

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

W. H. JACOBY, Proprietor.

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A FAULT CONFESSED.

BY J. C. PRINCE.

"A fault confessed is half redressed." A simple saying, brief and wise; The ready truth is ever best, If truth without disguise, If in a weak and angry hour, We utter bitter words and strong, O let us strive with all our power To rectify the wrong.

If we attempt to mar and stain A fellow being's peace and name, What does our selfish spirit gain But fretfulness and shame? Remember that we but distress Another's quiet and our own; Then let us hasten to confess, And, if we can, atone.

But there are deeds done in the dark, More baneful still than careless speech; For when we single out a mark, That secret spite may reach; And arrow from an unseen hand, Lending to wound some worthless breast; And who can such a foe withstand, Hidden and unconfessed? God judge us justly, and will bring Grief for the mischief that we do; We cannot work an evil thing, But we shall suffer too. Then let us lay the bosom bare, Before the injured one and Heaven, And in a gush of heart-felt prayer, Confess and be forgiven!

Three Wild Stories.

The Samoyedes, whose country will readily be found in the northern extremity of Asiatic Russia, belong to that large family of the human race which comprises the Turks, the Mongols, the Tenguissians, and the Finns, with all their subdivisions, and which is distinguished by ethnologists as the "Alaic." Their life is chiefly passed in the desert regions bordering the Arctic Ocean, which are sometimes damp and marshy; and their principal property consists of the reindeer which convey them from place to place when they feel it necessary to change the site of their encampments. Tents are their only dwelling places, and so completely are they wedded to a nomadic life, that it seems probable they will rather be extinguished than benefited by the progress of civilization.

Among these primitive people the great Alaic philologist, M. Alexander Castanet, found a set of tales, which for wildness equal the most fantastic dreams of the Hindu. The heroes to which they refer are completely free from all law, moral or physical; virtue is by no means necessarily rewarded, nor is death an unsurmountable obstacle in the way of an aspiring genius. With these tales, in a condensed form, we present our readers.

A tribe of Samoyedes, seven hundred strong, was encamped in as many tents, under the rule of seven chiefs, all members of one family, and all maintaining the dignity of their office by devoting their time, talents, and energies to the single purpose of dining out. Six of these great were childless, but the other, the eldest, had a boy, who, far from sharing in the family propensity, never went out at all, but snored away his existence in bed. On one occasion, when a great festival was coming off, the father of this heavy youth asked him to join in the party but he refused with a yawn, alleging as an excuse that he had a bad dream, which showed him that all the seven chiefs would perish miserably unless they appeased the higher powers by a sacrifice of fourteen reindeer.

The father laughed at the dream; but when the next morning dawned the horrible reality far exceeded the dismal prediction, for the youth, opening his eyes, found that not only the seven chiefs, but the whole seven hundred persons, with their reindeer and dogs, had come to an untimely end. The frightful spectacle aroused him to unwonted activity, and, having first cut all the cords of the tents, he set out on a long walk, which, at the end of some long months, he found too much for his strength, especially as he was not fortified by a particle of food. At last he came to the sight of a former encampment, where he found a bone, already gnawed by the dogs, but which, in the present emergency was not to be despised. Having regaled himself with this delicacy, he raked about the snow, in hopes of making more discoveries of the same kind, but he only found a pair of silver ear-rings, which he put into his glove, and then set out on another long walk, seeing nothing at all till his eyes were gladdened with the sight of a reindeer sledge.

"Have you found ear-rings," said a woman who was the sole occupant of the vehicle; "because if you have, you may as well hand them over." "Yes, I have found them, and I've got them in my glove. You may take them, and welcome, if you'll only drive me to

To this very modest request the woman replied by giving the Wanderer (as we shall call him) such a blow with her spear that he fell senseless. She then took the ear-rings, and rode on as if nothing had happened.

