

# THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

W. H. JACOBY, Proprietor.

Truth and Right—God and Country.

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## STAR OF THE NORTH.

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### Original Poetry.

For the Star of the North.

Three sisters were sitting beneath a green oak,  
And happy as happy could be,  
While Mary the eldest, with flowers so gay,  
Was twining a wreath for the three.  
"Now Annie, dear sister, that bud in your hand  
I will take, and my task will be done."  
No, no, exclaimed Annie, you must not have that,  
For then, alas! I shall have none.  
But when Mary had twined it along with the rest,  
And the lovely wreath held up to view,  
See how sweetly it looks with the roses, my girl,  
While it still belongs, Annie, to you.  
Then the tears that were streaming down  
The fair cheek,  
Were dried by the innocent child.  
"Oh! I never will be quite so selfish again,"  
And she kissed her kind sister and smiled.  
Years passed, and Annie a woman had grown,  
A sweet baby reposed on her breast,  
With pleasure she thought of the years that  
Had flown,  
She was happy, her love had been blest.  
Death came, and her treasure was hid from  
Her sight,  
(The Saviour had need of the child.)  
Though the heart of the mother was heavy  
and sad,  
She arose from her sorrow, and smiled.  
"Tis a treasure I've laid up in Heaven,"  
she said,  
"And God, in his infinite love,  
Will help us our sorrows with patience to bear,  
And at last reunite us above."  
LILLIAN.  
Buckhorn, Feb. 1859.

### The Sea at Great Depths.

Popular ideas with regard to sinking of bodies in the sea, have heretofore been vague; for the reason, perhaps, that the laws which govern this descent, and which are derived from well known laws of fluids, have never been fully defined in their application to the depths of the ocean. Some imagine that ships which founder at sea sink to a certain depth, and there float about until broken to pieces, or thrown upon some bank near the sea; and, in deed, a certain writer in England has published a book sustaining this absurd notion. Others, again, believe that the buoyant force of the water at great depths is enormous, and due to the whole pressure of the column of water above, and that all bodies which are lighter than water at the surface, will, if sunk to the bottom and detached from the sinker, shoot upward with a great velocity; or in other words, that the density of the water increases directly with the depth. These views are erroneous. It is true that pressure increases with the depth, to the amount of fifteen pounds upon every square inch for every thirty-four feet in depth; but the density is not thereby sensibly increased, owing to the incompressibility of the water; so that neither the buoyant force, nor the resistance to the motion of any body, are sensibly increased from the surface to the bottom. At the depth of three hundred fathoms, for instance, the pressure upon a square inch is nearly eight thousand pounds, but the column of eighteen thousand feet of water is only shortened about sixty feet; the density is thus not slightly increased; but the effect of this enormous pressure upon compressible bodies, as air, wood, &c., is to condense them into a smaller bulk, by which they may be rendered heavier than water, and will sink of their own weight. A piece of wood cannot float at the bottom of the sea, but a very slight extraneous force will bring it to the surface.—*Silliman's Journal.*

**STATE'S EVIDENCE.**—A story is told of George White, a notorious thief in Worcester county, Mass. He was once arraigned for horse stealing. It was supposed he was connected with an extensive gang, which was laying contributions upon all the stables round about. Many indictments were held out to White to reveal his associates, but he maintained a dogged silence. An assurance from the Court was at last obtained that he should be discharged, upon which he made oath to reveal all he knew of his accomplices. The Jury was accordingly suffered to bring in a verdict of "not guilty," when he promised revelations. "I shall be faithful to my word," said he; "understand then, that the Devil is the only accomplice I ever had. We have been a great while in partnership—you have acquitted me, and you may hang him if you can catch him."

An editor announces, in the following terms, that he had suspended specie payments:—"If any man wants to see stars, and appreciate one of the uses of which brickbats may be perverted, let him approach our vicinity with an account."  
P. S.—We keep a pile of bricks in our sanctum, and carry one in our hat."

