

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

W. H. JACOBY, Proprietor.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

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Choice Poetry.

THE RIVER'S BANK.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDECT.

So many untold years have passed,
As birds with bright wings flee,
Since we beside that river's edge
Sat down in childish glee.
The day was beautiful and calm,
We happy as the day.
The very waters seemed to laugh
Like children in their play.
You sat and told me fairy tales,
And both believed them true,
You from your faith in all things bright,
I from my trust in you.
You told me that in after years
We'd dwell beside that stream,
And all the while the waters laughed,
So pleasant was the dream.
I asked you if an elin queen
Had made your eyes so blue—
And then the waters louder laughed,
As if they thought it true.
The sunlight played a smile your hair—
I loved you as its child—
And if I had a childish pain,
I lost it when you smiled.
We launched our barks upon the waves,
And marked them dance and shine;
Yours safely gained the other shore—
The waters buried mine!
Your face was like an angel's then,
Its look has scarcely changed,
You dwell beside that river yet
While I afar have ranged.
You might believe in fairy tales,
Your life has been so fair—
Some vestal nun serenely calm
Might have the look you wear.
The hopes which blossom o'er your heart,
Are like the flowers of yore—
You still fling roses on the tide,
And still they gain the shore!
The laughing glee of that bright day
Departed from me long,
Perchance those dreaming waters keep
The echo of its song.
Ah no! the throbbing of my heart
Would hush its pleasant tone.
To hear the summer music there
Is left for you alone.

Country Churches.

There is something grand and impressive in a fashionable city church, notwithstanding the frivolities that are said to prosper in satin and broad-cloth, and under vaulted roofs. The slender and graceful columns supporting the roofs, the pictured windows, and, above all, the tones of the organ swelling in triumphal rejoicings, or dying away in mournful cadences. The deep hush that falls suddenly upon a multitude during the prayer; the grave silence which attends the discourse, broken now and then by a half smothered cough, or the slight shuffling of a foot, grown restless with long quiet, and which increases rather than detracts from its impressiveness; the eloquent tones of the preacher, and the deep solemnity of the subject which has called them together—all these unite in awing the attendants and wakening, with sublimity of the surrounding circumstances, a feeling of heartfelt appreciation of that unnamed Power, whose throne is bounded on morality, which rises with inconceivable magnificence into the vastness of the immortal.

Notwithstanding all these, we believe that our hearts turn with far tenderer recollections and more earnest devotion to the Creator, in the little churches that are dropped down, in beautiful places in every village and on every country side. In the former we may be more impressed with the majesty of God, but in the latter we seem to feel his tender care as nearer to us. He seems the more loving God when surrounded by the every-day exhibitions of his hand. It is no longer the Creator to dread, but the Heavenly father to love. Our recollections go back to them, and dwell about them with every sunny Sabbath in the city. The perfume of the trees and the growing grass are strangely associated with them. The brook close at hand has a murmur like the sound of Sunday bells; and we remember the quiet little sales, the hard benches, and even the long sermon with a feeling of the tenderest fondness. The balmy air, blowing fresh from the fields, "that turned the hymn-books' fluttering leaves;" the bright faces, once so full of smiles, but now grave and tender, as if a wondrous thought of deeper feeling had needed for a moment in the heart; and the plainest language of the preacher, are kept fresh in the memory, while many a worldly dream fades into oblivion.

Then, after church, the gathering of bonnets, the half-confused sense of relief, and the interchange of civilities, are a pleasure of themselves. They call them by name, they are friends in the city—who would not ride home with some one; the old dreaded success obtained, and the serene smile of conversation, and—there's luck for you!

Somebody advertises for agents to sell a work entitled, "Hymenal Institutions." A cotemporary adds, "The best hymenal instructor we know of is a young widow." What she don't know, there is no use in learning.

WHAT SHALL BE DONE WITH MARTHA?

