, he beheld an almost similar mouth of another on the opposite side of the pit, but not being able to swing himself into it, he re-fastened the rope around his body, suspended himself from the abyss, and shouted to his friends to raise him to the top. The pull was exceedingly severe, and the rope being ill-adjusted around his body, gave him the most excruciating pain. But soon his pain was forgotten in a new and dreadful peril. When he was ninety feet from the mouth of the pit and one hundred from the bottom, away and swinging in mid-air, he heard raving and exciting words of horror and alarm above, and soon learned that the rope by which he was upheld had taken fire from the friction of the timber over which it passed. Several moments of awful suspense to those above, and still more awful to him instant. To them and him a fatal and instant catastrophe seemed inevitable, but the fire was extinguished with a bottle of water; and then the party above, though almost exhausting by their labors, succeeded in drawing him to the top. As was called and self-possessed as upon his entrance into the pit, but all his companions, overcome by fatigue, sank down upon the ground, and his friend Professor Wright, from over-exertion and excitement, fainted and remained for a time insensible.

The young adventurer left his name carved in the depths of the Melstrom—the name of the first and only person that ever gazed upon its mysteries.—Louisville Journal.

For the Star of the North.

ACROSTIC.

Let virtue be thy guiding star, wherever thou dost roam,
Uncloaked be thy joyous brow, oh! let no sorrows come,
Cross out all sadness from thy heart, dry all tears from thine eyes,
Youth is the time of gaiety, youth is no time for sighs.
Weep not for childhood's happy hours, they never can return,
Draw sweetness from the present flowers, while yet youth's lamp doth burn,
Enjoy the present while 'tis thine, I hear all nature say—
No pleasures on this earth abide, they shortly pass away.
I fain would bid thee weep, my friend, if tears could keep thee pure,
Since every mortal on the earth, temptations must endure,
Oh! then, since tears would make thee sad, and dim thy azure eyes,
Neglect the trifling joys of earth, and bid farewell to sighs.
Buck Horn, Pa. LILLIAN.

TIMOUR AND THE FOOL.—The inhabitants of Neapolis, hearing of the approach of the conqueror, prepared to defend themselves with vigor, but Nasur counselled them to do nothing of the sort, but to trust to him alone and his meditation with Timour. The people were doubtful of his success, but they yielded. Doubtful proceeding to the camp of the besieger, Nasur, who knew it was useless to approach the great chief without a present, considered what gift was likely to be most acceptable. He resolved it should be fruit, but he hesitated between figs and quinces. "I will consult with my wife," said Nasur-ed-Deen; and he accordingly did so. The lady advised him to take quinces, as the larger fruit. "Very good," said Nasur, "that being your opinion, I will take the figs." When he reached the foot of the throne of Tamourine, he announced himself as the ambassador from the beleaguered citizens, and presented, as an offering of their homage, his trumpet basket of figs. The chief burst into a rage and ordered them to be flung at the head of the representative of the people of Jeng-Scheher. The courtiers pelted him with right good will; and each time he was struck, Nasur, who stood patient and immovable, gently exclaimed—"Now Allah be praised!" or, "Oh, the Prophet be thanked!" or, "Oh, admirable! how can I be sufficiently grateful?" "What dost thou mean, fellow?" asked Timour; "we pelte you with figs, and you seem to enjoy it!" "Ay, truly, great sir," replied Nasur; "I gratefully enjoy the consequence of my own wit. My wife counselled me to bring quinces, but I chose to bring figs; and well she did, for with figs you have only bruised me, but had I brought quinces, you would have beaten my brains out." The sern conqueror laughed aloud, and declared that, for the sake of one fool, he would spare all the fools in the city, male and female, them and their property. "Then," cried Nasur, "the entire population is safe" and he ran homeward to communicate the joyful intelligence.—Doran.

Attempt to Escape.

On last Monday night, Mrs. Twigg, convicted as an accomplice of the murder of Catharine Ann Clark, made an unsuccessful attempt to escape, by making an opening through the wall of the cell in which she was confined. By the means of a small iron spike, and a rib bone, about four or five inches in length, she almost accomplished her purpose. She was anticipated in her design by the Sheriff, Mr. Young, who had her handcuffed and removed to the untenanted cell of the late Wm J. Clark. It appears the prisoner feigned sickness, which aroused the suspicions of the Sheriff, who is ever on the alert, and who immediately instituted a search, which resulted in the discovery of a large breach in the wall, as related above. A large quantity of dirt had accumulated under her bed, which she had extracted from the opening, and several larger stones still remained loosely imbedded in the wall. The poor unfortunate! She has now only to patiently await a felon's doom! We cannot but pity her, while at the same time acknowledging the justice of the law that condemns her to death. Her execution will take place within the walls of the county jail, on the 22d day of October. We intend publishing a full report of the proceedings of the execution.—Danville Intelligencer.