### A Beautiful Sketch.

We select the following beautiful picture from a recently published address of Richard V. Cook, Esq., of Columbia, Texas, on the Education and Influence of women.—We seldom stumble upon so well expressed an idea of woman's true mission:—"I fancy a young man just emerging from the bright elysium of youth, and commencing the journey of life. Honest, noble, and gifted, the broad world to his warm hopes is the future scene of affluence, fame and happiness. Under his active energies, business prospers, and as a consequence, friends come about him. Ere long he meets a sensible and simple girl, who wins his heart, and who loves and trusts him in return. He doesn't stop to ask what the world will say about the match in case he marries her. Not he. The world is kicked out of doors, and the man determines to be the architect of his own happiness. He doesn't stop to enquire whether the girl's father is rich in lands and slaves and coin, but he marries her for that most honest and philosophic of all reasons—because he loves her! He builds his home in some quiet spot where green trees wave their summer glories, and where bright sunbeams fall. Here is the Mecca of his heart, towards which he turns with more than Eastern adoration. Here is a green island in the sea of life, where rude winds never assail, and storms never come! Here, from the troubles and cares of existence, he finds solace in the society of her who is gentle without weakness, and sensible without vanity.

Friends may betray him, and foes may oppress, but when towards home his weary footsteps turn, and there beams upon him golden smiles of welcome, the clouds lift from his soul—the bruised heart is restored, and the strong man made whole. I see a man fall in adversity. Creditors seize his property, poverty stares him in the face and he is avoided on all hands as a ruined bankrupt. When he sees all go—friends, credit and property—grief-stricken, and penniless, he seeks his humble home. Now does his wife desert him too? Nay, verily. When the world abandons and persecutes the man, she draws closer to his side, and her affection is all the warmer because the evil days have come upon him. The moral excellences of her soul rise superior to the disasters of fortune. And when she sees the man sit mournful and disconsolate, Themistocles by the Household of God's Admiration, here is the task to comfort and console. She reminds him that misfortune has often overtaken the wisest and the best; that all is never lost while health and hope survive; that she is still near to love, to help and encourage him. The man listens, his courage rallies, and the shadows flee from his heart; armed once more, he enters the arena of life. Industry and energy restore him to competency; and fortune smiles upon him, friends return and—

"Joy mounts exulting on triumphant wings." Again the scene shifts. I see the man stretched weak and wasted on a bed of sickness. The anxious wife anticipates every want and necessity. Sotly her foot falls upon the carpet, and gently her hand presses the fevered brow of the sufferer.—Though the pale face gives token of her own weariness and suffering, yet through the long watches of each returning night her vigils are kept beside the loved one's couch. At last disease beleaguers the fortress of life; and the physician solemnly warns his patient that death is approaching. He feels it too; and the last words of love and trust are addressed to her who is weeping beside his dying bed. And, in truth the last hour hath come. I imagine it is a fit time to depart; for the golden sun himself has died upon the evening's fair horizon, and rosy clouds bear him to his grave behind the western hills. Around the couch of the dying man, weeping friends and kinsmen stand; while the minister slowly reads the holy words of promise:—"I am the Resurrection and the Life; he that believeth in me, shall never die." Slowly the clock marks the passing moments, and silently the sick man's breath is ebbing away. Slowly the cold waters are rolling through the gateways of life. And now, as the death damp is on the victim's brow, and the heart throbs its last pulsations, the glazed eye opens and turns in one full, farewell glance of affection upon the trembling weeper who bends over him; and ere the spirit departs forever, the angels hear the pale wife whisper—"I'll meet thee—I'll meet thee in Heaven!"

**TRYING TO FIND THE JURY.**—Northampton County Jurors are not generally composed of the most intelligent citizens. We have oftentimes been provoked to smile at their proceedings, and have once or twice within a few years past felt like blushing at their stupidity. The last humorous incident we have heard, is related of a jurymen summoned to attend the present term. He appeared and answered to his name on the first day of court, but was subsequently missing, whenever a jury was selected for the trial of a cause. When the officer came to settle with the jurymen, the "absentee" made his appearance among the rest. It was thought by the officer that, as he had not performed any duty, by reason of his absence, he was not entitled to any pay; but his objections to paying him were dismissed by the plea of the delinquent jurymen, but he had "been in town all week, and was hunting for the jury but couldn't find 'em."—*Catawuga Herald.*

**WISDOM IS BETTER WITHOUT AN INHERITANCE,** than inheritance without wisdom.

### Poverty Essential to Success.

If there is anything in the world which a young man ought to be more grateful for than another, it is the poverty which launches us in life under very great disadvantages. Poverty is one of the best tests of human quality. A triumph over it is like graduating with honors at Oxford or Cambridge.—It demonstrates mental stamina. It is a certificate of worthy labor faithfully performed. A young man who cannot stand this test is not good for anything. He can never rise to affluence or station. A young man who cannot feel his determination strengthened as the yoke of poverty presses upon him, and his energy rise with every difficulty which poverty throws in his way, had better enter the lists with the champions of self reliance.

