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 SEPTEMBER 5, 1860. NUMBER 35.

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

SAINT JONATHAN.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

There's many an excellent Saint—
St. George, with his dragon and lance;
St. Paterick, so jolly and quaint;
St. Vitus, the saint of the dance;
St Dennis, the saint of the Gaul;
St. Andrew, the saint of the Scot;
But Jonathan, the youngest of all,
Is the mightiest saint of the lot!

He wears a most serious face,
Well worthy a martyr's possessing;
But it isn't all owing to grace,
But partly to thinking and guessing;
In sooth, our American saint
Has rather a secular bias,
And I never have heard a complaint
Of his being excessively pious!

He's fond of financial improvement,
And is always extremely inclined
To be starting some practical movement
For mending the morals and mind,
Do you ask me what wonderful labors
St. Jonathan ever has done,
To rank with his Calender neighbors?
Just listen, a moment, to one:

One day when a flash in the air
Split his meeting-house fairly asunder,
Quoth Jonathan, 'Now—I declare—
They're dreadfully careless with thunder!'
So he fastened a rod to the steeple,
And now, when the lightning comes round,
He keeps it from building and people,
By running it into the ground!

Reflecting, with pleasant emotion,
On the capital job he had done—
Quoth Jonathan, "I have a notion
Improvements have barely begun:
If nothing's created in vain,—
As ministers often inform us,—
The lightning that's wasted, 'tis plain,
Is really something enormous?"

While cyphering over the thing,
At length he discovered a plan
To catch the Electoral King,
And make him the servant of man!
And now, in an orderly way
He flies on the fleetest of pinions,
And carries the news of the day
All over his master's dominions!

One morning, while taking a stroll,
He heard a lugubrious cry,—
Like the shriek of a suffering soul,—
In a Hospital standing near by;
Anon, such a terrible groan
Saluted St. Jonathan's ear,
That his bosom—which wasn't of stone,—
Was melted with pity to hear.

That night he invented a charm
So potent that folks who employed it,
In losing a leg or an arm,
Don't suffer,—but rather enjoy it!
A miracle, you must allow,
As good as the best of his brothers'—
And blessed St Jonathan now
Is patron of cripples and mothers!

There's many an excellent Saint,—
St. George, with his dragon and lance;
St. Paterick, so jolly and quaint;
St. Vitus, the saint of the dance;
St. Dennis, the saint of the Gaul:
St. Andrew, the saint of the Scot;
But Jonathan, youngest of all,
Is the mightiest saint of the lot!

THE ORPHAN GIRL.

James Carter was poor, yea, very poor. Left an orphan at an early age he was cast upon his own resources, for friends were few, and day after day he would set forth with his pack upon his shoulders to dispose of his goods. To a passer by, the face of James would have been merely glanced at, without a thought whether it was handsome or not, but to a close observer of human nature, it would have seemed marked with the traces of beauty. His dress was not in the fashion of the day, for poverty had bounds which he could not pass, but his garments were nevertheless in a state of neatness. To those who knew James it was a matter of surprise, how, under his weight of misfortune his heart was so light. His voice could be heard at night singing some scraps of old songs; though his lot was humble, a smile was ever on his lips. His life was indeed lonely; there were no voices of affection to greet him in tones of fondness, when at night he arrived home weary and faint; he had no bosom to which to confide his sorrows; but there amidst the loneliness of his humble hut, his years were passing in dreariness and sorrow. It is easy for those who dwell in large houses, and who are surrounded with every comfort to be happy and gay; but to maintain a light heart amid the gloom and darkness of poverty is heroism, let the world say what it will.

It was a lovely day in summer, as James took his pack and wended his was through the streets of the city. It had been to him an unfortunate day, for at every door he stopped he was met with a cold reception, and the cry of "want nothing to day."

With feelings of disappointment he turned his weary steps homeward, meditating on his way of the cold charities of this world. On passing through a miserable alley, the abode of the vicious and the unfortunate, his ears were saluted with the cries of poverty, and the blasphemous epithets of crime. There was one little girl who struck his attention by her tender years and her meagre garments. Whether she noticed the peddlar's face, or was drawn towards him by the ties of some magnetic influence, we know not; but certain it is that she approached him, and in a voice so soft and gentle that it might have been breathed into angel's ears, said:

"Kind sir, oh! have pity, and give me a home. I am an orphan, and have no place to lay my head."

