

# THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

W. H. JACOBY, Proprietor.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

[Two Dollars per Annum.]

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## STAR OF THE NORTH

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### MY PRIVATE OPINIONS.

BY ROUGH AND READY.

Mankind are no better than robbers,  
And Charity proves but a lie;  
Salvation is doled out by jobbers;  
Benevolence's all in your eye.

Friendship—a thing of convenience;  
Happiness does not exist;  
Hope—something far in the distance;  
Honor—a prize fighter's fist.

Contentment is found in the gutter,  
And wealth comes of robbing the poor;  
Trust steals the bread and the butter  
From every grocery store.

True greatness is being successful,  
No matter how wrong or how right;  
True love, while it lasts, is quite blissful,  
But it seldom remains over night.

Slander is something quite common;  
Where it touches it raises a blister;  
It's much used by every true woman,  
Who is anxious to hold a "frail sister."

True Virtue a sorry old maid is,  
Whose looks keep temptations away,  
While fashion makes all our fine ladies  
Who live only to make a display.

Poverty is the worst of all evils;  
'Twill keep you in bondage for life,  
Change all your relations to devils,  
And make a poor slave of your wife.

Your children are objects of pity;  
Aristocracy christians the "brats";  
They are kicked about over our city  
Like so many troublesome rats.

Christianity dwells where the sceptor  
Lifts up its tall form towards heaven,  
And belongs to a privileged people  
Who are christians just one day in seven.

Religion is something too holy  
For common mankind to possess;  
It is with the meek and the lowly  
Who do something more than "profess."

Deception is found in all places;  
'Tis confined to no section of class;  
We all have its mark on our faces;  
To prove it—just look in the glass!

### THE UNWELCOME PASSENGER.

A cold winter's night found a stage load  
of us gathered about the warm fire of a tav-  
ern bar room in a New England village.—  
Shortly after we arrived, a peddler drove up  
and ordered that his horse should be sta-  
bled for the night. After we had eaten  
supper we repaired to the bar room, and  
soon as the ice was broken the conversation  
flowed freely. Several anecdotes had been  
related, and finally the peddler was asked  
to give us a story, as men of his profession  
were generally full of adventures and anec-  
dotes. He was a short, thick-set man,  
somewhere about forty years of age, and  
gave evidence of physical strength. He  
gave his name as Lemuel Viney, and his  
home was in Dover, New Hampshire.

"Well, gentlemen," he commenced  
knocking the ashes from his pipe, and put-  
ting it in his pocket, "suppose I tell you of  
about the last thing that happened to me?  
You see I am now right from the far west,  
and on my way home for winter quarters.  
It was about two months ago, one pleasant  
evening, that I pulled up at the door of a  
small village tavern in Hancock county, In.  
I said it was pleasant—I meant, it was  
warm, but it was cloudy and likely to be  
very dark. I went in and called for supper,  
and had my horse taken care of, and after I  
had eaten I sat down in the bar-room. It  
began to rain about eight o'clock, and for  
awhile it poured down good, and it was  
awful dark out of doors.

"Now, I wanted to be in Jackson early  
the next morning, for I expected a load of  
goods there for me which I intended to dis-  
pose of on my way home. The moon  
would rise about midnight, and I knew, if  
it did not rain, I could get along very com-  
fortably through the mud after that. So I  
asked the landlord if he could not see that  
my horse was fed about midnight, as I wished  
to be off before two. He expressed some  
surprise at this, and asked me why I didn't  
stop for breakfast. I told him I had sold  
my last load about all out, and that a new  
lot of goods was waiting for me at Jackson,  
and I wanted to be there before the express  
train left in the morning. There was a  
number of people sitting round while I told  
this, but I took little notice of them; one  
only arrested my attention. I had in my  
possession a small package of play-cards,  
which I was to deliver to the Sheriff at  
Jackson, and they were notices for the de-  
tention of a notorious robber, named Dick  
Hardhead. The bills gave a description of  
his person, and the man before me answered  
very well to it. In fact, it was perfect.  
He was a tall, well-formed man rather slight  
of frame, and had the appearance of a gen-  
tleman, save that his face bore those hard,  
cruel marks which an observing man can-  
not mistake for anything but the index to a  
villainous disposition.