Poverty makes more than it ruins. It roins only those who are desitute of sterling energy of character; while it makes the fortunes of multitudes whom wealth would have ruined.

Now, if any young man with a good fortune, and in the possession of that which is commonly called an excellent opening in life, reads this paper, let him be warned in time. His advantages may be anything but what they seem; they may turn out to be the bane of his life; the full pocket on the long run may be beaten by the empty purse, for money will never make a man, and never did in the whole course of the world's history.

Now, young man, if you are poor, thank Heaven and take courage. You have the prospect of making your own way in the world. If you had plenty of money, ten chances to one it would spoil you for all useful purposes. Do you lack education? Have you enjoyed but little schooling? Remember that education does not consist in the multitude of things which a man possesses. What can you do—that is the question which settles the matter for you. Do you know your business? Do you know men, and how to deal with them? Has your mind by any means whatever, received that discipline which gives to its action power and facility? If so, then you are more of a man, and ten times better educated than the youth who has graduated at college, but who knows nothing of the practical business of life. And as to wealth there are few men in the world less than thirty years of age, and unmarried who can afford to be rich. One of the greatest benefits to be reaped from great financial disasters is the saving of a large crop of young men. They are taught that they must help themselves—they get energy of character, and personal enterprise, and industry, in place of a foolish dependence on the wealth which their fathers or grandfathers have accumulated before them; they are made to work, and work gives to their character that nobility and manhood which are not to be obtained without it.

In regard to the choice of a profession, every young man must consult his own inclination. If you adopt a trade or profession, do not be persuaded to resign it, unless you are perfectly satisfied that you are not adapted to it. Advice of all sorts you are certain to receive; but if you follow it, and it leads you into a profession that starves you, those who gave you the advice never feel bound to give you any money.—You have to take care of yourself in this world, and you had best choose your own way of doing it; always remember that it is not your trade or profession which makes you respectable, but that respectability depends on the manner in which you discharge the duties devolving upon you.

Manhood, and profession or handicraft, are entirely different things. God makes men, and men make lawyers, doctors, carpenters, brick-layers, all the trades or occupations of life. The offices of men may be more or less important, and of higher or lower quality, but manhood is nobler than any, and distinct from all. A profession or trade is not the end of life; it is an instrument taken into our hands by which to gain a livelihood. Thoroughly acquired and assiduously followed, a trade is still to be held at arms' length. It should not occupy the whole of his attention. So far from it, it should be regarded only as a means for the development of manhood.—The first object of living is to obtain true manhood, the cultivation of every power of the soul, and every high spiritual quality. Trade is beneath the man; and should be kept there. With this idea in your mind, look around you and see how almost everybody has missed the true aim of life. They have not striven to be men, but to be lawyers, doctors, tradesmen or mechanics; they have missed the chief end of life, and though they may become influential in their profession, they have failed to make the right use of their existence.

Elihu Burritt cultivated the manhood that was in him until his trade and his blacksmith's shop ceased to be useful to him, and he could get a living in a more congenial way. It is not necessary that you should be a learned blacksmith, but it is necessary that you should be superior to your occupation, and that to attain manhood be the great end of your struggle with the world.

**FAILURE.**—The attempt to deepen the channel of the Mississippi at the mouth by closing some of the outlets, at an expense of hundreds of thousands of dollars, is a failure. The bar was never worse than now. A considerable fleet of vessels lie at that point, unable to get in or out of the river, and many of them hard aground.

### Facts About the Body.

There are about 200 bones in the human body, exclusive of the teeth. These bones are composed of animal and earthly materials, the former predominating in youth and the latter in old age, rendering the bones brittle. The most important of these bones is the spine, which is composed of 24 small bones, called the vertebrae, one on top of the other, curiously hooked together and fastened by elastic ligaments, forming a pillar by which the human body is supported.

