

Alb. Cat

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

W. H. JACOBY, Proprietor. Truth and Right—God and our Country. [Two Dollars per Annum.]

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Choice Poetry.
A FARMER'S SOLO.
BY D. D. REYNOLDS.
We envy not the princely man,
In city or in town,
Who wonders whether pumpkin vines,
Run up the hill or down;
We care not for his marble halls,
Nor yet his heaps of gold;
We would not own his sordid heart
For all his wealth three fold.
We are the favored ones of earth,
We breathe pure air each morn,
We sow—we reap the golden grain—
We gather in the corn;
We toil—we live on what we earn,
And more than this we do;—
We hear of starving millions' round,
And gladly feed them, too.
The lawyer lives on princely fees,
Yet drags a weary life,
He never knows a peaceful hour—
His atmosphere's strife.
The merchant, thumbs his yardstick o'er—
Grows haggard at his toil—
He's not the man God meant him for—
Why don't he till the soil?
If he'd but dig the generous earth,
And breathe the pure air of Heaven,
And sleep all night and wake at dawn,
He'd know what God hath given
Of health and comfort, peace and joy,
Outweighing glittering ore—
And silks, and prints, and lace, and tape,
All numbered o'er and o'er.
The doctor plods through storm and cold,
Plods at his patient's will,
When dead and gone he plods again
To get his lengthy bill.
The printer, (bless his noble soul!)
He grasps the mighty earth,
And stamps it on the living page
To cheer the farmer's hearth.
We sing the honor of the plow,
And honor to the Press—
Two noble instruments of toil,
With each a power to bless.
The bone—the nerve of this fast age—
True wealth of human kind—
One tills the ever generous earth,
The other tills the mind.

Our Country: Right or Wrong!
There is at least as much justice and propriety in another exclamation—viz: our friends—our children! right or wrong! for if patriotism, or the love of country, renders the first feeling admissible, surely the natural and stronger love of one's own offspring, and the intimacies of our domestic circle, offers an abundant excuse for the other. We well know it is not wise, or perhaps consistent with the teachings of religion, to give our sanction to what is positively wrong—what we know to be wrong; and yet in a choice of evils, may, and should we not, select the least. A child, in spite of our best efforts, by educational influences and home discipline, such as we have been able to maintain, may reach adult age an ungovernable, foolish or vicious person; and besides the pain and anxieties caused at home by son or daughter, under these circumstances, society, eventually, perhaps, the law, becomes offended by one having the strongest natural claims upon our interest and affection. If, at such a moment, we join with the world, and in an unfeeling spirit of stern justice, drive this child from home and our protection, running the risk of bringing greater misconduct and perhaps ultimate ruin, on all sides we hear loud exclamations of "heartless parent!" "unnatural brute!" If on the contrary, we still allow our natural love to govern, and stand by the erring, renewing our private efforts to correct the evils of a life that is precious to us—then, it is "blind indulgence!" "parental infatuation, and encouragement to wrong doing!" What course is left for the parent, but to endure the world's reproach or scorn, and still obeying the best impulse of the heart, exclaim—"my children and my friends, right or wrong!"
Impartial or indifferent judges will freely condemn and abandon, perhaps punish the mistakes or misdeeds of our children; it is an unfeeling word we live in spite of the heavenly injunction—"yes, seventy times seven shalt thou forgive thy brother." We are, perchance, the last, the only hope from which erring humanity may derive the opportunity to mend; and at the very period when the ignorant and condemning world is most severe and unfeeling, it may be that penitence and information have reached the heart, where folly and wickedness are lately ruled. This is especially true of the young and inexperienced, in whom character is ever undergoing change, and where error and vice startle us, it is mostly through the apt teachings and evil influence of bad signers—of wicked and designing men. If, then our country is wrong let us still protest and defend her, until she gets old enough to be right; and so too with friends and family—let us be slow to abandon those that are next dear to us, when error clouds their path.
Never marry a man because he is handsome; he will think too much of his own beauty to take notice of yours.

From the San Francisco Golden Era. THE OLD CARTMAN.

