

John East

# THE STAR OF THE NORTH

W. H. JACOBY, Proprietor.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

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## STAR OF THE NORTH

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### Choice Poetry.

#### SUMMER AND WINTER.

Ah! those were very pleasant days,  
The days we spent together,  
Come back through memory's golden haze,  
Or cloudless summer weather!  
That I may deem I've saved at least  
Some fragrant from my life's scattered feast.

We wandered past the shallow stream,  
And through the new moon bay;  
Each hour was like some glorious dream  
From Paradise astray.  
The scent of roses on the air  
Seemed part of life, which was so fair.

We roamed amid the thick green wood—  
Through the cool, pleasant trees;  
And ah! this world seemed very good,  
With all its memories.

I never saw the moon so bright  
As through the boughs that summer night.

And now I hear the bitter rain,  
Sweep from the angry heaven  
As blindly 'gainst the window pane;  
The withered leaves are driven;  
Then faint and lone the moon appears  
And dim, like one who smiles through tears.

That ghostly moon's uncertain light  
Flung o'er the gulf, bare trees—  
The starless sorrow of the night—  
The wailing of the breeze:  
Ah me! it was another earth  
Where summer reigned in light and mirth.

And love so pleasant, although brief,  
Was made for summer days,  
Departing ere the falling leaf,  
And autumn's mellow rays;  
Nor does it seem so very strange  
That we, like all things else, should change.

Our dream has vanished as it came;  
Some hours of care it snatched;  
Perchance we played a dangerous game,  
But well the players matched;  
Without reproach in either hand,  
We clasp cold hands, and so we part.

#### Hints to Young Teachers.

- The following good hints to those who contemplate taking upon themselves the weighty responsibilities and arduous duties necessarily connected with the profession of Teaching, are from the Michigan Journal of Education, but we presume they will suit this locality, admirably. Try them: 1. Meet your school at the outset, with a quiet and natural demeanor. Affect neither sternness nor affability. Say a few simple words to your scholars, that you hope to do them good, and will try to do the best you can for them.
- If whispering or disorder occurs, pause at once, and do not proceed until order is restored. The mere pause is generally sufficient for this.
- Remember that good discipline is the principal thing; without this there can be no successful teaching.
- Govern yourself; do not fly into a passion; never stamp or scold, and do not threaten or talk too much. Let a kindly interest in your pupils temper all your actions.
- Have the school room kept tidy and comfortable; wash off scribbling and ink spots, and hang up maps and charts to give the room an attractive appearance.
- Let the lessons be short but truly mastered. Go over the same ground again and again reviews. No lofty superstructure can arise except on solid foundations.
- Foster in your pupils a spirit of justice and generosity, kindness and forbearance, and reverence for truth and duty.
- Make daily preparation for your work; the oldest and ablest teachers do this. You will be able to give clear explanations, to infuse life and spirit in your instructions.
- Remember that your every act is closely watched, and that example teaches more powerfully than precept. That teacher who is a gentleman in dress and demeanor—whose language is pure, simple and truthful—whose deportment is gentle, graceful and kind, will awaken a respect in both pupils and parents that will make his task easy.
- Put yourself into communication with neighboring teachers. If there be no Teachers' Association, organize one as soon as possible.

"I say Earthquake, were you ever in love?" "Ah! Rolfe, there you are too hard for me; I hardly know what to say about that, I have sometimes felt rather queer. When I've seen some of your Kentucky gals, I've felt right funny—felt as if somebody was drawing a bribe over me. Now if you call that love, I've been in love." "Well I think you have. Do you know anything that you would marry?" "I marry (what for?) to be always totting a wife through the woods or across the swamps, to keep some ugly red skin from taking her hair! Fool who? She'll be all sorts of a gal who catches me," said Earthquake, "and getting one is like taking a varmint out of a hollow; you don't know until you have got it into your hand what sort of a thing it is."

A COUNTRYMAN, who witnessed a lady lifting up her dress, exclaimed, upon beholding the numerous tiers of hoops that encircled her petticoat in the shape of crinoline. "Well, may I be wrangled, if she ain't got a five-barred gate banged round her."

