

# THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

W. H. JACOBY, Proprietor.

Truth and Right—God and Country.

[Two Dollars per Annum.]

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## STAR OF THE NORTH.

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W. H. JACOBY,

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## Choice Poetry.

From Life Illustrated.

### MORNING.

Morn again, with golden pencil,  
Tints the curtain of the east;  
And again, in robes of tinsel,  
Sundeth at her holy chancel,  
Making ready for the feast!  
Gently flushing,  
Gently blushing,  
Like a bride before the priest!  
Oh! what holy thoughts come o'er us,  
As we drink the morning's balm!  
As we view the fields before us—  
As we join the pleasant chorus  
Of the morning's holy psalm!  
As we wander,  
As we ponder,  
In the morning's blessed calm.  
Thoughts of other happy hours  
Come to us with memories rare;  
And again we seek the bowers  
Where we used to gather flowers  
In the morning march of life!  
Memories greet us,  
Pleasures meet us,  
Yet unstained by care or strife.  
Oh! how much of life is wasted  
In this so-called world of bliss;  
How much pleasure-gain is blasted—  
How much happiness untasted—  
How much pleasure do we miss,  
Just by keeping  
Dull eyes sleeping  
Such a holy morn as this!  
Happy! happy! blessed morning!  
May my soul retain the view  
Ere the evening-lamps are burning,  
May the holy picture warning,  
Teach me to begin anew!  
Guide me cheerful,  
Make me prayerful,  
Till life's pilgrim-day is through!

### A SPRING SONG.

By B. F. TAYLOR.

The miracle of Spring is beginning.—Leafless indeed, stand the great woods, and shivering in the cool wind. The joints of rheumatic oaks creak dismally and there is a moan in the maples; the skeleton orchards are brown and gray upon the southern slopes, but the sun is shining, and the clock of time ticks in the heart of April. A January fire rolls and roars up the chimney's capacious throat in the evenings, but the birds are abroad, and their songs are in all the air. Hardly a whisp of hay remains in the broad deep bay of the barn, and the cows decline to give down, and the lambs are going where the good lambs go, though the lilacs are budding and the willows have fringed the streams with green. How full of the dear old music of summer, are wood, and orchard, and field. Even the great empty barn, with its ribs of oak, is a twitter with Swallows, which dart in and out of the diamond doors in the gable, and the mud plastered cottages that are built along the rafters. The Robins are singing the self same songs they sang a thousand years ago, and the Lincens are untarnished and golden as ever. Down by the marsh, the Bobolinks are ringing their little bells, and swinging to and fro upon the little bushes that sway in the wind. The brown Thrushes are building their nests in the fence corner, and the heaps of brush; a Baltimore Oriole flickered like a flame of fire through the garden, this morning and drifted away behind the barn; we frightened up a poor Whip-poor-will yesterday, from among the the withered leaves, and we found a blue-bird's nest begun, in a hollow stump in the pasture.— A little gray couple are busy building in a cleft of the bar-post, and a small Trogon in Speckled jacket is about to begin house-keeping in the loaded end of the well-sweep, that goes up forty times a day, and comes down with a bang. Why didn't the little idiot take up his quarters in the bucket. The other day, John hung his jacket upon the fence, and this morning he shook out a nest from one of the pockets. There is singing every-where; from the tuft of gray grass, there comes a small tune of two notes and a rest, and then two more; from the second rail of the fence, a gush of melody; from the roof-ridge, a soto; from the depths of the air, as of angel calling unto angel. The birds and the buds make it April, and April it shall be.

SHOCKING MISTAKE.—The town of Horicon, Wisconsin, is in a state of excitement—a single case having almost taken place there. It appears that one of the citizens—a gentleman of high social position—had made arrangements to meet her in her own room at 10 o'clock in the morning. To avoid scandal he mounted an out-house, climbing upon the roof of a back building, raised the window, peeped in and beheld the ladies husband in bed—he being sick had not gone out. The discovery was not pleasant to either party, more especially as the 10 o'clock marriage was given no good reason for entering a marriage by the window, and his position society forbid the idea that his object was vulgar.

