

# THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

W. H. JACOBY, Proprietor.]

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

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## STAR OF THE NORTH

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### LADY BYRON'S REPLY TO LORD BYRON'S FAREWELL.

Yes! farwell—farewell forever!  
Thou thyself has fixed our doom,  
Bade hope's fairest blossoms wither,  
Never again for me to bloom.  
Unforgiving thou hast called me—  
Didst thou ever say forgive me—  
Poor the wretch whose wiles beguiled thee,  
Thou alone didst seem to live.

Short the space which time has given  
To complete thy love's decay;  
By unhalloved passions driven,  
Soon thy heart was taught to stray;  
Lived for me that feeling tender,  
Which thy verse so well can show,  
From my arms why didst thou wander!  
My endearments why forego?

Oh! too late thy breast was bared,  
Oh! too soon to me 'twas shown,  
That thy love but once I shared,  
And already it is flown.  
Wrapped in dreams of joy abiding,  
On thy breast my head had lain,  
In thy love and truth confiding—  
Bless I ne'er can know again.

The dark hour did first discover  
In thy soul the hideous stain—  
Would these eyes had closed forever,  
Ne'er to weep thy crimes again.  
But the impious wish O, heaven!  
From the record blot out;  
Yes, I yet would live, O, Byron,  
For the babe I've born for thee!

In whose lovely features (let me  
All my weakness here confess,  
Without the struggling tears permit me)  
All the father's I can trace—  
He whose image never leaves me,  
He whose image still I prize,  
Who this bitterest feeling gives me,  
Still to love where I despise.

With regret and sorrow rither  
When our child's first accents flow,  
I will teach her to say FATHER,  
But his guilt she ne'er shall know.  
Whist to-morrow and to-morrow  
Wake me from a widow's bed,  
On another's arms no sorrow  
Wilt thou feel, no tear wilt shed.

I the world's approval sought not,  
When I tore myself from thee;  
Of its praise or blame I thought not—  
What's its praise or blame to me?  
He so prized—so loved—so adored—  
From my heart his image drove,  
On my head contempt has poured,  
And preferred a woman's love.

Thou art proud, but mark me, Byron,  
I've a heart proud as thine own;  
Soft to love, but hard as iron  
When contempt is o'er it thrown;  
But farewell! I'll not upbraid thee,  
Never, never wish thee ill—  
Wretched though thy crimes have made me,  
If thou canst be happy still.

### The Press and Dead Heads.

One of our exchanges speak a great deal of truth in the following:  
Railroads, steamboats and stage-coaches complain of dead heading—that is to say, of editors and clergymen, riding so much without pay. The newspaper press endures more of this dead heading than all three of these modes of conveyance combined. The pulpit, the bar and the theatre; corporations, legislative assemblies, societies, religious, benevolent, agricultural, mercantile establishments, vendors of quack medicines, railroad companies, steamboats, stage lines, and every variety of individuals, including political parties and politicians, draw largely on the liberality of the press. The press is expected to yield to all these interests; it is required to give strength to all weak institutions and enterprises; it is asked to puff small preachers into overshadowing pulpit orators; to puff small politicians and unprincipled demagogues into great men and patriots; to magnify incompetent railroad officers into railroad kings; it is expected to herald abroad the fame of quacks, of all cases, bolster up dull authors; immortalize weak Congressional speeches; it is required to give sight to the blind, bread to the hungry, talents to fools and honor to thieves and robbers; it is asked to cover up the infirmities of the weak, to hide the faults of guilty men and wink at the fraudulent schemes of scoundrels; it is expected to flatter the vain, to extol the merits of those who deserve nothing but the scorn and contempt of all good citizens; it is required, in a word, of the newspaper press, to become all things to all men; and if it look for pay, or send out its bills for subscriptions and advertising, it is denounced as mean and sordid, and its conductors are wanting in liberality. There is no interest on the face of this green earth that is expected to give so much to society, without pay or thanks, as the newspaper press of the country.