The blow of the spear had a narcotic effect, and the Wanderer passed a long time in sleep. On resuming his dull journey across the boundless desert he came to a site of another encampment, again enjoyed the luxury of gnawed bone, and seeking in the snow for more, discovered an iron shovel. This proved more serviceable than the ear-rings, for a finely dressed lady, who met him shortly afterwards, and asked for her shovel, rewarded his good office by restoring it by driving him home to her tent. They indulged in pleasant converse on the way, the Wanderer talking about the inhabitants of the seven hundred tents, and their untimely end, of which the lady had heard somewhat already, but desired to hear more, till at last the dialogue took a new turn, through the lady's remark that the reindeer in the sledge were uncommonly like his late father's stock; for the elderly gentleman who had presented the lady with this fine pair of animals, and also with the iron shovel, had intended them for bridal gifts, in consideration of her approaching marriage with his son. This son was clearly the Wanderer, so that the happy lady had at once found her intended husband and recovered her lost shovel.

They lived together happily enough as man and wife, till the time arrived for removing the camp. Then the Wanderer discovered that, although he had agreed very well with his wife, he was far from popular with the inhabitants of the neighborhood. When the tribe commenced their march he was provided with more reindeer than the rest, so that he always lagged behind, and when at last a halt allowed him to overtake his comrades, one of them artfully contrived to run a spear through his body. The party then moved merrily onward, as if nothing had happened, and though the bereaved lady remained, behind, weeping in the sledge, her deer soon took fright and carried her after the others. Dead as he was, the Wanderer retained sense enough to be aware of the presence of an old man, who had but one eye, one hand, and one leg, and who, striking him with iron staff, bade him hasten back home, where he would find his father and all his uncles alive. Thus admonished, he woke up and found himself alone, but, instead of following the old man's salutary counsel, he rejoiced his wife and companions, who had again halved, and was rewarded for his obstinacy by being killed again, with the same weapon as before—This time his wife did not think it worth while to stop behind and weep, but continued her journey with the others, firm in the conviction that he who had got upon could easily get up twice. Nor was she wrong. The defective old man again re-encountered the dead Wanderer with a touch of his iron staff, again advising him to return home, and informing him that his father was not only alive, but had been alive for some time. As the Wanderer had witnessed the destruction of his family with his own eyes, this last assertion considerably weakened his confidence in the old man's veracity, so he joined his wife and comrades, who had again halved, as before, and with the same result, for the same man killed him for a third time, with the same spear.

The old gentleman, whose patience was nearly exhausted, again revived the corpse with the iron staff, but took occasion to observe that he did not intend to repeat the operation. The Wanderer had now become a little—very little wiser by the experience. As the murderer had always artfully persuaded him to look another way while the mortal wound was inflicted, he had never been properly aware of his own death, but had regarded his one-eyed benefactor as one of the images in a strange dream. However, a man is not to be killed three times for nothing, so when he again joined the camp, strong in the suspicion that he would meet with foul play, he resolved to strike the first blow. Instead of entering his tent as before, he took all the bows and arrows out of the sledges while his comrades were sleeping, and then bowed down the tents with his wife's iron shovel. The sleepers, thus violently awakened, rushed from the tents, and being deprived of their weapons, were easily despatched. Our hero had intentionally spared none but his wife's nearest relations, but when he surveyed the corpses, he was grievously disappointed at the discovery that the miserant, who had slain him three times over, was not among them. The persevering villain had escaped. Still there were traces of his feet upon the snow, and these the vengeful shovel-bearer followed, till at length he overtook the treble assassin. Frightful and long was the single combat that ensued. It lasted through the whole winter, and just as summer set in, both combatants dropped down dead, affording a savory repast to the wolves and foxes, who soon reduced them to a heap of fleshless bones.

The one-eyed old gentleman, resolved that the story should not end here, paid a visit to the bones about the beginning of the autumn, and collected those of the Wanderer into a bag, grumbling very much that his good advice had not been followed, and informing his piousness prodigal that

more trial, and now, he trusted, the wilful youth would go home, schooled as he had been by such very bitter experience.

With the bag on his back, the one-eyed old gentleman crept into a hollow, after rolling aside a stone that stopped the entrance, and found himself in a dark, dismal place, in which there was all manner of disorderly whistling and singing, while sundry hands sought to make a capture of the bag. When the old man's eyes grew a little more accustomed to the situation, he could perceive by the light that issued from the other end of the room that the snatchers and whistlers were all fleshless skeletons; but as this was a matter of trifling moment, he walked up towards the light, and found a tent, within which a fire was burning, while an old crane, whose large eyes were placed vertically in her head, sat on the hearth with two unweildy monsters for companions.