## A TOUCHING STORY. THE WIDOW'S SON.

Few were the youths throughout the kingdom of Prussia that were allowed to stay at home in the eventful year of 1813. A war, more terrible, more vindictive than any one that had ever visited the continent of Europe, was raging through the land, and the country could spare none of its defenders. Also the king had called his people to arms by means of that famous proclamation, which will be considered for evermore as one of the noblest documents in German history. They were true to the call—old and young; they left their homes, rushed to the colors, took up arms, and never laid them down till they had driven the enemy under the walls of Paris.

The inhabitants of Silesia, well-known for their loyalty and patriotism, had not stood behind, amidst the general enthusiasm. There was not a family in the province that had not contributed its contingent to the national affair, and many a heart was throbbing painfully, whenever a new intelligence was spread of another of those dreadful battles, which, by riding the country from an odious enemy, threw sorrow and affliction upon many a quiet and peaceful home.

On a sultry summer evening, in the year before mentioned, an old woman was sitting before her humble cottage in the little Silesian village of Burnheim. She had put the distaff aside, and was reading the Bible, which lay opened on her knees. Whilst she was reading the holy words in an undertone to herself, her ears caught the sound of quick footsteps, and a long shadow emerged from behind the cottage. The old woman trembled violently; the moment afterwards her uplifted eyes fell upon the figure of a handsome and well-made lad in military attire.

"How are you, mother?" She arose, and threw her trembling arms around his neck. "God be thanked, my boy, that I see thee again! But how pale and haggard thou lookest!" She went on; after a pause! "To be sure, thou must be very tired, and hungry too!" She led him in the room to the old arm-chair, and urged him to sit down and repose himself a little, whilst she herself would prepare him some supper.

"What did he like best? Should she make him an omelet, or roast a chicken? Oh, it was no trouble at all! Dear me, how could he talk of trouble? she was but too glad to do anything for her own dear boy. Yes, she would go and get him a chicken!" The old woman, all bustle and activity, left the room.

She was not alone when she came back about half an hour afterwards; the country parson, the schoolmaster, the country judge, and a half a dozen more of the dignitaries of the village, were with her. The little room was quite full when all these distinguished visitors had entered it. Charles sat in the old-arm chair, quite motionless, his face covered with both his hands.

The honest villagers had made up their minds at once what to do with the deserter; they looked upon his crime as an ignominy, by which he had not only disgraced himself, but also their community at large, and they were not the men to put up with such an affront. The schoolmaster, who was a politician, and subscribed to a newspaper, having informed them that the head-quarters of the commander-in-chief of the army were but about two days' march from the village, they had resolved at once to escort him thither. The judge proclaimed the young man a prisoner in the name of his majesty the king, and called upon him to follow him to a place of security for the night, as on the following morning they would in a body convey him to his Excellency the field-marshal, General Blucher. He rose, and followed them without opposition. When they were all gone, the old woman took up the Holy Scriptures once more; but it was in vain that she strove to read; her eyes grew dim and the letters were all swimming confusedly before them, so she put it down and wept bitterly.

Early on the following morning, a strange procession was seen emerging from the little village of Burnheim—four old peasants escorting one young soldier. The country judge, with grave air marched a head of them, whilst the schoolmaster, who had obstinately insisted upon accompanying the expedition brought up the rear. The prisoner, with downcast eyes and fallen countenance, was walking between the two other patriots; and as he had pledged his word not to make any attempt at flight, they had consented to leave his hands untied. When the expedition, after a day's march, put up for the night in a small hamlet, they were told that all the villages around were crammed with Frenchmen, so they were obliged to take a long roundabout way; and it was not before the morning of the fifth day after their departure, that they reached head quarters.

"Where is the residence of the commander-in-chief?" asked they of one of the ordinance officers, who were galloping through the streets in every direction.

"Why, in the chateau, to be sure, where the two huzzars were mounting guard, on horseback!" When they had entered the yard, they were not in the least discouraged at the sight of whole scores of adjutants, and orderly officers of every rank and arm, all of whom seemed to have some urgent business with the commander-in-chief for no sooner had any of them been dispatched, than he was seen mounting again and tearing away with his horse's belly to the ground. It never entered their heads for one moment that the general might consider their own business to be of somewhat smaller importance, although the schoolmaster argued from what he saw that something of consequence was going on just now. The worthy man was right so far; the commander-in-chief was about to give battle on the following day. When they had been waiting patiently for a couple of hours, and began to feel somewhat hungry, the country judge, conscious of the importance of his mission, ventured at last to accost one of the officers of the general's staff, who was passing by with a packet of sealed letters in his hand; but that hasty functionary did not even stop to give ear to the address of the head man of the rural denatation, but merely grumbled something about the propriety of their going to Jericho—or further.