The bones are moved by the muscles of which there are more than 500. The red meat or beef, the fat being excluded, is the muscular fabric of the ox. There are two sets of muscles, one to draw the bones one way, and another to draw them back again. We cannot better describe the muscles than by comparing them to fine elastic thread bound up in their cases of skin. Many muscles terminate in tendons, which are stout cords, such as may be seen traversing the back of the hand, just without the skin, and which can be observed to move when the hand is opened or shut. Every motion we make even the involuntary one of breathing, is performed through the agency of muscles.

In adults there are about fifteen quarts of blood each weighing about two pounds.—This blood is of two kinds, arterial and venous. The first is the pure blood, as it leaves the heart to nourish the frame, and is of a bright vermilion color. The last is the blood as it runs to the heart loaded with the impurities of the body, to be refined, and is of a purple hue. Every pulsation of the heart sends out two ounces of arterial blood and as there are from 70 to 80 beats in a minute, a hog-head of blood passes through the heart every hour. In fever the pulsations are accelerated and consequently death ensues if the fever is not checked.

The stomach is a boiler, if we may use such a figure, which drives the human engine. Two sets of muscles, crossing each other, turn the foot-rod over and over, churning it up in the gastric juice till it has been reduced to the consistency of thin paste.—This process requires from two to four hours. Emerging from the stomach the food enters the small intestines, where it is mixed with the bile and pancreatic juice, and converted into chyle. These small intestines are twenty-four feet long, and closely packed of length and surrounded through their whole course with small tubes which are like sockets, and drawing off the chyle, empty into a large tube named the thoracic duct, which runs up the back and discharges the contents into the jugular vein, whence it passes to the heart to assist in forming the arterial blood.

The lungs are two bags connected with the open air by the windpipe, which branches into innumerable small tubes, all over the inside of the lungs, each terminating in a minute air cell. The outer surface of these air cells is full of small capillaries, infinitely small veins a thin membrane only dividing the air from the blood. The impure portion of venous blood is carbonic acid, which, having a stronger affinity for air than for blood, passes through this membrane to a gaseous state, combines with the air in the air cells, and is expelled with the next respiration. Meantime the oxygen of the air unites with the blood and becomes purified; then passing into the heart being mixed with chyle, it is forced through the body as life-giving and arterial blood.

The skin serves an important purpose in carrying off impurities of the system. It is traversed by capillaries which contain more blood in the aggregate than all the other capillaries of the body. It is also perforated with countless perspiration tubes, the united length of which amounts to 28 miles, and which draws away from three to four pounds of waste matter every twenty-four hours or five-eighths of all the body discharges.

The nerves are another curious feature of the animal economy. They are however but little understood. They act as feelers to tell the wants of the body, and also as conductors to will the muscles to act. They branch out from the brain and spine over the whole frame in infinitely fine fibres like branches or twigs to trees.

**WHETTING A RAZOR.**—A young boy who had just begun to shave for a beard stepped into a barber shop, and after a grand swagger, desired to be shaved. The barber went through the usual movements and the sprig jumped up with a flourish, exclaiming:—"My join fellow, what is your charge?" "Oh, no charge," replied the barber. "No charge! How's that?" "Why, I'm always thankful that I can get a soft piece of calf skin to sharpen my razor on."

**WIVES AND TROUBLE.**—An eastern editor says that a man in New York got himself into trouble by marrying two wives. A western editor replies by assuring his cotemporary that a good many men in that section have done the same by marrying one.

A northern editor retorts that quite a number of his acquaintances found trouble by barely promising to marry, without going any further. A southern editor says that he was bothered by simply being found in company with another man's wife.

"What queer things men make for money," as the old woman said when she saw a monkey.

### From the American Republican.

THE FARMER.

BY I. PRICE.

He sits beside his lighted hearth  
As only they, the honest can,  
The noble farmer, in his ease,  
A happy and contented man.

The bright fire makes a cheerful blaze;  
And long he sits in solemn joy;  
Perhaps he thinks upon the past,  
And dreams of when he was a boy.

Or chance he prays in silent words,  
And humbly thanks his God for bread,  
Or mourns the woful fate of him  
Who hath not where to lay his head.

He is not selfish, weak and mean,  
But gives as nature freely gives;  
There is a living, well he knows,  
And some to spare, for all that lives.

Though not a learned, classic man—  
He was denied this recompense—  
Yet in his heart, truth welling throbs;  
His mind is stored with common sense.

