

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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Original Poetry.

TO EFFIE.

BY HER ADMIRER.

Ever gentle—ever smiling—
First in grace, and heart, and mind,
Fairest loveliest, most refined;
In thy every turn beginning—
Ever modest—ever glowing
More of gold and less of dress,
Surely, surely, nought should cross,
Hopes with bliss so overflowing,
In thy smile my hopes are growing,
In thy hand my fortune lies;
Valuing no other prize,
Every other wish resigning,
Round thy love my life is twining.

Be Careful of Small Things.

Irving, in his life of Washington, dwells on particularly with which the great hero attended to the minutest affairs. The Father of his country, as his correspondence and account-books will show, was "careful of small things," as well as of great, not disdain to scrutinize the most petty expenses of his household and this even while acting as chief magistrate of the first republic in the world. In private circles in the city, tradition preserves numerous anecdotes of this characteristic, which if necessary we could quote.

The example of Washington in this respect might teach an instructive lesson to those who scorn what they call "petty" details. There are thousands of such individuals in every community. We all know more or less of them. Yet no man ever made a fortune, or rose to greatness in any department, without being careful of "small things." As the bench is composed of grains of sand, so the ocean is made up of drops of water, so the millionaire is the aggregation of single ventures, often inconsiderable in a moment. Every eminent merchant from Girard and Astor, down, has been noted for his attention to details. Few distinguished lawyers have ever practiced in the courts who have not been remarkable for a similar characteristic. It was one of the most striking peculiarities of the first Napoleon's mind.—The most petty details of his household expenses, the most trivial facts relating to his troops, were, in his opinion, as worthy of his attention as the tactics of a battle, the plan of a campaign, or the construction of a code. Demosthenes, the world's unrivalled orator, was as anxious about his gestures or intonation, as about the texture of his argument or his garbure of words. Before such great examples, and in the very highest walks of intellect, how contemptible the conduct of the small minds who despise small things.—*Phila. Ledger.*

THE CAMELS.—The Galveston News says: "We visited Parson's wharf on Tuesday to witness a feat of strength performed by one of Mrs. Watson's camels, of which there were near a dozen on the wharf, of all sizes and ages. The camel loaded was one of the largest. Upon the word of command being given, the camel lay down, ready to receive the load, which consisted of 5 bales of hay, weighing in the aggregate over 1,400 lbs., which was firmly bound to a panicle placed upon the animal's hump. Upon the utterance of command by the native keeper the animal rose without any apparent extra effort to his feet, and walked off in a stately manner along the wharf and through the city. We are informed that the same camel had 1,600 lbs. placed upon him, with which enormous weight he easily rose. The animals are exceedingly tractable, and seem to possess much affection for any one who treats them kindly, as an example of which Mrs. W. informed us that one of them, a pretty white one, which she had petted, would always kiss her when she went within kissing distance, which fact we really thought proved the animal to possess an excellent taste, as well as an affectionate disposition.

LOVE MAKING.—The site of the following passionate scene was the sea-shore, on which they were walking in autumn. Gentleman:—"Well, miss, the long and short of it is this: here I am—you can take me or leave me." Lady:—(scratching a gutter on the sand with her parasol, so as to allow a little salt water to run out of one hole into another)—"Of course, I know that's all nonsense." Gentleman:—"Nonsense! By Jove, I am; come, at any rate, you can say something." Lady:—"Yes, I suppose I can say something." Gentleman:—"Well, which is it to be; take me or leave me?" Lady:—(very slowly, and with a voice perhaps hardly articulate, carrying on at the same time her engineering works on a wider scale)—"Well, I don't exactly want to leave you."

THE REMARK.—The remark having been made that it would become the fashion to wear short dresses, Mrs. Partington made a remark that whether fashion said so or not, her dresses were always short, for she never had but two at a time. What a marvel of domestic economy and sweet wisdom that woman! Isn't she!

CATS—A GOOD STORY.

These are animals about which every individual has his or her peculiar notion.—Some don't like them at all, and some are very fond of them as domestic pets. When this is the case, the question becomes simply one of taste—some preferring black, some grey, some tortoise shell, and so on through the infinite variety of which the cat genus is composed. In the annexed instance, the fancy of the lady must undeniably have been for a "yaller cat," with brass buttons.