Now that our Charley is so admirably disposed of, we have a moment to spare to look after his mother. We shall find her in the nursery, her basket piled with clean clothes from the wash that need mending—her dress is neat, but very plain, for she says she has not time to attend to a more elaborate toilette; the children's sewing, must be attended to first. Now, this matter of sewing that Martha speaks of has become a very serious affair. 'Tis true I hastened to buy her a most approved sewing machine, as soon as such an article was heard of. "Now, Martha," said I, "here is a machine that will do your sewing all up by magic, so farewell to work-baskets, needles, and thimbles—let me see no more of those wearisome things." Martha was delighted with my gift, and soon learned to use it skillfully; but, if you'll believe me, she works as constantly as before; and to all my inquiries and remonstrances only replies, "Oh, you men have no idea how much fitting and finishing there is to be done." Between you and me, I really believe my wife has multiplied the number of garments in proportion to her facility for making them. (There's a dozen of shirts beautifully stitched for myself; now those were really necessary.) She points with pride to Charley, Jane and Fanny, and says she sees no children better dressed on the street, and her motherly heart is satisfied; but must she wear out her valuable life for this? She has suffered greatly from neuralgia during the past year. I consulted her doctor; he said, "It is getting to be a very common disease, very common, particularly among females; the nervous disease is easily protracted, she must be careful—try acetonite and belladonna—let her take exercise in the open air—have freedom from care—if she is not better, call me in." Exercise in the open air. Why, that is wholly out of the question. Martha is busy within doors all day long, makes capital pies, cake, and preserves, and will not trust any domestic with this department of cooking; to tell the truth, I should not fancy these things made by any other hands—Then she prefers ironing her own muslin, the children's undersleeves, etc.; servants tear fine things so. So with many other little matters about the house. But these things would be a pleasure if she could rest after them. But there are our children; were there ever such noisy ones before? I suppose so, as they are really an institution. Jane and Charley are so nearly of an age, and both are favored with such remarkable inventive powers, that they aid each other in getting up all kinds of mischief and noise. Now on the back of a chair, reaching over the open grate to the mantel piece, now at the sewing machine, arranging and old stocking under the pad, and hurrying to get through before mamma appears; now galloping up and down the room like wild horses, which last operation, being most harmless, is submitted to by poor weary Martha, who is trying to rest on the lounge. But there goes Fanny! The dear little thing used to be a perfect sunbeam in the house; but she is irritable from teething, and mamma must rise and take her. I tried to get a nurse for her, but the careful mother discovered so many defects that she preferred looking after the children herself. In all this I have not touched upon the numerous guests, who, finding Martha's house-keeping excellent, and her table so abundant, often claim our hospitality. When can she take the fresh air? When can she find freedom from care? What shall be done for our Martha?

A year or two ago Martha's sister spent some time with us. She was a returned missionary from India, and from constant association with the English residents there, had become thoroughly English in her taste and feelings. Our manner of life evidently disturbed her. She felt no sympathy with our nervous hurry and excitement. "Oh, you Americans do not know how to enjoy life," she would say; "you need to take a few lessons from the English. They sacrifice far less to outward show, but enjoy infinitely more in their families. The money you all expend in equaling or outshining your neighbors, would purchase for you a host of simple pleasures." I pondered her words. It is true, thought I, that I take Martha and children a drive every eve, after business is over, but that is all. The children's noise disturbs me; they are hurried to bed, and are not up when I start for the store, so I seldom see them, and can of course do little for them. Recently I came across a little book, written by Mary Howitt at the solicitation of friends, describing their manner of educating their daughters, and there I had a nearer glimpse of English life. The mother read the life of our Saviour, and pointed out the lessons of practical wisdom and piety to her child; the father led her out into the grand old woods, and there pointed out the sublime beauty of the prophets; whilst from the book of nature he learned her the voice of every warbler he listened to, and the name of every leaf and tree she gazed upon. And when the little girl's health seemed delicate, the mother at once removed to one of those charming cottages which the English ever seem ready to lend or hire, ready furnished, to one another; and there in a quiet farm-house, on the shores of a beautiful lake, she drank in the fresh air, and gathered strength from long rides on her little pony, or equally long walks through the woods with her mother. And when her father could find a leisure day, he would take a friend or two in his little boat, and stopping for his wife and daughter by the lake, they would row out to