Schools taught him little, Nature much—  
Ah, happy they, who heed the rod  
When it is lifted for our good,  
And dealt, sagaciously, by God.

He early learned the pomp and pride—  
The vanity, which men display—  
And, with the consciousness of truth,  
He turned his face another way.

Thus he escaped the snares of death,  
The snares too late that many see;  
The dying words of dying men  
Proclaim the mandate: Learn to be!

With willing heart and willing hand,  
He labored hard and labored long;  
He prospered, as the honest must.  
Who heed the right and scorn the wrong.

And, whilst the winter, keen and cold,  
Sits darkly brooding on the earth,  
With smiling wife and children round,  
He may enjoy his peace and health.

In fancy he may hear the birds,  
Above the rattle of the storm,  
That sang and whistled in the fields  
When summer ushered in the morn.

The pleasant songs of harvest, sung  
By stalwart, brave, and honest men,  
With ringing scythe and sickle bright,  
May glad his spirit once again.

He hears them all, the joyous tunes;  
He sees again the loaded wain,  
That bore the last sheaves to the barn,  
And just escaped the welcome rain.

What hallooed thoughts his bosom swell,  
As visions, such as these appear;  
Thoughts breathing thanks to him who rules  
The seasons of the varied year.

Look on him, thou ambitious man,  
With health and plenty happily crowned;  
Vain aspirations lead to vice!  
In duty, only, peace is found.

Look on him; mark the contrast well:  
Thy blasted health and shattered frame,  
The phantom thou has vainly sought,  
In melancholy words, explain.

Oh, would the fickle world but turn  
From pomp, and show and pride: in-sooth,  
It might be then that fallen man  
Would learn religion's simple truth.

And such as this meek farmer man,  
Might fill all stations, high and low;  
And Earth's green bosom know no more  
The sad and sickening cries of woe.

### PRESERVE IT.

Few readers can be aware, until they have had occasion to test the fact, how much labor or research is often saved by such a table as the following:

- 1607—Virginia settled by the English.
- 1614—New York settled by the Dutch.
- 1616—New Hampshire settled by Puritans.
- 1620—Massachusetts settled by Puritans.
- 1624—New Jersey settled by the Dutch.
- 1627—Delaware settled by the Swedes and Fins.
- 1635—Maryland settled by the Irish Catholics.
- 1636—Connecticut settled by the Puritans.
- 1636—Rhode Island settled by Roger Williams.
- 1650—North Carolina settled by the English.
- 1670—South Carolina settled by the Huguenots.
- 1682—Pennsylvania settled by William Penn.
- 1732—Georgia settled by Gen. Oglethorpe.
- 1791—Vermont admitted into the Union.
- 1792—Kentucky admitted into the Union.
- 1796—Tennessee admitted into the Union.
- 1802—Ohio admitted into the Union.
- 1811—Louisiana admitted into the Union.
- 1816—Indiana admitted into the Union.
- 1817—Mississippi admitted into the Union.
- 1818—Illinois admitted into the Union.
- 1819—Alabama admitted into the Union.
- 1820—Maine admitted into the Union.
- 1821—Missouri admitted into the Union.
- 1826—Michigan admitted into the Union.
- 1836—Arkansas admitted into the Union.
- 1845—Florida admitted into the Union.
- 1845—Texas admitted into the Union.
- 1846—Iowa admitted into the Union.
- 1848—Wisconsin admitted into the Union.
- 1850—California admitted into the Union.
- 1858—Minnesota admitted into the Union.
- 1859—Oregon admitted into the Union.

**WHAT profession does your brother follow low, Julius?**  
"Why, Sam, he am larin' to be a wocallist in New York."  
"What is he studyin', Julius?"  
"In 'er' cad'my at Sing Sing!"

**Mrs. Jenkins** complained in the evening that the turkey she had eaten at Thanksgiving, did not set well! Probably, said Jenkins, "it was not a hen turkey?" He got a glass of water in his face.

"That motion is out of order," as the chairman of a political meeting said when he saw a ruffian raising his arm to throw a rotten egg.