Mr. and Mrs. Hall have resided in Albany for some time. Their home was formerly in Michigan. Mr. Hall is a gentleman of full habits, and a strong passion for duck shooting—this accounts, perhaps, for his having bagged Mrs. Hall. Mrs. Hall is a bright-eyed middle aged woman who does not like to be "left alone." She is subject to fits of nervousness and runs with the idea that the more solitude you have in a house, the sooner it becomes haunted. Mrs. Hall is a very agreeable woman has a magnificent eye, and talks "fluently," as Mrs. Malaprop would have said.

So much for the general appearance of Mr. and Mrs. Hall.

Not long ago Mr. Hall imprinted a kiss on Mrs. Hall, and told her he was going a shooting on Long Island, and would be absent from home a week. Mrs. Hall burst into tears, and said such a long separation would be the death of her. Mr. Hall said, "Pshaw!" and concluded the speech by promising to bring her a hundred dollars dress form Stewart's. Mrs. Hall was mollified. In consequence of this, Mr. Hall repaired to his office to right up the cash book, and give clerks such advice as would keep their morals sweet for the "coming week." During Mr. Hall's absence at the office, Mrs. Hall busied herself in filling his satchel with a few necessities for the tramp. In the collection were two shirts, four dkerseys, six handkerchiefs, two pair of socks, a bottle of cough medicine, a pair of razors, one lather brush, and a broken cup. Mr. Hall returned to the house, fixed himself up, and about 6 o'clock started for the steamboat.

When Hall left home, he intended to stay a week. Instead of that, he only stayed one day. On arriving at New York he was overtaken by a sore throat of such severity, that physician said he must instantly return home, as a week's duck shooting on Long Island would lead to an early funeral in Albany. Mr. Hall took the advice, and on Tuesday returned on the Hudson River Railroad. He came up in the 5 P. M. train, and got home about 10½.—He was met on the stoop by the house-dog, who wagged his tail, and when the door was opened by the servant girl, accompanied him up stairs.—Mr. Hall found Mrs. Hall still up and dressed. Mrs. Hall was surprised at Mr. Hall's sudden return, and hoped nothing had happened. Mr. Hall said, "No, nothing serious—only a sore throat that a little care and hope bound would soon overcome." Mrs. Hall said she was rejoiced to hear it, and gave Mr. Hall a kiss that reminds him of old times.

Just then, the dog Carlo went into the bedroom and commenced barking.

"What is that dog barking at, my dear?" "Can't say, unless it is that distressed cat that has annoyed us all the summer."

"Not that yaller cat that I tried to kill last week?" "The same, I suppose."

"But how could he get into the bedroom?" "Came in off the back shed, I presume. I saw him there just before ten. He will go away in a moment."

"Go away! not by a long shot. Give me my revolver, and I'll blow his brains out."

"Not for the world, my love. Don't bloody the carpet. Raise the window, and call Carlo away, and he'll go away himself."

"I don't believe in any such an arrangement, Mrs. Hall. I've been after that cat about three months, and I am now determined to blow its brains out, blood or no blood!"

Mrs. Hall tried to dissuade him, but it was without effect. Mr. Hall was resolved to kill the cat, and he would do it. As Mrs. Hall would not "touch a pistol for the world," Mr. Hall went to the bureau and got it himself. Having examined the load, and adjusted the caps, he advanced towards the bedroom, preceded by Carlo, who poked his nose under the bedstead, and gave a yelp that awakened the baby, the nurse had in the next room. Mr. Hall leaned over on his hand, and by this means enabled himself to see as far under the bed as Carlo did.

Mr. Hall gave one look, and then asked Mrs. Hall whether "that yaller cat wore a blue coat with brass buttons?"

Mrs. Hall gave a screech and lost her reason and Mr. Hall told the "yaller cat" to come out. The "yaller cat," he obeyed the order, and when he did so, he was discovered to be an "old mouser," who keeps a lumber yard not far off. The "yaller cat" fell on his knees; and he said he would explain matters in the morning. Mr. Hall said matters explained themselves—in proof of which, he ordered the "yaller cat" to "take Mrs. Hall by the arm, and leave the house." The "yaller cat" did as he was ordered, and thus finished up the business for that night. What will not be fully known until Court meets.