some beautiful island, and there under wide spreading trees spread their table and enjoy a few delicious hours, ere their father returned to the city and the mother and daughter to their pleasant retreat. Do you wonder that the daughter recovered her health, or that Mary Howitt is so fresh and youthful in her feelings? Cannot we Americans do something of this kind? I know many do; and if we live till next August, Martha and I will join their ranks. Farewell to Niagara and Saratoga, rich dresses, late hours, and little uncomfortable rooms; we will seek out some quiet farm house among the hills, or by the sea side; take all the children and let them run wild in their old clothing, whilst we, with books and ponies and picnicing in the woods, will forget for a few brief weeks that there are such things as counting houses, sewing machines, or bad servants.—*Independent.*

Sensible Advice to Young Men.

The following article from the Cayuga Chief, contains so many valuable suggestions and such pithy advice to our young men, both old and young—male and female—will carefully read it, and then cut it out to read the next time they are afflicted and tormented with the blues. Every word of it is true, and by remembering its injunctions, you will be greatly benefited.—That never 'll do young man! No use to stand on the sidewalk and whine about hard luck, and say that everything goes against you—You are not of half the consequence your talk would lead us to believe. The world hasn't declared war against you. You are like all the rest of us—a mere speck on the earth's surface. Were you this moment to go down in the living tide, but a bubble would linger for a moment upon the surface, and even that would vanish unnoticed.—The heart is full of hope and ambition, but is not missed when it ceases to beat. One such as you would not leave a ripple.

You are a coward—a coward—in the battle. There's no fight in you. You have surrendered without a struggle, and now whine because you are beaten! You are not worthy of a triumph for you have not earned it. In garret, hot, and dripping cellar are ten thousand heroes who would put you to shame. They must toil or starve—The strife is a desperate one with them, for they wrestle with want, while ragged and despairing ones watch at the lone hearth the faithful content. Strong men look death in the eye when their sinews are strung by the wail of hungry childhood.

Shame on you! In the full vigor of health and manhood, no mouth but your own to fill, and no back but your own to cover, and yet crouching under the first scourgings of adverse fortune. You know nothing of the storm, for you have seen but the summer. One cloud has frightened you and you think you are hardly dead. You will be lucky, if you find no darker shadows across your path. Stand up, young sir, pull your hands from your pockets, throw off your coat, and take fortune by the throat. You may be thrown again and again, but hang on—Put away the nonsense that the world is all against you. *Tain't so.* Your destiny is in your own strong arm! With an unbending will, and honor and truth for your guide, the day is your own.

No capital, eh? You have capital. God has given you perfect health. That is an immense capital to start on. You have youth and strength—all invaluable. Add a will to do, put your sinews in motion, and you will win. A man in full health and strength, should never whine or despair because fortune does not pour a stream of gold eagles into his pockets. If industry, economy, and integrity will do wonders. From such beginnings fortunes have been reared. They can be again. Will you try it? Or will you wait for the stream of gold to run by, so that you can walk dry shod into the El Dorado of wealth? Or will you meet the waters of defeat, and be the architect of your own fortune?

It is glorious to conquer in the strife. NEVER DO TOO MUCH AT A TIME.—Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, in a lecture recently delivered in England, gave the following history of his literary habits: Many persons seeing me so much engaged in active life, and as much about the world as if I had never been a student, have said to me, "When do you get time to write all your books? How on earth do you contrive to do so much work?" I shall surprise you by the answer I make. The answer is this: "I contrive to do so much by never doing too much at a time. A man, to get through work well, must not over work himself; or, if he do too much to-day, the reaction of fatigue will come, and he will be obliged to do little to-morrow. Now since I began really and earnestly to study, which was not till I had left college, and was actually in the world, I may perhaps say that I have gone through as large a course of general reading as most men of my time. I have traveled much, and I have seen much. I have mixed much in politics, and in the various business of life; and in addition to all this, I have published somewhere about sixty volumes, some upon subjects requiring much special research. And what time do you think, as a general rule I have devoted to study—to reading and writing? Not more than three hours a day; and, when Parliament is sitting, not always that. But then, during those hours, I have given my whole attention to what I was about."