There is a certain amount of delicacy and want of consideration in crowding material and external happiness on those who have emerged from a sombre condition, to which we know they are destined certainly to return. Sometimes the bright spot cheers the memory, but more often destroys content by contrast.

A Toast.—"The Ladies! They divide our sorrows, double our joys, and trouble our consciences."

### The Russian Wolf Hunt.

We translate the following story from a late number of M. Alex. Dumas' newspaper. It is an extract from one of his letters from St. Petersburg:  
"Wolf hunting and bear hunting are the favorite pleasures of the Russians. Wolves are hunted in this way in the winter, when the wolves being hungry are ferocious.—Three or four hunters, each armed with a double-barrelled gun, get into a troika, which is any sort of carriage drawn by three horses—its name being derived from its team, and not from its form. The middle horse trots with his head hanging down, and he is called the Snow-Eater. The two others have only one rein, and they are fastened to the poles by the middle of the body, and gallop, their heads free—they are called the Furious. The troika is driven by a sure coachman, if there is such a thing in the world as a sure coachman. A pig is tied to the rear of the vehicle by a rope, or a chain (for greater security) some twelve yards long. The pig is kept in the vehicle until the hunters reach the forest where the hunt is to take place, when he is taken out and the horses started. The pig, not being accustomed to this gait, squeals; and his squeals soon degenerate into lamentations. His cries bring out one wolf, who gives the pig chase; then two wolves, then three, then ten, then fifty wolves—all posting as hard as they can after the poor pig, fighting among themselves for the best places, snapping and striking at the poor pig at every opportunity, who squeals with despair. These squeals of agony arouse all the wolves in the forest, within a circuit of three miles, and the troik is followed by an immense flock of wolves. It is now a good driver is indispensable. The horses have an instinctive horror for wolves, and go almost crazy; they run as fast as they can go.

The hunters fire as fast as they can load; there is no necessity to take any aim. The pig squeals—the horses neigh—the wolves howl—the guns rattle; it is a concert to make Mephistopheles jealous. As long as the driver commands his horses, fast as they may be running away, there is no danger. But, if he ceases to be master of them; if they balk, if the troika is upset, there is no hope. The next day, or the day after, or a week afterwards, nothing will remain of the party but the wreck of the troika, the barrels of the guns, and the larger tones of the horses, huntsmen, and driver.

Last winter Prince Pepnine went on one of these hunts, and it came very near being his last hunt. He was on a visit with two of his friends to one of his estates near the steppe, and they determined to go on a wolf hunt. They prepared a large sleigh in which three persons could move at ease, three vigorous horses were put into it, and they selected for a driver a man born in the country, and thoroughly experienced in the sport. Every huntsman had a pair of double-barrel guns, and one hundred and fifty ball cartridges. It was night when they reached the steppe; that is an immense prairie covered with snow. The moon was full, and shone brilliantly; its beams refracted by the snow gave a light scarcely inferior to daylight.

The pig was put out of the sleigh and the horses whipped up. As soon as the pig felt that he was dragged he began to squeal. A wolf or two appeared; but they were timed and kept a long way off. Their numbers gradually increased, and as they gained in strength they became bolder. There were about twenty wolves when they came within gun range of the troika. One of the party fired; a wolf fell. The flock became alarmed and half fled away. Seven or eight hungry wolves remained behind to devour their dead companion. The gaps were soon filled. On every side howls answered howls; on every side sharp noses and brilliant eyes were seen peering. The guns rattled volley after volley; but the flock of wolves increased instead of diminishing, and soon it was not a flock, but a vast herd of wolves in thick serrid columns, which gave chase to the sleigh.