Our worthy inhabitants of Burnheim, however, were not the men to give way so soon, and renewed the charge accordingly. This time it was a middle-aged man, with a benevolent countenance, whom they made acquainted with their request; to see the field-marshal on most urgent business.

"Why, they had chosen their time rather badly, indeed; the general was extremely busy. Couldn't one of the secretaries do as well?" "By no means they must see the general himself!" "Was it an information concerning the enemy which they wanted to deliver?" "O no; something much more important—from Burnheim," added the schoolmaster. The middle-aged officer with the benevolent countenance, laughed, and said he would try. After the lapse of about half an hour, he came back, and beckoned them to follow. They were ushered into an ante-room, and directed to wait for his Excellency.

The door opened after another half hour's waiting, and an old man, with gray hairs, iron cut features, and bright eyes, entered the room; it was the commander, Old Father Blucher, as the soldiers called him.—The country judge stepped forward, and bowing very low, delivered the speech about which he had been pondering ever since they had left their native place, and which, of course, he thought to be very eloquent. He stated all that has been told already in the course of this narrative; how the deserter's own mother had given information of her son's crime; how they were resolved at once to bring him back to headquarters; and concluded his address with a hope that his Excellency would not be induced to think worse of their village, because of one that had rendered himself unworthy of the name of a Prussian. The

tears came trickling down his honest cheeks. The general looked very grave indeed.—Those large bright eyes of his roamed for an instant over his rural audience with a strange expression. He knew at a glance what sort of men they were he had to deal with; then his looks rested for a while on the best figure of the young man, who with his downcast eyes and care worn face appeared the very image of misery and dejection. He knew his case to be a hopeless one; deserting colors in time of war is a capital crime, and Father Blucher, with his iron will, was the last man in the world to be trifled with.

On a sudden, the features of the old hero assumed an expression of harshness. Turning round, towards the speaker of this singular reputation, he said in a rough voice and in a very abrupt manner—"Mr. Judge, you are an ass."

The villagers started as if they had been stung. After all the anxiety and trouble they had undergone for the cause which they considered to be a just one, they had expected a somewhat more cordial reception.

"But your Excellency"—remonstrated the amazed dignitary.

"Hold your tongue, I say, you are an ass. I know better; in Burnheim there are no run-aways. And you, my son," he went on, with his iron features relenting a little, and with that same strange expression in his large bright eye, "you will show me to-morrow, on the battle-field, what a Burnheim man can do; you will not?"

The young man dropped down on his knees, and was stammering a few broken words, which the General did not hear, however, for when the lad rose again with high flushed cheeks, and sparkling eyes—a far different man—Blucher had already left the room.

The worthy peasants, whose perceptive faculties were by no means equal to their honesty, began at last to get a glimpse of the General's real meaning. The country judge was the first to throw his cap high into the air, and to give three hearty cheers for Father Blucher; who, with one single word, had distinguished what they considered a stain from their beloved village, comforted the broken heart of a mother, and preserved a pair of arms for the defence of the country—arms that could not fail to do their duty now.

When they had given vent to their enthusiasm after their hearts' content, and taken leave of the young man, who was carried away by an aid-de-camp of the general's staff, they made up their minds to buy some provisions in the place, and to return again to the village. They had, however, scarcely reached the yard, when they were overtaken by the same middle-aged officer who had announced them to the commander-in-chief, and asked them what in Heaven's name they were going to do now.

"Why, going back again, to be sure. To Burnheim, you know?" elucidated the schoolmaster.

And did they think that his Excellency would allow anybody to leave head quarters without having had a dinner first? He had already given orders to that effect, and they had but to follow the non-commissioned officer here, who would show them the way.

They needed not to be told twice, we may be sure; and as they were shown into a kitchen room, where dinner was served up for them, with a bottle of wine standing before each cover, they felt very grateful to his Excellency, and very proud at the same time, because of the honor shown to the representatives of their village. But when each of them found a double Frederick's d'or under his plate, their enthusiasm burst out afresh; and many were the healths drunk to the welfare of Old Father Blucher.

