

# 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 19, 1860.

NUMBER 37.

## STAR OF THE NORTH

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY BY  
W. H. JACOBY,  
Office on Main St., 3rd Square below Market.  
TERMS:—Two Dollars per annum if paid  
within six months from the time of subscrib-  
ing; two dollars and fifty cents if not paid  
within the year. No subscription taken for  
a less period than six months; no discoun-  
tances 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

### THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Between the dark and the daylight,  
When the night is beginning to lower,  
Comes a pause in the day's occupation  
That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the Chamber above me,  
The patter of little feet,  
The sound of a door that is opened,  
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,  
Descending the broad hall stair,  
Grave Alice and laughing Allegra,  
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence;  
Yet I know by their merry eyes  
They are plotting and planning together  
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,  
A sudden raid from the hall  
By three doors left unguarded  
They enter my castle wall.

They climb up into my turret,  
O'er the arms and back of my chair;  
If I try to escape, they surround me,  
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,  
Their arms about me entwined,  
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen  
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine!

Do you think O blue eyed banditti,  
Because you have scaled the wall,  
Such an old mousethatche as I am  
Is not a match for you all!

I have you fast in my fortress,  
And will not let you depart,  
But put you down in the dungeons  
In the round tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever,  
Yes, forever and a day,  
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,  
And moulder in dust away!

### Eight to Sixteen.

Lord Shaftesbury recently stated in a public meeting in London, that from personal observation he had ascertained that of the adult male criminals of that city, nearly all had fallen into a course of crime between the ages of eight to sixteen years, and that if a young man lived an honest life up to twenty years of age, there were forty nine chances in his favor, and only one against him, as to an honorable life thereafter.

Thus it is in the physical world. Half of all who are born, die under twenty years of age, while four fifths of all who reach that age, and die before another score, owe their death to causes of disease, which were originated in their teens. On a careful inquiry, it will be ascertained that in nearly all cases the causes of moral and premature physical death are pretty much one and the same and are laid between the ages of "eight and sixteen years." This is a fact of startling import to fathers and mothers, and shows a fearful responsibility. Certainly a parent should secure and retain and exercise absolute control over the child until sixteen; it cannot be a difficult matter to do this, except in very rare cases, and if that control is not wisely and efficiently exercised, it must be the parent's fault; it is owing to parental neglect or remissness. Hence the real source of ninety-eight per cent of the crime of a country such as England or the United States lies at the door of parents.—It is a fearful reflection: we throw it before the minds of the fathers and mothers of our land, and there leave it to be thought of in wisdom, remarking only as to the early seeds of bodily disease, that they are nearly in every case sown between sun-down and bed-time, in absence from the family circle, in the spending of money never earned by the spender, opening the doors of confectionaries and soda-fountains, of beer and tobacco and wine, of the circus, the negro minstrel, the restaurant and dance; then follow the Sunday excursion, the Sunday drive, with easy transition to the company of those ways leading down to the gates of social, physical and moral ruin. From "eight to sixteen" in these few years are the destinies of children fixed in forty-nine cases out of fifty; fixed by the parent! Let every father and mother solely vow: "By God's help, I'll fix my daughter's destiny for good by making home more attractive than the street."—*Half's Journal of Health.*

There are two kinds of brevity which a keen eye soon distinguishes; the one arrogant and distasteful, evidently asserting that it has settled the question forever in a sentence; the other implying that the writer has said the best thing he has to say on the subject, and that he wishes to have done with it for the time, leaving it for the reader's judgement.

Give a man the necessities of life and he wants the conveniences. Give him the conveniences and he craves the luxuries.—Grant him the luxuries and he sighs for the elegancies. Let him have the elegancies and he yearns for the follies. Give him all together and he complains that he has been cheated both in the price and quality of the articles.

### Expression of the Mouth.

The mouth is a feature upon which very much of the character of the face depends. No woman can be a pretty woman who has an ugly mouth. To the most regular features a gaping mouth, or ugly, drooping, and badly formed lips, will give an air of listless ignorance, or half idiocy, which is repulsive. Firmness, general decision, cruelty, softness, and gentleness of mind, love of our fellows, eloquence, spite, vindictiveness, generosity, and strength of character, are all indicated by the mouth.