If a good act benefits no one else it benefits the one who does it.

A Midnight Adventure.

Females often possess presence of mind, and the power of self-control under circumstances of imminent peril which seems almost foreign to their nature and beyond the endurance of a delicate physical organization. A striking instance of self-command, by a lady whose fears must have been powerfully excited, and whose life of affluence had probably never before given her nerves any severer test than is incident to the vexations of domestic cares is given in Chamber's Journal of last month. We copy the adventure, premising by the way of explanation, that the lady was the daughter of a rector in a quiet English country village, and was upon the eve of marriage.

"The wedding day was to be upon the morrow of that upon which our adventure happened. Grand preparations were made for the wedding; and the rector's fine old plate, and the costly gifts of the bride were displayed with pride and pleasure at the Hare and Hounds, in the presence of some strangers, who had come to a prize fight, which had taken place in the neighborhood. That night Adelaide, who occupied a separate room from her sister, sat up late—long after the household had retired to rest. She had a long interview with her father and had been reading a chapter to which he had directed attention, and since had packed up her jewels &c. She was consequently, still dressed when the church clock tolled midnight. As it ceased she heard a low noise like that of a file; she listened, but could discover nothing clearly. It might have been made by some of the servants still about, or perhaps it was only the croaking of the old trees. She heard nothing but the sighing of the winter winds for many minutes afterwards. House breakers were mere myths in primitive Thyon, and the bride elect without a thought of fear, resumed her occupation. She was gazing on a glittering set of diamonds, destined to be worn at the wedding, when her bedroom door sofly opened. She turned, looked up and beheld a man with a black mask, holding a pistol in his hand, standing before her. She did not scream for her first thought was for her father who slept in the next room, and to whom any sudden alarm might be death, for he was old and feeble and suffering from heart complaint. She confronted the robber boldly, and addressed him in a whisper, "You are come to rob us. Spare your soul the awful guilt of murder. My father sleeps next to my room, and to be started from his sleep would kill him.—Make no noise, I beg of you.

The fellow was astonished and cowed.—"We won't make a noise, he replied suddenly, "if you give us everything quietly." Adelaide drew back and let him take her jewels—note without a pang, for they were precious—lost gifts, remarking at the same time that two more masked ruffians stood at the half open door. As he took the jewel case and watch from the table and demanded her purse, she asked him if he intended to go into her father's room. She received a surly affirmative. "He was going to run a risk and leave half the tin behind!" She proposed instantly that she would go herself, saying: "I will bring you whatever you wish, and you may guard me thither, and kill me if I play false to you. The fellow consulted his comrades, and after a short parley, they agreed to the proposal, and with a pistol pointed at her head, the dauntless girl crossed the passage and entered the rector's room. Very gently she stole across the chamber, and removing his purse, watch, keys and desk gave them up to the robbers who stood at the door. The old man slept peacefully and calmly, thus guarded by his child, who softly shut the door, and demanded if the robbers were yet satisfied.

The leader replied that they should be when they got the spread of plate spread out below, but they couldn't let her out of sight, and that she must go with them. In compliance with this mandate she followed them down stairs to the dining room, where a splendid wedding breakfast had been laid to save trouble and hurry on the morrow.—To her surprise, the fellows eight in number when assembled—seated themselves and prepared to make a good meal. They ordered her to get out wine, and cut her own wedding cake for them; and then seated at the head of the table, she was compelled to preside at this extraordinary revel.

They ate and drank, and joked; and Adelaide, quick of ear and eye, had thus time to voice, in her quiet way, the figures and voices of the whole set.

When the repast was ended, and the plate was transferred to a sack, they prepared to depart, whispering together and glancing at the young lady. For the first time Adelaide's courage gave way and she trembled; but it was not a consultation against her; they told her that she was not to wish to harm her, that she was a jolly wench, regular game, and they wouldn't hurt her, but that she must swear not to give an alarm till nine or ten the next day, when they should be off all safe. To this she was of course obliged to assent, and then they all insisted on shaking hands with her. She noticed during the parting ceremony, that one of the ruffians had only three fingers on his left hand.