The wolves bounded forward so rapidly they seemed to fly over the snow, and so lightly not a pound was heard; their numbers continued to increase and increase, and increase; they seemed to be a silent tide drawing nearer and nearer, and which the guns of the party, rapidly as they were discharged, had no effect on. The wolves formed a vast crescent, whose horns began to encompass the horses. The numbers increased so rapidly they seemed to spring out of the ground. There was something weird in their appearance, for where could three thousand wolves come from in such a desert of snow? The party had taken the pig into the sleigh; his squeal increased the wolves' boldness. The party continued to fire, but they had now used above half their ammunition, and but two hundred cartridges left, while they were surrounded by three thousand wolves. The two horns of the crescent became nearer and nearer, and threatened to envelope the whole party.

If one of the horses should have given out, the fate of the whole party was sealed. "What do you think of this, Ivan?" said the Prince Reppine, speaking to the driver. "I would rather be at home, Prince." "Are you afraid of any evil consequences?" "The devils have tasted blood, and the more you fire the more wolves you'll have." "What do you think is the best thing to be done?" "Make the horses go faster." "Are you sure of the horses?" "Are you sure of your safety?" "The Germans would have made Adam of

He quickened the horses, and turned their heads towards home. The horses flew faster than ever. The driver excited them to increased speed by a sharp whistle, and made them describe a curve which intersected one of the horns of the crescent.—The wolves opened their ranks and let the horses pass.

The Prince raised his gun to his shoulder. "For God's sake, don't fire!" exclaimed the driver; "we are dead men if you do!" He obeyed Ivan. The wolves, astonished by this unexpected act, remained motionless for a minute. During this minute the troika was a verger from them. When the wolves started again after it, it was too late, they could not overtake it. A quarter of an hour afterward they were in sight of home. Prince Reppine thinks his horses ran at least six miles in these fifteen minutes. He rode over the steppe the next day, and found the bones of more than two hundred wolves.

### Scenes at Palermo.

The wretched state of the poor sufferers at Palermo, who have lost their all in the bombardment by the Neapolitan troops, is clearly shown in the following extract of a letter from Palermo: "This morning I was determined to witness with my own eyes the distribution of bread which is made daily in Garibaldi's house at 8 o'clock, and which takes place literally in his antechamber. The poor creatures enter at one door—two or three at a time—each receiving a loaf weighing about two pounds, and then they go out at another. It was indeed a heartrending scene; for often some one of the poor sufferers wept bitterly, and crying, begged for yet another loaf, for a son, or father, or husband, or wife, who had been wounded by the falling in of the bombarded houses, and who was unable to come in person to ask for his or her share of the charity. You saw mothers with two or three children in their arms, just a month old, or a year, or very little more, a prey to shame as they ask for two or three loaves; but a few days ago their little business, or the industry of a husband, was sufficient for their support, and now five of the bombardment has utterly beggared them, and made miserable victims of these orphans, these mothers and wives.

"I accosted a well-dressed man, who was waiting there with the others. With a timid, bashful expression, he assured me that he was waiting till the crowd cleared away, in the hope of obtaining an audience with Garibaldi. I offered to speak to the sentinels for that purpose, that he might pass sooner and more easily; but, with an air of embarrassment, he declined the offer, so that I could at once perceive he was waiting only to receive charity, like the rest.—At that very moment his turn came, and he received three or four loaves, which he hastily concealed under his coat. Being aware that I had observed him, he said to me, with tears in his eyes, 'You see, Sir, to what I am reduced by the cruelty of the Bourbons.' On questioning him further, he told me that he had five children, all girls, the eldest only six years old; that he kept a draper's shop, which had been burned to the ground, as well as his house, and that with the greatest difficulty, he had succeeded in saving the lives of his little ones, by hiding them behind a garden wall, where they remained for three days, with no other food than a little fruit.

