

John East

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

W. H. JACOBY, Proprietor.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

[Two Dollars per Annum.]

VOLUME 11.

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY, JULY 20, 1859.

NUMBER 28.

STAR OF THE NORTH.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY BY W. H. JACOBY.

Office on Main St., 3rd Square below Market.

TERMS:—Two Dollars per annum if paid within six months from the time of subscribing; two dollars and fifty cents if not paid within the year. No subscription taken for a less period than six months; no discontinuance permitted until all arrears are paid, unless at the option of the editor.

The terms of advertising will be as follows: One square, twelve lines, three times, \$1 00 Every subsequent insertion, 25 One square, three months, 3 00 One year, 8 00

Choice Poetry.

DEEDS OF KINDNESS.

Oppose the little cowpail
Should hang in the cap,
And say, "It's such a tiny flower,
I had better not grow up."
How many a weary traveler
Would miss its fragrant smell!
How many a little child would grieve
To lose it from the dell!

Suppose the glistening dew drop
Upon the grass should say,
"What can a little dew drop do?
I had better roll away."
The blade on which it rested,
Before the day was done,
Without a drop to moisten it,
Would wither in the sun.

Suppose the little breeze,
Upon a summer's day,
Should think themselves too small to cool
The traveler on his way;
And softest ones that blow,
And think they make a great mistake
If they were talking so?

How many deeds of kindness
A little child may do,
Although it has so little strength,
And little wisdom, too!
It wants a loving spirit,
Much more than strength to prove
How many things a child can do,
For others, by its love.

The Wallace Monument at Stirling.

At a meeting of this committee in Stirling, last week, after a careful inspection of the numerous designs and models which had been already forwarded to the secretary, they came to the resolution of extending the period for receiving designs and models to the 1st of February next. Funds still continue to come in, and those now available are considerably beyond the sum of £4000. A correspondent of the "Morning Journal" thus describes some of the models:—"On one of them the following description of the design is affixed: "No. 1 design is about 100 feet high, by eighty diameters, with ample circular accommodation for a public promenade inside, lighted from the roof by thick glass panels set in the solid stone ceiling, leading to a spacious winding staircase, having access to the various stages of the monument up to the top, where there is an open gallery from which a magnificent view of the country may be obtained. This design shows the emblematical homage of the thirty three counties of Scotland, represented by thirty-three lacrymal urns or vases, which shadow forth the national sympathy for, and adoration of the hero, and are at the same time a fitting memorial of their contributions to the centenary of Wallace at the Abbey Craig. At the base of the model are four recumbent, but ever watchful, colossal lions, over the public entrance to the monument, typical of the four quarters of the globe, Europe, Asia, Africa and America, as illustrating the contributions of men in all sections of our habitable sphere. On the apex of the model is a massive and energetic figure, about thirty feet high, of the immortal hero Wallace, resting on his sturdy double handed sword, and overlooking the battle field of Stirling. The statue is designed to be of cast iron, as also the colossal lion, wreaths, &c., and the body of the structure itself of the native rock of the Abbey Craig or from the quarries of Bannockburn." The same artist has another design, which is represented as a massive mural tower, 200 feet high to the top of the flag staff, by forty feet square at the base. There is an ample winding staircase up to the top, where there is a gallery, from which may be obtained an extensive prospect. The other model is of a different style entirely. It is a circular, about a 160 to 200 feet high, by 45 feet diameter at the base. There are 12 fluted columns about 60 feet high, supporting a broad gallery from which visitors will have a magnificent view of the surrounding country. The upper portion of the structure is after the style of the dome of St. Peter's, in Rome, or St. Paul's, in London. Above the cupola there is another gallery, intended for visitors obtaining a more extensive and bird's eye view of the magnificent scenery which this sight commands. The most of the other designs are colossal statues, upon pedestals of various descriptions; one or two plain and partly ornamental towers; and one design an exact copy of Sir Walter Scott's monument at Edinburgh.

In one of our principal thoroughfares lately a tall man with a rag-bag in his hand, was seen picking up a large number of pieces of horsebone which lay in the street. The devotee was of so extraordinary a nature, that he was asked the quaint old gaffer, whence he supposed they came.

"Don't know," he replied in a queaking voice, "but I expect some unfortunate female was wrecked hereabout some where."

Betting is immoral, but how can the man who bets be worse than one who is no better.

Democratic Candidates for the Presidential Nomination.

