THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

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

VOLUME 12. BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY AUGUST 29, 1860. NUMBER 34.

STAR OF THE NORTH

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY BY

WM. 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 discontinuances permitted until all arrearages 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

SUMMER DAYS.

In Summer when the days were long,
We walked together in the wood;
Our heart was light, our step was strong;
Sweet fluttering were there in our blood,
In summer when the days were long.

We stayed from morn till evening came;
We gathered flowers and wove us crowns;
We walked 'mid poppies red as flame,
Or sat upon the yellow down;
And always wished our lives the same.

In Summer, when the days were long,
We leaped the hedgerow, cross'd the brook;
And still her voice flowed forth in song,
Or else she read some graceful book,
In summer, when the days were long.

And then we sat beneath the trees,
With shadows lessening in the noon;
And, in the sunlight and the breeze,
We feasted, many a gorgeous June,
While larks were singing o'er the leas.

In Summer when the days were long,
On dainty chicken, snow-white bread,
We feasted, with no grace but song,
We plucked wild strawberries, ripe and red,
In Summer when the days were long.

We loved, and yet we knew it not—
For loving seemed like breathing then;
We found a heaven in every spot;
Saw angels, too, in all good men;
And dreamed of God in grove and grot.

In summer, when the days were long,
Alone I wander, music alone;
I see her not, but that old song
Under the fragrant wind is blown,
In summer, when the days were long.

Alone I wander in the wood;
But one fair spirit hears my sighs;
And half I see, so glad and good,
The honest daylight of her eyes,
That charmed me under earlier skies.

In Summer, when the days are long,
I love her as we loved of old;
My heart is light, my step is strong;
For love brings back those hours of good,
In Summer, when the days are long.

THE RESCUE.

Mr. Robert Bruce, originally descended from some branch of the ancient Scottish family of that name, was born in humble circumstances, about the close of the last century, at Torbay, in the South of England, and there bred up to a seafaring life.

When about thirty years of age, to wit, in the year 1328, he was first mate on a barque trading between Liverpool and St. John's, New Brunswick.

On one of her voyages bound westward, being then some five or six week's out, and having neared the eastern portion of the Banks of Newfoundland, the captain and mate had been on deck at noon, taking an observation of the sun; after which they both descended to calculate their day's work.

The cabin, a small one, was immediately at the stern of the vessel, and the stairway descended to it ran athwart-ships. Immediately opposite this stairway, just beyond a small square landing, there were two doors close to each other, the one opening aft into the cabin, the other, fronting the stairway into the state-room was in the forward part of it, close to the door, so that any one sitting at it, and looking over his shoulder, could see into the cabin.

The mate, absorbed in his calculation, which did not result as he expected, varying considerably from the dead reckoning, had not noticed the captain's motions—When he had completed his calculations, he called out, with looking round, "I make our latitude and longitude so and so. Can that be right? How is yours?"

Receiving no reply, he repeated his question, glancing over his shoulder, and perceiving, as he thought, the captain busy writing on his slate. Still no answer.—Thereupon he rose, and, as he fronted the cabin door, the figure he had mistaken for the captain, raised its head, and disclosed to the astonished mate the features of an entire stranger.

Bruce was no coward; but, as he met the fixed gaze looking directly at him in grave silence, and became assured that he was no one whom he had ever seen before, it was too much for him; and, instead of stopping to question the seeming intruder, he rushed upon deck in such evident alarm, that it instantly attracted the captain's attention.—"Why, Mr. Bruce," said the captain, "what in the world is the matter with you?"

"The matter sir? Who is that at the desk?"

"No one that I know of."

"But there is, sir; there's a stranger there"

"A stranger! Why, man, you must be dreaming. You must have seen the steward there, or the second mate. Who else would venture down without orders?"

"But sir, he was sitting in your arm-chair, fronting the door, writing on your slate.—Then he looked up full in my face; and if I ever saw a man plainly and distinctly, I saw him."

"Him! Whom?"

"God knows, sir; I don't. I saw a man, and a man I never saw in my life before."

"You must be going crazy, Mr. Bruce. A

"I know, sir; but then I saw him."

"Go down and see who it is."

Bruce hesitated. "I never was a believer in ghosts," he said, "but it the truth must be told sir, I'd rather not face it alone."