### From the N. O. Courier.

#### Dream of an Editor.

Last night in the shortening hours that closed the holy tide venerated by all Christians, wearied with the labor of the day and week, we declined gradually from thinking into reverie, and from that into a "dozing," and from dozing into sleep—sleep in our chair—sleep under gas light—sleep with "papers to the right of us and papers to the left of us"—sleep in our room where we are generally pretty wide awake. We dreamed: (we are not accustomed to narrate our dreams, but this was a Christmas dream,) and in our dream were renewed all the joys and jolly sights and sounds of all the Christmas days of our life. A boundless cortigony of pretty children in new dresses and with handsome toys, merry, dancing and musical; a thousand organs made glad with the gifts of charity; a thousand peals of bells ringing out with the music of rejoicing; an army of inebriate youths celebrating in revelry the advent of the Saviour and at the same time forcibly illustrating their great need of salvation; a sad din of pistols and firecrackers; millions of dancers chasing the glowing hours with winged feet; floating Ministers of Pleasure in beautiful forms such as painters dream of but never put on canvass; groups of laughing Elves clustering among the branches of golden trees which had a bottle of choice champagne hanging on every twig, the air bearing on all its undulations enchanting tones of flutes, organs and singing voices; gems and pearls and (delightful vision!) coins of gold falling in showers all around.

We thought again that we were standing on the sapphire shore of a wide sea of egg-nogg with a golden ladle in our hand, which "over and anon" we dipped into the creamy flood. As we stood there ankle deep in golden sands we saw an aged man paddling towards us in a dug-out, handling his silver oars most gracefully. His craft was laden to the edge with toys and jewelry. He leaped ashore and introduced himself as Santa Claus, Esq. "I have had a busy day," said he, "for I suppose I have distributed, since twelve o'clock last night, about fourteen millions of stockings full of Christmas gifts. I have scarcely recovered from the money pinch of last year, and have not been quite as lavish as heretofore; nevertheless, I flatter myself that I have judiciously used the funds placed at my disposal by the appropriate committee."

We congratulated Santa Claus on his successful and no doubt satisfactory annual distribution.

He wiped his wrinkled brow with his handkerchief and continued: "I have finished my day's work all but my visit to you. I was just paddling ashore to find some water when I was happy to see you. I cannot be mistaken! You are an editor, Mr. ———, of the Courier."

We acknowledged ourselves to be that individual. "Well, then, I have a few presents which are especially designed for editors, and although you are opposed to the dead-head system, I hope you will do me the honor to accept them. Mind you, I am no candidate, no log-roller, no politician; I do not want my character white-washed or anything of that. If I did I should know better than to apply to the Courier."

He pulled up his sleeves and began to overhaul the gew-gaws and jewelry in his canoe. "In this box," said he, "you will find a condensed miniature library of some five hundred volumes. There is not a word of trash or falsehood in the whole lot. In preparing this library for your use I have rejected everything not written by faithful, honest authors. You can find anything you want in this collection, and the volumes have this valuable peculiarity—they cannot be borrowed or stolen.

"Here is a charm that will protect you against intruders and bores. It is a simple contrivance, and the method of using it will readily suggest itself."

It was indeed nothing but a substantial lock and key. "This little machine is a thing of very delicate workmanship, which I shall not undertake to explain. Hang it up under your clock. The needle turning upon the centre pivot is the moral index, which will point out on the dial plate the precise relative degree of morality of every man who enters your door. Watch this little monitor and govern yourself by it. Whenever a notoriously bad man happens to come in, take the monitor down and put it in your pocket—the extraordinary strain upon its machinery may injure it. If any one varies from the truth in his conversation this monitor will give out a scarcely audible ringing, no louder than the 'still small voice.'

"This package of ivory tablets is intended to predict the names of successful candidates. Write, for example, the names of the hundred prominent candidates for the Presidency upon as many tablets, shuffle them, put this ring on your forefinger and draw a card. Lay that card aside until after the adjournment of the Charleston Convention and, you can see whether it bears the name of the candidate or not. Most probably it will not."

We saw that Santa Claus "meant a joke" but we did not want to know who the candidate is to be, and he knew that we did not.

"Here is a peculiar pen: After you have written your editorials hold this pen horizontally and move it over each line. When it comes to a superfluous word it will descend as if by the power of attraction and

draw a line across it. It cost much pains to make this little implement and I hope you will find it useful.

"I feel a little diffidence in offering this to you," said he taking up a mahogany box about the size of a dictionary, "not because I fear you will abuse it, but rather that you will commit the opposite error."

We asked him to explain its properties. "This is intended to expedite, and facilitate collections. Place the name of any delinquent subscriber upon this tablet and he is at once under the influence of the Automation Dun. Touch this key and you make him remember that he owes you. A touch of the second key will make him try to borrow money to pay you. Key No. 3 gives him a headache, No. 4 the rheumatism, &c., &c. You can inflict upon him whatever you please until he pays his bill."