In less than one year from this time the Democratic National Convention, says the Philada. Argus, will assemble in Charleston to nominate a candidate for President of the United States, and it cannot be doubted that the public mind is much interested upon the question, who shall this candidate be? Leaving out of discussion at present the chances for the success of the Democratic party in 1860, although we consider the signs of the times quite favorable to triumph of that organization, we propose briefly to refer to the distinguished gentlemen whose names are most prominent before the country in connection with this nomination, and to sketch, rapidly and fairly, their public services, together with some of the most interesting incidents connected with their histories. It is but just here that we should say that much of the information contained in this article is derived from Lanman's Dictionary of Congress.

GEN. JOSEPH LANE, OF OREGON.

This gentleman, whose career furnishes a striking illustration of what energy, intellect and honesty can accomplish in this free country, although surrounded by difficulties, was born in the State of North Carolina, on the 14th of December, 1801. His early education was limited, and at the age of fifteen years he became a clerk in a mercantile house in Indiana, to which State he had migrated from his Southern home. In 1822 he was elected a member of the Legislature of his adopted State, where he served, with occasional intervals, until 1846, at which time he was in the Senate. When war was declared against Mexico, he resigned his seat, and enlisted as a private soldier in one of the volunteer companies composing the Indiana regiment. Previous to the departure of these troops for the seat of war, he was appointed Brig. General by President Polk, and in this capacity served through the campaign, gaining the most exalted praise from all engaged in the conflict for his courage, energy, and kindness to the soldiers under his command. When peace was concluded he returned to his home, but had hardly reached it ere he was notified of his appointment as Governor of Oregon. With a few followers he repaired to this distant scene of his future services, and his journey over the plains and through the Rocky Mountains in mid winter—cut off for months from all intercourse with civilized life, and suffering from cold and the want of necessary provisions—was undoubtedly one of the most remarkable ever performed on this continent. He served as Governor of Oregon but a few months when he was removed by Gen. Taylor, and then he was elected by the people to represent them in Congress. In this capacity he continued until the admission of Oregon as a State, when he was chosen one of its United States Senators, which office he now fills. Gen. Lane is in the prime of vigorous manhood; possesses extraordinary mental and physical powers; is kind and pleasant in his manners, and enjoys an enviable popularity with all who know him personally.

HON. JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE, OF KENTUCKY.

Was born near Lexington, in that State, on the 6th of January 1821, and is consequently one of the youngest statesmen in our country. He came of a family which has made its mark upon many pages of national history, and the representative of it of whom we are now writing will undoubtedly achieve a place among the distinguished men of the age, honorable alike to his genius and his country. Mr. Breckinridge received a classical education and studied law at the Transylvania Institute. He served as major in the Mexican war, and exhibited a gallantry and courage which made him the pride of his regiment and the favorite of his associates in arms. In the memorable court martial of Gen. Pillow, he acted as counsel for that gentleman, and distinguished himself for his legal learning and brilliant eloquence. On his return home after peace was declared, he was elected to the State Legislature, and in 1851 he was chosen a Representative in Congress from the Ashland district—the home of Henry Clay. In the National House of Representatives he gained an exalted reputation for oratorical ability, and his eulogy on Henry Clay was published all over the country as one of the most feeling and eloquent speeches ever delivered in Congress. In 1856 Mr. Breckinridge was nominated for Vice President on the ticket with Mr. Buchanan, and was triumphantly elected. This exalted position he now occupies, and it is doing him but simple justice to say that he discharges its duties in a manner worthy of all commendation. He is one of the most brilliant men of the country, and his affability of manner is charming.

HON. STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS, OF ILLINOIS.