"When I went to my chamber I asked  
the landlord who that man was, describing  
the suspicious individual. He said he did  
not know him. He had come there that after-  
noon, and intended to leave the next day.

The host asked why I wished to know, and  
I simply told him that the man's counte-  
nance was familiar, and I merely wished to  
know if ever I was acquainted with him. I  
resolved not to let the landlord into the se-  
cret, but to hurry on to Jackson, and there  
give information to the Sheriff, and perhaps  
he might reach the inn before the villain  
left, for I had no doubts with regard to his  
identity.

"I had an alarm watch, and having set  
it to give the alarm at one o'clock, I went  
to sleep. I was aroused at the proper time,  
and immediately got up and dressed my-  
self. When I reached the yard, I found the  
clouds all passed away, and the moon was  
shining brightly. The ostler was easily  
aroused, and by two o'clock I was on my  
road. The mud was deep, and my horse  
could not travel fast—yet it struck me that  
the beast made more work than there was  
any need of, for the cart was nearly empty.

"However, on we went, and in the  
course of half an hour I was clear of the  
village. At a short distance ahead, lay a  
large tract of forest, mostly of great pines.  
The road led directly through this wood,  
and as near as I could remember, the dis-  
tance was twelve miles. Yet the moon was  
in the east, and as the road ran nearly  
west, I should have light enough. I had  
entered the woods, and had gone about half  
a mile, when my wagon wheels settled,  
with a bump, and a jerk, into a deep hole.  
I uttered an exclamation of astonishment,  
but that was not all. I heard another ex-  
clamation from another source!

"What could it be? I looked quickly  
around, but could see nothing. Yet I knew  
that the sound I heard was very close to  
me. As the hind wheels came up I felt  
something besides the jerk of the hole. I  
saw something tumble from one side to the  
other of my wagon, and I could feel the jar  
occasioned by the movement. It was sim-  
ply a man in my cart! I knew this on the  
instant. Of course I felt puzzled. At first  
I imagined some poor fellow had taken this  
method to obtain a ride; but I soon gave  
this up, for I knew that any decent man  
would have asked me for a ride. My next  
idea was somebody had gone to sleep; but  
they passed away as quickly as it came for  
no man would have broken into my cart for  
that purpose. And that thought, gentle-  
men, opened my eyes. Whoever was there  
had broken in.

"My next thoughts were of Dick Hard-  
head. He had heard me say that my load  
was sold out, and of course he supposed I  
had some money with me. In this he was  
right, for I had over two thousand dollars.  
I also thought he meant to leave the cart  
when he supposed I had reached some  
quiet place, and then either creep over and  
shoot me, or knock me down. All this pas-  
sed through my mind by the time I had got  
a rod from the hole.

"Now, I never make it a point to brag  
of myself, but I have seen some of the world,  
and I am pretty cool and clear headed un-  
der a difficulty. In a very few moments  
my resolution was formed. My horse was  
now knee deep in the mud, and I knew I  
could slip off without noise. So I drew my  
revolver—I never travel in that country  
without one—I drew this, and having care-  
fully slipped down in the mud, and as the  
cart passed on I went behind it and exam-  
ined the trap.

"The door of the cart lets down, and is  
fastened by a hasp, which slips over a staple  
and is then secured by a padlock. The  
padlock was gone, and the hasp was secur-  
ed in its place by a bit of pine—so that a  
slight force within would break it. My  
wheel wrench hung in a leather bucket on  
the side of the cart, and I quietly took it  
out and slipped it into the staple, the iron  
handle just sliding down.

"Now I had him. My cart was almost  
new, made in a stout frame of white oak,  
and made on purpose for hard usage. I  
did not believe any ordinary man could  
break out. I got on my cart as noiselessly  
as I got off, and then urged my horse on,  
still keeping my pistol handy. I knew  
that the distance of half a mile further I  
should come to a good hard road, and al-  
lowed my horse to pick his own way thro'  
the mud. About ten minutes after this I  
heard a motion in the cart, followed by a  
grinding noise, as though some heavy force  
were being applied to the door. I said  
nothing, but the idea struck me that the  
villain might judge where I sat and shoot  
up through the top of the cart at me, so I  
sat down upon the foot-board.

