

STAR OF THE NORTH.

Office on Main St., 3rd Square below Market. TERMS:—Two Dollars per annum if paid within six months from the time of subscribing...

THE LAST WITCH BURNING.

BY WALTER THORNBURY. At Forfar, June 17.— There was a swoon of yellow cloud, A scud of wind-tossed blue, A drift of vapor, crimson proud, Shot purple through and through...

The way Dogs are taken in and done for in New York.

The dog pound is an old hulk, moored close of the pier at the foot of East Twenty-eighth street. The visitor steps on board by means of a plank, and enters a door leading underneath a shed which has been constructed on deck...

placed therein, for conveyance to the place where such carriage is usually deposited, after which another batch of dogs underwent a similar operation...

The Road over the Alps.

As this road will soon become famous as the route of the French army from France into Italy, the following description, given by a correspondent of the New York Times, who recently passed over it, will be read with interest...

Funny People.

As a class, funny people are by no means numerous. Indeed, they are great rarities. So that it is chiefly on the stage that you can see the model men and women of the order. The world of real life is dull and dry for rearing the species and preserving its originality...

How Mike Fagan Doctored His Pig.

Mr. Michael Fagan is a very worthy representative from "Green Eric," residing in a small dwelling in a small village near Boston. Michael is industrious and strives hard to turn an honest penny to account...

AN OYSTER SUPPER.

"Gently stir and rake the fire, Put butter on to roast, 'Duck Creek planted' I desire, They're the kind that please me most...

A Yankee at a Court in the Lower Regions.

The Court was sitting, and business seemed to be carried on with a dispatch quite unknown to our "upper" tribunals. Presently one of the Constables called out: "Virgil Hoskins! Virgil Hoskins!"

Occasions of Death.

They are everywhere! No path is sheltered from them; no business; no mode of life is secure from their invasion. We walk amid them, lie down amid them, labor, rest, eat and sleep amid them. Abroad they beset our goings. Do we go forth in the morning to the day's labor?—we may not reach the field or the shop...

Causes of Crime—Imperfect Training.

The rapid increase of crime, and the demoralization and carelessness which too frequently prevail in our cities, and large towns and villages, too plainly show the improper training of our young men and our young women also...

The Voice of the Whang-Doodle.

A 'whang-doodle' preacher wound up a flaming sermon with this magnificent peroration: "My brethering and sistern! ef a man's fall of religion, you can't hurt him! There was three Arabian children; they put 'em in a firey furnace, heeted seven times hotter then it could be hot, and it didn't singe a hair on their heads! And there was John the Evangerler; they put him—and where do you think brethering and sistern, they put him? Why they put him in a caldronic of bilin' ile, and biled him all night, and it didn't faze his shell! And there was Daniel; they put him into a lion's den; and what my fellow travellers and respected auditories, do you think he was put into a lion's den for? Why, for prayin' three times a day. I don't think any of you will ever get into a lion's den for a like offence."

A Temperance Story.

Deacon Johnson is a great temperance man, and sets a good example of total abstinence as far as he is seen. Not long ago he employed a carpenter to make some alterations in his parlor, and in repairing the corner near the fire place it was found necessary to remove the wainscoting, when lo! a discovery was made that astonished everybody. A brace of decanters, a tumbler, and a pitcher, were closely reposing there as if they had stood there from the beginning. The deacon was summoned, and as he beheld the blushing bottles, he exclaimed, "Ha! I declare, that is curious, sure enough. It must be what old Bains left when he went out of this 'ere house 30 years ago."

Indian Anecdote.

Sequashash, an Indian of the remains of a tribe in Connecticut, was some years since brought before a justice of the peace on some charge or other, which I do not recollect. John happened to be drunk at the time, and instead of answering directly to the question put by the justice, merely muttered out:—"Your honor is very—very wise—very wise—y-y-your honor is very wise, I say."

BLIND GIRL—POWER OF THE BIBLE.

A little girl had been attacked with a severe pain in the head, which ended in blindness. She was taken to an eminent oculist, who pronounced her incurable. She wished to know what the doctor said about her little, and her mother told her. "What mother! I exclaimed the child 'am I never to see the sun, nor the beautiful field, nor you my dear mother, nor my father? Oh how shall I bear it! She wrung her hands, and wept bitterly. Nothing seemed to yield her the slightest comfort till her mother taking a pocket bible from the table, placed it in her hands. 'What's this mother?' inquired the desolate little girl. 'It is the Bible, my child.' Immediately a score of its most consolatory passages presented themselves to her mind. She paused, turned her poor benighted eyeballs towards the ceiling, while an angelic expression played on her countenance and then, as if filled with the Holy Spirit, breathed forth in an impassioned, but scarcely audible whisper—'Thy will be done on earth as it is done in heaven!'

ROLLING OFF A LOG.

An editor out West, being deserted by his printers, who were 'on a strike,' was compelled to turn into the office himself. In his next week's paper appeared a graphic account of the circumstances, composed by the editor's 'own fair fingers,' concluding with the words—"Talk of the sublime art of Printing! bleSe our soul! it's as easAs as rollin' off a 'log!'

A LESSON IN ARITHMETIC—Teacher.

John suppose I was to shoot at a tree with five bins on it, and kill three, how many would be left? John.—Three, sir. Teacher.—No, two would be left you ignoramus. John.—No there wouldn't though—the three shot would be left, and the other two would be fied away. Teacher.—Take your seat, John.

CURE FOR WARTS AND CORNS.

the bark of a willow tree, burnt to ashes, mixed with strong vinegar and applied to the parts, will remove all corns or excrescences on any part of the body.