"Poor thing," thought James, "and she is an orphan," and then he thought of his loneliness and his own friendless state.—"But I am a man," said he, "and have strong hands and a strong heart, but his poor girl is weak, feeble, and unable to contend against the streams of adversity. If I leave her, it may be to degradation," and he shuddered even at the thought.

"Just one penny, sir, to buy a biscuit!" exclaimed the child, in tones of sorrow.—"Oh! I am so hungry," and she laid her emanciated hand into that of James, and gazed up into his face.

"Poor girl," said James, as he handed her some money, "are you hungry?"

"Yes," replied the girl, in an artless tone, "and sad too, for I have no father or mother. I am a beggar and an outcast."

"What is your name, my little girl," and so kind were the tones in which the question was asked, that she crouched closer to his side and answered, "Kate, sir."

For a moment, and only for a moment, he hesitated, then taking her hand in his, his face became illuminated with a noble purpose.

"Does no one have a kind word for you, Kate?" he asked. "Is there no one to love you?"

"Not one," answered the child timidly, but when mother died, she told me to be a good girl, and the father who dwells above would love and protect me, and now He is the only one who loves me."

The heart of the man was touched; memory carried him back to his own mother and her teachings, and taking the child in his arms, he kissed her pale thin cheek, and in a voice choked with emotion, said:

"You shall go with me. Yes, you shall be the light of my poor hut, until you grow to be a woman, and I will be to you as a father. So come along.

James Carter was a happy man; he had done a good action, and his conscience approved of the deed. They reached the house—it was not built in modern style, nor was it replete with every comfort and convenience, but it was sufficient for the happiness of two loving and thankful hearts.

"Here we are," he cried, "now make yourself happy. Come, let me wash your face, and then we will eat some supper."

That night James Carter was the happiest man in Baltimore. He had now something to love, and he thanked God for giving in his loneliness, such a companion as Kate the orphan.

From that day there was a great change in the outward appearance of James. He became more tidy, and all wondered at the sight; his house was kept in order, and he took great pains in having everything arranged properly. He sent Kate to school, so that she might be educated, and well was he repaid for all his kindness, as he met the smiles of the lovely girl. He had a home to which he could come with the anticipation of meeting love and veneration, and it was with a cheerful heart that he wended his way to his abode.

As Kate grew up, his business began to increase, and he knew that God had sent him a double share for her sake.

"He had cast his bread upon the waters, and it had returned to him." He at length opened a small store, and painted his name on a board in front, and felt far happier than the "merchant princes," on the wharf. Kate grew up beautiful, talented, and loving, and as James gazed upon her his heart throbbed with an undefined sensation as he saw that in many respects she was like him. Every smile she gave him, every kind word she spoke fell upon his heart like heavenly music, and he watched her every action with a jealous eye.

Ten years flew by upon the wings of time, and James Carter was a man of high standing in Baltimore. Kate now expanded to the full grown women; nature had lavished her beauties not only in outward appearance, but also endowed her with inward grace and virtue. Her eyes were soft and blue, as if they had stolen their color from the sky of Italy; her lips were like the coral brought from the depths of the ocean, while her mouth appeared like a rosebud cleft with pearls. As James gazed upon her he would wonder if she would ever leave him, but the thought was so painful to contemplate that he turned away from the subject. He was in love. The fame of Kate's beauty had spread throughout the city; her protector was rich, and of course she was an heiress. The butterflies of fashion thronged around, but to all she was the same, giving favors or preference to none; there was one who by his persevering attentions, hoped to gain the prize—nay he was certain of it—for was he not rich?

Frank Hardy, the exquisite, the wealthy man would often request Kate to accompany him to one or the other of the various places of amusements, but in words of cold politeness she always refused. James noticed his attentions, and his heart was grieved; he knew that she was beautiful, and he was ten years her senior, but still he loved her—yes, he felt it.

One evening young Hardy came to the house, and after chatting awhile gave her an invitation to accompany him

"I wish that fop would go elsewhere," said Kate, "as for me I am sick of him."

"And pray why, dear Kate?"