"Of course I knew that my unexpected  
passenger was a villain, for he must have  
been awake ever since I started, and noth-  
ing in the world but absolute villainy would  
have caused him to remain quiet so long,  
and then start up in this particular place.—  
The thumping and pushing grew louder and  
louder, and pretty soon I heard a human  
voice.

"Let me out of this!" he cried, and he  
yelled pretty loud.

"I lifted up my head so as to make him  
think I was sitting in the usual place, and  
then asked him what he was doing there."

"Tell me what you are in there for,"  
said I.

"I got in here to sleep on your rags," he  
answered.

"How did you get in?"

"Let me out, or I'll shoot you through  
the head!" he yelled.

"Just at that moment my horse's feet  
struck the hard road, and I knew that the  
rest of the route to Jackson would be good  
going. The distance was twelve miles. I  
slipped back on the foot board and took the

whip. I had the same then I've got now—  
a tall, stout, powerful bay mare—and you  
may believe there's some go in her. At  
any rate, she struck a gait that even aston-  
ished me. She had received a good mess  
of oats, the air was cool, and she felt like  
going. In fifteen minutes we cleared the  
woods, and away we went at a keen jump.  
The chap inside kept yelling to be let out.

"Finally he stopped, and in a few min-  
utes there came the report of a pistol—one  
—two—three—four—one right after the other,  
and I heard the balls over my head. If  
I had been on my seat, one of those balls,  
if not two of them, would have gone thro'  
me. I popped up my head again and gave  
a yell, and then a deep groan, and then I  
said, 'O, God save me, I'm a dead man!' Then  
I made a shuffling noise as though I  
were falling off, and finally settled down on  
the foot-board again. I now urged up the  
old mare by giving her an occasional poke  
with the butt of my whip stock, and she  
peeled it faster than ever.

"The man called out to me twice more  
pretty soon after this, and as he got no re-  
ply he made some tremendous endeavors  
to break the door open, and as this failed  
him, he made several attempts on the top.  
But I had no fear of his doing anything  
there, for the top of the cart is framed with  
post-boards, and each sleep bolted to the  
posts with iron bolts. I had it made so I  
could carry heavy loads there. By and by,  
after all else had failed, the scamp commen-  
ced to holler whoa to the horse, and kept it  
up until he became hoarse. All this time I  
had kept perfectly quiet, holding the reins  
firmly, and kept poking the beast with the  
stock.

"We were not an hour in going that doz-  
en miles—not a bit of it. I hadn't much  
fear; perhaps I might tell the truth and say  
that I had none, for I had a good pistol, and  
with that, my passenger was safe yet I was  
glad when I came to the old barrel  
factory that stood at the edge of Jackson  
village, and in ten minutes more I hauled  
up in front of the tavern, and found a cou-  
ple of men in the barn cleaning down some  
stage horses.

"Well, old feller," says I, as I got down  
and went round to the back of the wagon,  
'you have had a good ride haven't ye?'

"Who are you?" he cried, and he kind  
of swore a little, too, as he asked the ques-  
tion.

"I'm the man you tried to shoot," was  
my reply.

"Where am I? Let me out!" he yell-  
ed.

"Look here, we've come to a safe stop-  
ping place, and mind ye, my revolver is  
ready for ye the moment you show your-  
self. Now lay quiet."

"By this time two ostlers had come up to  
see what was the matter, and I explained  
it all to them. After this I got one of them  
to run and rout out the Sheriff, and tell  
what I believed I'd got for him. The first  
streaks of daylight were just coming up,  
and in half an hour it would be broad day-  
light. In less than that time the Sheriff  
came, and two men with him. I told him  
the whole in a few words—exhibited the  
handbills I had for him, and then he made  
for the cart. He told the chap inside who  
he was, and if he made the least resistance  
he'd be a dead man. Then I slipped the  
iron wrench out, and as I let the door down  
the fellow made a spring. I caught him by  
the ankle and he came down on his face,  
and in a moment more the officers had  
him. I was now daylight, and the moment  
I saw the chap I recognized him. He was  
marched off to the lock-up, and I told the  
Sheriff I should remain in town all day.