"All the property that he had in the world was destroyed, and as ill-luck would have it, on that day he happened to leave even his purse, which he usually carried on his person, in the shop, so that he was left literally without a single farthing, and the two or three relatives to whom he could have applied for aid was absent from Palermo.—I asked him to let me accompany him on his return to the hotel where, I understood, his children had now found shelter. They were five sweet-looking little girls, and it was indeed a touching sight when their father gave them the bread, for which they had been anxiously waiting.—Unobserved by him, I slipped a trifle into the hands of the eldest girl, and greatly moved by the spectacle, I walked away, following up a train of reflection which many others I suspect, will, share on the blessings of a Bourbon dynasty and the benefits of a despotic rule. Every morning Garibaldi distributes in this way about 3000 loaves. The like is done by a Capuchin convent, which gives also a small cup of soup."

SCENE ON THE OCEAN.—Our boat stopped to take in wood. On the shore among the crowd, stood a remarkably stupid looking fellow, with his hands in his pockets, and his under lip hanging down. A dandy, ripe for a scrape, tipped nods and winks all about saying, 'Now I'll have some fun, I'll frighten that green horn.' He jumped ashore a drawn bowie knife, brandishing it in the face of the 'green 'un' exclaiming: 'Now I'll punish you. I have been looking for you a week.' The fellow suddenly started at his assailant. He evidently had not sense enough to be scared—but as the bowie knife, came near his face, once of his high fists suddenly vacated his pocket, and fell solid and heavy between the dandy's eyes, and the poor fellow was floundering in the river. Greeny jumped on board our boat, put his hands in his pockets, and looked around. 'May be,' said he, 'there's somebody else that's been looking for me a week.'

### Another Great Fistic Event.

Heenan and Morrissey, it is announced, are to have a ring fight in about two months, the tenth of November being the day designated, for which both men are in training. The New York Sunday Mercury says: In conversation at Saratoga, one day last week, Morrissey was asked: 'Shall you fight Heenan again?' He at once replied: 'I certainly shall, and I shall lick him too.'

He went on to say that he wanted the challenge to come from Heenan, as Heenan, having been defeated by Morrissey, ought, of course, to issue the defiance. He said he should at once, accept the challenge, and, added he, 'If you've got any money to bet on the event, put it on me and I'll win it for you. He continued: 'I am confident that I can lick this man Sayers would have licked him easy, if he had fought him as I shall fight him.' He can't stand body punishment, and I shall give him my head to hammer away at, while I make my fighting at his body. I can out-stay him, and I'll win the fight be sure of that. His hands will go in a little while, and then I can take him as I want to.'

Morrissey is full of confidence, and wants only, as he says, once more to face his old antagonist on the turf, to teach him that he is still his master. Morrissey has many friends, who are equally confident with himself, and who, with him, will stake every dollar they can raise on the issue of the fight. Experienced fighting men also declare their belief that Morrissey will win the fight, and they found their assertion on the same theory that is propounded by Morrissey, that Morrissey can stay longer than Heenan, and take all the punishment his adversary can inflict, and can then go in and lick him.

On the other hand, the friends of Heenan have the most implicit confidence in their champion, and will risk on him every dollar they can master. Heenan himself is in admirable condition; he has entirely recovered from the disease that disabled him at Long Point, and is leading a sober and temperate life. He does not touch a drop of liquor, no matter how pressing may be the invitation of his friends. The constant exercise he has with Outignon, Aaron Jones and Ed Price—all sparrers of the very first class—keeps him up to the topmost mark of pugilistic science. He learns something every day, for who could fail to improve under the instruction of constant experience with the most eminent professors of a given science that the day affords? He tho' always a marvel of agility and quickness, becomes more and more quick and agile every day; his wind is improved by his constant exercise; and when he steps into the ring to fight Morrissey, he will prove by far the most formidable antagonist that veteran pugilist has ever yet put up hands before. In a conversation with a friend, a few days since, Heenan said: 'The next fight won't be a short fight. The next man that fights me has to fight me three hours.'