"Here's some firewood for ye," growled the one-eyed old man, pitching his bag at the old woman.

"Thank ye! We were sadly out of it," replied the crane, and threw the bones on the fire which speedily converted them into ashes. On these the old woman slept for three whole days, at the end of which they produced a human form, namely, that of our friend, the Wanderer, who could not make out where he was, and felt particularly awed by the aspect of the two monsters. These, the old lady informed him, had been very estimable persons in their time, but were now converted to stone; and she gave him to understand that if he did not take her for a wife he would be petrified likewise. Honestly avowing that he was married already, the Wanderer complied with her request, and the old dame, not to be behindhand in generosity, promised to drive him home. So after a short honeymoon of three days, the reindeer were put to the lady's sledge, and bride and bridegroom rode merrily towards the mouth of the Lollo, pursued all the way by the mob of skeletons, who tried to wound the stranger with their spears, but were rendered powerless by the counter charm of the reindeer. The stone at the mouth of the hollow was so weighty that the Wanderer could not restore it to its place, but this operation was gracefully performed by the old woman with a kick; and a little more journeying brought the loving couple to a tent, where they found the first wife and both her parents. These jumped into the sledge, which now proceeded with all speed to the Wanderer's first home—the old place with the seven hundred tents, in which everybody had been murdered when he was a little sleepy boy.

There were the dear old tents all erect again; not one of the seven hundred missing; there were the people, and their deer, and their dogs, just as if nothing had happened, and the Wanderer had a right to expect a little repose after his toilsome vicissitudes. There, too, was that good creature, the little old man with one eye, and, sad to say, behind the old man was the hateful villain who had so many times caused our hero's death. Of course, two such inveterate foes could not meet without fighting, and though the Wanderer soon despatched his adversary, his victory was immediately followed by insanity, and he killed his one-eyed benefactor into the bargain. Off like a whirl of smoke went the beautiful vision of domestic felicity. The existence of the people in the tents was manifestly contingent on the life of the old man, for when the Wanderer approached his boyhood's home, he found all dead, and his two wives instantly died likewise, leaving him in a state of solitude. Thus the story leaves off, as it began, with a heap of corpses, and what is the strangest part of the matter, most of the people who die at the end are those who die at the beginning.

Seven brothers, who are heartless in the most literal sense of the word, figure in a tale that is distinguished from the others by something of a poetical tone. These seven brothers had murdered an old Samoyede lady and carried off her daughter, but there is a pious son, who has obtained a supernaturally gifted beauty for his wife, and hopes, with her aid, to repair the mischief that has been done. The great point is to get the hearts of the brothers, which are in the habit of taking out of their bosoms every night before they retire to rest, and which they vary imprudently entrust to the care of the captive girl.

When the Samoyede and his wife enter the tent belonging to the brothers, the lady is invisible, but the husband accuses his sister, whom he finds alone. The brothers, she informs him, are from home at present, but will return in the evening, and she gives him ample instructions how he is to proceed in his pious work. What these instructions were will be shown by the manner in which they were carried out, we must promise that the hero slinks off to his own residence, and his wife undertakes the achievement of the adventure.

When the brothers come home, they eat their supper, and, spreading out seven deer-skins on the ground, lay themselves down to rest. The captive maiden then goes round to them all with a dish. In this they place their hearts, which are afterward hung on one of the tent poles by the treacherous attendant. The wife, securing her prize, returns with it to her husband, who, on the following morning, pays the brothers a visit, and finds them all in a wretched state. Six of the hearts he casts on the ground, and the six remaining hearts he

life, he may have his heart back. The desired resuscitation is effected by means of certain charms, but the seventh heart is nevertheless thrown on the ground, and the eldest brother perishes like the rest, while the Avenger takes his mother and sister home.