When they had all eaten and drunk their fill, and were about to take their leave, they fell in once more with their friend, the middle-aged officer, who gave them some advice concerning the best way of reaching their village, without running any danger; for, as he said, the coming day would be an eventful one. He accompanied them through the yard to the gateway, where he bade them farewell, pointing, as he left, to one of the huzzars, who was mounted guard, on horseback, before the gate.

## A STUMPER STUMPED.

The subjoined anecdote of a candidate for the Legislature of a Western State is worth telling:

There was a stump speaker, and Abner had been on the platform enlightening the untrifled, long and loudly. "Fellow citizens," said he, "now come to a slanderous report which has been most dastardly circulated against me, from one end of the country to the other. My enemies not content with endeavoring to ruin my political prospects, have, assassin like, attempted to blast my good name by their insidious reports." Abner then stated what the rumor was, and continued: "I rejoice, my fellow-citizens, to have it in my power instantly to fasten the lie upon the malicious and atrocious slanderer. I see among you one of the most estimable citizens of the county, whose character for truth and integrity is above question. Squire Schooler, to whom I allude, is acquainted with all the facts, and I call on him here to say whether this rumor is true or false. I pause for a reply." Whereupon Squire Schooler slowly arose, and in his strong slow and sonorous voice said, "I rather think you did it, Abner!" "You old scoundrel exclaimed Abner, "why do you interrupt me while I am discussing great constitutional questions with your law personalities?" And he accompanied this obnoxious exclamation with such a "surge" of gesticulation that he stepped back beyond the platform, fell backward on a big dog, amid the howls of which and the deafening roars of the "sovereigns," the meeting was effectually broken up.

STEALING A MARCH.—Xenophon and Chris-tophus were the principal leaders of the famous Retreat of the Ten Thousand. Chris-tophus was a Lacedaemonian; and it is well known that, among his countrymen, stealing was not only allowed but encouraged, provided it was done with so much ingenuity as not to be detected—otherwise the thief was severely punished, not for the theft, but merely for being found out.

On a certain occasion during the retreat Xenophon advised to steal a march during the night, so as to gain possession of an eminence that commanded the enemy's camp. "But why," said he, addressing himself to Chrisophus, "do I mention stealing? since I am informed that among you Lacedaemonians, those of the first rank practice it from their childhood, and that instead of being dishonest, it is your duty to steal those things which the law has forbidden; and to the end, you may learn to steal with the greatest dexterity and secrecy imaginable; your laws have provided that those who are taken in a theft shall be whipped. This is the time therefore, for you to show how far your education has improved you, and to take care that stealing this march we are not discovered, lest we smart severely for it!"

THE REAL QUANTITY OF SLEEP NECESSARY.—"Healthy men," says the Rev. John Wesley in one of his works, "require little above seven hours in twenty-four. If any one desires to know exactly what quantity of sleep his own constitution requires, he may easily make the experiment which I made about sixty years ago. I then waked every night about twelve or one, and lay awake for some time. I readily concluded that this arose from my being longer in bed than nature required. To be satisfied I procured an alarm, which waked me the next morning at seven, near an hour earlier than I rose the day before, yet I lay awake again at night. On the second morning I rose at six, but notwithstanding this I lay awake the second night. The third morning I rose at five, but nevertheless I lay awake the third night. The fourth morning I arose at four, as I have done ever since; and I lay awake no more. And I do not now lie awake taking the year round, a quarter of an hour together in a month.

By the same experiment, rising earlier and earlier every morning, may one find how much sleep he really wants."

WHEN DEATH COMES.—Death comes at morn, when the sun is just rising in the east; at noon when its rays are most resplendent; at eve when it gradually sinks beneath the horizon; at midnight when it is entirely hidden from view. It comes to the babe just commencing to prattle; it comes to the man of middle age, when the connecting links binding as to life is strong; it comes to the aged man with trembling limbs and faded eyesight, led along by others; it comes to the poor, struggling to obtain a meagre sustenance; it comes to the man in comfortable circumstances, by whom life is best employed; it comes to the wealthy, rolling influence and ease; it comes to the idiot laughing at his own folly; it comes to the man with just sense enough to pass through life easily; it comes to the educated man glorying in his Cicero and Homer; it comes to the christian who looks upon it only as a happier land. Reader these words are spoken to you. Will you heed them?