Is a native of New England. He was born at Brandon, Rutland county, Vermont, on the 23rd of April, 1813. His father died when he was an infant, and his mother being in moderate circumstances, he entered a cabinet maker's shop in Middlebury, where he commenced life by shoving a plane. After serving about eighteen months at this trade, his health failed him, and he became a student in an academy. His mother having married again, he removed with her to Canandaigua, New York. Here he commenced the study of law, and long afterwards removed to Cleveland, Ohio. From this city he journeyed farther westward and finally settled in Jacksonville, Illinois. For a time after his arrival in the State which has since been his home, he was employed as clerk in an auctioneer's store, and subsequently taught a school. In his leisure hours he continued the study of the law, and in 1834 was admitted to the bar. From this time his career has been one of almost uninterrupted success in all respects. In 1836 he was elected Attorney General of the State of Illinois, and in 1837 he was appointed by President Van Buren, Register of the Land Office at Springfield. In 1840 he was elected Secretary of State, and the following year a Judge of the Supreme Court. This office he resigned, after serving two years. In 1843 he was elected to Congress, and served there until 1847, when he was chosen a United States Senator, in which position he has continued up to the present time, and last winter he was elected for a third term of six years. His career in the Senate is familiar to the people of the country. He has been intimately connected with all the important legislation of the past ten years, and probably no man living has met with as much intemperate praise and denunciation as the 'Little Giant.' To illustrate his indomitable energy, an incident may be related here. His progress to official distinction was very rapid, and naturally excited a bitter opposition. When he was elected to the Supreme Bench, his enemies everywhere predicted that he would utterly fail because of his want of experience in the legal profession. But he applied himself with all his industry, and in a short time gained the reputation of being one of the most correct and efficient Judges Illinois ever had. So it has been throughout his career. He has always succeeded in commanding respect for his talents, even when his policy and motives were most condemned. In personal appearance Senator Douglas is anything but commanding, and his physiognomy is not very prepossessing. His manners are somewhat brusque, and his style of oratory unpolished but forcible. He has many devoted friends, and many bitter enemies.

A Lion Adventure in Algeria.

I was roused by something, and felt a pain in my head, and directly afterward I received a blow on the head through the side of the tent, which made me think for a moment that I had been struck by an iron bar with claws at the end, which I carried with me in my wagon; but in an instant the idea flashed across me that it was a lion which was sniffing at me through the back of the tent. If I remained without moving, there was the probability of the beast tearing up the tent and dragging me through. On the other hand, an attempt to move closer to the fire would probably be detected, as the lion has the same sensitive whiskers as the cat, and would doubtless have sprung upon me in that case, and have carried me off. While hesitating what to do, the animal, most likely from not being able any longer to feel anything through the wall of the tent, must have turned away, for after what was in fact, but a few moments, but which seemed a very long time, there was a terrific shriek, followed by a low, deep growling, then a shot and a louder growl.— I felt about for my revolver, which I had placed beside my head before going to sleep, and creeping round the tent I saw the horrid beast standing perfectly still, with glaring eyes, and continuing the same low, deep growling, and holding in his mouth the body of a man, which he occasionally lowered to the ground as if with the intention of taking a firmer hold, but never entirely letting go of it. I saw by the direction of his look that he had caught sight of me, and so terrible were the associations connected with the beast in my mind that I dared not move or breathe for some seconds when the thought suddenly occurred to me that it must be the body of Hamed that he held in his mouth. My liking for this man had become so strong that the desire to rescue or avenge him drove every feeling of fear out of my mind, and, with steady aim, I fired at his body just behind the shoulder. Singularly enough, although I knew I had hit him, he merely gave a loud growl and remained stationary, without relaxing his hold of the Arab's body. How long he would have remained in this state of immobility I can't say, but I was just about to try the effect of a second shot, when a regular volley of guns was fired from out of the darkness; the beast sprang toward me, almost at the same instant that I felt a sharp, stinging sensation in the upper part of my arm, and fell to the ground, so close to me that I felt about to avoid a blow from his claws in his death struggles. They did not last long, and as soon as they were over I fetched a lighted brand from the fire, and first holding it to the face of the dead man to see who it was, and feeling much relieved at finding it was not Hamed, I waved it about as a signal for the others that they might come with safety. They soon came and clustered round the body of the dead lion, some kicking it, others spitting on and reviling it, and all of them claiming the honor of having killed him, a claim that they seemed far more interested in defending than in commiserating the fate of their dead companion.

A Sample Clerk.

Jem B. is a wag. A joke to Jem: is both food and raiment, and whenever or where ever there is an opening for he has it.

Jem was recently in a drug store, when a youth, apparently fresh from the mountains, entered the store and at once accosted Jem, stating that he was in search of a job.

"What kind of a job?" inquired the wag.

"Oh, a most interesting—want to get a kind of general job. I worked in farming, and can turn my hand to most anything."

"Well, we want a man; a good, strong and healthy man, as a sample clerk."

"Wages are good, we pay \$1000 to a man in that situation."

"What's a feller to do?"