"Come, come, man, go down at once, and don't make a fool of yourself before the crew."

"I hope you have always found me willing to do what's reasonable," Bruce replied, changing color; "but if it's all the same to you sir, I'd rather we should both go down together."

The captain descended the stairs, and the mate followed. Nobody in the cabin! They examined the state-rooms. Not a soul to be found!

"Well, Mr. Bruce," said the captain, 'did I not tell you, you had been dreaming?"

"It's all very well to say so, sir, but if I didn't see that man writing on your slate, may I never see my house and family again!"

"Ah! writing on the slate! Then it should be there still." And the captain took it up.

"By——," he exclaimed, "here's something, sure enough! Is that your writing, Mr. Bruce?"

The mate took the slate; and there in plain, legible characters, stood the words, *"Steer to the nor' west."*

"Have you been trifling with me, sir?" added the captain in a stern manner.

"On my word as a man and a sailor, sir," replied Rruce; "I know no more of this matter than you do. I have told you the exact truth."

The captain sat down at his desk, the slate before, in deep thought. At last turning the slate over, and pushing it towards Bruce, he said, "Write down, 'Steer to the nor' west.'"

The mate complied; and the captain, after narrowly comparing the two handwritings, said "Mr. Bruce, go and tell the second mate to come down here."

He came; and at the captain's request, he also wrote the same words. So did the steward. So, in succession, did every man of the crew who could write at all. But not one of the various hands resembled in any degree, the mysterious writing.

When the crew retired, the captain sat deep in thought. "Could any one have been stowed away?" at last he said, "The ship must be searched; and if I don't find the fellow, he must be a good hand at hide and seek. Order up all hands."

Every nook and corner of the vessel, from stem to stern, was thoroughly searched, and that with all eagerness of excited curiosity—for the report had gone out that a stranger had shown himself on board; but not a living soul, beyond the crew and officers, was found.

Returning to the cabin, after their fruitless search, "Mr. Bruce," said the captain, "what the devil do you make of all this?"

"Can't tell, sir. I saw the man write; *you* see the writing. There must be something in it."

Well, it would seem so. We have the wind free, and have a great mind to keep her away, and see what will come of it.

"I surely would, sir, if I were in your place. It's only a few hours lost at the worst."

"Well, we'll see. Go on deck and give the course nor' west. And, Mr. Bruce," he added, as the mate rose to go, "have a look out aloft, and let it be a hand you can depend on."

His orders were obeyed. About three o'clock, the look-out reported an iceberg nearly ahead, and shortly after, what he thought was a vessel of some kind close to it. As they approached the captain's glass disclosed the fact, that it was a dismantled ship, apparently frozen to the ice, and with a good many human beings on it. Shortly after they hove to, and sent out boats to the relief of the sufferers.

It proved to be a vessel from Quebec, bound to Liverpool, with passengers on board. She had got entangled in the ice, and finally frozen fast, and had passed several weeks in a most critical condition.—She was stove, her decks swept—in fact, a mere wreck; all her provisions and almost all her water gone. Her crew and passengers had lost all hopes of being saved, and their gratitude for the unexpected rescue was proportionately great.

As one of the men who had been brought away in the third boat that had reached the wreck was ascending the ship's side, the mate, catching a glimpse of his face started back in consternation. It was the very face he had seen three or four hours before, looking up at him from the captain's desk.

At first he tried to persuade himself it might be fancy; but the more he examined the man, the more sure he became that he was right. Not only the face but the person and the dress exactly corresponded.

As soon as the exhausted crew and famished passengers were cared for, and the barque on her course again, the mate called the captain aside. "It seems that was not a ghost I saw to-day, sir; the man's alive!"

"What do you mean? Who's alive!"

"Why, sir, one of the passengers we have just saved is the man I saw writing on your slate at noon. I would swear it in a court of justice."

"Upon my word, Mr. Bruce," replied the the captain, "this gets more and more singular. Let us see this man."

They found him in conversation with the captain of the rescued ship. They both came forward, and expressed in the warmest terms their gratitude for deliverance from a horrible fate—slow-coming death

The captain replied that he had done only what he was certain they would have for him under the same circumstances, and asked them both to step down into the cabin. Then, turning to the passenger, he said, "I hope, sir, you will not think I am trifling with you; but I would be much obliged to you if you would write a few words on this slate." And he handed him the slate, with that side up on which the mysterious writing was not. "I will do any thing you ask," replied the passenger; "but what shall I write?"