A "bearded" ball was recently given at Chicago, at which no gentleman was admitted without some hairy honor to his face. At the supper table, among the toasts and speeches denunciatory of shaving, was the following:

"Man—Full-grown, bearded, Nature's great masterpiece: too noble to be barefaced; too perfect to be botched by the bungling of barbarism."

POWER OF STEAM.—A pint of water may be evaporated by two ounces of coal. In its evaporation it swells into two hundred and sixteen gallons of steam; with a mechanical force sufficient to raise a weight of thirty-seven tons a foot high. The steam produced has a pressure equal to that of common atmospheric air; and by allowing it to expand, by virtue of its elasticity a further mechanical force may be obtained, at least equal in amount to the former. A pint of water, therefore, and 2 ounces of common coal, are thus rendered capable of doing as much work as is equivalent to seventy-four tons raised a foot high. The circumstances under which the steam engine is worked on railway are not favorable to the economy of fuel, nevertheless, a pound of coal burned in a locomotive engine will evaporate five pints of water. This evaporation they will exert a mechanical force sufficient to draw two tons weight on the railway a distance of two minutes. The great pyramid of Egypt stands upon a base measuring 700 feet each way, and 500 feet high, its weight being twelve thousand seven hundred and sixty millions of pounds.—It is stated that in constructing this prodigious pile 100,000 men were constantly employed for twenty years. Now, however, by the means of steam, the materials of this pyramid could be raised from the ground to their present position by the combustion of about 480 tons of coal.

DEVOTION HELPS INTELLECT.—All knowledge relates more or less directly to the character and works of God. All the sciences are developments of his attributes. Astronomy, mathematics, natural and mental philosophy, &c., are but so many ways in which the laws of God's great empire is made known to us. The child at school learning the simplest combination of numbers, and the philosopher who soars to the sublimest height of science, are alike conversant with the works of God. The intellect of the one may be to the other as half a dozen rays to the full beams of the sun; but yet, it is what God is, or what God has done, that occupies the attention of both.

Now, as it is God's works that occupy the intellectual powers, so it is most reasonable to suppose that those who come to the study of these works, or, in other words, engage in any intellectual pursuits, if they bring a right state of heart towards God, will enjoy peculiar advantages for success. The mind being in nappy harmony with Him will move with vigor and power. A cheering sense of his favor will animate it. Each intellectual attainment is a new discovery of a Being chosen already as the heart's supreme good; it is the perception of some new and lovely feature in the face of a friend.

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

ROBBING A BRIDE OF HER BED.—The St. Louis Democrat is responsible for the following: At Lyster's boarding house, in St. Louis, an unusually merry wedding came off on Tuesday night, and the dance was prolonged till past one in the morning. The bride and groom then repaired to their apartment, but—horrible!—the bed and bedding had been sacrilegiously stolen from the nuptial bedstead! Some vindictive wretch had gained felonious ingress at the rear, and effected a robbery unparalleled in the history of matrimony. It is conjectured that so fell vengeance could only have been devised and executed by some disappointed lover of the bride.

"Lives there a man with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself hath said,  
The scamp who stole that bridal bed  
Deserves to live and die unweid,  
With maidens old to punch his head!"

About four months since a merchant of Bucyrus, Ohio, left for the Eastern States for the purpose of purchasing a new stock of goods, but becoming disposed he returned home a week sooner than was anticipated by his wife. At a station near Bucyrus, to his astonishment he found his wife in company with a gentleman whom he had always esteemed his best friend, making preparations for an elopement. Remembering an anonymous letter he had received more than a year ago, cautioning him to beware of his friend, his mind was instantly made up; he walked coolly up to his hated rival, and at one stroke severed his right ear from his head, put it in his pocket and confronted his wife, asking her if she would go home with him, at the same time telling her that he freely forgave her on account of her youth and her child. She gladly confessed her error, and the next train brought them to their home, where they now live happily. The ear is still retained in spirits by the husband.

WOULDN'T BITE SUCH BAIT.—Our friend Jones has been doing homage to a pair of bright eyes, and talking tender things by moonlight, lately. A few evenings since he resolved to "make his destiny secure." Accordingly he fell on his knees before the fair dulcinea, and made his passion known. Much to his surprise she refused him out flat. Jumping to his feet he informed her that there were as good fish in the sea as ever were caught. Judge of the exasperation of our worthy swain, when she coolly replied: "Yes, but they don't bite at toads!"