An important personage in the family of the Avenger is his father's sister. It was by her counsel that he obtained his gifted wife, detained her garment while she was bathing with her six sisters, and refusing to restore it till she had promised not to leave him. In fairy tales all the world over this mode of ensnaring semi-supernatural personages is exceedingly common, and therefore we but lightly touch on this incident, as being less characteristic than any of the others.

The wise aunt, consulted once by her nephew, presents him with a knife, that he is to give his wife, who will assuredly make a proper use of it. With these injunctions the nephew complies, and the wife no sooner receives the weapon, she cuts out the heart of every one in the tent, including her own and her husband's, and flings them up in the air. The aunt visiting the tent, finds every one alive, though destitute of the most important organ of vitality; and with a view of recovering the lost hearts, proceeds to a lake, where the six sisters of the wife are bathing, and weeping for the seventh. Detaining the clothes of one of the bathers, she will not restore them save in exchange for a number of hearts, found by the sisters at their aerial residence, and which may possibly be those recently extracted. Loaded with these hearts, which have been purified in a celestial region, the aunt returns to the tent, and all on receiving their hearts become pure and holy. The wife proposes that, they should now join her sisters, and ascending through the air in a reindeer sledge, they penetrate a thick mist, and at last reach a warm, blissful place, in which they are living to the present day.

In consequence of missionary operations the legends of the Finnish races not unfrequently show a curious mixture of the Christian with the national elements, the Apostles sometimes appearing as powerful allies of the ancient gods. We can hardly help sufficient that the Christian doctrine of regeneration is to some extent shadowed forth in this last and least savage of our Samoyede tales.

The Death of a Child.

It went in the morning—a bright and radiant morning—many went yesterday, more to day, and there are dew to be shed for the departures of to-morrow. And can it be wondered that pleasant summer mornings should beguile them into going? Is it a marvel that they do not wait for the burden and the noon, but follow the lark and her song over the ruin of the rainbow? That those words so beautiful, they should make so true, "and joy cometh in the morning?"

Going in the morning!—a glorious morning—when the sky is all beauty, and the world is all bliss; ere the dew have gone to Heaven, or the stars have gone to God; when the birds are singing, and the cool winds are blowing, and the flowers are out that will be shut at noon, and the clouds that are never rent in rain, and the shadows lurk with crimson lie away to the west.

We have sometimes seen a little coffin, like a casket for jewels, all alone by itself in a huge hearse, melancholy with plumes, and gloomy as a frown—and we have to, not so should we accompany those a little way, who go in the morning. We have wondered why they did not take the little coffin into the carriage with them, and lay it gently upon their laps, the sleeper there lulled to slumber without a bosom or a cradle. We have wondered what there was for tears in such a going—in the early morning from home to home—like fair, white doves with downy wings emerging from neither night and fluttering for entrance at the windows of Heaven. Never yet has there been a hand wanting to take the wanderer in, and shut out the darkness and the storm.

Upon those little faces, it never seemed to us, that death could place his great seal; there is no thought of the charnel house in those young listeners to that invitation, whose acceptance we are bound to forbid; then should be morning songs and not sighs; fresh flowers and not badges of mourning; no tears nor clouds, but bright, dew and bright dawns together.

Fold up the white robe; lay aside the forgotten toy; smooth the little unpressed pillow, and gently smile as you think of the garment of the harp of gold, and of the fair brow with its diadem of light; smile as you think that no years can make that memory old. An eternal, guiltless child, waiting about the threshold of Paradise for the coming of a friend from home.

Here the glad lips would quiver with anguish; the bright curls grow grizzled and gray; the young heart weary and old, but there, changeless as the stars, and young as the last, new morning.

The poet tells of a green bough rent by the tempest from the tree, and swept rudely along the breast of an angry river, and a mother bird with cries of grief fluttering beside it, for her nest and nestlings were there. Oh! but that to be wafted away from earth, than thus that they should drift around the world in storm.

When children turn immortal, we should

Buffalo Hunting in South Africa.

Buffalo hunting at the Cape is so totally different from the chase of the American buffalo, that perhaps an account of a day's hunt and description of the Cape buffalo may not prove uninteresting.