"After breakfast the Sheriff came down  
to the tavern and told me that I had caught  
the very bird, and that if I would remain  
until the next morning I should have the  
reward of two hundred dollars which had  
been offered.

"I found my goods all safe, paid the ex-  
press agent for bringing them from Indian-  
apolis, and then went to work to stow them  
away in my cart. The bullet holes were  
found in the top of my vehicle just as I ex-  
pected. They were in a line about five in-  
ches apart, and had been where I usually  
sit, two of them would have hit me some-  
where about the small of the back and pass-  
ed upward, for they were sent with a heavy  
charge of powder, and his pistol was a very  
heavy one.

"On the next morning the Sheriff called  
upon me and paid me two hundred dollars  
in gold, for he had made himself sure that  
he had got the villain. I afterwards found  
a letter in the post office at Portsmouth for  
me, from the Sheriff of Hancock county, and  
he informed me that Mr. Dick Hardhead is  
in prison for life."

"So ended the peddler's story. In the  
morning I had the curiosity to look at his  
cart, and I found the four bullet-holes just  
as he had told us, though they were now  
plugged up with vial corks."

"Uncle," said a young man, who thought  
that his guardian supplied him rather sel-  
dom with pocket money, yet felt a little  
hesitation in beginning an assault on his  
relative's generosity.

"Is the Queen's head still on the shilling-  
piece?"

"Of course it is, you stupid lad. Why do  
you ask that?"

"Because it is now such a length of time  
since I saw one."

LAWYERS, according to Marist, are men  
who breathe out their word and anger. Juries,  
like guns, are often "charged," and some-  
times with very poor ammunition.

### Work and Recreation.

The Americans are a hard working peo-  
ple. There is no nation on the globe which  
allows itself so few holidays and recreations  
as we do. Our English progenitors are not  
thought to be very far advanced in what the  
French call the *soir vive*, or the art of  
living happily; but even the English, hard  
as they are known to work, allow them-  
selves more play than we do, they acquire  
and keep a bluff, hearty physique, by much  
open air exercise, to which we, as a nation,  
are strangers. Our national habit is spare  
and lank; our faces are sallow, or pale;  
our chests are too narrow, and our stomachs  
are too prone to dyspepsia.

Habits imprint themselves upon the na-  
tures of men after a few generations almost  
ineffaceably. Modes of life are sure to af-  
fect the constitution of the livers. Too  
much monotony in occupation repeats itself  
in the character, and too constant labor  
extracts the spring and elastic energy which  
make labor most effective. The man who  
plays a little now and then, works a great  
deal better for it afterwards.

Work is noble and elevating, and all ill-  
ness is detestable. But recreation is not  
idleness; it is rather a higher kind of  
work. It is exhilarating to the spirits,  
and serves as oil to the machinery, making  
everything move more smoothly and swiftly  
diminishing friction, and lessening the wear  
and tear of the vital powers.

The best recreations are doubtless the  
social ones. It is a fault, both in English  
and American life, that there is so little  
geniality and spontaneous off-hand social  
intercourse. We learned from our progen-  
itors to be stiff and unbending; rarely to  
speak, unless spoken to, and to consider too  
much familiarity on the part of any body  
an unpardonable sin. Some writer has  
whimsically declared that if an Englishman  
were to see a man's house on fire, he would  
not venture to tell him of it, unless he had  
previously been introduced. This criticism  
indicates a fact, though it overstates it. See  
how much pleasanter is the French *bonhomie*  
and the German heartiness and simplici-  
ty! The chief end of life with those  
nations, is to make life cheerful and happy.  
Many of the Anglo-Saxon race seem to live  
as if the chief end were to make things as  
gloomy and uncomfortable as possible.

In a crowd of Germans or French, exclu-  
siveness is laid aside, and good manners  
consist, not in the preservation of punctilio,  
but in the natural play of feelings. Polite-  
ness is not a system of rules, but the free  
acting-out of generous impulses. Among  
cultivated people, reins and padlocks are  
not necessary. They can be trusted, who  
live from a law of their own nature, and  
conventionalities are chiefly of use to school  
the boorish and savage, so as to make them  
presentable.