"Because it might happen that I should fall in love with that stupid fellow."

"And so you prefer some other husband than him."

"Yes, indeed, one that I could love," and as she spoke she raised her beautiful eyes to his face.

The heart of James Carter began to throb with hope at these words, and taking her hand he said—

"Could you love one whose every tho't is of you! Could you be content to share my lot?"

"James, dearest James, am I not dreaming? And you would wed the poor orphan, who brings you nothing but the holy love of a pure heart?"

Here her feelings overpowered her, and she wept upon his shoulder. James pressed a kiss upon her lips. Was he dreaming? Ah, no; it was reality—too blissful but for angels to gaze upon.

The storehouse of his memory was unlocked, and the scenes of other days came forth before his view. Once he was poor, lonesome, and wretched. God threw a poor orphan girl in his way; his heart was touched—he took her home, clothed, fed, and schooled her, and this was his reward. He had grown to be a refined and honored man, and Kate, a pure virtuous, and beautiful woman. The ways of God are indeed not our ways. Many men would have seen in the peddlar's act but an increase to his misery; but the wisdom of the Most High had ordained that the blessing came with the burden. Looking to no reward approval of a good conscience, he undertook his deed of charity, but Providence now blessed him beyond his expectations; and as he pressed the young girl to his heart, and calling her "his own, his dearest Kate," his heart experienced the happiness which angels feel in their mansion of glory.

"Mr. Carter, I think it high time that Kate was getting married." Thus spoke young Hardy, a night or two after the above scene.

"Just my opinion," quietly replied Carter.

"And I must let you know," said the exquisite, "that I intend to propose to her; you have no objections, I presume."

"Not if Kate consents."

"Well, I do not think she will refuse; it will be as agreeable to her as to you. I can keep her in fine style."

"*Very agreeable*, no doubt," and James chuckled.

"You will, of course, do the right thing by her, Mr. Carter—that is give her a liberal settlement?"

"When she marries, she shall have my all."

"Well, now, I always said you were a good hearted soul. You will come, of course, to see us, as we will be delighted to see you."

"I think I shall stay at home," replied James, "for you see, *my wife* will be lonely without me."

"Your wife! why, who is she? and when is it to come off?"

"One question at a time, if you please—she is Kate—the time next Tuesday. You shall receive an invitation."

"Kate!" exclaimed the surprised exquisite, "why, is it impossible;" and then he looked at his fine clothes, as if any woman could refuse their owner.

"Impossible or not, come next Tuesday night."

With muttered curses, the young man left, while James enjoyed his discomfiture.

They were married—the rich merchant and the beautiful woman, once the poor peddlar and the destitute girl.

Everybody blessed them, for he had kind words to all, and she tended to the poor and the needy.

Prosperity had not obliterated within their hearts the recollections of their younger days, the cry of the unfortunate was ever met with the open hand of charity.

The poor friendless boys who came to James for assistance were never cast away, for he remembered his own loneliness; the youthful minds of young girls, trembling upon the threshold of vice, ever met in Kate a kind teacher, a warm friend, and a loving mother, for she knew full well the want of a friendly voice. Heaven smiled upon them, and bright, smiling eyes were lifted up, and little voices lisped out "Father," "Mother."

Verily, verily, charity bringeth it own reward.

A DOMESTIC SCENE.—'Henry, dost thou love me, dearest?' 'Why asketh thou Helenora?' 'Not that I fear an answer, dearest Henry dost thou love me?' 'Ask the stars if they love to twinkle, or the flowers if they love to smell, or the rose to bloom. Love you! Aye as the birds love to warble, or breeze to waft its balmy influence—why asketh thou me, delight of my heart?' 'Because my soul is grieved; care has overcast the joy which once spread sunshine over my face; anguish sits upon me brow, and yet your Helenora knoweth not the cause. Tell me, my aching heart, why droops my soul—has mutton riz?'—'No, my Helenora—thank the gods! No! but my credit's fell. Watson from this day forth sells meat for cash.' Helenora faints, screeches and falls into her husbands arms, who, in the anguish of the moment seizes a knife and stabs himself over the left.

WE should often blush for our best

Speech of Mr. Breckinridge at Frankfort.