Alone in the despoiled room, Adelaide faint and exhausted, awaited the first gleam of day; when, as the robbers did not return she stole up to her room, undressed, and fell into a disturbed slumber. The consternation of the family, the next morning might be imagined, and Adelaide's story was still more astounding than the fact of the robbery itself. Police were sent for

from London, guided by Adelaide's lucid description of her midnight guests, actually succeeded in capturing every one of the gang, whom the young lady had no difficulty in identifying and swearing to the "three fingered Jack" being the guiding clue to the discovery. The stolen property being nearly all recovered, and the old rector always declared; and with truth, that he owed his life to the self-possession and judgment of his eldest daughter.

Qualifications of a Schoolmaster.

A long time ago, a young collegian, itinerating in the State of Maine, tell in company, and also in love, with a very pretty girl, the daughter of an old verryurgeon, whose brains were made of sawdust, hog's lard, and molasses, but who, on account of the spaciousness of his farm, had been for years at the head of the school committee in the district. The collegian's attachment to Sally (for that was the name of the daughter) was so overpowering that all the logic and philosophy he had learned in the schools was, compared to the force of his passion, as chaff in a hurricane. But not having the verrywidual to winter in Maine without a resort to employment, he intimated to Sally that he would like to keep the school in that district. The kind-hearted girl informed him that her father was committed-man; and she also informed him what questions he would put to him, and how he must answer them if he expected to gain the good graces of her parental relative. Accordingly, one Sunday evening, the young man of classic lore informed the old ignoramus that he would like to take their school for the winter, and board in his family, whereupon the old fellow assumed an air of much importance, and looking at the applicant with his usual dignified while examining candidates for keeping school, put the same questions that Sally had informed her admirer would be asked.

"Do you believe in the final salvation of all the world?"
"Most certainly," answered the young collegian, "it is the only belief that the scriptures justify."
"Do you believe that God ever made another man equal to Thomas Jefferson?"
"Certainly not—and I have been of this opinion ever since I read his Notes on Virginia."
"Can you spell Massachusetts?"
"I ought to know how, sir, for it is my native State."
"Well, spell it."
The young man spelled the word very distinctly, when the father turned to the daughter and said:
"Did he spell it right, Sally?"
"Yes, sir, answered the affectionate girl; when her father, turning again to the candidate, triumphantly exclaimed:
"You may begin school to-morrow."

Moral Suasion.

When a friend of ours whom we shall call Agricola was a boy, he lived on a farm in Berkshire county, the owner of which was much troubled by his dog, Wolf. The cur killed his sheep, and he could devise no means to prevent it. "I can break him of it," said Agricola, "if you will give me leave." "Thou art permitted," said the honest farmer—and now we will let Agricola tell the story in his own words.
"There was a ram on the farm," says Agricola, "as notorious for butting as Wolf was for sheep-stealing, and who stood in as much need of moral suasion as the dog. I shut Wolf up in the barn with this old fellow, and the consequence was, that the dog never looked a sheep in the face again. The ram broke every bone in his body literally. Wonderfully uplifted was the ram by this exploit; his insolence grew intolerable; he was sure to pitch into whomsoever went near him. 'I'll fix him,' said I, and so I did. I rigged an iron crowbar out of a hole in the barn, point foremost, and hung an old hat on the end of it. You can't always tell when you see a hat, whether there is a head in it or not; how then should a ram? Aries made at it full butt, and being a good marksman, from long practice, the bar broke in between his horns and came out under his tail. This little admonition effectually cured him of butting."

The Steuben Courier says that a school commissioner there recently required a class of young gentlemen to pledge themselves not to attend evening parties, nor go home with girls after dark? before he would grant them the required certificates as teachers. We consider this rather a sensible condition—but have very little doubt if this would be made a consideration in Columbia county, that there would be a great many pledges broken. We think the young men here would go in for having the order reversed. After dark is the very time when they believe young ladies to stand most in need of their protection.

An English Judge being asked what contributed most to success at the bar replied: "Some succeeded by great talent, some by the influence of their friends, some by a miracle, but the majority by commencing without a shilling."