We complimented Santa Claus upon his ingenuity, but declined accepting his wondrously cunning machine. He smiled and threw it back into the dug-out.

"Here," he continued, holding up a beautiful diamond pointed pen, "is the choicest gift I have to offer you. It is the pen of Thruth. There is not the millionth part of a grain of alloy in its pure gold. Industry furnished the metal. Virtue and Reason fashioned it. Imagination polished it but its greatest value lies in the diamond with which it is pointed. It is from no mine of earth—scarcely dare tell you who gave it or whence it came. With this pen you can write nothing but truth. When I see you next year please show me what you have written with it."

We were so eager to grasp the precious gift that we fell into the sea of egg-nogg, and awoke with our floundering and strangling in the milky flood. The fine visions of our dream had vanished and with them the venerable Nicholas and his gifts.

#### Extravagance of the Day.

An esteemed lady friend requests us to insert the following, and commend a careful perusal of it to the "Manygirls" and "Manyboys" of our community: We cheerfully comply with her request, the more readily because the article strikes at the very heart of the popular follies of the day, and its publication may benefit "many" who are daily readers of our paper.

"In the town of somewhere lives Mr. Manygirls. He is a toilsome merchant, his wife a hard-working housekeeper. Once they were poor, now they are richly so. They have seven daughters, whom they train up in bitter idleness. They are all doing nothing. They spend much money, but not in the works of humanity, not even in elegant accomplishments, painting, dancing, music, and the like, so paying in spiritual beauty what they take in material means. They never read nor sing; they are know nothings, and only in vain show, as useless as a ghost and as ignorant as the block on which their bonnets are made. Now these seven 'ladies' (as the newspapers call the poor things, so insignificant and helpless) are not only idle, can earn nothing, but they consume much. What a load of finery is on their shoulders, and heads, and necks. Mr. Manygirls hires many men and women to wait on his daughters' idleness, and these servants are withdrawn from the productive work of the shop or the farm, and set to the unproductive work of nursing these seven grown-up babies.

"On the other side of the way, Hon. Mr. Manyboys has seven sons, who are the exact match of the merchants' daughters; rich, idle, some of them desolute; debauchery coming before their beads; all useless, earning nothing, spending much and wasting more. Their only labor is to kill time, and in summer they emigrate from pond to pond, and from lake to lake, having a fishing line with a worm at one end and a fool at the other. These are the first families in the town of Somewhere. Their idleness is counted pleasure. Six of these sons will marry, and five, perhaps, of Manygirls' daughters, and what families they will found, to live on the toil of their grandfathers' bones, until a commercial crisis and the wear and tear of time has dissipated their fortune, they are forced, reluctantly, to toil.

WHAT A NOSE.—Not many years ago, in the village of Eatonton, Georgia, a man made his appearance and stopped at a tavern. He had a most remarkable nose which almost entirely monopolized his face—red, Roman, enormous. The glances cast at it, and the remarks made about it, had rendered its owner somewhat sensitive upon the subject. A hall grown negro boy was summoned by the proprietor to carry his baggage to his room. Cuffee was much taken with the nose. As he came out of the room unable to contain himself any longer, he exclaimed, "Golly, what a nose!" Our traveller overheard him, and went to his master with a demand for his punishment. Cuffee was called up, and, at the suggestion of some bystanders, was let off on condition that he would apologize to the offended gentleman. This he very readily agreed to do. Walking to the room where our traveller was, and touching his hat and humbly bowing he said, "Massa, you ain't got no nose at all!"

ASHLAND NOT SOLD.—The National Intelligence contains a card from the Hon. James B. Clay, in which he says:—"I request that you will do me the favor, by publishing this note, to make known that I have not sold Ashland: and I never intend to do so; and earnestly hope that during my life no necessity may occur which will force me to part with a home so full of memories dear to me."

### King Solomon's Blacksmith.

And it came to pass when Solomon, the son of David, had finished the temple of Jerusalem, that he called unto him the chief architects, the head artificers and cunning workers in silver and gold and in wood and in ivory and stone—yet, all who aided in working on the Temple of the Lord and he said unto them:—"Sit you down at my table; I have prepared a feast for all my chief workers and artificers. Stretch forth your hands, therefore, and drink and be merry. Is not the laborer worthy of his hire? Is not the skillful artificer deserving of honor? Muzzle not the ox that treadeth out the corn."