Mr. Breckinridge delivered the following speech at Frankfort, Kentucky, in reply to a demonstration of welcome by the citizens, on his return home, on the 18th ult.

FELLOW-CITIZENS: I thank you out of the fullness of a grateful heart for this cordial welcome to my home. I feel, fellow-citizens, the impropriety upon an occasion like this of doing much more than returning to you my cordial and grateful acknowledgment for your kindness. Perhaps, however, I may be allowed here in the midst of my old District, and surrounded by my neighbors and friends, on the soil of Kentucky, to make one or two explanatory statements, and forbear on this occasion to enter into any statement or argument in reference to the circumstances that occurred at Baltimore, and which resulted, unexpectedly to me, in placing me before the country for the office of President. But I think it due to you and myself to say, that being cognizant of all those facts, having observed all those transactions, having pondered carefully over them, having consulted with my friends, unconscious altogether of being animated or sustained by a hot ambition, I feel that the position I occupy to-day is right. [Great cheering.] I feel that I could not have shrunk from it without being false to my country, false to my friends, and false to myself. Consequently I accept the nomination with all its responsibilities. To those who take advantage of the position of a silent man to heap upon him execrations, I say pour on, I can endure. [Applause.] I leave it to others to explain more fully the facts and circumstances of this nomination. Perhaps, also, I may be allowed to say that the claim, that I stand before the country as a sectional candidate, cannot be true, whether reference be had to the number of the States which co-operated in the nomination, or to the character of the principles which animated them.—When you find the Democratic organization aided by large conservative elements of other parties in all the Southern States, and in those two States upon the Pacific Ocean which have been so far removed from the contest of the Atlantic and Mississippi Valleys, that their judgment as to what is sectional ought to be conclusive, and when you find a majority of the Democratic organization of the State of Pennsylvania, and a supposed majority of New Jersey, Connecticut and Massachusetts, with large and imposing organizations in all the other States, co-operating, how can such a nomination properly be called sectional? A majority of the States of the Union sectional, and at war with the principles upon which the Union itself is founded! Fellow-citizens, as to the charge that the Convention to which I owe my nomination, supported, or that I myself am tainted with a spirit of disunion, how absurd to make a response to a Kentucky audience, and in this old District, too! I am an American citizen—a Kentuckian, who never did an act or cherished a thought that was not full of devotion to the Constitution and the Union—who feels as you do upon this subject. But perhaps it would have been better, both in your behalf and in mine, if I had refused to respond to the sentiment!

Fellow-citizens, this is, perhaps, the last time that I shall have an opportunity to say anything to my neighbors and friends during the pendency of this canvass. While, therefore, I shall enter into no arguments upon the particular topics of the day, perhaps you will pardon me for making two or three observations, which, it seems to me, should commend themselves to all parties everywhere. Fellow-citizens, we live under the best Government on earth. We are the only country in the world where the experiment is demonstrated that free institutions may be established over a great population and a large area of territory, and be consistent with public order. It has been demonstrated, in our case, for the first time in the history of the world. How are we to preserve these institutions? How are we to preserve intact the double form of government, State and Federal, that has been handed down to us by our forefathers? My answer is that we can only do it by clinging with unfaltering fidelity, unwavered by policy, to the Constitution they bequeathed to us. I hold that fidelity to the Constitution of the United States in all its parts, and in all its obligations, is the condition of the American Union, and its perpetuation. That Constitution was framed and transmitted by the wisest generation of men that ever lived in the tide of times. It may be called an inspired instrument. It answered them at an early day. It has answered our purpose.—It is good enough for our posterity to keep it pure.

The moment we do that, we change the character of our Government. The moment we violate one principle of the Constitution for policy, that moment it ceases to be the Government our fathers gave us, and when once we have drifted away from the landmarks of the fathers of the Government, we may find that the system of Government has been changed. What are two or three of the fundamental principles of the Constitution? I assert without fear of successful contradiction anywhere, that the great fundamental principle underlying it, is the Equality of the States of the Union. They were equal and independent sovereigns before that instrument was framed. It was framed to preserve and certainly not to violate this equality. This Government is a confederation of equals, and the very moment that, applied to

citizen and another, you discriminate between one description of property recognized in one State, and that in another, that very moment you change the character of the Government, that moment you destroy the equality of the States and their citizens, and that moment you degrade one portion of the confederacy, and it becomes a union of some States and some provinces.