A chap walking along the street, seeing a lawyer's office, walked in, and inquired: "What do you keep to sell?" "Block-heads," replied the lawyer. "Pretty good business, I guess, I see you've got only one left."

We pledged our hearts, my love and I—
I, in my arms, the maiden clasping;
I could not tell the reason why.
But, oh! I trembled like an aspen.
Her father's love she bid me gain;
I went, and I shook like any reed!
I strove to act the man—in vain!
We had exchanged our hearts' indeed.

A Romance in Politics.

One of Texas' distinguished citizens, name not given, who has figured largely in public life, first as a lawyer, then as a soldier in the Mexican and Indian wars, and then as a leading politician, has the following related of him in a sketch of his life by the New Orleans Christian Advocate—He had been put up by his party in 1847 to succeed Gen. Houston in the United States Senate; but feeling called to the ministry, and distrusting his own ability to resist the temptations of Washington life, was unwilling to accept the nomination. He laid the case before his wife, leaving to her the choice between the United States Senate and destruction to his morals, and the pulpit and salvation—
"Taking the letters and papers from all parts of the State, giving him assurance of election, he went to his wife and said: 'I can go to the United States Senate. Here are the evidences. If you wish it, I will go. But if I go, hell is my doom. I shall die a drunkard as certain as I go to Washington. I can yet escape. If I pass this point, I never can. I can enter the ministry, which I ought to have done long ago and save myself from a drunkard's grave, and my soul from hell. But you shall decide. His poor wife, unwilling to relinquish the glittering prize in view, replied weeping, that she could not see why he could not be a great man and a Christian too. But after prayerful reflection, she would not incur the fearful responsibility of deciding against his conscience, and told him to go into the ministry, and she would go with him. To the astonishment of the whole State, a letter from him appeared in the papers, just before the meeting of the Legislature, declining the office, and announcing his retirement from political life. The next thing that was heard of him was that he was preaching."

Effect of Sorrow.

Life has long years; many pleasures it has to give in return for many which are taken away; and while our ears can receive the sounds of revelry, and our eyes are sensible of pleasant sights, and our bodies are conscious of strength we deem we live; but there is an hour in the lives of all when the heart dies: an hour unheeded, but after which we have no real life, whether it perish in the agony of some conquering passion, or die wearily of sorrow; an hour which they may strive to trace, who say, "I remember, I thought and felt differently then—I was a mere boy—I shall never feel the same again;" an hour when the cord is broken and the chain snapped on which depended the harmony of existence.
Shout, little children! shout and clap your hands with sudden joy! send out the sound of ringing laughter over the face of the green-bosomed earth! From you the angel nature hath not yet departed, in your hearts linger still the emanations from the Creator: perfect love and perfect joy.—Shout, I say and rejoice! for the dark days are coming upon ye, when ye shall see no light, and the hours of mirth will be strange to you, and the time when your voices shall grow so sad that they shall mingle with the wailing of the wind, and not be distinguishable from them, because of the exceeding sorrow of their tones!

"Please, marm, and what shall I do with the bits of candles?"
"Take them down stairs and burn them in the kitchen, Bridget."
"Off she started. At night Bridget called the lady, and asked for a candle for the kitchen."
"A candle! why, what have you done with those pieces you had this morning?"
"Faith, marm, I put them in the fire and burned them in the kitchen, as you told me this morning."

A school boy of about six years of age approached the master with a bold look and self confident air, and the following dialogue ensued:
"May I be dismissed, sir?"
"What reason have you for making the request, Thomas?"
"I want to take my woman out sleighing, sir."
Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said, I will a family paper take, both for my own and children's sake! If such there be, let him repent, and have the paper to him sent; and if he'd pass a happy winter, he in advance should pay the printer.
The great bar to unhappiness is the bar of the grog-shop. He who frequents it will very likely soon find himself before the bar of justice. Let us all, then, place a bar against all evils arising from intemperance—the rock on which many young men have been shipwrecked.
"Why don't you hold your head up in the world as I do?" asked a haughty lawyer of a sterling old farmer. "Squire," said the farmer, "see that field of grain; the well-filled heads hang down while those only that are empty stand upright."
Tears may soothe the wound they cannot heal.