The remark having been made that it would become the fashion to wear short dresses, Mrs. Partington made a remark that whether fashion said so or not, her dresses were always short, for she never had but two at a time. What a marvel of domestic economy and sweet wisdom that woman! Isn't she!

Curious Attack of Ants.

One morning, during my residence in Trinidad, I observed an uncommon number of chasseur ants crawling about the floor of the room. They did not crawl upon my person, but it was surrounded by them. Shortly after this, the walls of the room became covered by them, and next, they began to take possession of the tables and chairs. I now thought it necessary to take refuge in an adjoining room, separated only by a few ascending steps from the one we occupied; and this was not accomplished without great care and generalship; or had we trodden upon one we should have been summarily punished. There were several ants on the step of the stair, but they were not near so numerous as in the room we had left; but the upper room presented a singular spectacle; not only were the floor and walls covered like the other room, but the roof was covered also.

The open rafters of a West India house, at times afford shelter to a numerous tribe of insects, more particularly the cockroach; but now their destruction was inevitable.—The chasseur ants, as if trained for battle, ascending in regular, thick files to the rafters, and threw down the cockroaches to their comrades on the floor, who, as regularly marched off with the dead bodies of cockroaches, dragging them away by their united efforts with amazing rapidity. Either the cockroaches were stung to death on rafter, or else the fall killed them. The ants never stopped to devour their prey, but conveyed it all to their store house. The window panes of the room were glass, and a battle now ensued between the ants and jack spaniards, on the panes of glass. The jack spaniard may be called the wasp of the West Indies; it is twice as large as a British wasp, and its sting is proportionally more painful. It builds its nest in trees and old houses, and sometimes in the rafters of a room. The jack spaniards were not quite such easy prey, for they used their wings, which not one cockroach had attempted.—Two jack spaniards, holly pursued on the window, alighted on the dress of one of my children. In an almost inconceivable short time, a party of ants crawled upon her neck, surrounded and covered the two jack spaniards, and crawled again to the floor, dragging off their prey, and doing the child no harm. From this room, I went into an adjoining bed-chamber and dressing-room, and found them equally in possession of the chambers. I opened a large military chest of linen, which had been much infested; for I was determined to take every advantage of such a laborer; I found the ants already inside; I suppose that they must have got in at some opening of the hinges. I pulled out the linen or the floor and with them hundreds of cockroaches not one of which escaped.

We now left the house, and went to the chamber, built at a little distance; but these also were in the same state. I next proceeded to open a store room at the other end of the house, for a retreat; but to get the key, I had to return to the under room, where the battle was now more hot than ever; the ants had commenced an attack upon the rats and mice, and strange as it may appear, they were no match for their apparent insignificant foes. They surrounded them as they had the insect tribe, covered them over, and dragged them off, with a celerity and union of strength, that no one who has not watched such a scene, can comprehend. I did not see one mouse or rat escape, and I am sure I saw a score carried off in a very short period. I think it was about ten when I first observed the ants; and about twelve the battle was formidable; soon after one o'clock the great strife commenced with the rats and mice, and about three the house was cleared. In a quarter of an hour more the ants began to decamp, and soon not one was to be seen within doors.—*Sketches of the West Indies.*

TREASON IN PETTICOATS.—An Irish journal gives this incident of the late conspiracy in the south of Ireland: "Last evening the Fetchall police escorted into Clonmel a young lady, and extremely delicate gait, named Ann Walton, and had her committed to jail on a charge having written seditious letters—one, in particular, which, we understand, constitutes the head and front of the offending, written on the 20th inst., and calling on her majesty's forces to 'rebel and mutiny,' as the language of the committal expresses it. Inquiries made at the jail have failed to elicit any information respecting the position and connections of the prisoners. To all appearance, the accused is highly respectable and intelligent. We may mention, *en passant*, that rumors touching her sanity are freely obtained."

CLEAR AS MUD.—An editor had a bottle of London Dock Gin presented to him, and after drinking the nolo of it, he wrote a 'notice' of the article. Here is a specimen of the style:—

"Here's to the ladies and other branches of business [sic] in and around town—and especially the Messieurs' Pressage, Mourning Washment, etc., all of which may be had cheap at the Back—Druck—Brook and Duck store of Bininger's old London Dock Gin, for \$2 a year, if payment is delayed until the end of the Cablanic Able."