It is incumbent, therefore, with astute and cunning men—with those who are crafty and politic, and who plot against humanity—to conceal the play and workings of the mouth. As Cæsar covered his baldness with a laurel crown, so a modern Cæsar covers his lips with a thick drooping moustache; in this, too, nature has admirably aided him. Forrester, the Bow-street runner, and Fouché, Napoleon's celebrated chief of police, almost invariably detected the guilty by noticing the play of the lips. Forrester, in his curious "Memoirs," has frequently told us that he saw "guilt upon the lip" of more than one whom he suspected; and his sagacity, if not unerring, was great. But who can watch the play of the mouth when it is covered by a thick grove of moustache! All the celebrated police agents, from Fouché to Inspector Whichever, have been completely puzzled by such. It is well, therefore, on important occasions to conceal the mouth. It is too sure an index of character.

Thin, pale lips are supposed to be indicative of ill-temper. They are more surely, perhaps, the consequence of a weakly and not too healthy habit of body. A very thin nether lip, clenched teeth, and a pale cheek have been for ages the stock in trade of the fictionist when he wishes to draw a conspirator; and the painter has followed him. Judas, in many of the Italian pictures, is seen biting his under lip. *Richard the Third*, as portrayed by Holingshead, by Shakespeare, had a similar habit. Men of nervous and excitable temperament have, especially if suspicious, a habit of plucking at their lips and distorting their mouths.

Small mouths are very much praised, and have been for a long time much in fashion. Fashionable painters and artists for the "Book of Beauty" have carried this smallness of mouth to an absurdity. You will see engravings of ladies with mouths considerably smaller than their eyes, which, of course, presuming the face to be in due proportion, is as much a monstrosity as if the mouth, like that of a giant in a pantomime, extended from ear to ear. The female mouth should not be too small. From what we can gather from contemporary portraits, supposing them to be true, both Elizabeth and Mary, Queen of Scots, had mouths much too small to be handsome.—That of the former, the greatest female monarch who has ever existed, should have at least indicated her capacious mind.—That of Queen Charlotte was ugly; that of the princess of that name was a true Brunswick mouth, exhibiting the two front teeth, from the shortness and curious elevation of the upper lip, which is perpetuated in the males of the present royal family. The house of Hapsburg has also a very ugly mouth, celebrated as the Austrian mouth.

Certain masters of the ceremonies have written much on the expression of the mouth. "It is," says one, "the feature which is called into play most frequently; and, therefore, even where beauty of form exists, careful training is needed, to enable it to perform correctly its manifold duties.—An elegant manner of utterance renders words, insignificant in themselves, agreeable and persuasive. In the act of eating, skillful management is necessary. A laugh is a very severe test to this feature."

Mr. Dickens, whose observation is very wide, has ridiculed such teaching, when he makes one of his superfine old women instruct her pupils in the formation of the lips by uttering three magic words—potatoes, prunes and prism. And we presume that when Lord Byron nearly fainted at the sight of his wife enjoying a rumpsteak, the skillful management of his Ada's mouth was neglected.

Turning from such foppery to the poets, we may conclude by saying that from the Greek Anthology, downward, to the finest young fellows who write songs for music publishers, thousands of lines have been written in praise of ladies' mouths. The Latinists and the Italians have paid great attention to this feature: rosy lips, pearly teeth and violet breath have been for ages the stock in trade of the poets. But, perhaps, the best things said of them are by an Irish and English poet; the Irishman hyperbolically, likens the mouth of his charmer to "a dish of strawberries smothered in cream;" and Sir John Suckling paints to the life the pretty pouting underlip of a beauty in his "Ballad on a Wedding."

"Her lips were red, and one was thin  
Compared to that was next her chin—  
Some bee had stung it newly."

"Where are you going," said a fast young gentleman to an elderly one, in a white cravat, whom he overtook a few miles from Little Rock.

"I am going to Heaven, my son, and I have been on the way there for eighteen years."

"Well, good bye, old fellow, if you have been travelling towards Heaven eighteen years and got no nearer to it than Arkansas, I'll take another route."