Smells Something.

A short time since a gentleman and lady were traveling in Michigan, and having missed the stage, were compelled to take a private conveyance from the town of Scuderi to Thomastown. The lady had with her a beautiful little lap-dog, which she carried on her lap on an embroidered mat. During the ride the husband discovered that he had no handkerchief, when the lady lent him hers, which was fashionably scented with musk. About half way between the two towns the carriage broke down, in the midst of a hard rain, and they were obliged to take refuge in the half-way house—a "one-horse" log tavern, consisting of two rooms—a bar-room and a lodging room. The lady laid her lap dog on its mat before the fire, and herself and husband took seats. In a short time the gentleman had an occasion to use his handkerchief, and took it out, leaving it lying on his knees when he got through with it. In a few moments the landlord opened the door, put his head in, looked around, went out, came in gazed at the dog; his nostrils all the while upturned in intense disgust. He finally appeared satisfied, went to the outside door opened it, came back with a bound, seized the lap-dog by the tail, and hurled him howling through the open door full ten rods into the forest. The wife faint; the husband rose to his feet, terribly enraged, and wanted to know what he did that for. "That's my dog," continued he furiously. "Don't care a cuss whose dog it is," said the man gruffly and impetuously, "I ain't going to have no such blasted smelling varmint around my tavern." The husband and wife evacuated the house instantly, and proceeded on their way in the rain.

The Last Hoop Story.—A Newcastle

(English) paper states that at a fashionable conversation recently held at the Music Hall in that city, a mischievous wag, shortly after the opening of the entertainment, put into circulation a story to the effect that an experienced electrician had managed to conceal a powerful magnet in each of the six beautiful chandeliers by means of which the hall is lighted, and that the effect of this arrangement would be such that any lady with steel spring skirts passing them, would have the said skirts instantly inverted by the powerful attraction. There was a great many ladies present, and the consternation created by this mischievous story can more readily be imagined than expressed. There was of course, for a time, considerable shyness in approaching the chandeliers, and some of the fair ones became so alarmed they immediately scooted. The fellow ought to have been ducked in the Tyne.

It is stated that a young lady on Boston Common, dressed in the extreme of fashion, was mistaken by some boys for a circus tent, and they actually crawled some distance under the "curtains" before they discovered their mistake. How they enjoyed the "show" the report does not state.

In a school district, a lady having engaged to teach school for a given time, attends regularly at the school-house from 8 A. M. to 4 P. M. and keeps up a good fire, although she has not had a scholar for weeks. She seems determined to be on hand whether "school keeps or not."

A GREENHORN took a notion to get married. After the ceremony was concluded, Jonathan dashed a quarter of a dollar from his pocket, deliberately walked up to the parson and handed it to him, saying, "Parson, keep the whole, you needn't give me back any change."

TIT FOR TAT.—"Will you give me that ring?" said a village dandy to a lady, "for it resembles my love for you; it has no end."
"Excuse me, sir," was the reply, "I choose to keep it, as being emblematical of mine for you; it has no beginning."

Two centuries ago not one person in one hundred wore stockings. Fifty years ago not one boy in 1,000 was allowed to run at large nights. Fifty years ago not one girl in 1,000 made a waiting-woman of her mother!

"Tis strange," uttered a young man, as he staggered home from a supper party, "how evil communications corrupt good manners. I've been surrounded by tumbler all the evening, and now I'm a tumbler myself."

We have all heard of asking for bread and receiving a stone, but a gentleman may be considered as still worse treated when he asks a young lady's hand and gets her father's foot.

DEAN SWIFT, hearing of a carpenter falling through the scaffolding of a house which he was engaged in repairing, dryly remarked that he liked to see a mechanic go through his work promptly.

THE worst people are the most assailed by slander; and as we usually find that to be the best fruit, which the birds have been picking at.

The editor of an exchange says he never saw but one ghost, and that was the ghost of a sinner, who had died without paying for his paper. "Twas horrible to look upon."

"I'm getting fat," as the loafer said when he was stealing "lard."