"A few words are all I want. Suppose you write, 'Steer to the nor' west.'"

The passenger, evidently puzzled to make out the motive for such a request, complied, however, with a smile. The captain took up the slate and examined it closely, then, stepping aside so as to conceal the slate from the passenger, he turned it over and gave it to him again with the other side up.

"You say that is your handwriting?" said he.

"I need not say so," rejoined the other looking at it, for you saw me write it."

"And this?" said the captain, turning the slate over.

The man looked first at one writing, then at the other, quite confounded. At last, "What is the meaning of this?" said he. "I only wrote one of those. Who wrote the other?"

"That's more than I can tell you, sir. My mate here says you wrote it, sitting at this desk, at noon to-day."

The captain of the wreck and the passenger looked at each other, exchanging glances of intelligence and surprise; and the former asked the latter, "Did you dream that you wrote on this slate?"

"No, sir, not that I remember."

"You speak of dreaming," said the captain of the barque. "What was this gentleman about at noon to-day."

'Captain,' rejoined the other, "the whole thing is most mysterious and extraordinary; and I had intended to speak to you about it as soon as we got a little quiet. This gentleman," (pointing to the passenger,) "being much exhausted, fell into a heavy sleep or what seemed such, some time before noon. After an hour or more he awoke, and said to me, 'Captain, we shall be relieved this very day.' When I asked him what reason he had for saying so, he replied that he had dreamed that he was on board a barque, and that she was coming to our rescue. He described her appearance and rig; and, to our utter astonishment, when your vessel hove in sight, she corresponded exactly to his description of her. We had not much faith in what he said; but still we hoped there might be something in it, for drowning men, you know, will catch at straws. As it has turned out, I cannot doubt that it was all arranged, in some incomprehensible way, by an overruling Providence, so that we might be saved. To Him be all thanks for His goodness to us."

"There is no doubt," rejoined the other captain, "that the writing on the slate, let it come there as it may, saved all your lives. I was steering at the time considerably south of west, and altered my course nor' west, and had a look-out aloft, to see what would come of it. But you say," he added, turning to the passenger, "that you did not dream of writing on a slate."

"No sir. I have no recollection whatever of doing so. I got the impression that the barque I saw in my dream was coming to rescue us; but *how* that impression came I cannot tell. There is another very strange thing about it," he added. "Everything here on board seems to me quite familiar; yet I am very sure I never was on your vessel before. It is all a puzzle to me. What did your mate see?"

Thereupon Mr. Bruce related to them all the circumstances above detailed. The conclusion they finally arrived at was, that it was a special interposition of Providence to save them from what seemed a hopeless fate.

The above narrative was communcated to me by Captain J. S. Clarke, of the schooner *Julia Hallock*,* who had it directly from Mr. Bruce himself. They sailed together for seventeen months, in the years 1835 and '37; so that Captain Clarke had the story from the mate about eight years after the occurrence. He has since lost sight of him, and does not know whether he is yet alive. All he has heard of him since they were shipmates is, that he continued to trade to New Brunswick, that he became the master of the brig *Comet*, and that she was lost."

I asked Cap. Clark if he knew Bruce well, and what sort of a man he was.

"As truthful and straightforward a man," he replied, "as ever I met in all my life.—We were as intimate as brothers; and two men can not be together, shut up for seventeen months in the same ship, without getting to know whether they can trust one another's word or not. He always spoke of the circumstances in terms of reverence, as of an incident that seemed to bring him nearer to God and to another world. I'd stake my life upon it that he told me no lie.

*In July, 1850. The Julia Hallock was then lying at the foot of Rutger's slip, New York. She trades between New York and St. Jago, in the Island of Cuba. The Captain allowed me to use his name, and to refer evidence of the truth of what is here set down.

A LIFE of full and constant employment is the only safe and happy one.

AN avaricious man is like a sandy desert, that sucks in all the

Bladensburg Dueling Grounds.

[*Correspondence of the Cleveland Plaindealer.*]

BLADENSBURG, June 18, 1860.