IRON CITY COMMERCIAL COLLEGE, PITTSBURGH, PA.

Number of students attending this Institution is now 300—more than treble at any similar school in the country. It is a model, well furnished counting-house of four large halls, 20x40, 23x80, 22x70, 43x80 feet, and is conducted by a Faculty of fourteen experienced teachers and practical business men. The course of study being the most thorough—and practical Teachers of writing ALWAYS obtaining the medals here, also in eastern and western cities—Low prices of board and tuition—Healthful city in the Union—Success of its graduates—Best location for gaining situations—cause this to be the largest Commercial School in the Union, making it the most desirable College for business men in any part of the country. For Circular and Specimens of Writing address F. W. JENKINS, Pittsburg, Pa.—Pittsburgh Gazette.

FIRE AT POTTSVILLE.—Pottsville, Oct. 1.

At half past three o'clock this morning, a fire broke out in a stable in the rear of the store of Wm. Morimer, jr., which joins the Liverpool and London Insurance Company's office. The stable was entirely destroyed, together with a valuable horse, two cows, and several sleighs and carriages. The loss is supposed to amount to about \$3000.

A New Thought.

Friend Taylor, of the Chicago Journal,

beautifully explains the sadness which seems to come upon humanity in the "melancholy days" of the "sere and yellow leaf"—the descending of the year.
"But you do not feel quite so merry, though, as you did in leafy June, when you were as frisky, if not as innocent as a lamb. The truth is, you have not drunk so much oxygen of late.

The leaves, many of them are beginning to close up the season's business; they liberate more carbonic acid, and yield less of Nature's true "be joyful!"

The thoughtful sadness that Autumn induces is not altogether the spiritual effect men like to fancy it; it is rather because their rations of *drink* are diminished, than that they are listening to Nature's preaching.

So a man needs a great stack of cheerfulness for Autumn use; laid away like the marrow in his bones for a time of need—Show us a woman who is as merry in the "melancholy days" when the horse-wind have caught cold, and the withered leaves rustle about sprinkled with frost and the green grape vine that shingled the arbor with green, looks like an anacanda trying to swallow a summer-house; who is as merry then as when there is a sweet south wind and a bank of violets to make love to, and we will show you a woman that will gracefully bend to misfortune like a flower to the wind, and when the blast is gone by, will stand as erect and as lovely as before."

An O'er True Tale.

A few afternoons since, in walking down Appollo street, our attention was arrested by a humble procession passing slowly up to Lafayette Cemetery. It was one carriage only, and its occupants were a decently dressed man and woman—evidently husband and wife holding between them a diminutive white coffin—that of a child about three years old. Both looked pale and care worn; the woman weeping silently—the man, however, with a stern expression about the brow eyes and mouth, that showed what efforts he was making to retain his composure. Two days after, about the same hour, we again saw the same sad procession—the same mourners—only those two afflicted beings—and resting on their laps a tiny coffin, evidently that of a babe.

The woman this time had a haggard expression—a blank stare, a bewildered look. She evidently saw nothing of what passed around her. She was in all likelihood unconscious of even the extent of her own bereavement. The misery she had undergone had overburdened her mental faculties; they were strained almost beyond endurance. She had no tears to shed life was evidently indifferent to her.

The man on the other hand, appeared to be overwhelmed with grief. Gone, the firm pressure of the lips, the almost fierce gaze of the eyes, the fixed frown of the brows. The father bent down on the little white box that seemed almost a toy, so small was it. His arms were stretched over it, his face leaned on it, it seemed as if he were trying to grasp and hold to his bosom, and drag from the tomb, the cold form of his babe. It was doubtless, the darling of the house he thus embraced; it was perhaps, too, the last of the little ones of the house.

How desolate must be the hearts where little children were and where they are no more. None but parents can realize the pang such a loss inflicts; and, alas! how many parents have realized that bitter pang this season.—N. O. Pigeonne.

About Women.

D'Israeli, speaking of the society of refined and charming women, says: "It is an acquaintance which, when habituated, exercises a great influence over the tone of the mind, even if it does not produce any more violent effects. It refines the taste quickens the perception, and gives as it were, a grace and flexibility to the intellect." Somewhere else, the writer remarks, that men are as much stimulated to mental effort by the sympathy of the gentler sex, as by the desire of power and fame.—Women are more disposed to appreciate any intellectual superiority than men, or at least, they are often captivated by the noble manifestations of genius, as by the fascinations of manners and the charms of person.