It would seem from this that he has gained unbounded confidence in his own powers of endurance, or what is termed his staying abilities. In his former fight with Morrissey, his only hope was to knock his adversary out of time in three rounds, for he expressly stated to his backers that he could not effect that consummation, he could not win. He knew that after the first round struggle was over, his lack of condition would tell fearfully against him, as it proved. Accordingly, he expended all his energies on the first two or three rounds, hoping to so far stun Morrissey by that tremendous canonade of blows he administered to his head, that he would not be able after that time to face the scratch.—Probably no skull in the world other than Morrissey's, could have received that tremendous pounding, and have recovered from it to answer to the call of 'Time.'—But Morrissey did recover, did answer to call, and Heenan failed, as he had predicted, and the result is known. Heenan afterward challenged Morrissey, but the defiance was not taken up, for reason herein before stated. From that eventful day to this, Heenan has been anxious to again confront his conqueror, and try once again the chances of battle with him. The time has nearly come. Heenan is aware that Morrissey stands ready to accept his challenge, and soon as his present engagement is concluded, he will issue the defiant document.

Like Morrissey, Heenan expresses the most unbounded confidence in himself. Indeed, he looks upon the battle as already decided, although he knows too well the temper of his valiant foe to hold him unduly cheap. Confident as Heenan is, he will throw away no chance to secure the victory. He will train with the utmost care, omitting no precaution to bring himself into the field in the best condition possible.—He will do all his work most scrupulously, and abide in all things by the commands of his trainer, who will be James Cusick, as of old.

It is ruinous to the young to demand of them more than you are quite sure that they can accomplish with moderate industry; it not only tends to make their minds superficial, but, what is still less thought of their characters slippery, slip shod, and slip-slop.

ENCOURAGING TO THE GIRLS.—Naomi, Enoch's daughter, was five hundred and eighty years old when she was married.

### THE RIVER PATH.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

No bird song floated down the hill,  
The tangled bank below was still;  
No rustle from the birchen stem;  
No ripple from the water's hem.  
The dusk of twilight round us grew,  
We felt the falling of the dew.  
For, from us, ere the day was done,  
The wooded hills shot out the sun,  
But on the river's farther side  
We saw the hill-tops glorified.

A tender glow, exceeding fair,  
A dream of day without its glare.  
With us the damp, the chill, the gloom;  
With them the sunnier rays bloom;  
While dark, through willow vistas seen,  
The river rolled in shades between.  
From out the darkness where we trod,  
We gazed upon those hills of God.  
Whose light seemed not of moon or sun,  
We spoke not, but our thought was one.

We paused, as if from that bright shore  
Beckoned our dear ones gone before;  
And stilled our breathing hearts to hear  
The voices lost to mortal ear!  
Sudden our pathway turned from night;  
The hills swung open to the light,  
Thro' their green gates the sunshine shod,  
A long straight splendor down ward flowed.

Down glade and glen and bank it rolled;  
It bridged the shaded stream with gold;  
And borne on piars of mist, allied  
The shadowy with the sunlit side.  
'So,' prayed we, 'when our feet draw  
The river, dark with mortal fear, I fear  
And the night cometh chill with dew,  
Oh, Father!—let thy light break through!  
So let the hills of doubt divide,  
So bridge with faith the sunless tide!  
So let the eyes that fall on earth  
On thy eternal hills look forth;  
And in thy beckoning angels know  
The dear ones whom we loved below!'

### Romance at Cape May.

A New York paper relates the following incident, in connection with the trip of the Great Eastern:

A certain well known artist, who has been connected with one of the illustrated papers, and whose talents have gained him some celebrity, was among the excursionists who first landed at Cape May. Quite a number of those who went ashore indulged in a plunge amid the breakers, among them our artist, who, unfortunately, is not an expert swimmer, and having ventured out too far, became exhausted.

He was in the most imminent danger of being drowned, and every one seemed incapable of rendering him assistance, when a lady whose scarlet bathing dress, and daring behavior in the water had attracted much attention, darted out through the mighty waves, seized the drowning man by the collar of his flannel shirt, and conveyed him safely to the shore, amid the deafening cheers of those who looked on admiring the spirit that prompted the humane feat.