GOD TEMPER is the philosophy of the heart, a gem of the treasury within, whose rays are reflected on all outward objects; a perpetual sunshine, imparting warmth, light and life to all within the sphere of its influence.

## Charter of the Columbia County Agricultural, Horticultural and Mechanical Association.

The following is a copy of an Act of Incorporation just passed by the Legislature of Pennsylvania. It has received the signature of the Governor:

AN ACT to incorporate the Columbia County Agricultural, Horticultural, and Mechanical Association.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met and it is hereby enacted by the authority of the same. That Palemon John, John Ramsey, L. E. Rupert, Caleb Barton, jr., Joseph W. Hendershot, Wm. Sloan, Levi L. Tate, J. H. Keeler, Baltis Appelman, Elias Dieterick, Sylvester Parsel, J. G. Parsel, C. Bittenbender, Andrew Freas, G. M. Fowler, Jonas Hayman, Reuben Wilson, B. P. Fortner, Samuel Cressy, John Robinson, H. Bittenbender, E. Mendenhall, John Kieffer, Geo. Shuman, James Masters, and all others who paid fifty cents, are hereby declared to be a body politic and corporate by the name and style of the Columbia County Agricultural, Horticultural, and Mechanical Association to have succession, to plead and to be impleaded, sue and be sued in all courts of record and elsewhere, and be capable to take and enjoy lands, tenements and hereditaments, goods and chattels and the same from time to time, to sell, grant, demise, alien and dispose of, and to have power to borrow money, to use a common seal and to alter or renew the same at pleasure, and to be entitled to the privileges and benefits that other county agricultural and horticultural societies are, under the general act incorporating the Pennsylvania State Agricultural Society and authorizing Agricultural and Horticultural Societies to be established in each county in Pennsylvania, passed the twenty-ninth day of March, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-one, *Provided*, That the clear yearly value of the real estate by them held shall not exceed the sum of five thousand dollars.

SECTION 2. That the officers of the said corporation shall be elected annually hereafter on such day and consist of such number and kind as the by-laws of said corporation may direct.

SECTION 3. That said corporation when convened upon due notice given to the members by public advertisement or otherwise shall have power and authority to make, ordain and establish such and so many by-laws, rules, and ordinances relating to the time of meetings, the admission of members, the power and duties of officers thereof, and the ordering of the other concerns of the incorporation as they deem necessary and proper, *Provided*, That no by-law, rule or ordinance as aforesaid, shall be valid if inconsistent with the constitution and by-laws of this State or of the United States.

SECTION 4. That the officers of the said Association who were duly chosen at the last annual election held for that purpose, shall continue in their respective stations until an election be made under this charter and the by-laws, rules and ordinances of this Association.

FOOL PROVERBS.—Get drunk, yourself and say that your neighbor staggers. Stand on your head and say that the world is upside down. Spend your time poking in cess-pools, and wonder that you get yourself dirty. Mind everybody's business and wonder at their ingratitude. Stone a dog and wonder that he barks at you. Act like Satan through the week, and wonder that you don't feel good on Sunday.

"What does cleave mean, papa?" "It means to stick together." "Does John stick wood together when he cleaves it?" "Hem! it means to separate." "Well, then, pa, does a man separate from his wife when he cleaves to her?" "Don't ask foolish questions, child!" "Does Mr. Wilson live here?" "Yes," was the reply of Mr. W's wife, "but he is not at home to-day." "I know he's not at home now, but he will be very soon, for I've got him here dead in the wagon."

The latest case of absence of minds is that of a ship carpenter, who bit off the end of a copper spike and drove a plug of tobacco in the vessel's bottom. He did not discover his mistake until the vessel spit in his face.

He who goes to bed in anger, has the devil for a bed-fellow. A wags desires us to say that he knows a married man, who though he goes to bed meek and gentle as a lamb, is in the same predicament.

THE report that a Yankee had invented a machine to take noise out of Thunder is contradicted. How to prevent flies from getting at your bacon in summer—eat it all in the winter. Laziness travels so slowly that poverty soon overtakes her. Why is an avaricious merchant like a Turk? Because he worships the Profit. TRUTH crushed to earth will raise again.