And Sidney Smith says: "Among men of sense and liberal politeness, a woman who has successfully cultivated her mind, without diminishing the propriety of her manners; is always sure to meet with a respect and attention bordering upon enthusiasm." Again, another writer observes that, "of all other views a man, in time, grows tired, but in the countenance of woman there is a variety which sets weariness at defiance.—"The divine right of beauty," says Junius, "is the only divine right a man can acknowledge, and not a pretty woman the only tyrant he is not authorized to resist."

The Fashion Course Races.—Match for \$10,000.—New York, Sept. 30.

The owners of the horses Don Juan and Sasher, are dissatisfied with the result of the Handicap over the Fashion Course yesterday, and have agreed to run the horses for a match of \$10,000.

During an examination, a medical student being asked the question—"when does mortification ensue?" answered—"When you pop the question and are answered "No."

THE POET'S DREAM OF BEAUTY.

BY WILLIAM WINTER.

I had a dream one glorious summer night
In the rich bosom of imperial June.
Languid I lay upon an odorous couch,
Gilded with amber; festooned wildly o'er
With crimson roses, while the silent stars
Wept dew of love upon their clustered leaves,
Above me soared the azure vault of Heaven,
Vast and majestic; throned with that path
Whereby mayhap, the sea born Venus finds
A way from higher spheres; that path which
seems

A band of silver, cembred with regal stars,
And bound upon the forehead of young night.
There, as I lay, the musical south-wind,
Shook all the roses into murmuring,
And poured their fragrance o'er me in a
shower.

Of purple mist. Anon, upon mine ears
Came a low, sweet and silvery melody,
Which delicious languor filled the air,
And, like the sun set-colored water broke
And floated into labyrinth of sound.

Then rose a shape, a dim and ghostly shape,
Whereto was neither form nor feature given:
A shadowy splendor, seeming as it came,
A pale and pearly cloud shot through and
through.

With faint rays of sunset; yet within
A spirit dwelt; and floating from within
A murmur trembled softly into word:—
"I am the ghost of a most lovely dream,
Which haunted, in old days, a poet's mind.
And long he sought for, wept and prayed for
me."

And searched through all the chambers of
his soul,
And searched the secret places of the earth—
The lone forest and the lonely shore—
And listened to the voices of the sea,
What time the stars were out in midnight cold,
Slept on the mark waves whispering at his feet;

And sought the mystery in a human form,
Amid the haunts of men, and found it not;
And looked in woman's sweet and tender
eyes.

And mirrored there his own, and saw no
sign!
But only in his dreams I came to him,
And gave him glimpses of my face,
Wherewith he sang sweetest words:
Then died, and came to me. But evermore
Through weary days, and lonely, wakened
nights—

A life of star lit gloom—do Poets seek
To rend away the veil which covers me!
And evermore they grasp the empty air!
For only in their dreams I come to them,
And give them fitful glimpses of my face,
And fill them with the music words of hope,
That promise sometimes, to their ravished
eyes,

A vision of the absolute Beautiful!"
Then the voice ceased, and only on mine ears
The shaken roses murmured and the wind
sigh'd.

"Food is force,
Alcohol is force,
Therefore, alcohol is food!"
Dr. Mussey gives a formula equally legitimate and conclusive, namely:—
"Horse feed is force,
Whipping a horse is force,
Therefore, whipping a horse is horse feed!"

To which capital logic our John adds his:—
"My ma is a woman,
Queen Victoria is a woman,
Therefore, Queen Victoria is my ma!"

FALSIFYING.—The habit of falsifying supplies those who are addicted to it with a plausible apology for every crime, and with a supposed shelter from every punishment. It tempts them to rush into danger from the mere expectations of impunity, and when practiced with frequent success, it teaches them to confound the gradations of guilt, from the effects of which there is in their imagination, at least on sure and common protection. It corrupts the early simplicity of youth, it blasts the fairest blossoms of genius, and will most assuredly counteract every effort, by which we may hope to improve the talents and mature the virtues of those whom it infects.

Low Necked Dresses.—In the early days of Pennsylvania there was a law which stated as follows:—"That if any white female of ten years or upward, should appear in any public street, lane, highway, church court house, tavern, ball room, theatre, or any other place of public resort, with naked shoulders (i. e. low necked dresses), being able to purchase the necessary clothing, shall forfeit and pay a fine of not less than one, nor more than two hundred dollars." The closing paragraph of the law, however, permitted woman of questionable character to bare shoulders as a badge of distinction between the chaste and unchaste.

A Sick Man slightly convalescing, imagined himself to be engaged in conversation with a pious friend, congratulating him upon his recovery, and asking him who his physician was, he