The worst thing fashion does for us, is to  
keep us apart. If we could come together,  
we could not fail to learn more good man-  
ners than we get out of all this exclusivene-  
ss.

Social pleasures are not necessarily ex-  
pensive ones. Hospitality need cost no  
more than we make it. A little pleasure,  
when shared, goes a great way. If we come  
together to enjoy ourselves and each other,  
and not the eating and drinking, we shall  
speedily find that hilarity does not demand  
a long purse. No people enjoy social pleas-  
ures more than the Germans—yet none  
spend so little upon them. If our hearts are  
well provided, we need not busy ourselves  
to pamper our bodies, and if our minds are  
well furnished, we shall not need to aston-  
ish our neighbors with the gold and mahog-  
any of our parlors.

Recreation is an art to be cultivated, with  
most of us. It comes naturally to some  
races. Our American absorption in busi-  
ness, and all-devouring pursuit of the main  
chance, keeps us in great, strangers to its  
value. If we would set ourselves to learn-  
ing how, we should soon find that recreation  
takes less time and less money, than we  
had imagined.

A French traveler has remarked, that in  
the United States, there is less misery, and  
less happiness, than in any other part of  
the world. We suspect there is some truth in  
the paradox. Brother Jonathan thinks it a  
very serious thing to be merry. To be al-  
ways grinding in his ideal of practical life,  
though he does not permit himself to enter-  
tain visions of a good time coming, when  
he shall recreate and rest. But as this good  
time is postponed to the further side of what  
is called "a fortune," it commonly recedes  
before him as he advances in his career,  
like a *mirage* in the desert— tantalizing, but  
unattainable. It is not possible that it would  
be wiser to take his comfort as he goes  
along, lest he should somehow fail to get it  
at the end of the journey?

LARGE MOSQUITOES.—In speaking of mos-  
quitoes of a large size, seen by one of the  
party in a Southern lake, Lemon, (who was  
a sea faring man many years,) remarked:  
"Well, there, Surinam is the darndest  
place for mosquitoes I ever seed. Last time  
I went for a load of merlasses, my cousin  
drove me about to a plantation, and among  
other things on a farm I seed one of the  
prettiest yoke of cattle I ever laid my eyes  
on. Now, (I'm tellin' the truth—you  
needn't laugh,) when I came back where  
there was nothin' of him left but skin  
and bone, any way; and, if you believe  
me, I squinted up a tree, and there was the  
cussedest big muskeeter I ever seed, a pick-  
in' his teeth with one of the horns."

### THE FATHERLESS.

Speak softly to the fatherless!  
And check the harsh reply  
That sends the crimson to the cheek,  
The tear-drop to the eye;  
They have the weight of loneliness,  
In this wide world to bear;  
Then gently raise the fallen bud,  
The drooping floweret spare.

Speak kindly to the fatherless!  
The lowest of his band  
God keepeth, as the waters,  
In the hollow of his hand.  
'Tis sad to see life's evening sun  
Go down in sorrow's shroud;  
But sadder still when the morning dawn  
Is darkened by the cloud.

Look mildly on the fatherless!  
Ye may have power to wile  
Their hearts from saddened memory,  
By the magic of a smile,  
Deal gently with these little ones;  
Be pitiful, and He,  
The friend and father of us all,  
Shall gently deal with these.

### Stealing Water Melons.

A man in a country town took great  
pleasure in having a neat garden. He had  
all kinds of vegetables and fruits earlier  
than his neighbors. But thieving boys in  
the neighborhood annoyed him; damaged  
his trees, trampled down his flowers, and  
"hooked" his choicest fruits. He tried vari-  
ous ways to protect his grounds; but his  
watch-dogs were poisoned, and his set traps  
caught nothing but his fattest fowls and fa-  
vorite cat.

One afternoon, however, just at nightfall,  
he overheard a couple of mischievous boys  
talking together, when one of them says:

"What do you say, Joe? Shall we come  
the grab over them melons to-night. Old  
Swipes will be snoring like ten men before  
twelve o'clock."