In the cool season of 1854 I journeyed, with one companion, about upon the east coast of Africa. Our starting point was Natal, and after twenty-eight days' tramping, we arrived at our ground. We encamped upon a mountainous ridge, a spur of the great Drakenbergs or Quathamba range of mountains, which runs nearly across the whole continent from east to west. From our lofty place of abode we could mark the course of the Pongola river as it flowed through the valley below. The scenery was beautiful; large undulating downs, dotted with clumps of large and majestic trees, gave an idea rather of an extensive park than a wild and uninhabited country, so full of malaria and fever, that even the natives, after vain attempts to locate themselves, were fain to fly from so unhealthily a spot. Engaging the service of twenty-four Kaffirs of the Amaswazi tribe, we descended into the lower grounds, in light marching order, leaving our European servants, camp, wagons, &c., &c., on the mountain. Pitching a small patrol tent upon the bank of a river, I left the party, and accompanied two Kaffirs, sallied forth with the intention of stalking buffalo. After a long walk of four odd miles; they stood facing me, evidently alarmed, but as yet had not detected my stealthy approach.

Standing as they did, it was an awkward shot; the immense mass of horn upon the forehead sheaths it with a coat of mail; in addition to which buffalo carry their noses high, thus affording no sure mark when facing the hunter. I aimed at the point of the shoulder and fired; the ball (a 2 oz one) told. I sank behind a bush as the ball galloped heavily away. I started a Kaffir to keep him in sight, and it was well I did so. Hastily reloading, I followed, and was joined by the Kaffir, who reported that, after proceeding a short distance, the wounded animal had proceeded sharp round a bush, upon the edge of the game path. Cautiously advancing, I got within eighty yards; I saw my friend waiting evidently with the intention of charging whoever followed him upon the path. There was no bush between us, and not liking to approach nearer I fired at him; the bullet hit again, but the distance was too great for the shot to be effectual. He now moved slowly and sulkily off, followed at a respectable distance by the same intelligent native who had previously spotted him. I found, upon advancing, the Kaffir watching a small clump of bush, in which the buffalo was reported to have taken refuge. I desired him to advance with me and point him out; both Kaffirs declined accompanying me, alleging the buffalo was dangerous and meant mischief.

Sitting down to watch the bush, I dispatched a messenger to the tent—almost half a mile distant—for the dogs. In a very short time the dogs (six in number, and led in leashes) arrived. Cautiously entering the thicket, the natives pointed out a dense mimosa bush, in which the buffalo was standing. I could merely see the outlines of his figure; I could not get a vital part; so, directing the Kaffirs to slip the dogs the moment I fired, I took a dashy shot. The effect was electric; the previous moment the most perfect success reigned—all was silent; but the discharge had scarcely taken place, when, with an angry roar, the buffalo bore down upon us, the small bushes between were levelled at a moment, everything yielding to his size and ponderous bulk. Fortunately the Kaffirs did not (as they often do) lose the presence of mind—they slipped the dogs, dashing at him, his course was changed, and I followed in order to administer another dose; but so sudden and impetuous were his attacks, that, after narrowly escaping more than once, I was fain to leave the covert and watch for a chance of a shot outside. Presently he broke covert on the other side, and went off full speed for the river, with the whole pack of dogs in full chase. I followed as fast as could. Upon arriving at the river, I found him at bay on the other side. I again fired, but the distance was about eighty yards—too far to kill. Tremendously worried by the dogs, he repeatedly took to the water, making down the stream. I continued a warm fire from the opposite bank over against the tent. After receiving many balls, he swam across in the deep water towards me. I waited until he was within ten yards of the water's edge, and fired. This shot proved fatal; his nose sank beneath the stream, the waters of which were dyed with his blood; while some of the dogs climed upon his back, biting his ears and worrying him to the last.

I certainly obtained this animal solely from the exertions of the dogs. It was highly exciting to see the battle in the water. The staunch manner in which they stuck to him was really wonderful, and excited my admiration not a little.