Pistols and coffee for two. As I am alone on the classic ground I can take care that the pistols do no harm, and the coffee is harmless anyhow. The place, so noted for its polite and refined murders, is about five miles from the city, fresh and handsome, in full livery of green, adorned with flowers, and should blush in its beauty for the scenes it has witnessed. Here, in a beautiful little grass plat surrounded by trees, forms, made after the image of God, come to insult Nature and defy Heaven. In 1814, Edward Hopkins was killed here in a duel. This seems to have been the first of these fashionable murders on this dueling ground.

In 1819, A. T. Mason, a United States Senator from Virginia, fought with his sister's husband, John M'Carty, here. M'Carty was averse to fighting, and thought there was no necessity for it; but Mason would fight. M'Carty named muskets loaded with buck-shot, and so near together that they would hit heads if they fell on their faces. This was changed by the seconds to loading with bullets, and taking twelve feet as the distance. Mason was killed instantly, and M'Carty, who had his collar bone broken, still lives with Mason's sister in Georgetown. His hair turned white so soon after the fight as to cause much comment. He has since been solicited to act as a second in a duel, but refused in accordance with a pledge made to his wife soon after killing her brother.

In 1820, Commodore Decatur was killed in a duel here by Commodore Barren. At the first fire both fell forward and lay with their heads within ten feet of each other, and as each supposed himself mortally wounded, each fully and freely forgave the other, still lying on the ground. Decatur expired in a few days, but Barren eventually recovered. In 1821, two strangers named Lega and Sega appeared here, fought, and Sega was instantly killed. The neighbors only learned this much of their names from the marks on their gloves left on the ground. Lega was not hurt.

In 1822, Midshipman Locke was killed here in a duel with a clerk of the Treasury Department, named Gibson. The latter was not hurt. In 1826, Henry Clay fought (his second duel) with John Randolph, just across the Potomac, as Randolph preferred to die, if at all, on Virginia soil; he received Clay's shot and then fired his pistol in the air. This was in accordance with a declaration made to Mr. Benton, who spoke to Randolph of a call the evening before on Mrs. Clay, and alluded to the quiet sleep of her child and the repose of the mother.—Randolph quickly replied, "I shall do nothing to disturb the sleep of the child or the repose of the mother."

General Jessup, whose funeral I attended last week was Clay's second. When Randolph fired he remarked: "I do not shoot at you, Mr. Clay," and extending his hand advanced toward Clay, who rushed to meet him. Randolph showed Clay where his ball struck his coat, and said, facetiously, "Mr. Clay, you owe me a coat." Clay replied: "Thank God the debt is no greater." They were friends ever after. In 1832 Martin was killed here by Carr. Their first names are not remembered. They were from the South. In 1832, Mr. Kay son of Frank Key and brother of Barton Key, of Sickles notoriety, met Mr Sherborn who said: "Mr. Key, I have no desire to kill you." "No matter," said Kay, "I came to kill you." "Very well, then," said Sherborn, "I will now kill you;" and he did.

In 1838, W. J. Graves, of Kentucky, assuming the quarrel of James Watson Webb and Jonathan Cilley, of Maine, selected this place for Cilley's murder, but the parties learning that Webb, with two friends, Jackson and Morrel, were armed and in pursuit, for the purpose of assassinating Cilley, moved toward the river and nearer the city. Their pursuers moved toward the river but missed the parties and then returned to the city, to which they were soon followed by Graves, and the corpse of Cilley. In 1845, a lawyer named Jones fought with and killed a Dr. Johnson. In 1851, R. A. Hoole and A. J. Dallas had a hostile meeting here.—Dallas was shot in the shoulder, but recovered. In 1852, Daniel and Johnson, two Richmond editors, held a harmless set-to here, which terminated in coffee. In 1853, Davis and Ridgeway fought here; Ridgeway allowed his antagonist to fire without returning the shot.