BY BLUNDERBASS.
I have a mind to tell a little story. That it is brief, may be seen at a glance; that it is true I most emphatically avow. If the reader despises it because of the first, or the editors of the Era reject it for the reason of the last, then will I eschew truth in the future, and devote myself to the elaboration of lies into chapters and the purest fictions into volumes of seventeen hundred pages each.
With this understanding, I proceed at once to remark, that five years ago or thereabouts, John Ainsley—or "Pap Ainsley," as he was familiarly called—was the owner of a handcart, and earned a living by conveying miscellaneous parcels from one section of the city to another, and receiving therefor the reasonable remuneration of fifty cents per load. To designate the occupation in the most language possible, he was a hand-cartman, and when not employed, could always be found during working hours at the corner of Montgomery and California streets. His hair and long beard were quite gray and his limbs feeble; and if he could not shove as heavy a load thro' the deep sand or up the steep grade above him as the stalwart Teuton on the opposite corner, thereby losing many a job and many a dollar, all the light loads in the neighborhood fell to his lot, and kind hearted men not infrequently traveled a square or two out of their way to give an easy job to Pap Ainsley.
Four years ago last September, (I recollect the month, for I had a note of \$4,000 to pay, and was compelled to do some sharp financing to meet it,) having 2 or 3 dozen volumes of books to transfer to my lodging I gave Pap Ainsley the task of transportation. Arriving at my room just as he had deposited the last armful on the table, and observing that the old man looked considerably fatigued, after climbing three flights of stairs five or six times, I invited him to take a glass of brandy—a bottle of which I usually kept in my room, for medicinal and soporific purposes. Although grateful for the invitation, he politely declined. I urged, but he was inflexible. I was astonished—"Do you never drink?" said I. "Very seldom," he replied, dropping into a chair, and wiping the perspiration from his forehead. "Well, if you drink at all," I insisted, "you will not find in the next twelve months as far an excuse for indulging, for you appear fatigued and scarcely able to stand." "Do not be frank," said the old man, "I do not drink now. I have not tasted intoxicating liquor for fifteen years—since—" "Since when?" I inquired thoughtlessly, observing his hesitation.
The old man told me. Sixteen years ago he was a well-to-do farmer near Syracuse, N. Y. He had but one child, a daughter. While attending a boarding school in that city, the girl, then but sixteen years of age, formed an attachment for a young physician. Acquainting her father with the circumstances, he flatly refused his consent to her union with a man he never had seen, and removing her from school, dispatched a note to the gallant, with the somewhat pointed information, that his presence in the neighborhood of the Ainsley farm would not meet with favor. The reader of course surmises the result, for such a proceeding could have but one result. In less than a month there was an elopement. The father loaded his double barreled shot gun, and swore vengeance, but failing to find the fugitives, he took to the bottle. His good wife implored him not to give way to despair, but he drank the deeper, and accused her of encouraging the elopement. In three months the wife died, and at the expiration of a year, when the young couple returned to Syracuse from Connecticut, where they had remained with the parents of the husband, they learned that the old man, after the death of his wife, of which they had of course been apprised, had sold his farm, squandered the proceeds, and was almost destitute. Learning of their arrival, Ainsley drank himself into a frenzy, and proceeded to the hotel where they were stopping, attacked the husband, wounding him in the arm with a pistol shot, and then attempted the life of his daughter, who, happily, escaped uninjured through the interposition of persons brought to the spot by the report of the pistol. Ainsley was arrested, tried and acquitted on the plea of insanity. The daughter and her husband returned to Connecticut, since which time the father had not heard from them. He was sent to a lunatic Asylum, from which he was dismissed after remaining six months. In 1851 he came to California. He had followed mining for two years, but finding his strength unequal to the pursuit, returned to this city, purchased a handcart, and—the rest is known. "Since then," concluded the old man, bowing his face in his hands in agony, "I have not tasted liquor, nor have I seen my poor child." I regretted that I had been so inquisitive and expressed to the sufferer the sympathy I really felt for him. After that, I seldom passed the corner without looking for "Pap Ainsley," and never saw him but to think of the sad story he had told me.
One chilly, drizzling day in the December following, a gentleman having purchased a small marble top table at an auction room opposite, proffered to the old man the job of conveying it to his residence on Stockton street. Not wishing to accompany the carrier, he had selected the face, probably, giving the best assurance of the careful delivery of the purchase.
Furnished with the number of the house,

TABLE TALKERS. From Roger's Recollections.