A WITTY MAN, who lived in constant fear of balliffs having absconded, one of his acquaintances asked what the reason of his absence to which he replied, "Why sir, I apprehend he was apprehensive of being apprehended, and so left to avoid apprehension!"

Singing Conducive to Health.

It was the opinion of Dr. Rush that singing by young ladies whom the customs of society debar from many kinds of healthy exercise should be cultivated, not only as an accomplishment, but as a means of preserving health. He particularly insists that vocal music should never be neglected in the education of a young lady, and states besides its salutary operation in soothing the cares of domestic life it has a still more direct and important effect. "I here introduce a fact," says Dr. Rush, "which has been subjected to me by my profession—that is, the exercise of the organs of the breast by singing contributes to defend them very much from diseases to which climate and other causes expose them. The Germans are seldom afflicted with consumption, nor have I ever known more than one case of spitting blood among them. This, I believe, is in part occasioned by the strength which their lungs acquire by exercising them frequently in vocal music, which constitutes an essential branch of their education."

"The music master of an academy," says Mr. Gardner, "has furnished me with an observation still more in favor of this opinion. He informs me that he has known several instances of persons strongly disposed to consumption, restored to health by the exercise of the lungs in singing." In the new establishment of infant schools for children of three or four years of age, everything is taught by the aid of song. Their little lessons, their recitations, their arithmetical countings, are all chanted; and as they feel the importance of their own voices when joined to gether, they emulate each other in the power of vociferating. The exercise is found to be very beneficial to their health. Many instances have occurred of weakly children, of two or three years of age, who could scarcely support themselves, having become robust and healthy by this constant exercise of the lungs. These results are perfectly philosophical. Singing tends to expand the chest, and thus increase the activity and powers of the vital organs.

All's Well that Ends Well.

There he comes again—this miserable, dirty, ragged vagabond, Ned Western. He is generally dry and hungry, and cold—cold even in the warmest weather, he always claims to be; and the age-like shiver of his limbs confirms his assertion. But Ned is in luck this morning—absolutely rich—He's got half a loaf of stale bread under his arm, a pair of old shoes, a pair of old shoes, and a long-necked bottle, in the pocket of a tattered old coat. There he is, comfortably fixed up now. Really at home, seated on the curb-stone and his back against the elm tree, Ned deliberately draws forth the long necked bottle, throws his head back, and apply the vent to the hair gilt orifice under his nose, he points the bottle up toward the sun, as though he were an astronomer observing a transit of Mercury. There he goes—off into a morning siesta. He'll be poorer when he awakes, for you observe a wandering pig has breakfasted off his half loaf of bread, and roared his bottle out into the middle of the street for the next passing wheels to crush. He may be feasted in fancy, for in his maddened dream, he is trying to take a bite out of that loose brick.—Fifteen years ago, we saw Edward Western dashing along down this same street, guiding a pair of most magnificent matched grays, and seated beside his young and lovely wife in a splendid carriage. Rum and the sheriff's hammer have scattered his inheritance, his broken hearted wife is in her grave, and Ned Western is there the vagabond and companion of swine, as you see him.

The Home Journal has picked out of an English paper an extraordinary paragraph which some enterprising person in these parts may find suggestive. Mrs. Alfelf was prosecuted by Mrs. Laverson for an assault; and in the course of the proceedings the plaintiff, Laverson, gave an account of her case. She said she was a *ladies' doctor* or *face painter*. For a fee of five guineas she attends a lady going to a party, improves her complexion, hair and teeth, and supplies all deficiencies. This trade, according to the woman's statement, brings her in not less than eight hundred pounds sterling a year, and what it enables her to afford is a fine house, and she dies as he lives, *'sons peer et sans reproach'*. This is the model gentleman.—*Punch.*

THAT BIG NEGRO, who eloped with farmer Judson's daughter from Pontiac, Michigan, a short time ago, made an attempt to visit her last week. With this intention he went to Pontiac, but intelligence having been received of his movements' a large crowd assembled at the depot for the purpose of receiving him in proper style. The rumor is that they intended to hang him. He made himself scarce when he ascertained how matters stood, and has not been in that locality since.