### A Murder Revealed by a Dream.

A miraculous discovery of a horrible murder is related by a Belgian journal of a recent date, of which we make a summary: Two brothers, Jews, set out from Gyeck with a view of placing their two daughters at a boarding school in the town of Grosswardin. During the night of their absence the youngest daughter, aged ten, who was left at home, woke up her mother suddenly during the night and crying bitterly declared that she saw her father and uncle and all being murdered. The mother, for some time took no notice of the child's declaration but as she persisted and would not be pacified, she began to be alarmed herself, the next morning took the child before the Mayor, and the town to whom she declared her dream, stating at the same time that the murderers were two men living in the neighborhood. Whom she deliberately pointed out and further added that the murder was committed at the entrance of the forest on the road to Grosswardin.

The Mayor after receiving this revelation thought it prudent to make inquiry after the two neighbors indicated by the child, when singularly enough they were discovered to be absent from home. This suspicious circumstance induced the Mayor to dispatch some officers to the forest alluded to by the child, who discovered the horrible spectacle of five bodies extended on the ground, which were those of the two brothers, the two daughters and the driver of the vehicle in which they all took their departure. The corpses appeared to have all been set on fire, so as to destroy their identity and the vehicle was nowhere discovered. This horrible tragedy led the officers to examine the whole neighborhood when they fortunately pounced upon the two neighbors at a fair not far distant as they were in the very act of changing some notes on which some spots of blood were visible. On being seized they immediately confessed their crime, and on the child's dream being revealed to them acknowledged the finger of Providence displayed in their capture.—This wonderful dream on the part of the child and its fulfillment excited an immense sensation in the neighborhood.

**FRIGHTFUL MURDER.**—The Newcastle (Ind.) Courier says that a private letter to a gentleman of that place from Jasper county, Iowa, relates a horrible murder perpetrated by a man named Harvey Copeland, recently, on his wife. After killing her, it is said, he cut her head off, ripped up her body, and cut off her legs! The head he threw on a neighbor's straw stack, and concealed the body in the stable. He then put on some of his clothing, went to the stable and hung himself with a rope from the rafters. He and his victim were both buried the next day. Copeland was an Indian, from Henry or Wayne county, and his wife has a number of respectable relatives in Henry county.

**RAILROAD MATRIMONIAL SALUTE.**—A popular railroad man got married a few days ago, and in passing a prominent point on the road, on his wedding tour, his employes determined on giving him and his fair bride a salute. Ten or twelve locomotives were brought up, standing on switch at the depot, and as the train bearing the happy pair passed by, the whistle on each locomotive was made to give a simultaneous blast, the like of which was never heard in that vicinity before.

**SOME FUN** loving fellows in Newcastle, Pa., recently started a society there which purported to be a lodge of the Sons of Malta. One of the initiated, however, exposed the whole concern. He states that after being initiated, he signed what was represented as the Constitution of the Order, but which turned out to be nothing more nor less than an order for a keg of beer, upon one of the town brewers. The club had been indulging in lager, at the expense of the new members for several weeks, but since the "blow" they have fallen through.

**A RUNAWAY** couple from Cleveland Ohio, have been overhauled in Cincinnati. The man is a married personage, answering to the name of Robert Holley, Sexton of a Cleveland Church, and the father of a large family of children. The partner in his elopement is one Rebecca Rugner, formerly a domestic in a Cleveland boarding house. The deserted wife, Mrs. Holley, consented to receive her runaway husband back, while the damsel was taken into custody by her father.

**THE NEW BEDFORD (Mass.) Mercury** says that a gentleman in a neighboring town, who was struck with apoplexy a few days since, was to have been buried on Friday last. The appearance of the corpse was, however, so lifelike and natural, that the funeral services were deferred, warmth still remaining in the body.

**THE SPRINGFIELD CORRESPONDENT** of a Chicago paper says that the honors of a seat in the Illinois Legislature have grown to be exceedingly irksome to a majority of the members. They are now working for a dollar a day, and boarding themselves at \$14 a week. A few are sick, physically, and all are hopeless.

**CHILDHOOD** is like a mirror, catching and reflecting images around it. Remember that an impious or profane thought uttered by a parent may operate on the young heart like a careless spray of water thrown upon polished steel, staining with rust that no after scouring can efface.