The other objected, as there was a high  
wall to get over.

"Oh, pshaw!" was the reply; "I know a  
place where you can get over just as easy  
—know it like a book. Come, Joe, let's  
go it."

The owner of the melon-patch didn't like  
the idea of being an eaves-dropper; but  
the conversation so intimately concerned  
his melons, which he had taken so much  
pains to raise, that he kept quiet, and list-  
ened to the plans of the scoundrels, so that  
he might make it somewhat bother-  
some for them. Ned proposed to get over  
the wall on the south side, by the great  
pear tree, and cut directly across to the  
summer-house, just north of which were  
the melons.

Joe was a clever fellow, who loved good  
fruit exceedingly, and was as obstinate as  
an ass. Get him once started to do a thing  
and he would stick to it, like a mud-turtle  
to a negro's toe. The other didn't care so  
much for the melons as for the fun of get-  
ting them.

Now hear the owner's story.

"I made all needful preparations for the  
visit; put in brads pretty thick in the scant-  
ling along the wall where they intended to  
get over; uncovered a large water vat that  
had been filled for some time, which, in  
dry weather, I was accustomed to water  
my garden; dug a trench a foot or so deep,  
and placed slender beards over it which  
were slightly covered with dirt, and just  
beyond them some little cords, fastened  
tightly, some eight inches above the ground.  
I picked all the melons I cared to preserve,  
leaving pumpkins and squashes, about the  
size and shape of melons, in their places."

The boys were quite right in supposing  
it would be dark; but they missed it a little  
in inferring that "old Swipes" as they call  
him, would be in bed. The old man liked  
a little fun as well as they, and when the  
time came, from his hiding place he list-  
ened:

"Whist, Joe! don't you hear something?"

I think that it was very probable they  
did, for hardly were the words uttered,  
than there came a sound of forcibly tearing  
tastian.

"Get off my coat tail!" whispered one.

"There goes one flap as sure as a gun!—  
Why get off, Ned?"

And Ned was off, and one leg off his  
breeches besides; and then he was "oh, oh,"  
ing, and telling Joe that he "believed there  
was nails in the side of the wall, for some-  
thing had scratched him most tremendously  
and had torn his breeches all to pieces."

Joe sympathized with him, for he said  
half his coat was hanging up there some-  
where."

They now started hand in hand, for Ned  
believed "he knew the way." They had  
arrived a little beyond the trees when  
something went swish! swish! into the  
water-vat.

A sneeze ensued, and then exclamation:  
"Thunder! that water smells rather old!"

Ned wanted to go home at once, but Joe  
was too much excited to listen for a mo-  
ment to such a proposition.

"Never heard anything about that cistern  
before; the old fellow must have fixed it  
on purpose to drown people in. Curious,  
though, that we should both fall in it!"

They pushed on for the melons. Presen-  
tly they were caught by the cords, and  
headlong they went into a heap of briars  
and thistles, and the like, which had been  
placed there for their express accommoda-  
tion.

"Such a gettin' up stairs!" muttered  
one.

"Nettles and thistles, how they prick!"  
exclaimed the other.

They now determined to go on more cau-  
tiously. At length they arrived at the  
patch.

There's more than a dozen fat ones right  
here!"

And down they sat in the midst of them  
and seemed to think that they were amply  
rewarded for all their mishaps.

"Here, take this melon, isn't it a rouser?  
Slash into it."

"It cuts tremendous hard. Ned it's a  
squash!"

"No it isn't I tell you; it's a new kind.  
Old Swipes sent to Rhode Island for the  
seed last spring."

"Well then, all I've got to say is that  
the old fellow got sucket in—that's all."

"I'm going to gouge into this water-mel-  
on; halloo! there goes a half dollar; I've  
broke my knife. If I didn't know that was  
a water-melon, I should call it a pumpkin."

What the boys did besides, while the  
owner went to the stable and unmuzzled the  
dog, and led him to the garden, he  
couldn't say; that they took long steps the  
onion and the flower beds revealed the next  
morning.