"Oh, merely to test medicines that's all. It requires a stout man, one of good constitution, and as he gets used to it he doesn't mind it. You see, we are very particular about the quality of our medicines, and before we sell any we test every parcel. You would be required to take—say six or seven ounces of Castor Oil some days, with a few doses of Rhubarb, Aloes, Croton Oil, and similar preparation. Some days you would not be required to take anything, but as a general thing, you can count upon—say from six to ten doses of something daily.—As to the work, that does not amount to much—the testing department would be the principal labor for you, and, as I said before, it requires a person of very healthy organization to endure it, but you look hearty, and I guess you would suit us. That young man (pointing to a very pale faced, slim looking youth who happened to be present) has filled the post for the past two weeks, but he is hardly stout enough to stand it. We should like to have you take a right hold, if you are ready, and if you say so, we'll begin to-day, here's a new barrel of castor oil; just come in. I'll go and draw an ounce."

(Here verdant, who had been gazing intently upon the slim youth, interrupted him with—)

"N-o, n-o I g-u-e-s-s n-o-t-to-day, any-how I'll go down and see my aunt, an' ef I conclude to come, I'll come up to-morrow an' let you know."

And he did not come; it is supposed he considered the work too hard.

A Thrilling Romance.

CHAPTER I.

She stood beside the altar, with a wreath of orange buds upon her head—upon her back the richest kind of odds—her lover stood beside her with white kids and dickey clean—the last was twenty-one year old, the first was seventeen.

The parson's job was over—every one had kissed the bride, and wished the young folks happiness, and danced, and laughed, and cried. The last kiss had been given and the last word had been said, and the happy pair had simmered down, and sought the bridal bed.

CHAPTER II.

She stood beside the wash tub, with her red hand in the suds; and at her slipshod feet there laid a pile of dirty duds; her husband stood beside her—the crassest man alive—the last was twenty-eight years old, the first was twenty-five.

The heavy wash was over—and the clothes hung out to dry—and Tom had stuck his finger in the dirty baby's eye. Tom had been spanked and supper made upon a crust of bread, and then the bride and bridegroom went grumbling to bed.

Byron was disenchanted in other words he saw his co-morata eating. In other words, he faltered when youth and beauty were at stake.

The Truth Doth Never Die.

Though kingdoms, States, and Empires fall,
And dynasties decay;
Though gorgeous towers and palaces
In heaps of ruin lie,
Which once was proudest of the proud,
The Truth doth never die!

We'll mourn not o'er the silent past;
Its glories are not fled,
Although its men of high renown
Be numbered with the dead.
We'll grieve not o'er what earth hath lost,
It can not claim a sigh;
For the wrong alone hath perished,
The Truth doth never die!

All of the Past are living still—
All that is good and true
The rest hath perished, and it did
Deserve to perish too!
The world rolls ever round and round,
And time rolls ever by;
And the wrong is ever rooted up,
But the Truth doth never die!

A Russian Wolf Hunt.

We translate the following story from a late number of M. Alexander Dumas's newspapers. It is an extract from one of his letters from St. Petersburg:—

Wolf hunting and bear hunting are the favorite pleasures of the Russian. Wolves are hunted in this way if the winter, when the wolves being hungry are ferocious.— Three or four hunters each, armed with a double barreled gun, get in a troika, which is any sort of a carriage drawn by three horses—its name being derived from its team and not its form. The middle horse trots always; the left hand and right hand horses must always gallop. The middle horse trots with his head hanging down, and he is called the Snow-Eater. The two others have only one rein, and they are fastened to the poles in the middle of the body, and gallop, their heads free; they are called the Furios.

The troika is driven by a sure coachman, if there is such a thing in the world as a sure coachman. A pig is tied to the rear of the vehicle by a rope or chain, (for greater security,) some twelve yards long. The pig is kept in the vehicle until the hunters reach the forest where the hunt is to take place, when he is taken out and the horses started. The pig, not being accustomed to this sort of a ride, and his squeals soon degenerate into lamentations. His cries bring out one wolf, who gives the pig chase; then two wolves, then three, then ten, then fifty wolves—all posting as hard as they can after the poor pig, fighting among themselves for the best places, snapping and striking at the poor pig at every opportunity, who squeals with despair. These squeals of agony arouse all the wolves in the forest, within a circuit of three miles, and the troika is followed by an immense flock of wolves.