This brave and noble girl is a member of an excellent family, belonging to what is called the 'best society' in New York.—She first learned to swim perfectly at her father's country seat on the Hudson river, and many old watering places habitues well remember her extraordinary skill and self-possession in the sport of surf-bathing. The acquaintance between her and the artist, thus romantically begun, prospered favorably on the passage home, and already the gossips say that the parents of the heroine have been successfully consulted on an interesting subject, concerning the future condition of the lady that will result in a speedy union of talent and beauty, in the way of marriage at a mole, at Cape May.

### THREE MEN SUFFOCATED IN A WELL.

In Allegheny city on Friday, as we learn from the Pittsburg Courier, three men named William Bottles, James Vance and Alfred Bottles had sunk a well in the rear of Heenan Heald's beer hall, corner of Federal street and Central alley, the object of which was the draining of a privy vault in the vicinity. The well having reached a sufficient depth, Alfred Bottles descended the ladder and proceeded to tap the vault. A few moments sufficed to open a communication between the vault, and this effected a quantity of foul air rushed into the former, empowering Bottles, and causing him to fall helpless to the bottom of the well. Vance, who saw him fall, hurried to his aid, but had not descended more than four or five feet when he too was overcome and fell a senseless mass on the body of his laborer below. William Bottles now attempted to descend, and was overpowered and dropped off the ladder to the bottom in the same way. A Mr. James Taggart attempted to rescue them but failed. Alfred Bottles and James Vance were dead when taken out. Taggart was yet living, but he survived only a few minutes, and was taken to his home a corpse. William Bottles was also alive, and was taken to his home on Kilbuck street, with a large crowd followed him. He was thrown into convulsions during the evening, and was so low that his recovery was deemed highly improbable. He survived throughout the night, however, and may now be considered out of danger.

### ATTEMPT TO BLOW UP A MAN-OF-WAR.

During the celebration of the Emperor's fete in Vienna, an attempt was made to blow up a mammoth man-of-war named the Kaiser. An account says: The attention of the sentinel on guard over the powder magazine of the Kaiser having been attracted by a faint, grating noise, seeming to issue from the wood work, he gave the alarm. A search was made and crouching upon his hands and knees was discovered an individual, who, having succeeded in boring an auger hole into the powder magazine, was already inserting the wire to which was fixed the match which he had destined to blow up the vessel with every soul on board, the whole of the ship lying in the neighborhood, the Archduke and all his company, including, besides, the greater part of the town itself. The culprit being longed to the Kaiser, and turns out to be the officer called in the Austrian service, Second Captain, which answers to First Lieutenant in our own. He was of course, immediately seized, but before he could be taken to the Kaiser's apartments, he had been the most natural thing in the world.

'Why doctor,' said a sick lady, 'you give me the same medicine as you are giving my husband—how's that?' 'All right,' said the doctor, 'I'll give you a different one.'

### From the Sublime to the Ridiculous.

I believe the only time I laughed, except at the jokes of a greater man than myself, during the period I remained an object of envy to millions, said James Madison, was on an occasion I shall never forget. I was called out of my bed early one cold winter morning by a person coming on business of the utmost consequence, and dressed myself in great haste, supposing it might be a summons to a Cabinet Council. When I came into my private office I found a long siced man at least six feet high, with a little apple head, a queue, and a face critically round, as rosy as a ripe cherry. He handed me a letter from his excellency, the Honorable so my patronage. I was a little inclined to be rude, but checked myself, remembering that I was the servant of such men as my visitor, and that I might get the reputation of an aristocrat, if I made any distinction between man and man.

'Well, my friend, what situation do you wish?'  
'Why-y-y, I'm not very particular; but somehow or other I think I should like to be a minister. I don't mean of the gospel, but one of those ministers to foreign ports.'  
'I'm very sorry, very sorry indeed; there is no vacancy just now. Would not something else suit you?'