### How Indians make Stone Arrow-Heads.

The heads of the Indian arrows, spears, javelins, etc., often found in many parts of our continent, have been admired, but the process of forming them conjectured. Hon. Caleb Lyon, on a recent visit to California, met with a party of Shasta Indians, and ascertained that they still used these weapons, which in most tribes have been succeeded by rifles, or at least by iron pointed arrows and spears. He found a man that could manufacture them, and saw him at work at all parts of the process. The description which Lyon wrote and communicated to the American Ethnological Society, through Dr. E. H. Davis, we copy below:—

"The Shasta Indian seated himself upon the floor, and laying the stone anvil upon his knee, which was of compact talcose slate, with one blow of his agate chisel he separated the obsidian pebble into two parts, then giving another blow to the fractured side he split off a slab some fourth of an inch in thickness. Holding the piece against the anvil with the thumb and fore finger of the left hand, he commenced a series of continuous blows, every one of which clipped off fragments of the brittle substance. It gradually assumed the required shape. After finishing the base of the arrow-head (the whole being only little over an inch in length,) he began striking gentler blows, every one of which I expected would break it into pieces. Yet such was their application, his skill and dexterity, that in little over an hour he produced a perfect obsidian arrow-head.

"I then requested him to carve me one from the remains of a broken pottery bottle, which, after two failures, he succeeded in doing. He gave as a reason of his ill success, that he did not understand the grain of the glass. No sculptor ever handled a chisel with greater precision, or more carefully measured the weight and effect of every blow, than this ingenious Indian, for even among them arrow making is a distinct trade or profession, which many attempt, but in which few attain excellence. He understood the capacity of the material he wrought, and before striking the first blow, by surveying the pebble, he could judge of its availability as well as the sculptor judges of the perfectness of a block of Parian. I a moment all that I had read upon this subject, written by learned and speculative antiquarians of the hardening of copper, for the working of flint axes, spears, chisels, and arrow heads, vanished before the simplest mechanical process. I felt that the world had been better served had they driven the pen less and the plow more."

A NEW RACE OF MEN IN SOUTH AMERICA.—Prof. Newberry, in his paper, read before the American Scientific Association at New York, R. I., gave a vivid description of the geographical features of the great plateau sweeping East and West from the Rocky Mountains, illustrated by colored drawings. His well browned, fiercely bearded face gave evidence of the effects of the sun and winds on the vast, treeless plains that skirt the Colorado. He incidentally gave a most interesting description of that strange people, the Moqui, whose cities we have seen in New Mexico, and but a small remnant of whom now exist. They belong to a hitherto unknown race. Prof. Newberry says they may be remains of the Aztecs, who ruled that region on its discovery by the Spaniards. From the characteristics, however, of the melancholy remnant who now exist, it seems more probable that they are to be referred to the Toltecs, who were displaced by the Aztecs.

Mr. Newberry described them as a race apparently entirely distinct from any other Indians on this continent. They are smaller, have a distinct conformation of skull and face, and are peaceful agriculturists.—They weave cloth, work with implements of stone, and build towns of stone and mortar, on the mountain table lands, which rise eight hundred or one thousand feet above the lowland plateaus. They build walls around their towns, and their only means of ingress and egress is by ladders, which they draw after them when they enter towns. There are seven of these small towns still inhabited by this last fading race. But their ruins extend over the whole valley of the San Juan—apparently ruins of a race once numbering millions of men—and many of them (the towns) five hundred or one thousand years old.

THE ANTEDELUVIAN FROG.—This supposed inhabitant of another world, a creature that had lived before the flood, and in the time of Noah, died at Brough, England. It was discovered in July, 1832, imbedded in a solid rock of millstone grit on Stainmore, about three miles from Brough, by some workmen who were breaking up the rocks for building stones. It was found in a cavity eight inches from the surface, and without a seam, rent, or cleft in the block.—When the rock was broken it leaped out, and so terrified the man that he fell down through fear, and said, "It leaped like a black devil." It was presented to Mr. Roney, surgeon of Brough, who put it into a tub containing water, grass, and leaves; it was also carnivorous, and would devour earth worms, flies, etc. Here it continued lively and active for some months; but we presume, after taking a survey of this world and finding it so much wiser than that in which it lived more than 4000 years ago, it had no longer any inclination to stay among us—it sickened, drooped, and died; and Mr. Roney has embalmed the body of this wonderful creature.

### A Romance in Baltimore.

The Baltimore correspondent of the *Charleston Courier* relates the following suggestive and pretty romance:—

"A little incident characteristic of good fortune, flowing from economy, prudence, perseverance, came within range of my notice during the recent year, which, if properly portrayed, may serve to stimulate others. The story is yet unwritten. I will endeavor to present it briefly. Less than a semi-decade ago there might have been seen in our city, seated at some public corner of a crowded street a young, poorly clad Italian woman, with a small, rosy faced, black eyed child in her arms. Beneath dishevelled hair and sunburnt face could be discerned lineaments of beauty, heightened into sympathetic attraction by the sweet smile of innocence. Though the garments of mother and infant were coarse tattered, yet cleanliness and an air of neatness always told that a careful hand adjusted them. Day after day, veiling far into evening shades, passed, giving place to new mornings, and still this apparently forsaken pilgrim of the Italian clime sat at her post amid the moving, busy throng, modestly begging a sustenance for herself and her tender offspring.