BURKE.
"Dull proverbs are preferable to dull jokes. The first requires only patience; but the last harass the spirit, and check their spontaneous action. Quizzing is a system of terror—the ruin of all social intercourse.—More indulgence should be shown to story tellers. A story to be good should be a little long sometimes, and in general, when a man offers you his story, it is the best thing he has to give you. There should be a variety of styles too, in conversation as in other amusements. A great admirer of Swift's humor, particularly in his namby-pamby letters to the Spectator, which he always praised for their genuine gracefulness and ease. It being observed that many could not relish them in early life, but had grown to like them afterwards, he said: In early life we have generally a serious turn. It is in youth that the reasoning powers are strong, though the stock is then too small to make any show with. The imagination becomes strongest after youth; for however ready it is to come forward, it cannot be exercised without a stock of knowledge."
GRATTAN.
Were you twenty years old, and Capt. Cook setting sail, would you go round the world with him? No, I have no wish to see such countries as he saw. I wish to see Rome and Athens and some parts of Asia; but little besides. My Uncle Dean Marley was famous for the best little dinners, and he lost his fame—he had no more good company—ard there was an end of his enjoyment. He had at first about four hundred pounds a year, and his little dinners were delightful; but he had an estate left him, and afterwards came to a Bishoprick—he had lords and ladies to his table—people of fashion—foolish men and foolish women, and there was an end of him and us. He (Marley) had much of the humor of Deam Swift. Upon one occasion when a footman was out of the way, he ordered the coachman to fetch some water from the well. The coachman objected, saying that "it was his business to drive, and not run on errands." "Then bring the coach and four," said he, "and put the pitcher into it, and drive to the well"—a service which was performed many times, to the great entertainment of the village. Which would you rather pass a day with, Alexander, Caesar or Bonaparte. *Cesar.* I am much interested about his time. I would ask him (and here he enumerated many questions about his campaigns) what were the real characters of many of his contemporaries—and I would ask him (he might answer it or not, as he pleased) what part he took in the Castilian conspiracy. * * * * * In traveling, I should like the lower orders of the people better than the middle ones for my companions—I would rather be in a heavy coach than in one that carried four. * * * * * Of all men, if I could call up one, it should be Scipio Africanus. Hannibal was perhaps a greater captain, but not so great and good a man. Epaminondas did not do so much. Themistocles was a rogue. In modern times, Washington, I believe, was the greatest man, and next to him, William the Third. Burke was so fond of arbitrary power, he could not sleep upon his pillow, unless he might the King had a right to take it from him. Siella used often to visit my aunt, and sleep with her in the same bed, and weep all night. She was not very handsome. Miss V— was handsome. Milton I like best of them all. He is much more poetical than Shakespeare, and if anybody would be a public speaker, let him study his prose and his poetry—his prose is often an admirable model for the majestic style of speaking.—To be a good short is useful. It makes a Brave man braver—a timid man braver; and all men are born cowards. But it makes a bad man worse that it found him—a bully.
PERSON.
Had I a carriage, and did I see a well-dressed person on the road, I would always invite him in and learn of him what I could. Louis XIV. was the son of Anne of Austria by Cardinal Richelieu. The man in the iron mask was Anne's eldest son—I have no doubt of it. Two parties must consent to the publication of a book—the public as well as the author. Mr. Pitt conceives his sentences before he utters them. Mr. Fox throws himself into the middle of his, and leaves it to God Almighty to get him out again. When God made man, he used up all the water in making other animals, so he mingled his clay with tears. Of Mackintosh, he means to get interest for his principal. Of Sheridan: He is a promising fellow. All wit true reasoning. History of the Grand Aun in a 100 volume folio. I love an octavo; and the pages are soon read—the milestones occur frequently. If I had £3,000 per annum I would have a person constantly dressed, night and day, with fire and candle to attend upon me. (He is an uncertain sleeper.) * * * I had lived long before I discovered that wit was truth.—Wit is in general the finest sense in the world. . . . We all speak in metaphors.—Those who appear not to do it only use those which are worn out, and are over-worked as metaphors. The original fellow is therefore regarded as only witty; and the dull are consulted as the wise.
JERRY DIGGS remembered his miserly uncle in his will, for he bequeathed "to my mother's brother a gun flint, and a knife to suffer rather than make suffer.