### Valuable of a Belle in Specie.

"Arond her snowy brow were set two thousand dollars; such would have been the answer of any jeweler to the question: 'What are those diamonds worth?' With the gentle undulation of her bosom there rose and fell exactly one hundred and fifty dollars. The sum bore the guise of a brooch of gold and enamel. Her fairy form was by a slip of lilac satin, and this was overlaid by three hundred dollars more in two skirts of white lace. Tastefully down each side of the latter were five dollars, which so many bows of purple ribbon had come to. The lower margin of the three hundred dollars skirts were edged with eleven additional half eagles—the value of some eight yards of silver fringe, a quarter of a yard in depth. Her taper waist taking zoids and clasp together, is calculated to be confined by at least one hundred and fifty dollars. Her delicately moulded arms, the gloves of spotless kid being added to the gold bracelet which encircles the little wrist, may be said to have been adorned with one hundred and ten dollars and seventy-five cents, and putting the silk and satin at the lowest figures, I should say she wore three dollars and fifty cents on her feet. Thus, altogether, was this thing of light, this creature of loveliness, arrayed from top to toe, exclusive of little sundries, in two thousand eight hundred and twenty-five dollars and twenty-five cents."

**SUN AFFECTION.**—There is nothing more beautiful in the young than simplicity of character. It is honest frank and attractive. How different is affection. They use at the same time originality. The affected are never natural. And have crushed it out, buried it from sight, utterly. Be yourself, then, young friend! To attempt to be any body else is worse than folly. It is an impossibility to attain it. It is contemptible to try! But suppose you could succeed in imitating the greatest man ever figured in history, would that make you any greater? By no means. You would always suffer in comparison with the imitated one, and be thought only as the shadow of a substance—the echo of a real sound—the counterfeit of a pure coin! Dr. Johnson aptly compared the heartless imitator—farsch is he who affects the character of another—to the Emperess of Russia, when she did the freakish thing of erecting a palace of ice. It was splendid and conspicuous while it lasted.—But the sun soon melted it, and caused its attractions to dissolve into common water, while the humblest stone cottages of her subjects stood firm and unmarred! Let the fabric of your character, though never so humble, be at least real. Avoid affecting the character of another, however great.—Be yourself and not somebody else. Shun affectation.

**A YOUNG DEMOSTHENES.**—Russell & Major's ox-train, on the Utah trail, has a young Demosthenes among its teamsters, High Hawkins. Scarcely twenty, six feet high in his stockings, and a giant in strength, he addressed a political gathering at Minneapolis last summer, in "a stream of impetuous and vigorous eloquence," say the Gazette, "such as we have seldom listened to. He produced an impression which will not soon be forgotten by those who heard him. The day following he was seen and heard cracking his whip in our streets, getting his oxen ready for a trip across the plains to Utah." He has driven a team of oxen twice to California and back, and once to Utah and back.

**A LODGER** in one of our hotels was complaining bitterly to the Irish porter of his want of sleep. "Sure," said Pat, with a merry twinkle in his eyes, "your not the worst off far. There are some of our oldest lodgers who have never closed their eyes at night, since they tuk up their quarters here!" "Indeed!" exclaimed the stranger in surprise. "I was not aware of the fact. Pray, who are they?" "The bed bugs" was the reply.

**REV WILLIAM TILBURY**, minister of a congregation at Marion, Iowa, has been suspended from the ministerial office for gross misconduct, such as a theft of a five dollar bill from one of his parishioners; buying lumber and refusing to pay for it; selling two or three dollars' worth of stockings and mittens, the manufacture of a poor widow woman, and defrauding her out of the money, &c.

**A LAWYER** once jocosely asked a boarding house keeper the following question:—"Mr. —, if a man gives you \$500 to keep for him, and he dies, what do you do? Do you pray for him?" "No, sir," he replied, "I pray for another like him."

**LIKE** is what we make it. Let us call back images of joy and gladness, rather than those of grief and care. The latter may some time be our guest to sup and dine, but let them never be permitted to lodge with us.

**MANY** minds keep tavern; they entertain every thought that chances to come along; like the promise of the old road-signs, they make welcome man and beast.

**FIVE** executions have, within six months, taken place by lynch law, in Pike county, Illinois. The last was of two brothers named Cryso, who were swung up on one tree. All desperadoes.

**A MOTHER**, admonishing her son, told him he should never defer till to-morrow what he could do to-day. The little fellow replied, "Then, mother, let's eat the remainder of the plum pudding to-night."