Many of the names I could not get in full, and some other duels were indefinitely given by the "oldest inhabitant," for whose courtesy I am much indebted. My informant was an eye witness to many of these beastly re-encounters. In fact, these little amusements seem to be enjoyed by the Bladensburgers quite as much as a regatta would be at Cleveland. When there is a lull in these sports, a sort of amphitheatre is erected in the village, one mile from this ground, and frequently one or two fighting cocks are entered for single combat or duels. These fights, for quite as well grounded cause, never ending in bloodless battles, and they never kiss and make up. When I took the cars at six this morning, my friend Stevens said I must be sure and make a note of the "Bladensburg races," so I very gravely, while waiting for my coffee, asked the bar-tender how often the Bladensburg races" occurred? "Never but once," he said, "and I hope they never will again." "Why, how is that?" I innocently inquired.

the British soldiers in the last war. My father ran so far in one day that it took him two weeks to get back," said he. Mr. Stevens may make up his mind to come out here in the morning. Any distance over three hundred rods I shan't object to. My blood is up and I am off.

Happy Woman.

A happy woman! Is not she the very sparkle and sunshine of life? A woman who is happy because she can't help it, whose smiles even the coldest sprinkling of misfortune cannot dampen. Men make a terrible mistake when they marry for beauty, for talent, or for style; the sweetest wives are those who possess the magic secret of being contented under any circumstances. Rich or poor, high or low, it makes no difference; bright little fountains of joy bubbles up just as musically in their hearts. Do they live in a log cabin, the fire-light that leaps up on its humble hearth becomes brighter than the gilded chandeliers in an Aladdin palace! Do they eat brown bread or drink cold water from the well, it affords them more solid satisfaction than the millionaire's *gale de fois gras* and iced champagne. Nothing ever goes wrong with them; no trouble is so serious for them, no calamity so dark and deep, that the sunlight of their smiles will not "make the best of it." Was ever the stream of life so dark and unpropitious that the sunshine of a happy face falling across its turbid tide would not awaken an answering gleam? Why, these joyous tempered people don't know half the good they do. No matter how cross and crabbed you feel, Mr. Grumbler—no matter if your brain is packed full of meditations on "afflicting dispensations," and your stomach with medicines, pills and tonics, just set one of these cherry little women talking to you, and we are not afraid to wager anything that she can cure you. The long drawn lines about the mouth will relax, the cloud of settled gloom will vanish nobody knows when, and the first you know you will be laughing. Why? That is another thing; we can not tell you why you smile involuntarily to listen to the first blue-bird of the season among the maple-blossoms, or to meet a lot of yellow-eyed dandelions in the crack of a city paving stone. We only know that it is so.

Oh, these happy women! how often their slender shoulders bear the weight of burdens that would smite men to the ground! How often their little hands guide the ponderous machinery of life with an almost invisible touch! How we look forward thro' the weary day to their fireside smiles!—How often their cheerful eyes see *coleur de rose* where we only behold charged clouds! No one knows, none ever will know until the day of judgment, how much we owe to these helpful, hopeful uncomplaining women.

Pen Portrait of our Savior.

[Found in an ancient manuscript sent by Publius Lintulus, President of Judea, to the Senate of Rome.]

There lives at this time in Judea, a man of singular character, whose name is Jesus Christ. The barbarians esteem him a prophet, but his followers adore him as the immediate offspring of the immortal God. He is endowed with such unparalleled virtue as to call back the dead from their graves, and to heal every kind of disease with a word or touch. His person is tall and elegantly shaped—his aspect amiable, reverend. His hair falls in those beautiful shades which no united colors can match, falling into graceful curls below his ears, agreeably couching on his shoulders, and parting on the crown of his head, like the sect of the Nazarites. His forehead is smooth and large, his cheeks without spot, save that of a lovely red; his nose and mouth are formed with exquisite symmetry, his beard is thick and suitable to the hair of his head, reaching a little above his chin, and parting in the middle like a fork, his eyes are bright, clear and serene. He rebukes with majesty, counsels with mildness, and invites with the most tender and persuasive language. His whole address, whether in word or deed, being elegant, grave, and strictly characteristic of so exhalted a being. No man hath seen him laugh; but the whole world behold him weep frequently; and so persuasive are his tears that none can refrain from joining in sympathy with him. He is very moderate, temperate and wise. In short, whatever the phenomenon may turn out in the end, he seems at present a man for excellent beauty and divine perfections, every way surpassing the children of men.

WHY should man be so terrified at the admission of night air into any of his apartments? It is natures ever flowing current, and never carries the destroying angel with it. See how soundly the delicate little wren and tender robin sleep under its full and immediate influence, and how fresh, and vigorous, and joyous they rise amid the surrounding dewdrops of the morning. Although exposed all night long to the air of heaven, their lungs are never out of order; and this we know by the daily repetition of their song.