Sleeping Together.

If a man were to see a quartier of an inch of worm put in his cup of coffee, he could not drink it, because he knows that the whole cup would be impregnated. If a very small amount of some virulent poison be introduced into a glass of water, the drinking of it might not produce instant death, but that would not prove that it was not harmful, only that there was not enough of it to cause a destructive result immediately.
We sicken at the thought of taking the breath of another the moment it leaves the mouth, but that breath mingles with the air about the bed in which two persons lay; and it is rebreathed, but not the less offensive is it in reality on account of the dilution, except that it is not taken in its concentrated form, but each breath makes it more concentrated. One sleeper corrupts the atmosphere of the room by his own breathing, but when two persons are breathing at the same time, twelve or fourteen times in each minute, each minute extracting all the nutriment from a gallon of air, the deterioration must be rapid indeed, especially in a small and close room. A bird cannot live without a large supply of pure air. A canary bird hung up in a certain bedstead where two persons slept died before the morning.
Many infants are found dead in bed, and it is attributed to having been overlaid by the parents; but the idea that any persons could lay still for a moment on a baby, or anything else of the same "size, is absurd. Death was caused by the want of pure air.
Besides, emanations, miasma and more or less solid, are thrown out from every person—thrown out by the processes of nature, because no longer fit for the life purposes, because they are dead and corrupt; but if breathed into another living body, it is just as abhorrent as if we took "into our mouths the matter of a sore or any other exertion.
The most destructive typhoid and putrid fevers are known to arise directly from a number of persons living in the same small room.
Those who can afford it should therefore arrange to have each member of the family sleep in a separate bed, they should be about the same age, and in good health. If the health be much unequal, both will suffer, but the healthier one the most—the invalid suffering for want of entirely pure air.
So many cases are mentioned in standard medical works where healthy, robust infants and larger children have dwindled away, and died in a few months from sleeping with grandparents, or other old persons, that it is useless to cite special instances in proof.
It would be a constitutional and moral good for married persons to sleep in adjoining rooms, as a general habit. It would be a certain means of physical invigoration, and of advantages in other directions, which will readily occur to the reflective reader. Kings and Queens and the highest personages of courts have separate apartments.—It is the bodily emanations collecting and concentrating under the same cover which are the most destructive of health—more destructive than the simple contamination of an atmosphere breathed in common.
LADIES HAVE LESS VANTY THAN MEN.—Although women are accused of being much more vain than men, my experience has proved to me, at least, the contrary. Only in a few instances have I found the ladies as exacting as the men. Sometimes I have heard girls gifted by nature with all the charms of Hebe, say that they thought I had flattered them. Now, a truly beautiful woman cannot be done justice to either by painter or poet, so that in these cases, instead of flattering, I was falling far short of the originals. Once, indeed, a lady sat to me who considered that her figure was not good; so she asked a friend who had a fine figure to sit for her. The effect of the combination may be imagined. To an artist's eye, at least, it was putting the proportions of two different persons in one stereotype, for the figure, whether handsome or otherwise, always harmonizes with the head. Once a Spanish lady said to me, when he had absolutely made up her face to such an extent with varnishes, cosmetics and paints, that she looked more like China doll than a human being. Her own complexion was of an exquisite olive brown, as I saw one day when she was not sitting to me, and it was a sin to spoil it in that way. I longed to tell her so, but that would have been a mortal offence; for, of course, her object was to make me and every one else think that was her complexion."

A PRETTY FOOT.