It is now a good driver is indispensable. The horses have an instinctive horror of wolves, and go almost crazy; they run as fast as they can go. The huntsmen fire as fast as they can load—there is no necessity to take aim. The pig squeals—the horses neigh—the wolves howl—the guns rattle; it is a concert to make Mephistopheles jealous. As long as the driver commands his horses, fast as they may be running away, there is no danger. But, if he ceases to be master of them; if they balk, if the troika is upset, there is no hope. The next day, or the day after, or a week afterwards, nothing will remain of the party but the wreck of the troika, the barrels of the guns, and the large bones of the horses, huntsmen and driver.

Last winter Prince Repnine went on one of these hunts, and it came very near being his last hunt. He was on a visit with two of his friends to one of his estates near the steppes, and they determined to go on a wolf hunt. They prepared a large sleigh in which three persons could move with ease, three vigorous horses were put into it and they selected a man born in the country and thoroughly experienced in the sport.— Every huntsman had a pair of double barreled guns and a hundred and fifty ball cartridges. It was night when they reached the steppe; that is, an immense prairie covered with snow. The moon was full, and shone brilliantly; its beams refracted by the snow gave a light scarcely inferior to daylight.

The pig was put out of the sleigh and the horses whipped up. As soon as the pig felt that he was dragged he began to squeal. A wolf or two appeared, but they were timid, and kept a long way off. Their number gradually increased, and as their number augmented they became bolder.— There were about twenty wolves when they came within reach of troika. One of the party fired; a wolf fell. The flock became alarmed and half fled away. Seven or eight hungry wolves remained behind to devour their dead companion. The gaps were soon filled. On every side howls answered howls, on every side sharp noses and brilliant eyes were seen peering. The guns rattled volley after volley. But the flock of wolves increased instead of diminishing, and soon it was not a flock but a vast herd of wolves in thick serrated columns which gave chase to the sleigh.

The wolves bounded forward so rapidly they seemed to fly over the snow, and so lightly, not a sound was heard; their numbers continued to increase, and increase, and increase; they seemed to be a silent tide drawing nearer and nearer, and which the guns of the party, rapidly as they were discharged, had no effect on them. The wolves formed a vast crescent, whose horns began to encamp the horses. Their number increased so rapidly they seemed to

Horoscope for Ladies.

We extract the following 'Horoscopes,' in each month in the year, from an old paper:—

January. He who is born of this month will be laborious and a lover of good wine, but very subject to infidelity, but he will be complacent and withal a very fine singer. The ladies born of this month will be pretty, prudent housewives, rather melancholy, but yet good tempered.

February. The man born in this month will love money much but the ladies more, he will be stingy at home, but a prodigal abroad. The lady will be a humane and affectionate wife and tender mother.

March. The man born in this month will be rather handsome, will be honest and prudent; he will be a jealous, passionate chatter box.

April. The man who has the misfortune to be born in this month will be subjected to maladies, he will travel to his advantage and love ladies to his disadvantage, for he will marry a rich, handsome heiress, who will make—what no doubt you all understand. The lady of this month will be tall and stout, with agreeable wit and great talk.

May. The man born in this month will be handsome and amiable; he will make his wife happy. The lady will be equally blessed in every respect.

June. Born now he will be of small stature, passionately fond of women and children, but will not be loved in return. The lady will be a giddy personage, fond of coffee; she will marry at the age of twenty-one and be a fool at forty-five.

July. The man will be fair, he will suffer death for the wicked woman he loves.— The female of this month will be passively handsome with a sharp nose, but fine bust. She will be of rather sulky temper.

August. The man will be ambitious and courageous; he will have several maladies and two wives. The lady will be ambitious and twice married, but her second husband will cause her to regret her first.

September. Born in this month he will be strong, wise and prudent, but too easy with his wife, who will give him great uneasiness. The lady, round face, fair hair, witty, discreet, amiable and loved by her friends.

October. The man of this month will have a handsome and florid complexion; he will be quick in youth and always inconstant. He will promise one thing and do another, and remain poor. The lady will be pretty, a little too fond of talk. She will have two husbands who will be very likely to die of grief, she will best know why.

November. The man born now will have a fine face and be a gay deceiver. The lady of this month will be large, liberal and full of novelty.

December. The man born in this month will be a good sort of person though passionate. He will devote himself to the army, and be betrayed by his wife. The lady will be amiable and handsome, with a good voice, and well proportioned body; she will be twice married and remain poor, but continue honest.