They had paid pretty dearly for the whis-  
tle. They had not tasted a single melon;  
they had got scratched, had torn their  
clothes, were as wet as drowned rats, and  
half scared out of their wits at the raven-  
ous dog and the apprehension of being  
discovered.

The next night the owner of the melon  
patch invited all the boys of the village, in-  
cluding Ned and Joe, to a feast of melons,  
on the principle of returning good for evil.  
This circumstance changed the boy's opinion  
of "old Swipes," and his melons were  
never again disturbed.—Harper's Magazine.

### Stimulants.

The Louisville Journal beautifully says:  
"There are times when the pulse 'lies low'  
in the bosom, and beats slow in the veins;  
when the spirit sleeps the sleep, apparen-  
tly, that knows no waking, in its house  
of clay, and the window shutters are closed,  
and the door is hung with the invisible  
rape of melancholy; when we wish the  
golden sunshine, pitchy blackness, and  
ever willing to 'fancy clouds where no clouds  
be.' This is a state of sickness when phys-  
ic may be thrown to the dogs, for we will  
have none of it. What shall raise the sleep-  
ing Lazarus? What shall make the heart  
beat music again, and the pulses dance to it  
through all the myriad thronged halls in our  
house of life? What shall make the sun  
kiss the Eastern hills again for us with all  
his old awakening gladness, and the night  
overflow with moonlight, music, love and  
flowers? Love itself is the great stimulant  
—the most intoxicating of all—and performs  
all these miracles; but it is a miracle itself,  
and is not at the drug store, whatever they  
say. The counterfeit is in the market, but  
the winged god is not a money changer, we  
assure you.

"Men have tried many things—but still  
they ask for stimulants. The stimulants we  
use, but require the use of more. Men try  
to drown the floating dead of their own  
souls in the wine cup, but the corpses will  
rise. We see their faces in the bubbles.—  
The intoxication of drink sets the world  
whirling again, and the pulses playing wild  
music, and the thoughts galloping—but  
the fast clock runs down sooner, and the  
unnatural stimulation only leaves the house  
it fills with wildest revelry, more silent,  
more sad, more deserted, more dead.

There is only one stimulant that never  
fails, and yet never intoxicates—duty. Duty  
puts a blue sky over every man—up in his  
heart may be—into which the skylark Happi-  
ness always goes, singing."

A BEAUTIFUL IDEA.—Away among the  
Alleghanies, there is a spring so small that  
a single ox, in a summer's day could drain  
it dry. It steals its unobtrusive way among  
the hills, till it spreads out in the beautiful  
Ohio.

Thence it stretches out a thousand miles,  
leaving on its banks more than a hundred  
villages and cities, and many a cultivated  
farm, and bearing on its bosom more than  
half a thousand steamboats. Then joining  
the Mississippi, it stretches away and away  
some twelve hundred miles more till it falls  
into the great emblem of eternity. It is one  
of the great tributaries of the ocean, which,  
obedient only to God, shall roll and roar till  
the angel with one foot on sea, and the  
other on the land, shall lift up his hands to  
heaven, and swear that time shall not be no  
longer. So with moral influence. It is a  
rill—a rivulet—an ocean, boundless and  
fathomless as eternity.

"MOTHER.—O, word of undying beauty!  
Thine echoes sound along the walls of time  
until the crumble at the beath of the Eter-  
nal. In all the world there's not a habita-  
ble spot where the music of that word is  
not sounded. Ay, by the golden flower of  
the river, by the crystal margin of the rock,  
under the leafy shade of the forest tree, in  
the hut built of bamboo cane, in the mad  
and hatched cottage, by the peaks of the  
kissing mountains, in the wide spread val-  
ley, or the blue ocean, in the changeless  
desert, where the angel came down to give  
the parched lips the sweet waters of the  
wilderness; under the white tent of the  
Arab, and in the dark covered wigwam of  
Indian hunter; wherever the pulses of the  
human heart beat quick and warm, or float  
feebly along the current of falling life, there  
is that sweet word spoken, like a universal  
prayer—"mother."

"Mr dear Julia," said one pretty girl to  
another, "can't you make up your mind to  
marry that odious Mr. Snuff?" "Why, my  
dear, I can't."