A year had made its revolution and still she was there, constant, unchanged, except to a browner hue. The babe grew; its fall eyes brightening into sweeter expression, while waves of sunlit happiness now and then illumed the mother's bosom. Another annual round, and she, with her tender charge, disappeared. The lonely place that knew them once found other occupants.—Time passed, and the were forgotten. The sequel however, has recently come to my knowledge. Some days ago there appeared in our metropolis an opulent Southern merchant. He came to purchase goods and pay cash for a bill of several thousand dollars. "Who is my strange though fortunate customer?" inquired the gentleman with whom he dealt. "I will tell you," replied the stranger. "I know you, but you have not the same advantage with me, excepting my name. I am the husband of that poor beggar-woman who sat in your streets with an infant in her arms, and to whom you often—very often—as she has, since told me, gave alms.—We came to America young and poor and I think honest. I sought employment but without success. From the little my good Signora had saved, I purchased a hand-organ, and set out on a musical expedition.—I made a tour, passing through several States, going far West and South—was gone many months and ground my organ all the time, while Signora still maintained herself upon charitable donation. I finally returned to Baltimore with three hundred dollars, found my wife and little one, and we departed for the south—locating in Virginia, commencing business in a small way, fortune smiled on us, and we are now the owners and occupants of a comfortable home, possessing wealth, abundance and happiness."

Such is in substance the story of these parties, founded upon facts still cognizant to many who still recollect them. It is a striking commentary upon the unflinching virtue of perseverance, and shows what can be accomplished even under the most adverse circumstances. Only a few months ago this now enviable merchant was in our city, purchased goods to the amount of several thousand dollars, and paid for them in cash.

CAT MANIA.—A cat man is a singular thing; yet it existed in Mrs. Griggs, of Southampton Row, who died on the 16th of January, 1792. Her executors found in her house eighty-six living and twenty-eight dead cats! Their owner, who died worth £30,000, left her black servant £150 per annum for the maintenance of the surviving cats and himself. Pope records an instance of a famous Duchess R—, who bequeathed considerable legacies and annuities to her cats. But, if of the gentler sex, there are those "who cradle the blind offspring of their Selimas, and adorn the pensive mother's neck with coral beads," some also of the remarkable among our sterner race have shown an extraordinary fondness for these luxurious quadrupeds.—Mohammed, for instance, had a cat to which he was so much attached that he preferred cutting off the sleeve of his garment to disturbing her repose when she had fallen asleep upon it. Petrarch was so fond of his cat that he had it embalmed after death, and placed in a niche in his apartment. Dr. Johnson had a favorite, and when it was ill, declined its usual food, but greedily seizing an oyster when it was offered, he was accustomed to bring home for her daily some of those tempting molluscs. Mr. Peter King, who died at Islington in 1806, had two tom cats that used to be set up at the table with him at his meals; but as he was a great admirer of fine clothes richly laced, he thought his cats might like them too. The grimaltius were accordingly measured, and wore rich liveries until death.

A Young lady was discharged from one of the largest vinegar houses in Boston, last week, because she was so sweet that she kept the vinegar from fermenting. A sour old maid is wanted to fill her place.

John, you seem to gain flesh every day; the grocery business must agree with you; What did you weigh last? "Well, Simon, I really don't know but it strikes me it was a

### CAMPAIGN SONG.

AIR—"Denny Haven."

The campaign opens brightly—  
Come fellows one and all  
Unfold your banners to the breeze  
Upon the outer wall.  
But ere we charge the enemy  
Upon the open plain,  
We'll shout aloud our battle-cry  
For Breckinridge and Lane.

The Douglas holds before us  
The squatter sovereign plan,  
And Iain would cheat us of our rights,  
The tricky little man.  
But we'll teach him, ere he leaves the field  
His trials are in vain  
To take the Presidential chair  
From Breckinridge and Lane.

For we strike for equal rights to all—  
Rights won on many a field,  
By the blood of sires and brethren,  
By men who never yield,  
The little Douglas once deceived,  
But can't deceive again,  
Now we have braced our armor on  
For Breckinridge and Lane.