Now, fellow citizens, growing out of this doctrine of the equality of the States, which, in the abstract, no man will deny, rose the duty of the Federal Government to protect the rights of citizens, and their property, everywhere within its jurisdiction, whenever it shall be proper and necessary to do so. Under the flag of the Union the citizens of Massachusetts, Michigan & Vermont had the same rights, no mo reno less, as the citizens of Kentucky, Louisiana and Texas. That proposition is indisputable. I forbear to apply it; but I lay it down as a fundamental idea. Another fundamental idea is the disassociation of Government from every system of religion or faith. This is given us by the Constitution. Happily for us, no serious attack is made upon it now, in any quarter. The Government is also charged with the preservation of order. Then if we associate and maintain these fundamental principles, freedom from religious tests, the duty of Government to protect the citizen and his property recognized as such, and the equality of the States of the Union, and the equality of the rights of the citizens in their persons and property, we never can go wrong. And we have a chart by which we may ever steer in smooth water and over placid seas I hold these principles as a portion of those of which I stand to-day the representative. I believe these principles are essential to the continued existence of this Union upon the principles upon which it was originally framed. I believe that by adhering to them the freedom of our confederacy will long continue, and the Union of prosperous and happy States be preserved. Then let us do it. Let us look each for himself upon this question. Fellow citizens, why not adhere to the principles which every man in the Commonwealth, by their voices and votes, declared, a year ago, were principles of the Constitution?

Fellow-citizens, I find, however, that betrayed by your kindness, I am wandering into saying more than I intended. My lips from this time forth are of course sealed. I have laid before you principles which I believe to be essential to our peace and our Union. I pass that question over to Kentucky. I pass it over and place it in charge of her patriotic sons. It is now for Kentucky herself to determine and ascertain her own sense of her own rights in this confederacy. I feel, fellow citizens, that personal considerations are entirely out of the question. Men upon this occasion are nothing more than the light dust in the balance.—The great cause of the Constitution and the Union is everything, and if another were in my place, and I had a voice to speak, and was free to canvass this Commonwealth for him, I would say men are nothing, principles are everything. Come Kentuckians! prove that you are not degenerate sons of the men of ninety eight. Assert the equality of your Commonwealth in this galaxy of Confederate Republics! I would say come—wake your slumbering energies, arouse your lion hearts—shake out again the ample folds of the glorious flag that so oft has braved the battle and the breeze, and with linked shields and dauntless steps, follow it once more to its noblest victory. I speak thus, not for myself, but for the Constitution of my country, and the rights of my State. Fellow-citizens, I again return you my most cordial thanks for your kind and hearty welcome.

A FUNNY INCIDENT.—Not long since one of our most popular ministers was informed while in his study, that a party was in the parlor waiting to engage his services.

The reverend gentleman laid down his hen, while visions of a fee floated before his eyes, as he donned his black coat and—thought a few good words of advice that he would give the couple, anxious to be made one.

Upon entering the parlor, he encountered an old lady, and a young lady, and her beau. The old lady spoke as follows:

"I wish you to marry my daughter and her feller," displaying much more agitation and excitement than the parties most interested.

"Certainly—I am happy to see you. Allow me to look at your certificate."

The young couple complied with the request.

The reverend gentleman glanced over the document, and a look of disappointment appeared upon his face.

"Hallo!" the would be bridegroom exclaimed. "Nothing burst, I hope?"

"I am sorry to inform you that your certificate is informal, and consequently I can't marry you until another is obtained."

"But, Mister," cried the lady, can't you half marry um for to-night, and to-morrow we'll get a new certifikit and make it all right. It will be a dreadful disappointment to the young folks!"

THEY have failures in London, sometimes that exceed anything of the kind in this country. A shoe-dealer in that city, who was supposed to be doing "a nice, snug little business," having failed, his liabilities were discovered to be $250,000, and his assets $250.

Governor Snyder and Pat.

Governor Snyder, the Governor of the Keystone State, was sitting comfortably in his parlor at Selins Grove, his rural abode, the cares of State sitting lightly on his breast, for he had just left his dinner-table and felt at peace with all the world, when a knock was heard at the front door, and Patrick O'Hannegan was ushered into the presence of the good-natured Governor.