A young lady explained to a printer the other day the distinction between printing and publishing, and at the conclusion of her remarks, by way of illustration, she said, "you may print a kiss on my cheek but you must not publish it."

As exchange says, the best cure for palpitation of the heart, is to leave off hugging and kissing the girls. If this is the only remedy that can be produced, we, for one, say, let 'er palpitate!

Newspaper Articles.

The following are samples of short editorial articles which we find continually floating on the sea of Newspaperdom. They are good and may prove worthy of republication, as not inappropriate to the generalty of newspaper readers:—

"Stop my paper."

So says the subscriber. Well, certainly he has the right to stop his paper whenever he pleases; and anybody has the right to require of him a reason for it. It may be one which he does not choose to make public. He may not like the paper, or he may dislike the editor, or he may feel that he has no time to read, or if he has, that he had rather spend his time in reading something else, or he may feel that he is not able to pay for it—at all events he is under no obligation to give any reason to anybody for it.

Nevertheless you have some reason for it, good or bad. Some of them we have heard often enough to know, and some of them we intend to guess at. One says, "stop my paper, I don't like your principles."—Well, that's very well. No man ought to sustain a paper which advocates bad principles; but let us see about that. If you are always able to find out the principles of a paper, you are more fortunate than we are. But then if you can, are you sure these principles are bad? What are your principles? Are you sure that you have any, or ever had? Sometimes we find you supporting one man, or set of men, and sometimes another. Somebody has charged principles. If you have changed principles, you may change again; if you have been wrong once, you may be wrong again—besides a man or paper may differ with you and you be right.

"Well," says another, "I agree with you, and like your paper very much but I must curtail my expenses." It is very well too, if you have been extravagant to curtail and be more economical, but had you not better cut off larger expenses—some that are more injurious to you? Your paper costs you but a very small amount of money, and it brings with it no bad habits, and involves the necessity of no other expenses—nay, perhaps it keeps you out of bad habits, and saves you the expenses consequent upon them. It affords you employment of time which might otherwise be badly employed, and no man ever had a good paper for one year without getting the worth of his money out of it, to say nothing of the benefit derived from it by the family.

"But," says another, "stop my paper; not that I dislike your principles or your paper, on the contrary, I am well pleased with it—but my neighbor takes it, and I have the use of his."

A good many publishers complain very greatly of "newspaper botchers." For ourselves, we would prefer, of course that everybody would take the paper for himself and pay for it; but we have no complaint to make of anybody on that score, if there is anybody who likes our paper and is unable or unwilling to pay for it, we hope those who do take it will lend it to him.— But suppose you can have the benefit of it for nothing; if you think it advocates good principles, don't you think it is your duty, ay, and your interest, to help and support it? Suppose that every body would adopt your course, then there would be nobody of whom you could borrow. Do you take one and pay for it, and there will be two to lend instead of one. You will help in this way to disseminate good principles, and you will furnish the publisher with the means of disseminating them more efficiently. You will serve yourself and the country. Instead therefore of stopping your paper when your time is out, go out amongst your neighbors and gather up a dozen new subscribers and send up their names and the money, and you will feel the better for it at least a whole year.

See and Say.

He who sits down to write having nothing to say, must be peculiarly weak in purpose if he does not succeed in saying it at great length. We are specially cautious of the orator who is 'unexpectedly' called upon for a speech, and 'cannot' add anything to what has been already said—he certainly will add much to what has been already said.

A man must know precisely what he would shoot at, to make his shots tell on the game. It takes a world of noisy powder to drive a bullet to the eye of an invisible target, which you only have a vague notion is located somewhere from east-southeast to the extreme north west corner of the lot.

The sportsman, deer stalking about a bush pasture, who fired away at his dubious game with such rare discrimination that he was to hit it if it proved to be a deer, and miss it if it unluckily should be a calf, is a worthy type of those literary sharpshooters who sit down 'with nothing particular on their minds,' and get up with nothing particular on their sheets—with this difference, that whereas the sportsman's bullets miss down the calf, they are fatally certain to bring down the calf. Know precisely what you would say, and you shall know with tolerable precision what you have said.

If you see a thing, you can say it, though you were the least tonguey of your father's children. If you only see a foggy sketch of a thing, ranging anywhere in the visible creation, from a horse shed to an apple tree, with faint indications of a water fall, with red damask curtains, you will certainly be balked in the attempt to give a clear conception of that thing, though you be endowed with endless dictionary, and the pen.— See and say, and till thou be mum.