And when Solomon and the chief workmen were seated, and the fatness of the land and the oil thereof were set upon the table, there came one who knocked loudly at the door, and forced himself even into the festal chamber. Then Solomon, the King was wroth, and said, "What manner of man art thou?"

And the man answered and said: "When men wish to honor me they call me Son of the Forge; but when they desire to mock me they call me blacksmith; and seeing that the toil of working in fire covers me with sweat and smut, the later name, O King is not inapt, and in truth thy servant desires no better."

"But," said Solomon, "why came you thus rudely and unbidden to the feast, where none save the chief workmen of the temple are invited?"

"Please ye, my lord, I came rudely," replied the man, "because thy servants obliged me to force my way; but I came not unbidden. Was it not proclaimed that the chief workmen of the temple were to dine with the King of Israel?"

Then, he who carved the cherubim said: "This fellow is no sculptor."

And he who laid the roof with pure gold, said: "Neither is he a workman in fine metals."

And he who raised the walls, said: "He is not a cutter of stone."

And he who made the roof cried out: "He is not cunning in cedar wood; neither knoweth he the mystery of uniting pieces of strange timber together."

Then said Solomon: "What has thou to say, Son of the Forge, why I should not order thee to be plucked by the beard with a scourge, and stoned to death with stones?"

When the Son of the Forge heard this he was in no way dismayed; but, advancing to the table, snatched up and swallowed a cup of wine, and said:—

"O King, live forever! The chief men of the workers in wood and gold and stone, have said that I am not of them, and they have said truly. I am their superior, before they lived was I created. I am their master, and they are all my servants." And he turned him around, and said to the chief of the carvers of stone:—"Who made the tools with which you carve?"

And he said: "The blacksmith."

And he said to the chief of the workers in wood: "Who made the tools with which you hewed the trees of Lebanon, and formed them into pillars and roof for the Temple?"

And he said: "The blacksmith."

Then he said to the artificer in gold and ivory: "Who made your instruments by which you work beautiful things for my Lord the King?"

And he said: "The blacksmith."

"Enough, enough, my good fellow," said Solomon, "thou hast proved that I invited thee, and thou art all men's father in art—Go wash the smut of the forge from thy face and come and sit at my right hand. The chiefs of my workmen are but men—thou art more."

So it happened at the feast of Solomon, and blacksmiths have been honored ever since.

### The Partington and Pugilism.

Mrs. Partington was much surprised to find one rainy afternoon in the spare room, with the rag-bag hung to the bed post, which he was belaboring very lustily with his fists as huge as two one cent apples. "What gymnastiness are you doing here?" said she, as she opened the door. He did not stop, and merely replying "training," continued to pitch in. She stood looking at him as he dauced a round the bag, busily punching its rounded sides. "That's the Morrissey touch," said she, giving one side a dig, "and that," hitting the other side "is the Benicia Boy." "Stop!" said the dame, and he immediately stopped after he had given the last blow for Morrissey. "I'm afraid the training you are having isn't good," said she, "and I think you had better train in some other company. I thought your going into copound fractures at school would be dilatorious to you. I don't know who Mr. Morrison is and don't want to, but I hear that he has been whipping the Pernicious Boy, a poor lad with a sore leg, and I think he should be ashamed of himself." He had said the Herald with all about the great prize fight, and had become entirely carried away with it.

ROW IN A JURY ROOM.—A row occurred in a jury room at Pittsburg, Pa., on Friday last. They stood eleven against one on a knotty case, when the one becoming insolent, and giving the lie to an old man, he was put through in good style. Three broken chairs were found in the jury room, and there were other evidences of a general muss.

SAMBO, does yer know why dem noisy birds is called carron for? "Gosh, Jerry, I got him! Cause dey carry on so over a dead hoss."

### Sleeping with the Landlord's Wife.

We give the annexed incident in regard to Rev. Zeb Twitchell, a Methodist clergyman in full and regular standing, and a member of the Vermont conference:

At one time he represented Stockbridge in the State Legislature. Zeb, says our informant, is a man of fair talents, both as a preacher and a musician. In the pulpit he is grave, solemn, dignified, and a thorough systematic sermoneizer; but one of it there is no man living who is more full of fun and drollery. On one occasion he was wending his way towards the seat of the Annual Conference of Ministers, in company with another clergyman. Passing a country inn, he remarked to the other clergyman:—

"The last time I stopped at that tavern, I slept with the landlord's wife."