A priest was called upon to pray over the barren fields of his parishioners. He passed from one enclosure to another, and pronounced his benediction, until he came to a most unpromising case. He surveyed its sterile acres in despair. "Ah!" said he, "brethren—no use to pray here—this needs manure!"

A lady beating a tune on a table, asked another, if she knew what she played! "I do," answered she, "you play the *fad!*"

A WAG on seeing a gobbler trying to swallow a cotton string remarked, "that was the last attempt to introduce cotton into Turkey."

A Model Gentleman.

He never broke a bank. He has never been known to dress up as a jockey, or try practical jokes on water men, or empty flour bags on chimney sweeps. He shuns crossbarred trousers, horticultural scarfs, overgrown pins, and can wear a waistcoat without a cable's length of gold chain round it. His linen is not illustrated, but beautifully clean. He never does a "little discounting," nor lends his hand to "flying a kite."

His aversion for the gent is softened by pity. He can look at a lady without the aid of an eyeglass. He allows the performer to talk louder than himself at the theatre, and does not spring on the stage if there is a row at the opera. He abhors a lie as he does a sheriff's officer. He is no prodigal of oaths, and is equally sparing of perfume. He does not borrow his English from the stables, and never puts his lips through a fashionable dandy course of kissing. He is not too proud to walk, or to carry an umbrella if it rains, and never waltzes with spurs after supper, even in uniform. He never bets beyond his means and is not fond of playing high at cards. He never raised a young man—to say nothing worse. He bows scrupulously, even to an inferior.—He never shrinks from I. O. U., nor is he afraid of a bill, nor seized with a sudden shortness of money at a sight of an old friend, whose coat is not so young as it used to be. He never proved his cowardice by fighting a duel—giving satisfaction always in a more gentlemanly way. He pays for his clothes, disdaining to wear his tailor's in consideration; valuable introductions. His honors, too, are his own, and not purchased from his friends by a series of profitable exchanges. He is not madly attached to billiard rooms, nor is he seen at Casinos. He locks up his conquests in his own heart, and his love letters in his desk, rarely disclosing either to his most intimate friends. He does not bully his servants, nor joke with them, nor cut a man because his father was in the trade. He is not obsequious to a lord, nor does he hang to the skirts of the aristocracy, knowing that a man's nobility does not depend entirely upon his title, however old and unstained it may be. He travels to enjoy himself, and does not attempt to crush poor foreigners with gold or pride. He values a thing not by its price, but by its real value, and does not blush to drink beer when he is in thirst. He does not think it essential to his reputation to keep late hours, to pull down sign boards, bait policemen, and besiege toll-keepers during the night. He has no such violent love for door knockers as to induce him to collect them. He is not facetious with waters, or given to knocking down cabmen by way of settling a fare. He is not afraid of laughing if he is amused, even in public, or if handing down an old lady with a turban to dinner, or dancing with his wife. He likes quiet, but does not hate children, and thinks a seat in the house of commons not worth the bribery and the continual riot. He was never the hero of any wager, riding, running, racing, rowing, eating, or swimming, and does not show a single prize fighter. He is fond of amusements, but does not install himself at the Opera every night, because it is fashionable. He follows the races, but goes down without a dog cart or a key-Bugle.—He is unobtrusive in his dress, and very retired in his jewelry; and has an antipathy for a white hat with a black band, and all violent contradictions either in dress or conversation. He is generous, but does not give grand dinners and expensive suppers to persons he does not know. He lends money; and, if he borrows any he has a strange practice of returning it. He rarely "speaks his mind," and is very timid of rushing into a quarrel—of husband and wife especially. He is a favorite with the ladies, but does not put too much starch into his politeness, or too much sugar in his compliments. In matters of scandal he is dumb, if not exactly deaf; as to rumor, he only believes one half, (the kinder half, too) of what he hears. His golden rule is never to hurt the feelings of any one, or to injure a living creature by word or deed. All his actions, and his sentiments are snappy to that noble end; and he dies as he lives, *'sons peer et sans reproach'*. This is the model gentleman.—*Punch.*

THE ELOIEMENT.