To hunt buffalo successfully, it is necessary the hunter should have a perfect knowledge of their habits and modes of life; he should be able to follow their spoor in the bush, to tell how old it is, whether the animal is alarmed and moving rapidly, or is merely feeding as he goes along. He should know where to look for them at

Without this knowledge the sportsman's education is incomplete, and besides want of success he will find himself frequently in dangerous and difficult situations such as would not occur to a more accomplished brother sportsman.

I am led to these reflections by the many parties I have seen start well provided with everything but the requisite knowledge of the habits and instincts of the animals they were about to pursue, and consequently return disappointed. Something more than being a good rifle shot is required; every species of game have their own peculiar habits, and to me I must confess not the least attractive portion of the sport was, by a knowledge of their habits, to be able to bring the chase to a successful issue.

The cows and young buffalo are to be found in herds; the old bulls are generally alone, or perhaps in small troops, from three to ten in number. About the time the cow calve, and for weeks afterwards, the bulls remain with the rest of the herd; they then separate, and, though they are occasionally all found together, they are more usually apart. The cows hide their young in the thickest and most bushy kloofs, keeping by them during the day, and leading them forth at night to feed. About sunset, when not much disturbed, the herd may be seen gathering at the edge of the bush; during the night they come out into the open plains and graze; soon after daybreak they return to the bush, seeking the thickest and most impenetrable places, where, sheltered from the heat of the sun, they sleep until the approach of night again calls them forth. The calves remain with the herd after they have ceased to follow the cows, and none but the oldest and strongest bulls separate from the main body.

Very early in the morning is the best time for hunting, as they may then be found on the plains, and may be intercepted on their return to the bush, and hunted on horseback. Sometimes they return early to their favorite kloofs. It is then necessary to follow the spoor, observing the utmost precaution not to make any noise.—The crack of a dry stick under foot is enough to start the whole herd, which, rushing blindly through the bush, terrify themselves but the astounding noise they make. Sometimes their quick scent will indicate to them the approach of any enemy. Should he rush take place in the direction the hunter is advancing, his situation is one of extreme peril, as in their headlong flight they charge whatever is in their way. A quick ascent into the nearest tree is the wisest plan; but sometimes the bush is too stout, and the hunter must trust to his presence of mind, and secure the best concealment he can.

The large horns and tough skin of the buffalo render a long shot useless. About fifty or sixty yards is usually the distance, but in the thick bush the best plan is to creep, if possible, within fifteen or twenty yards; a bullet of from eight to twelve to the pound lodged behind the bend of the shoulder is generally to be relied upon, though a single shot is rarely instantaneous fatal. A single animal is more easily approached than a herd; when in numbers some are always standing on the look-out. A solitary bull, on the contrary, will sometimes rise within half a dozen paces. When wounded, and in the bush or long reeds, they are exceedingly dangerous. The extreme rapidity with which they dash through the thickest and strongest covert, their quick sight and keen scent, render the utmost caution necessary. Plunging along a game path, they will suddenly wheel round some bush, and the hunter following hot upon the spoor is prostrated before he has time to raise his gun. It is then the vindictive and savage nature of the buffalo shows itself; stamping with his fore feet and going with his horns, I have known them to break every bone in their victim's body. With well trained dogs you may follow boldly, as by their incessant barking you are made aware of his exact locale, and the attacks of the dogs occupy his attention sufficiently to allow of a deliberate aim being taken; but dogs should be kept in leashes and tipped after the wounded buffalo; otherwise, if allowed to range in the covert, they would probably drive every one out without a shot being obtained.

Buffaloes are greatly molested by the swarms of flies and myriads of ticks which always accompany them. A very constant attendant upon them is the small brown bird called by the colonists the tick bird.—This bird is always found in considerable numbers in the neighborhood of buffaloes, and I have often noticed them flying and screaming in great agitation when we have approached their friends. I believe they not unfrequently give the alarm, which is followed by instantaneous flight. I had often heard the story, but confess I was sceptical until convinced by ocular demonstration.

Such is the African buffalo; cunning and suspicious, it is difficult to approach, but when wounded and its passions roused, it is as dangerous and formidable an antagonist as the keenest sportsman would wish to encounter.