In utter amazement, his clerical friend wanted to know what he meant.

"I mean just what I say," replied Zeb; and on went the two travelers in unbroken silence until they reached the conference.

In the early part of the session, the conference sat with doors for the purpose of transacting some private business, and especially to attend to the annual examination of each member's private character, or rather conduct, during the past year. For this purpose the clerk called Zeb's name.

"Does any one know against the character of brother Twitchell during the past year?" asked the bishop, who was the presiding officer.

After a moment's silence, Zeb's traveling companion arose with a heavy heart and grave countenance; said he had a duty to perform—one that he owed to God and the church, and to himself; he must therefore discharge it fearlessly, though tremblingly. He then related what Zeb had told him while passing the tavern, how he slept with the landlord's wife, &c.

The grave body of ministers were struck as with a thunderbolt, although a few smiled and looked first at Zeb, then upon the bishop, knowingly, for they knew better than the others the character of the accused.

The bishop called upon brother T., and asked him what he had to say in relation to so serious a charge. Zeb rose and said: "I did the deed! I never lie!"

Then pausing with an awful solemnity, he proceeded with a slow and solemn deliberation:—"There was one little circumstance, however, connected with the affair, I did not name to the brother. It may not have much weight to the conference, but although it may be deemed of trifling importance, I will state it: When I slept with the landlord's wife, as I told the brother, I kept the tavern myself!"

### O Tar! The Printer's Christmas.

"Is the editor within?"

"Your servant, sir."

"A package. Charges, thirty-eight cents."

Happened to have just that amount. Paid expressman, and then, with a nervous hand, proceeded to examine the mysterious box. The cover is removed, when our eyes are gladdened with the sight of a fine, fat turkey. The next thing brought to light was a bottle of champagne; and the next and last, a huge demijohn, marked "O Tar." What in the world is O Tar? It must mean Old Tar; but what in the world induced any one to send us either old or new Tar? We haven't got any wagon, and as for getting up a bonfire for the benefit of the Republicans, we are not in the humor. We have it—We will sell it to the lively man. Called on him and he said he did not use tar, but grease on his wagons. Brought it back to the office, in not very good humor, still wondering why it was sent to us. Resolved finally to draw the cork. Did so. It wasn't tar. Smelt of it. Knew by the smell it wasn't tar. Tasted of it, and became fully satisfied that it wasn't tar. Tasted again, and then drew up a resolution declaring, in the most emphatic terms, that it wasn't tar. Tasted again, and then entered the resolution among the regular proceedings, to make it sure that it wasn't tar. Tasted again and began to feel happy. Tasted again, and felt very happy. Tasted again, and soon became very rich and resolved to give our cottage to a poor widow and purchase the elegant mansion over the way—to donate our office to Jabe and buy out the New York Ledger. Gave the "devil" a \$20 gold piece for Christmas, and promised him round hundred for New Years. Bought a \$5,000 pair of nags and a sleigh cushioned with scarlet velvet, and decorated with gold and pearls. Ordered from the south, a darkey driver and postman, whose laces shone like a glass bottle under direct sun-ray. Went over the "Union" and told Fred to send every poor family in town a barrel of Julean Mills flour, and nameless other articles to render them comfortable. Bought all the wood in market and ordered it sent immediately to the aforesaid poor families. Gave each of the clergymen in town a thousand dollars—adopted fourteen orphan girls, and fifteen orphan boys—ran around and paid all debts (what printer on earth does that?)—kissed (before we thought) a pretty girl who called to wish us a merry Christmas (somebody looked unpleasant when this happened)—settled the matter by ordering a thousand dollar shawl, and a set of furs costing an equal amount—put on our slippers (imagining that we heard music,) and kicked out of bed. Alas! we had only been drinking!—Sandy Hill Herald.

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"Your servant, sir."

"A package. Charges, thirty-eight cents."