There's magic in a lady's foot,
And well the ladies know it—
And she who has a pretty one
Is pretty sure to show it.
At times you, too, are martyred by
The nicest little ankle,
That shoots an arrow through the eye,
Within your heart to rankle.
But when it trips along the street,
Through wind and mud a vapor,
By sheerest accident you see,
How beautiful the taper,
And as it steps upon the walk,
Amid the crowd to mingle,
Two roguish eyes look up and say,
"I wonder if she's single?"
Saturday Night.
The week is past; its latest ray
Is vanished with the closing day;
And 'tis as far beyond our grasp
Its now departed hours to clasp,
As to recall the moment bright
When first creation sprung to light.
The week is past! it has brought
Some beams of sweet and soothing thought,
If it has left some memory dear
Of heavenly raptures tasted here,
It has not winged its flight in vain,
Although it ne'er return again.
Romance Extraordinary.
On Friday of last week, two individuals, calling themselves Jack and Charlie, made their appearance in Chambersburg, Pa., and while sauntering through that town the latter attracted much attention—appearance, voice and manner seeming to indicate that he could not justly claim to be of the sterner sex. His companion, Jack, had drunk very freely, and become uproarious in a saloon, incurring the displeasures of the barkeeper, who compelled him to leave. Charlie immediately followed, having been advised by some one that "Six" had better leave too, and he retreated, declaring that he was no "Six." Shortly afterwards, Jack was arrested on the street for swearing. Charlie became indignant at this, declared a "knock down" would be the consequence, and that he would "stay" with Jack under any circumstances. Both Jack and Charlie were arrested, and complaint having been made by a constable, the magistrate was about to commit them to prison. Charlie became boisterous, threatened all sorts of violence with different kinds of weapons, and was finally searched. Nothing dangerous was found on his person, or with which he could execute his threats.—Jack and Charlie went to prison, and there being some doubts of the sex of Charlie, the jailer considered it his duty to make an investigation. The regalia of the Daughters of Malta was found in her possession, and the fact was disclosed that he was a woman.
She gave a history of herself. It would appear that she was born and reared in the town of Somerset, in this State. Her name is Matilda Rushenberger, and she is about twenty four years of age. About seven years ago, Dan Rice's Circus was in Somerset. Her father, who is a blacksmith, did considerable horseshoeing for the circus, and from the visits of Rice to the shop, she became acquainted with him. Rice endeavored to get her brother to travel with him, but he refused. He then, she alleges, persuaded her to accompany him, and up to a short period, she has been in his employ. She donned male attire from the time she started, and has been wearing it ever since. Her occupation in the circus was equestrianism and vaulting, and no doubt she figured among Rice's "stars" as "the celebrated Equestrian, Signor Somebody, from Franco's in Paris, and Astley in London." She says that she is not the only female in male attire traveling with circuses in this country. Of course, she is rough in speech, and from her degrading and brutal associations, seems to have lost all respect for the proprieties of her sex.
A MIGHTY SOUND—A very smart lawyer in Washington, N. C., had the misfortune to lose a suit for a client, a plain farmer, was astonished by the long bill of costs, and hastening to the lawyer's office, said:—"I thought you told me we should certainly gain the suit."
"So I did, but you see when I brought it up there before the Judge, they said it was quorum non judice."
"Well, if they say it was as bad as I don't wonder that we lost it," and he paid the costs and a big fee besides, without another murmur.
"Please give me dad's pipe!" said a ragged urchin of the keeper of a rum shop.
"No," was the reply, "I don't know him Get out."
"Oh yes you do," returned the boy; "he's the man with the red nose and ragged trousers, who gets drunk here every Saturday night."
"Oh, that's your father, is it? Well, here's a nice pipe for him, with a bit of wax on the end."
"Pa, didn't I hear you say the other day you wanted a cider press?"
"Yes, daughter, where can I get one?"
"Why, you try Zeke Stokes, he hugged me the other evening at the party, an' I tell you he made me grum!"
"Charlie, my dear," said a loving mother to her hopeful son, just budding into breeches. "Charlie, my dear, come here and get some candy." "I guess I won't mind it now, mother," replied Charlie; "I've got a vengeance—a lesson she never forgot."

Wouldn't Get Mad.