A Merchant, examining a hogshead of hardware, on comparing it with the invoice, found it all right except a hammer less than the invoice. "Och! don't be troubled about that, yer honor," said the Irish porter, 'an' sure the nagur took it out to open the cask wid it."

American Young Men.

American history presents many remarkable instance of young men taking prominent and commanding stations at an age which would be thought very young in other countries. We subjoin a few striking examples from the list of those who have passed off the stage of human action.

At the age of twenty-nine, Mr. Jefferson was an influential member of the Legislature of Virginia. At thirty he was a member of the Virginia Convention; at thirty-two a member of the Continental Congress, and at thirty-three he wrote the Declaration of Independence.

Alexander Hamilton was only twenty years of age when he was appointed a Lieutenant-Colonel in the army of the Revolution, and aid de camp to Washington.—At twenty-five he was a member of the Continental Congress, at thirty he was one of the ablest members of the Convention which framed the Constitution of the United States; at thirty-two he was Secretary of the Treasury, and organized that branch of Government, upon so complete and comprehensive a plan that no great change of improvement has since been made upon it.

John Jay, at twenty nine years old, was a member of the Continental Congress, and wrote an address to the people of Great Britain which was justly regarded as one of the most eloquent productions of the times. At thirty he prepared the Constitution of New York, and in the same year was appointed Chief Justice of the State.

Washington was twenty-seven years of age when he covered the retreat to the British troops at Braddock's defeat, and was honored by an appointment as Commander-in-Chief of the Virginia forces.

Joseph Warren was twenty-nine years of age, when he delivered the memorial address on the 5th of March, which roused the spirit of patriotism and liberty in his section of the country; and at thirty-four he gloriously fell in the cause of freedom on Bunker Hill.

Fisher Ames, at the age of twenty seven, had excited public attention by the ability he displayed in the discussion of questions of public interest. At the age of thirty, his masterly speeches in defence of the Constitution of the United States had excited great influence, so that the youthful orator of thirty-one was elected to Congress from the Suffolk district over the Revolutionary hero, Samuel Adams.

De Witt Clinton entered public life at twenty-eight; Henry Clay at twenty-six.

The most youthful signer of the Declaration of Independence was William Hooper, of North Carolina, whose age was but twenty four.

EVIL COMPANY.—Sophronius, a wise teacher of the people, did not allow his daughters, even when they were grown up, to associate with persons whose lives were not moral and pure.

"Father," said the gentle Eulalia one day when he had refused to permit her to go, in company with her brother, to visit the frivolous Lucinda, "father, you must think that we are very weak and childish, since you are afraid it would be dangerous to us in visiting Lucinda."

Without saying a word, the father took a coal from the hearth, and handed it to his daughter. "It will not burn you, my child," said he; "only take it."

Eulalia took the coal, and beheld her tender white hand black; and without thinking, she touched her white dress, and it was also blackened. "See," said Eulalia, somewhat displeased as she looked at her hands and dress, "one can not be too careful when handling coals."

"Yes, truly," said her father; "you see, my child, that the coal, even though it *did not burn you*, has nevertheless *blackened you!* So is the company of immoral persons."

LOVING DIALOGUE.—"Wife, I am shortly to leave you. The doctor tells me that I am to live but a few hours at most. I shall soon be in heaven.'

'What! you soon be in heaven? You? You'll never be any nearer heaven than you are now, you old brute!'

"Dolphus, Dolphus," hoarsely growled the old man. "Dolphus, bring me my cain, and let me larrup the old trollop once before I die."

"WHY are you writing such a big hand for Pat?"

"Why, you see my grandmother's dafe, and I'm writing a loud letter to her."

Two girls, cousins, aged 15 and 16, hung themselves in Jackson county, Iowa, recently, on account of loving the same man.

THE census returns in one of the upper townships of Northampton county report fifty living children in four families.

So long as men are imprudent in their diet and their business, doctors and lawyers will ride in carriages.

FAST youths are now called young gentlemen of accelerated gait.

THE Chinese picture of ambition is "a Mandarin trying to catch a comet, by putting salt on his tail."