"Guvner Snyder, I suppose," said Pat, with an attempt at an elegant bow.

"So I am called; pray be seated, and tell me what I can do for you to-day."

Pat cast a look around the room, rubbed his knees as he sat down on the edge of the chair, and after a few moments' hesitation he began in this wise:

"Wa'al, Guvner, it's about six years since I came till this country, and I've been a-livin' all that time up there on Lycomin' Creek, and I thought it was about time I was goin' home till the ould country, to see my poor ould mother, God bless her! before she dies, and all my ould friends there; and so I'm on my way you see; and I thought, as I had heard people talkin' a great deal about Guvner Snyder, and what a great Guvner he was, that I would call and pay my respects till him." Here Pat took a rest, and began again: "And so I'll be goin' to Philadelfy, and a good long step it is to go afoot, and then I'll go to New York, and go aboard a ship, and sailed till ould Ireland, and [here he took a long look at the sideboard sparkling with its well-filled decanters] when I see my ould mother, and all my ould friends, I'll tell them how I called on the Guvner of Pinsylvany, and how he was mighty polite, and give me a glass of brandy to drink his Honor's health."

The Governor took the hint, and filled a glass, which Pat emptied as soon, saying "Your good health, Guvner, and long life till ye, and all your kith and kin!"

Down sat Pat again, and after answering a few kind inquiries of the Governor, he rose and spoke: "Wa'al, I 'spose I must be movin'. I'm goin' from here to Philadelphia, and it's a long step to go afoot, and from there I'll go till New York, and then I'll go aboard a ship to ould Ireland and there I'll tell all my ould friends that here I called on the great Guvner of Pinsylvany, and he give me two glasses of brandy to drink his Honor's health."

The Governor was caught, and poured out the second glass, which loosened the other end of Pat's tongue, and he went over the rigmarole again, ending with three glasses of brandy!

"Ah," said the Governor, "but you have not had *three* glasses!"

Pat was all cut up and cut down by this unexpected answer. He pushed his fingers through his hair, dropped his lower jaw, and looked like a deeply wounded "gintleman" as he was. A happy thought hit him, and brightening up he said, "But you wouldn't have me tell my ould mother a lie, would ye?"

The good Governor was melted for a moment, and the third glass passed from the sideboard into the longing bosom of the dry Irishman, who drank, and thus began:

"A thousand thanks, Guvner! the saints bless and the Virgin kape you, and give you long life and plenty of such brandy as this, your Honor! and I'll be goin' to Philadelfy, and it's a long way there afoot, and then——"

The Governor could stand it no longer, but half laughing and half-mad at the impudence of Pat and his own readiness to be coaxed, he showed his guest to the door, and told him, as it was so far to Philadelfy, he had better be making tracks in that direction without any more delay.

ADVENTURE OF AN ARTIST.—The Sierra (Cal.) *Citizen* says that Taylor, an artist, went out to sketch the magnificent scenery and while in the mountains the battle broke his poetical and artistic fancies. Hastening down, he was confronted by a body of retreating Indians, and having turned another way, he was seen and shot at by the whites; turning another course, he was peppered by the regulars, who took him for a redskin. The deuce of it was to get to camp, each party firing at him on sight. Reaching a high bank, he was again shot at by Indians, and leaning down he dislodged a big stone, which rolled after him, until, the rock having blocked up a hallow place, Taylor crawled under and stayed till midnight, when he reached camp, after running the further risk of being shot by the sentries.

THE patriot John Adams, it is said, was designed for a shoemaker, like his father—One day Deacon Adams, his parent, gave him some uppers to cut out by a pattern that had a three-cornered hole in it, by which it had hung upon a nail, and it was found that he had followed the pattern exactly, triangular hole and all. The Deacon, upon seeing this, declared that John wasn't fit to be a shoemaker, and so he concluded to make a lawyer of him.

A PATLANDER, rangling in the rain, was observed to keep his line under the arch of a bridge. Upon being asked the reason, he replied:—

"Sure, and won't the fishes be crowdin' there to keep out of the wet, ye spalpeen?"