Old Harry Brewer, or "Hot Corn Harry," as he was more familiarly known about the east side of town, was for many years a shining light in one of our African churches; and was, by long odds, the most powerful exhorter of the congregation. Old Harry was most undoubtedly, a good Christian; and proved it by living up to the precepts he taught. His extreme good nature was proverbial, and many a bet was lost and won by the young men of Grand street and the Bowery, in vain attempts to make Harry lose his temper. "Go way, boys, go way," was his answer, when they played their wild pranks upon him. "De good book says: 'When any smites on de one cheek, you must turn him de oder.'"
The nearest approach that Harry was ever known to make towards losing his temper, was about ten years ago. He had a plan whereby he preserved his corn perfectly fresh and green till December or January; and as that season of the year he would go out and make the streets resound with his cry of "hot corn, hot corn! pipin—jus come out de bilin pot, hot corn!" and he realized a handsome profit from his sale.
During the year in question, Harry was unfortunate, and his corn decayed; and out of a large quantity he had put away, he only saved enough to go out with one or two nights.
In the early part of December, Harry's voice was heard in the Bowery singing his well-known song; and in one of the bar rooms a bet was made that Harry could be thrown off his guard. In a few moments Harry entered the bar room, and set his bucket on the floor; but before he could get ready for business, he was pulled around in all sorts of ways. One pulled him by the whiskers, another by the coat tail, and altogether he was being made any thing but comfortable. But all that could be got from Harry was:
"Go way, boys, go way!"
All attempts to provoke him farther, failed; and, as a last resort, one of the young men took up his pail of corn and said:
"Harry, I've a good notion to throw all your corn out into the street!"
"Hush! hush!" said Harry, "Don't talk dat way, for you make me feel bad! I for you from my corn in de street now, you must ruin de ole darkey. Ain't had no wood to saw hardly this fall, and no white-washing. My wife been sick dis two month and my corn is all rotted; and I ain't got nuffin to 'pend on but de Lord!"
"Well, Harry!" said he who held the bucket, "you have got a good backer, so here goes the corn!" and sitting the action to the word, he threw the corn into street.
Harry looked very sadly after his property; and as he picked up his empty bucket, he said:
"De Lord will be done!" and then started on a brisk trot from the scene of his temptation, as he resolved not to give way to the wrath he felt rising within him. In Elizabeth street, a new building was in the course of erection, and into the cellar of this building they decended, while the young men who had followed him, crept stealthily after, to see what he would do.
Away back in a far corner Harry went, out of hearing from the street, and there, upon his knees, he gave vent to his feelings in this wise:
"Oh, Lord! I've most tempted to gin mad but I won't do it for the sake of a pail of corn. Dem was de wickedest boys dat I eber got amongst; but you made 'em, and I want I claim. It's a hard case, and you know I ain't had no work more dis fall, Hannah's sick; and I only hab a little corn, and dem wicked boys throwed it most all away. But I won't gin mad at 'em justice, and make 'em repent for dere evil ways. Take 'em, oh Lord, and hold 'em ober de bottomless pit, and shake 'em! and if you aimd to singe 'em a very little; but, oh! good Lord, be very careful, and don't let 'em fall in; and when it feels so hot dey 'gin to repent, den let 'em go agin, and dey'll be better men!"
His prayer ended, Harry came forth, looking as good natured as ever; and the young men, who were in waiting for him, took him back into the bar-room, and the proceeds of the bet, five dollars, was handed over to him, which amply remunerated him for the loss of his stock in trade.
A SLIDING SCALE OF POLITENESS.—Count de Nieuwerke is celebrated for the tact with which he marks by word and gesture the degree of esteem or consideration do to the rank of his guests. To indicate his success in this particular it is familiarly said that Prince Talleyrand must have taught him his best lessons. One day Talleyrand had a dozen guests to dinner, and after the soup he offered some beef to his visitors. "My Lord Duke," said he to one with an air of defence selecting the best piece, "may I have the honor of offering you some beef?" "My Lord Marquis," he said to the second, with a gracious smile, "may I have the pleasure of offering you some beef?" To a third he said, with an affable air, "Dear Count may I offer you some beef?" With an amiable smile he asked a fourth, "Baron, will you take some beef?" To a fifth, who had no title of nobility, but was an advocate, he said, "M le Conseiller, will you have any beef?" Finally, to the gentleman at the bottom of the table, Talleyrand, pointing to the dish with his knife, called out, with a jerk of the head and a patronizing smile, "A little beef!"

TABLE TALKERS. From Roger's Recollections.