'Why-y-y,' answered the apple-headed man, 'I wouldn't much care if I took a situation in one of the departments. I wouldn't much mind being a controller, or an auditor, or some such thing.'  
'My dear sir, I'm sorry, very sorry, indeed, but it happens, unfortunately, that all these situations are at present filled. Would not you take something else?'

My friend stroked his chin, and seemed struggling to keep down the roarings of his high ambition to the present crisis. At last he answered:  
'Why-y-y, y-e-s; I don't care if I get a good collectorship, or inspectorship, or surveyorship, or navy agency.'

'Really, my good M. Phippeny,' said I, 'I regret exceedingly that not only all these places, but every other place of consequence in the government is at present occupied. Pray think of something else?'

He then, after some hesitation, asked for a clerkship, and finally the place of messenger to one of the public officers. Finding no vacancy here, he seemed in vast perplexity, and looking all around the room, fixing his eyes at length on me, and measuring my height from head to foot. Then putting on one of the drooliest faces that ever adorned the face of man, he said:  
'Mister, you and I seem to be built much alike—haven't you some old clothes you can spare?'

Oh, what a falling off was there! from a foreign mission to a suit of old clothes, which the reader may be assured I gave with infinite pleasure for the only honest laugh I enjoyed for years afterward.

### The Man who Won't Pay the Printer.

May he be shod with lightning, and compelled to wander over gunpowder.

May he have sore eyes, and a chestnut burr for an eye-stone.

May every day of his life be more despotic than the Day of Algiers.

May he never be permitted to kiss a pretty woman.

May he be bored to death by boarding school misses practicing their first lessons in music, without the privilege of seeing his tormentors.

May his sheets be sprinkled with cows age, and bed bugs and fleas be the sharers of his couch.

May 2:40 night mares trot quarter races over his stomach every night.

May his boots leak, his gun hang fire, and his fishing lines break.

May his coffee be sweetened with flies, and his soup seasoned with spiders.

May his friends run off with his wife, and his children take the hooping cough.

May his cattle die of murrain, and the pigs destroy his garden.

May a troop of printer's devils, lean, lank and hungry, dog his heels each day, and a regiment of cats cattaual under his window each night.

May the famine stricken ghost of an editor's body haunt his slumbers, and hiss 'Murder' in his dreaming eye.

May his cow give sour milk, and his churn rancid butter.

In short, may his business go to ruin, and he go to—the Legislature.

ATTEMPT TO BLOW UP A MAN-OF-WAR.—During the celebration of the Emperor's fete in Vienna, an attempt was made to blow up a mammoth man-of-war named the Kaiser. An account says: The attention of the sentinel on guard over the powder magazine of the Kaiser having been attracted by a faint, grating noise, seeming to issue from the wood work, he gave the alarm. A search was made and crouching upon his hands and knees was discovered an individual, who, having succeeded in boring an auger hole into the powder magazine, was already inserting the wire to which was fixed the match which he had destined to blow up the vessel with every soul on board, the whole of the ship lying in the neighborhood, the Archduke and all his company, including, besides, the greater part of the town itself. The culprit being longed to the Kaiser, and turns out to be the officer called in the Austrian service, Second Captain, which answers to First Lieutenant in our own. He was of course, immediately seized, but before he could be taken to the Kaiser's apartments, he had been the most natural thing in the world.