Labor Lost.—Hunting for your dog when you live in the neighborhood of a sausage factory.

Trying to persuade your wife to retain a pretty servant maid.

The Gipsies. A correspondent of the World furnishes the following novel statement, concerning the Gipsies:

To the Editor of the World:—The allusion made by you in your issue of the 11th, on the subject of the gipsies, induces me to think that you will give insertion to the following remarks on this singular race:

The gipsies have frequently called forth a certain kind and degree of interest, which has often died away again for this particular reason, that little or nothing can be learned from them of their history and condition, on account of the extreme prejudice that is entertained towards them and the singular reserve they show to people outside of their body. But when we gain their confidence we find about the tribe much that is interesting to the generality of intelligent persons.

The question that most naturally presents itself, is, "who are the gipsies?" The reader of history will be surprised to know that they are the "mixed multitude" of the exodus that left Egypt under Moses, and separated from the Jews in Arabia Petra, and traveled northeast into India, where, in consequence of the rigidity of caste that has prevailed in that country from time immemorial, they formed themselves into a wandering race, living distinct from all others. Having been runaway slaves of a civilized society, the change of their circumstances naturally led them to adopt that condition which has characterized them since the beginning of the fifteenth century, when they first became known to the inhabitants of Europe.

The gipsies that go about England to-day are merely the remains of the wild stock as it entered Great Britain or previous to the year 1506. In their natural state they are and have always been a very prolific people. In the early part of the reign of Queen Elizabeth they were estimated, in England, at above 10,000; and, notwithstanding their great natural increase, they are generally set down as "being of very few in number in England." A late writer in Chambers' Edinburgh Journal even makes the assertion that "before this century expires there will not be a gipsy in Western Europe." But at the present day there are in Europe and America together less than 3,000,000, of all mixtures of blood, shades of color and position in life.

So little is known of the gipsies that people invariably believe that when a gipsy leaves the tent and settles in life, or even travels without a tent, he ceases to be a gipsy! But, notwithstanding every change of whatever kind he may make, he and his descendants never cease to be gipsies! The North American Indians are "dying out," because they depart this life; but the gipsy tribe gradually leave the tent and get scattered amid the rest of the population, and maintain their identity as a people, notwithstanding their having no religion peculiar to themselves.

The prejudice that exists against a gipsy is such as would lead us to think he was a snake or some other reptile, rather than a man. The original gipsy has therefore no alternative but to hold himself aloof from the rest of his fellow creatures, and even to lead the roving life for which he is so much blamed. He has been born into that state and been reared in it; and knowing no other he naturally follows it, and finds the life of the ordinary inhabitant as distasteful to him as his would be to the ordinary inhabitant.

Add to this the fact that the common native, of whatever condition in life, will not associate with him; will not allow him to enter a school, will even consider it pollution to touch him, and you will see how difficult, how almost impossible it is to make anything of what people generally understand to be a gipsy. But whenever the gipsy leaves the tent, and in the popular estimation ceases to be a gipsy, he most rigidly hides from the public the fact that he belongs to the tribe. The tent is the hive from which the tribe swarms; hence, as people know of no other gipsies than those about the hive, they come very quickly to the conclusion that they "can make nothing of the gipsies;" without knowing that the tribe, taking year with year, and tent with tent, are constantly throwing off swarms of gipsies, into all kinds of itinerant and settled life. On account of the tribe as it were, "hiding itself," as it leaves the tent, the race, such as it is known to the world, never gets the reputation for the improvement of which it is capable, and no one of the tribe, outside of the tent, will say that they are gipsies; consequently the subject of their history is allowed to remain in a slough, out of which it is necessary to drag it.

How to Kiss.—First, grasp with haste, around the waist, and hug her tight to thee; and then she'll say—"do, go way—do, won't you let me be?" Then, oh, what bliss! but never miss so good a chance as that; then make a dash, as quick as flash, and—Harriet, hold my hat!

A St. Louis paper says that the grasshoppers have eaten up the entire tobacco crop of Franklin county, and the last that was heard from them, they were seated on the corners, begging every man that passed for a chew.

Bill, what brought you to the calaboose? A couple of constables, sir.