Then charge him boldly, comrades—  
Charge every man and youth—  
Charge for the Constitution,  
For justice and for truth.  
The foe is fading fast away,  
Like snow before the rain,  
As fire rolls on them fall the men  
Of Breckinridge and Lane.

"Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound,  
We hear a mournful yell—  
Old voices cry discordant notes  
For Everett and Bell.  
Send forth a squad upon them  
And put to flight the train;  
Those fossi men are now too old  
For Breckinridge and Lane.

A sombre group approaches next,  
A Lincoln leads them on,  
A Tennessee dark is he,  
A renegade sark.  
But renegades are not our choice—  
The people cry aмин,  
As hill and dale resound with shouts  
For Breckinridge and Lane.

So lovers of the Union,  
And lovers of the right,  
And honest men of every creed  
Are with us in the fight;  
And victory shall crown the brows  
Of men without a stain.  
As the people rise in all their might  
For Breckinridge and Lane.

### Too Fast.

A young lady, beautiful in person and attractive in manner, who resided in the immediate vicinity of Boston, was sought in marriage some years ago by two men. One of these was poor and not a mechanic;—the other was rich and not a mechanic.—The woman loved the former; the family of the woman liked the latter. As is the case in such affairs, the woman married to please her friends. Having thus "sold herself," she ought to have been miserable, but she was not. Her husband's unaffected love subdued her heart, and his gold smoothed the rough places in the human path.—Fortune, seeing that this couple were too happy, frowned, and the man's fortunes took wings and flew away. Thereupon the husband wound up his business, put his wife and children, of whom there were two, at a comfortable boarding house, and then departed for California in search of money.—Some letters and some remittance arrived from him at first, then nothing came and there was a blank of several years. The wife thought herself deserted. The family, whose good opinion of the husband had begun to fail, told her that it was clearly a case for a divorce. When she had become well accustomed to the sound of this unpleasant word, the disconsolate was thrown into the society of her old mechanic lover, now prosperous, and still unmarried. The memory of her early, real love became upon her, and she believed with a secret joy that he remained single for her sake. This thought nourished her affection, and at last she obtained a divorce from her husband, who had deserted her, and remained absent beyond the time allowed by the statute.—This accomplished, there was no barrier between her and the mechanic of her youth. She informed him that she was his forever, when he should choose to claim her hand. Her feelings could not have been pleasant to learn that, since his rejection by her and her marriage to another, the unromantic heaver of wood had drowned his passion for her in the waves of time, and that at the time of her hand-some offer he no longer palpitated for her. In fact, "Barkis was not willin'." As if all this was not embarrassing enough, who should turn up but the husband, who made his appearance in the form of a letter, announcing that he had accumulated a dazzling pile of wealth, that he was on his way home and that she was to meet him in New York. The letter also chided her for neglect in not writing to him for years, and it was clear that he had sent assurances of love and also money at intervals during his absence; where these had gone, no one knew. Here, then, was trouble.—No husband, no lover. The one she had divorced; the other had refused her. Taking counsel with herself, she packed her trunk, seeing that her wardrobe was unexceptionable, and came to the metropolis.—She met the coming man on his arrival, and told him the whole story as correctly as she, naturally prejudiced in favor of the defendant, could tell it. The husband scowled, growled, looked at the charring face and the becoming toilet, remembered California and its loneliness, and took her to his heart. A clergyman was summoned, a marriage was performed, and a new volume in their life's history was opened.

THIRTY YEARS AGO.—We are continually reminded that this age is a progressive one—one that the present generation of children is a great way in advance of the children of thirty years ago—that the young gentlemen and young ladies are more intelligent and more refined—and that as a whole, the people who now live in the world, are a decided improvement on all who have preceded them. What was considered sensible then, would possibly seem absurd now. Still, we had sweet pretty girls then—girls who were equally at home in the parlor and in the kitchen. We had not as many pianos, nor were there as many costly silk dresses; our houses were not carpeted from the kitchen to the garret as most of them now are, but we did not regard them as an inconvenience. The girls of thirty years ago, and especially farmers daughters, were taught to knit and sew, bake and brew; in a word, they were taught to be good house-keepers. The greatest surprise is that these girls—mothers of the present generation—should have so departed from the principles of their own early and judicious training, as to bring up their daughters in idleness and extravagance.

We learn that Col. H. A. Fonda has received the appointment of Superintendent of the Williamsport and Elmira Railroad.—We are pleased to note this as being a most superior and unexceptionable appointment. Col. H. A. Fonda's predecessor, Mr. Redfield takes the position of Vice President of the road.