### Joe's Opinion of Love.

Love observed Joe, sarcastically, 'love's' a hipposition. There's been more people hipmossed upon by that air word than by all the professional swindle in natur. It's a gros, a universal hipmossition; and it's on'y werry wonderful to me that ain't long ago been hexpunged. A gal says she loves yer. Werry well; but are you consequentially obligated to make a fool o' yourself? No? you've on'y got 'er hippeydyxy, and vet's the good o' that! Marry 'er, and you'll werry soon see how sweet's the love as meets return. 'But about that, look 'ere o'y just for an instance, a gal loves a soldier—vich they all do; it's reglar; he's a private; still she loves 'im—oh! hout and hout! Werry well! don't yer think s'rd' gim 'im up for an officer! Vy cos it 'ud be a better chance. Has for love, vicked-nest, the swindelinest, hipmossition as is.—The chance is vet gals look out for. The on'y question with them is it a good chance! If it is they'll have it; if it ain't, they won't unless tain't got noother better. It's the deadeast take in, is love, ever heard on; a deader was never hipvented. You take my advice, and don't be toozled. Venover yer 'ear the word love, always wiew it as a gros hipmossition. Hip yer don't you'll be done, and on'y find out the difference ven it's too late. Look at me; just for instance. I was sixty-two in Jennevewary last; look at that! Sixty-two, and I ain't done yet. I'm invited to all the parties; I'm never forgot. There's the old uns as is married, a settia' their darters upon me; it 'ud be sich a chance! And all, in course cos I'm single.

### Republican Appeals to Irishmen.

In a speech, a few nights since, from the steps at Berlin's Hotel, to a Republican meeting in this place, Edgar Cowan Esq., made a strong and earnest appeal to Irishmen to cast their votes with the Republicans.

'Irishmen,' said he, 'who vote with the Democracy are false to their own Green Isle of the Ocean—false to the literature of Erin—false to its poetry, and false to that love of liberty which beats in the breast of Irishmen everywhere.'

We call the attention of Irishmen to the urgent and burning language in which they have been besought to turn their backs upon the party which not long ago stood between them and proscription, and then, we add, as a fit and proper commentary thereon, the fact that, on last Saturday night the Republican Torch-Light procession, which paraded the streets of Greensburg, and was addressed by the same gentleman, whose remarks we have quoted above, kept scep to the music of the 'Boone Water.'

Irishmen should remember that even as they were appealed to to desert their party, they were met with an open, shameless insult,—and that the faith of their fathers has been derided by a party that profess the most enlarged liberality. They would be 'false to their own Green Isle of the Ocean—false to the literature of Erin—false to its poetry, and false to that love of liberty which beats in the breasts of Irishmen everywhere,' if they failed to feel the keen and cutting taunts, which has thus been thrust into their very faces.—Greensburg Democrat.

### COAL OIL MANUFACTURE.

The extent to which the manufacture of oil from coal is carried on, will surprise many of our readers. The number of coal oil companies and firms in this country is said to be fifty-seven; the works being principally situated in this city and Boston, the valleys of the Ohio and its tributaries. Besides these there are a number of small coal oil works in Philadelphia, Baltimore, and some of the Western cities, owned by individuals. The quantity of coal oil produced is estimated at 30,000 gallons per day, or nine millions per annum, worth about 70 cents a gallon, or over six millions of dollars in the aggregate. The capital expended in coal oil works and canal coal mining is estimated at four millions, about one-fifth of which has been invested in the Kanawha valley alone. This is independent of the petroleum or oil wells which continue to shed their liquid treasures in abundance. Fears had long been entertained that the whole species would become extinct, and thus the world would be obliged to progress the best way it could without lubrication; but the oil wells and the oil manufactures promise a supply adequate to all our wants. Already the persons employed in this new department of industry may be numbered by thousands.—Pittsburgh paper.

### A SIGNAL INSTANCE OF LINCOLN'S HONESTY.

The New York Courier and Enquirer starts its Republican readers by citing a signal instance of Mr. Lincoln's honesty.—In a word or two, it seems that Mr. Lincoln who was a Postmaster in a little town in Illinois, while Mr. Barry was Postmaster General, resigned his small office, retaining in his hands about two hundred dollars of Government funds. Owing this money he ought to have promptly put it up when he resigned, but he kept it.

When Mr. Kendall became Postmaster General, he 'drew out Mr. Lincoln for the amount standing against him on the books of the department.' Wonderful to tell, Mr. Lincoln honored the draft and paid the money. He paid two hundred dollars which he ought to have paid before, and the argument is that for paying this money he ought to be made President!