They locked me up in an upper room,
And took away the key,
Because I wouldn't marry one
That never suited me.
They did not know the female,
Or they had clearly seen
That locks were never made to keep
A girl of seventeen.

They had a gilded cage in view,
And thought the bird secure,
Surrounded by the guard of power,
And every awful lure.
They never thought of counter plots
In any one like me,
And little knew what I could dare
For love and liberty.

They wanted me to "marry rich,"
Unmindful of the means—
To couple me with wealth and age
While I was in my "teens."
Not being otherwise "engaged,"
No coaxing could prevail,
For I preferred to please myself
And wouldn't be "for sale."

The night was dark, the window raised—
How could I answer so?
When that might be the only chance,
And Charley teased me so.
A railroad station being near,
A carriage waiting by—
And such an opportunity—
What could I do but fly.

Not being fond of solitude,
It had for me no charms,
While I could knot a silken cord
To reach a lover's arms.
"Resolved therefore," I would not stay
To be imposed upon,
So, while they thought they had me,
I was "going—going—gone."

DIPLOMATIC CONSEQUENCES OF A SNOW-BALL.—A letter from Smyrna, addressed to the *Presse d'Orient*, contains the following account of a quasi-diplomatic dispute between the consuls of Austria and Russia *à propos* of a snow-ball:—

"Children, we know, are accustomed to amuse themselves with snow-balling, and one of these missives has been the cause of an unfortunate event which is to-day the subject of general conversation. A youth, attached as a domestic to the service of M. Jean Filippuzzi, director of the Austrian post, was amusing himself with other children in throwing snow-balls, when one of these innocent projectiles struck the cheek of a child of M. Ivanoff, Consul-General of Russia, who was on the field of battle. After cries and tears from the child, Madame Ivanoff made a complaint to Madame Filippuzzi who, in her husband's absence, expressed the sincerest regrets for what had happened. But some seconds afterwards an officer from the Russian consulate, obeying the orders of Madame Ivanoff, entered M. Filippuzzi's house, and in spite of the most energetic protests, seized the servant boy, and brought him to Madame Ivanoff, who chastised him, made him a prisoner at the consulate, and then transferred him to the government prison. On hearing these facts M. Filippuzzi addressed to his consul, the consul of Austria, a demand for the release of the child, and satisfaction for the violation of his domicile. The Russian consul refused this satisfaction, and the relations between the two consulates were broken off in the most peremptory manner. The affair had been submitted to the respective ambassadors at Constantinople. Meanwhile Mr. Blunt, the British consul, has caused the culprit of twelve years, who happens to be an Ionian subject, to be set at liberty. Such are the consequences of a snow ball!"

A VERY singular and painful shooting case transpired last Monday morning, in New York, a man having shot his own servant girl through mistaking her for a burglar. It appears that Mr. Barnard, a pawnbroker in Third avenue, heard at five o'clock a noise, which he interpreted as proceeding from burglars, but which was caused by the servant girl raking out the grate preparatory to making a fire, in the room underneath where he slept, and which contained the safe in which were deposited gold watches, jewelry, and other valuable property left in pledge. Securing a revolver he raised up a window, and seeing, as he supposed, a burglar in the neck of his servant girl, who had protruded her head out of the window to fasten the blinds back. Her injuries are believed to be mortal, although she was alive last Monday evening.

A WAG was one day speaking of two of his acquaintances who had gone, West, where the new comers were usually attacked the first season with the ague, and said he—

"Neither of these two men will be afflicted."

"Why not?" inquired a bystander.

"Because," was the reply, "one of them is lazy to shake, and the other won't shake unless he gets payed for it."

An absent minded editor, having courted a girl and applied to her father, the old man said:—"Well, you want my daughter.—What sort of a settlement will you make?"—What will you give her? "Give her?" replied the editor, looking up vacantly. "Oh, I will give her a *Perr.*" "Take her," replied the old man.

As Irishman and a negro were fighting, and while grasping with each other the Irishman exclaimed, "You black devil, cry enough. I'll fight till I die." "So I does!" sung out the ducky. "I always does."

Why is a young lady just returned from boarding school, like a building committee? Because she is ready to receive proposals.

A Story by Lamartine.