Happened to have just that amount. Paid expressman, and then, with a nervous hand, proceeded to examine the mysterious box. The cover is removed, when our eyes are gladdened with the sight of a fine, fat turkey. The next thing brought to light was a bottle of champagne; and the next and last, a huge demijohn, marked "O Tar." What in the world is O Tar? It must mean Old Tar; but what in the world induced any one to send us either old or new Tar? We haven't got any wagon, and as for getting up a bonfire for the benefit of the Republicans, we are not in the humor. We have it—We will sell it to the lively man. Called on him and he said he did not use tar, but grease on his wagons. Brought it back to the office, in not very good humor, still wondering why it was sent to us. Resolved finally to draw the cork. Did so. It wasn't tar. Smelt of it. Knew by the smell it wasn't tar. Tasted of it, and became fully satisfied that it wasn't tar. Tasted again, and then drew up a resolution declaring, in the most emphatic terms, that it wasn't tar. Tasted again, and then entered the resolution among the regular proceedings, to make it sure that it wasn't tar. Tasted again and began to feel happy. Tasted again, and felt very happy. Tasted again, and soon became very rich and resolved to give our cottage to a poor widow and purchase the elegant mansion over the way—to donate our office to Jabe and buy out the New York Ledger. Gave the "devil" a \$20 gold piece for Christmas, and promised him round hundred for New Years. Bought a \$5,000 pair of nags and a sleigh cushioned with scarlet velvet, and decorated with gold and pearls. Ordered from the south, a darkey driver and postman, whose laces shone like a glass bottle under direct sun-ray. Went over the "Union" and told Fred to send every poor family in town a barrel of Julean Mills flour, and nameless other articles to render them comfortable. Bought all the wood in market and ordered it sent immediately to the aforesaid poor families. Gave each of the clergymen in town a thousand dollars—adopted fourteen orphan girls, and fifteen orphan boys—ran around and paid all debts (what printer on earth does that?)—kissed (before we thought) a pretty girl who called to wish us a merry Christmas (somebody looked unpleasant when this happened)—settled the matter by ordering a thousand dollar shawl, and a set of furs costing an equal amount—put on our slippers (imagining that we heard music,) and kicked out of bed. Alas! we had only been drinking!—Sandy Hill Herald.

Sorrows grow less every time they are told just like the age of a woman.

### TO MY LITTLE DAUGHTER.

BY C. D. STEWART.

Soft be thy pillow my darling,  
That bears thee in slumber to-night;  
Sweet be thy dreams, till the morning  
Wakes thee to fairer delight:  
My precious, my innocent darling,  
My loving, my beautiful one,  
God keep thee from sickness and sorrow,  
Till life's little journey is done.

What were the light of the morrow,  
If thou should'st not waken again—  
What but a cloud and a tempest,  
And sadness and anguish, and pain?  
The curls on thy brow are our sunshine;  
The light of thine eye is our joy;  
The smile on thy lip brings us gladness,  
And pleasure unmix'd with alloy.

Surely the angels my darling,  
Will watch thee in waking and sleep,  
And God in His infinite goodness,  
The way of thy footsteps will keep;  
Tenderly, lovingly, bending,  
Shield her, good angels, to night,  
Sweet be her slumber, till morning  
Wakes her to dearer delight.

### Frightening Children.

We know of nothing more reprehensible, nothing more dangerous and injudicious, than the practice of frightening children in the nursery, at the family fireside, and in the social circle, by retailing to them ghost stories, goblin tales and witchcraft fictions. They receive painful impression from which their nervous system does not recover for years, perhaps not during their whole lives. Children and young persons have generally great curiosity in relation to these tales of the imagination, especially when they are attended by some gossiping nurse, whose head, being empty of good sense, has been filled with all sorts of legends and black letter recollections. If there is a worse condition upon earth than that into which monstrous superstition plunges an imaginative child, we have no conception of its curdling horrors. Never to lay the head upon the pillow, from the time it is two or three years of age, until seven, eight or ten, without feeling the most perfect assurance in its own prophecy, and seeing some hideous spectre before morning. This is the purgatory of early, innocent, and otherwise happy childhood. These midnight horrors haunt the imagination eyes to old age. They may lose somewhat of their painful vividness, their appalling distinctness—something of their curdling horrors, so potent in its mystery, and so terrific even in its impossibility—but these terrors linger in the imagination still, ready to be called up in every suspicious spot, awakened in every solitude, in spite of all the judgment can do or the person can urge. For a moment, at certain times, even to old age, the heart will throb with painful distinctness, the hair will become perpendicular, and a disagreeable shudder will make the blood cold in his veins, even when manhood has reached its prime. To be sure, the judgment soon dispels these unfounded fears, but they will haunt the victim at times, to his dying day. These are some of the painful deleterious effects of frightening children in the early season of their growth. How important it is that parents should guard them against these early groundless terrors, exciting the early imagination, and chaining the trembling victim to the indescribable agony of this nervous bondage for all its future life.