How did Jonah feel when he went down the whale's throat?  
He felt taken in, and was considerably put out in about three days.  
How did he look and think?  
He looked down in the mouth and tho't he was going to blubber.

The astronomer Herschel has predicted that England will this year be visited by a storm of violence unprecedented in the annals of the globe.

If you would learn how to bow, watch

### Anecdote of Girard.

Stephen Girard, the Frenchman who founded the institution in Philadelphia which bears his name, had a favorite clerk, and he always said "he intended to do well by Ben Lippencott." So, when Ben got to be twenty-one, he expected to hear Mr. Girard say something of his future prospects, and perhaps lend a helping hand in starting him in the world. But the old fox carefully avoided the subject. Ben mustered courage. "I suppose I am free, sir," said he, "and I thought I would say something to you as to my future course. What do you think I had better do?" "Yes, yes, I know you are," said the old millionaire, "and my advice is that you learn the cooper's trade."

This application of ice nearly froze Ben out, but recovering his equilibrium, he said if Mr. Girard was in earnest, he would do so. "I am in earnest," and Ben forthwith sought the best cooper in Spring Garden, became an apprentice, and in due time could make as good a barrel as the best.—He announced to old Stephen that he had graduated, and was ready to set up business. The old man seemed gratified, and immediately ordered three of the best barrels he could turn out. Ben did his prettiest and wheeled them up to the old man's counting room. Old Girard pronounced them first rate, and demanded the price. "One dollar," said Ben, "as low as I can live by."

"Cheap enough—make out your bill."

The bill was made out and old Stephen settled it with a check of \$20,000, which he accompanied with this little moral, to effect that Benjamin now had a trade, which he could fall back on in case he did not succeed in business.

THE MISTAKES OF THE PRESS.—The most laughable case of 'mistakes of the printers' is that where there had been two articles prepared for the paper (one concerning a sermon preached by an eminent divine, and the other about the freaks of a mad dog,) but unfortunately, the foreman in placing them into the form, "mixed" them, making the following *contresens*:—

"The Rev. James Thompson, rector of St. Andrew's Church, preached to a large concourse of people on Sunday last. This was his last sermon. In a few weeks he will bid farewell to his congregation, as his physicians advise him to cross the Atlantic. He exhorted his brethren and sisters, and after the expiration of a devout prayer, took a whim to cut up some frantic freaks. He ran up Timothy street to Johnson, and down Benfit street to College. At this stage of the proceedings, a couple of boys seized him, tied a tin kettle to his tail, and he started. A great crowd collected, and for a time there was a grand scene of noise, running and confusion. After some trouble, he was shot by a Jersey policeman."

A GOOD ONE.—Two young ladies of Philadelphia were lately spending the summer in northeastern New York. During their long visit, they took several long rides with the daughter of their host, about the country. On one of these occasions, as they had been traveling some distance, and the day was warm, and as a trough of running water stood invitingly by the roadside, they concluded to give their pony a drink. One of the ladies agreed to get out and arrange matters for this purpose. The others, remaining in the carriage, and deeply engaged in conversation, for some time paid no attention to the movements of their companion. When at last, surprised at the long delay, they turned to ascertain the cause, they discovered her endeavoring to unblock the *crupper*. In amazement they inquired:—

"What in the world are you doing that for?"

To which she naively replied, "Why, I am unblocking this strap to let the horse's head down, so he can drink."

Don't have too much commiseration for the accomplished, amiable and charming wife of a defaulter, until you know that she has not, by extravagance and pride, induced him to use money not his own, or to speculate with the view to gratify her wishes.

How curious is the passion for balances and totals in some minds, where they seem little applicable to the subject matter. Kohl observed some Russian children calculating by addition and multiplication the number of archangels and angels in Heaven.

ANW E.—was trying to persuade little Eddy to retire at sundown using as an argument that little chickens went to roost at that time. "Yes," said Eddy, "but the old hen always goes with them." Anny tried no more arguments with him.

AN independent man is said to be one who can live without whisky and tobacco, and shave himself with brown soap and cold water without a mirror.

An empty bottle must certainly be a very dangerous thing if we may judge from the fact that many a man has been found dead with one at his side.

In the very heaviest griefs of all, the mind is so absorbed that we scarcely notice an addition. In the next degree of sorrow we feel every little addition; our spirits have still movement enough to resent it as