In the tribe of Neggdah, there was a horse whose fame was spread far and near and a Bedouin of another tribe, by name Daher, desired extremely to possess it.—Having offered in vain for it its camel and his whole wealth, he hit at length upon the following device, by which he hoped to gain the object of his desire. He resolved to stain his face with the juice of an herb; to clothe himself in rags; to tie his legs and neck together, so as to appear like a lame beggar. Thus equipped, he went to wait for Naber, the owner of the horse, who he knew was to pass that way. When he saw Naber approaching on his beautiful steed, he cried out in a weak voice, "I am poor, stranger; for three days I have been unable to move from this spot to seek for food. I am dying; help me, and Heaven will reward you." The Bedouin kindly offered to take him up on his horse and carry him home; but the rogue replied: "I cannot rise; I have no longer any strength left."—Naber, touched with pity, dismounted, led his horse to the spot, and, with great difficulty, set the seeming beggar on his back. But no sooner did Daher feel himself in the saddle, than he set spurs to the horse and galloped off, calling out as he did so "It is I, Daher; I have got the horse, and I am off with it." Naber called after him to stop and listen. Certain of not being pursued he turned and halted at a short distance from Naber, who was armed with a spear. "You have taken my horse," said the latter. "Since heaven has willed it, I wish you joy of it; but I conjure you never to tell any one how you obtained it." "And why not?" said Daher. "Because," said the noble Arab, "another man might be really ill, and men would fear to help him. You would be the cause of many refusing to perform an act of charity, for fear of being duped as I have been." Struck with shame at these words, Daher was silent for a moment; then springing from the horse, returned to its owner, embraced him and invited him to his tent, where they spent a few days together, and became fast friends for life.

FROM UTAH—BRIGHAM YOUNG CONTEMPTUOUS.—The San Francisco Bulletin has Utah dates to the September 29.

Says the Bulletin correspondent:—

"Three unsuccessful attempts were recently made by Marshal Dotson and his deputies to serve a subpoena upon Brigham Young, requiring his attendance before the court as a witness. The first time the Marshal went to the house, he was told that Brigham was not at home; but the second and third times, the gates in the high stone wall which surrounds Brigham's house were shut in his face, and he was positively denied admittance, although he stated his business and demanded admittance in the name of the United States. It will now be necessary for the court to issue an attachment requiring the marshal to take Brigham's body, and compel his attendance before the court; and if he still refuses to allow the Marshal to approach him, it will become necessary to call upon the army for assistance."

FEMALE BLANDISHMENTS.—An act was introduced in the English Parliament, in 1670, that "all women of whatever age, rank, profession, or degree, whether virgins, maids or widows, that shall, from and after such act, impose upon, seduce and betray into matrimony, any of his majesty's male subjects, by scents, paints, cosmetic washes, artificial teeth, false hair, Spanish wool, iron stays, hoops, high-heeled shoes, bolstered hips, shall incur the penalty of the laws now in force against witchcraft, sorcery, and like misdemeanors, and that the marriages, upon conviction, stands null and void."

WORDS, WORDS! says Hamlet, disparagingly. But God preserve us from the destructive power of words! There are words which can separate hearts sooner than sharp words—there are words whose stings can remain in the heart thro' a whole life. Therefore, think always before you speak, and speak in love, or be silent.

CHILDREN.—The real object of education is to give children resources that will endure as long as life endures; habits that time will ameliorate, not destroy; occupations that will render sickness tolerable, solitude pleasant, age venerable, life more dignified and useful, and death less terrible.—*Rev. Sydney Smith.*

In Cincinnati, the other day, a Wisconsin cranberry dealer, who wished to get a check cashed, but had no one to vouch for his identity, exhibited his name inscribed upon that classic garment, his shirt, whereupon the banker was satisfied and paid over the money, and Wisconsin went on his way rejoicing.

The New Orleans Delta declares that, while New York is in a fair way to go to the dogs, New Orleans is on the high road to prosperity. New York, if brought to the hammer at the present time, in the opinion of the editor, would not pay the mortgages that cling to her, while New Orleans is entirely free of debt.

It is the opinion of a western editor that wood goes further when left out of doors than when well housed. He says some of his went half a mile.

What is the difference between a young girl and an old hat? Merely a difference of time—one has feeling and the other has felt.