THE Bible has been translated into two hundred and sixty languages and dialects, and is now in the hands of 100,000,000 people, or about one-tenth of the human race.

Tired of Farming.

A few months ago a man who had been a farmer from his early life, came to the city to buy stoves to sell again. Said he to the stove dealer "the weevil begins to infest the wheat, and all things considered, I am 'tired of farming,' and so I have sold my farm." The stove dealer remarked that he thought within himself, that just as like as not the farmer would find a weevil in the heart of the new business—and so it proved, for when the day arrived on which the note was matured given for the stoves, the old farmer now turned tradesman, confessed that he had been unable to sell his stoves—that he had most of them on hand.

"Tired of farming," the most independent business a man can engage in, because forsooth there are disappointments, and perplexities, and trials, and vexations, attending it. Remember, you who are tillers of the soil, that your cares and troubles and anxieties are few and far between, compared with those suffered by commercial men.

If your chances to become rich are not so inviting and profitable as those of tradesmen, bear in mind that the dangers of becoming very poor and destitute are far less. Famine and abject poverty seldom overtake the farmer, or haunt him in their ghostly visits. He lives on the high table-land of promise, rising far above the murky region of want and destitution. His children say there is bread enough to spare to the hungry of other less fortunate callings.

"Tired of farming!" Supposing you are? What is to be done in such a case? Do you expect to find employment without trials and perplexities? If so, you are doomed to disappointment. There is no vocation in the world that will exempt those who do engage therein from cares and fears and vexations! So if you are tired of farming, the best way is to get rested as soon as you can, and prosecute anew the business for which you are early trained, and which if diligently followed, will yield a good supply of all the necessaries of life together with opportunities for moral and mental culture.

THE SEA SERPENT AGAIN.—A party of gentlemen who returned from a weeks's boating excursion last night, and who, it may not be improper to state, are all temperance men, report having seen what they believed to be a sea serpent, off Cape Cod last Sunday afternoon. The statement made by two of the number is substantially as follows: Just before seven o'clock, as they were lying to in a calm off the mouth of Barnstable Bay, and some fifteen miles from Province town, they saw a monster, about four hundred feet from the boat, passing slowly along in advance of them. They describe the creature as being black, about one hundred feet long, with a head almost the size of a Kossuth hat, and the body as large round as a tar bucket. When first seen the head was some eighteen inches above the water, and at times a large portion of the body could be seen. They examined it through a glass, and could see no signs of any fins, and it went along with a movement much like that of an eel. Several of the gentlemen have been voyages at sea, and are familiar with the movement of porpoises and other fish, but this creature differed from anything ever seen by them before. It moved along slowly on the top of the tide, and suddenly disappeared in about ten minutes at the distance of a quarter of a mile. It was afterwards seen further off with the aid of a glass.—*Boston Traveller, Aug. 8th.*

SHOCKING INDIAN MURDERS IN ARIZONA.—A letter to the St Louis *Republican*, from Arizona Territory, states that on the 22d ult., the Peons, 11 in number, working at the San Pedro mine, headquarters of the St. Louis Mining Company, arose and surprised the whites, murdering them and decamping with all the movable property. The murdered men were Fred. Brunckow, mining engineer; John D. Moss, chemist and assayer; Jas. Williams, machinist. W. M. Williams, general superintendent of the mine, had left for Fort Buchanan only a few hours before, for supplies, thus providentially escaping the terrible fate of his companions. The bodies of all the murdered men when found were much mutilated by wolves, and so changed by decomposition as to be recognized only by their clothing. All the deceased were known in St. Louis, Prof. Moss particularly, who resigned a professorship in the public high school for the purpose of joining the fortunes of the St. Louis Company.

A GRAVE-DIGGER who buried a Mr. Button, placed the following item in a bill which he sent to the widow of the deceased:

"To making a Button-hole—2s."

HERE is a conundrum got off by a Nebraska editor: Why is a Nebraska shin-plaster like an impenitent sinner? Because it does not know that its Redeemer liveth.

A CIVIC youth, intending to offer marriage to a young lady, wrote to ask her to unite with himself in the formation of an Art Union.

AN enthusiastic girl says the first time she ever locked arms with a young man she felt like "Hope leaning on her anchor."

DOBBS thinks that instead of giving credit to whom credit is due, the cash had better be paid. Dobb should not be impertinent