LET no man be ashamed to speak what he is not ashamed to think and to feel.

A large heart expands the chest; it is a

A Bad Bargain, But a Good Joke.

Old Col. W——, formerly a well known character in one of the Eastern cities, was remarkable for but one passion out of the ordinary range of humanity, and that was for buying at auction any little lot of trumpery which came under the head "miscellaneous," for the reason that it couldn't be classified. Though close-fisted in general, he was continually throwing away his money by fives and tens upon such trash. In this way he had filled all the odd corners in his dwelling house and out houses with a collection of non-descript articles, that would have puzzled a philosopher to tell what they were made for or to what use they could ever be put. This, however, was but a secondary consideration with the Colonel; for he seldom troubled his head about such articles after they were once fairly housed.

Not so with his wife, however, who was continually remonstrating against these purchases, which served only to clutter up the house, and as food for the mirth of the domestics. But the Colonel, though he often submitted to these remonstrances of his better half, couldn't resist his passion; so he went on adding from week to week to his heap of miscellanies.

One day while sauntering down the street, he heard the full, rich tones of his friend C——, the well-known auctioneer, and of course stepped in to see what was being sold. On the floor he observed a collection that looked as though it might have been purloined from the garret of some museum, around which a motley group was assembled; while on the counter stood the portly auctioneer, in the very height of mock indignation, remonstrating with his audience. "Nine dollars and ninety cents!" cried the auctioneer. "Gentlemen, it is a shame, it is barbarous to stand by and permit such a sacrifice of property! Nine dollars and ninety—Good morning, Colonel! a magnificent lot—of—of—*antiques*—and all going for nine dollars and ninety cents. Gentlemen, you'll never see another such lot; and all going—going—for nine dollars and ninety cents. Colonel W——, can you permit such a sacrifice?"

The Colonel glanced his eyes over the lot, and then with a nod and a wink assured him he could not. The next instant the hammer came down, and the purchase was the Colonel's, at ten dollars. As the articles were to be paid for and removed immediately, the Colonel lost no time in getting a cart, and having seen everything packed up and on their way to his house, proceeded to his own store, chuckling within himself that *now* at least he had made a bargain at which even his own wife couldn't grumble.

In due time he was seated at the dinner table, when lifting his eyes, he observed a cloud upon his wife's brow.

"Well, my dear?" said he, inquiringly.

"Well?" repeated his wife; "it is not *well*, Mr. W.; I am vexed beyond endurance. You know C——' the auctioneer?"

"Certainly," replied the Colonel; and a very gentlemanly person he is too."

"You may think so," rejoined the wife, "but I don't, and I'll tell you why. A few days ago I got up all the trumpery with which you have been cluttering up the house for the last twelve months, and sent it to Mr. C——, with orders to sell the lot immediately to the highest bidder for cash. He assured me he would do so this week at fartherest, and pay over the proceeds to my order. And here I've been congratulating myself on two things; first, of having got rid of a most intolerable nuisance; and secondly, on receiving money enough therefor to purchase that new velvet hat you promised me so long ago. And now what do you think! This morning, about an hour ago, the whole lot came back again, without a word of explanation!"

The Colonel looked blank for a moment, and then proceeded to clear up the mystery. But the good vrow was pacified only by the promise of a ten dollar note beside that in the hands of the auctioneer; on condition however, that she should never mention it. Of course she kept her word!

RATHER EXPRESSIVE.—That eccentric Dow, Jr., in one of his discourses in which he describes the contrast between semblance and reality, thus hits off a ball scene:

"A woman may not be an angel though she glides through the mazes of the dance like a spirit clothed with a rainbow and studded with stars. The young man may behold his admired object on the morrow in the true light of reality, emptying a wash tub in the gutter, with frock pinned up behind—her cheeks pale for the want of paint—her hair mussed and fuzzy, (except what lies in the bureau,)—and her whole contour wearing the appearance of an angel jammed through a brush fence into a world of wretchedness and woe."

WHERE liberty dwells, there is my country—Franklin.

It is a good rule to back your friend and face your enemy.

THE population of the United States is upwards of thirty-two millions, according to the census now in progress.

LACONIC—*Tom.*—"What ails your eye, Jo?"

Jo.—"I told a man he lied."

WHEN we have