BURKE.
"Dull proverbs are preferable to dull jokes. The first requires only patience; but the last harass the spirit, and check their spontaneous action. Quizzing is a system of terror—the ruin of all social intercourse.—More indulgence should be shown to story tellers. A story to be good should be a little long sometimes, and in general, when a man offers you his story, it is the best thing he has to give you. There should be a variety of styles too, in conversation as in other amusements. A great admirer of Swift's humor, particularly in his namby-pamby letters to the Spectator, which he always praised for their genuine gracefulness and ease. It being observed that many could not relish them in early life, but had grown to like them afterwards, he said: In early life we have generally a serious turn. It is in youth that the reasoning powers are strong, though the stock is then too small to make any show with. The imagination becomes strongest after youth; for however ready it is to come forward, it cannot be exercised without a stock of knowledge."
GRATTAN.
Were you twenty years old, and Capt. Cook setting sail, would you go round the world with him? No, I have no wish to see such countries as he saw. I wish to see Rome and Athens and some parts of Asia; but little besides. My Uncle Dean Marley was famous for the best little dinners, and he lost his fame—he had no more good company—ard there was an end of his enjoyment. He had at first about four hundred pounds a year, and his little dinners were delightful; but he had an estate left him, and afterwards came to a Bishoprick—he had lords and ladies to his table—people of fashion—foolish men and foolish women, and there was an end of him and us. He (Marley) had much of the humor of Deam Swift. Upon one occasion when a footman was out of the way, he ordered the coachman to fetch some water from the well. The coachman objected, saying that "it was his business to drive, and not run on errands." "Then bring the coach and four," said he, "and put the pitcher into it, and drive to the well"—a service which was performed many times, to the great entertainment of the village. Which would you rather pass a day with, Alexander, Caesar or Bonaparte. *Cesar.* I am much interested about his time. I would ask him (and here he enumerated many questions about his campaigns) what were the real characters of many of his contemporaries—and I would ask him (he might answer it or not, as he pleased) what part he took in the Castilian conspiracy. * * * * * In traveling, I should like the lower orders of the people better than the middle ones for my companions—I would rather be in a heavy coach than in one that carried four. * * * * * Of all men, if I could call up one, it should be Scipio Africanus. Hannibal was perhaps a greater captain, but not so great and good a man. Epaminondas did not do so much. Themistocles was a rogue. In modern times, Washington, I believe, was the greatest man, and next to him, William the Third. Burke was so fond of arbitrary power, he could not sleep upon his pillow, unless he might the King had a right to take it from him. Siella used often to visit my aunt, and sleep with her in the same bed, and weep all night. She was not very handsome. Miss V— was handsome. Milton I like best of them all. He is much more poetical than Shakespeare, and if anybody would be a public speaker, let him study his prose and his poetry—his prose is often an admirable model for the majestic style of speaking.—To be a good short is useful. It makes a Brave man braver—a timid man braver; and all men are born cowards. But it makes a bad man worse that it found him—a bully.
PERSON.
Had I a carriage, and did I see a well-dressed person on the road, I would always invite him in and learn of him what I could. Louis XIV. was the son of Anne of Austria by Cardinal Richelieu. The man in the iron mask was Anne's eldest son—I have no doubt of it. Two parties must consent to the publication of a book—the public as well as the author. Mr. Pitt conceives his sentences before he utters them. Mr. Fox throws himself into the middle of his, and leaves it to God Almighty to get him out again. When God made man, he used up all the water in making other animals, so he mingled his clay with tears. Of Mackintosh, he means to get interest for his principal. Of Sheridan: He is a promising fellow. All wit true reasoning. History of the Grand Aun in a 100 volume folio. I love an octavo; and the pages are soon read—the milestones occur frequently. If I had £3,000 per annum I would have a person constantly dressed, night and day, with fire and candle to attend upon me. (He is an uncertain sleeper.) * * * I had lived long before I discovered that wit was truth.—Wit is in general the finest sense in the world. . . . We all speak in metaphors.—Those who appear not to do it only use those which are worn out, and are over-worked as metaphors. The original fellow is therefore regarded as only witty; and the dull are consulted as the wise.
JERRY DIGGS remembered his miserly uncle in his will, for he bequeathed "to my mother's brother a gun flint, and a knife to suffer rather than make suffer.