

# 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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### Choice Poetry.

#### THE ARTISAN.

BY ANNIE C. HALE.

Ho, toilers in the quarry!  
Ho, delvers in the mine!  
Not brighter beams the glory,  
In the light of truth benign,  
Of proud laurel shading  
The noblest artist's brow.  
Than the thrifty crown of labor  
Your swarthy foreheads know!  
What though fame's gilded column,  
And its vain parade,  
Forget its firm foundation  
Your brawny arms have laid;  
For all your humble efforts  
Ye have in calm content  
A recompense far richer  
Than the highest praise hath lent.  
Not yours, indeed, "the vision,  
The faculty divine,"  
To pierce the veil of nature,  
And bid in beauty shine,  
From out their sleep chaotic,  
Those forms whose wonderous grace  
Almost Heaven's power defying,  
Demand in life a place.  
But bear ye yet in patience  
The burden of your ways—  
To you the Great Hereafter  
His treasures shall display;  
Supernal beauty, hidden  
From even Raphael's ken,  
To your exalted spirits  
Shall be unfolded then.

#### THE MILLER'S MAID.

Near the hamlet of Udorf on the banks  
of the Rhine, not far from Bonn, there yet  
stands the mill which was the scene of the  
following adventure:  
One Sunday morning the miller and his  
family set out as usual to attend divine ser-  
vice at the nearest church in the village of  
Hessel, leaving the mill, to which the  
dwelling house was attached, in charge of  
his servant maid, Hanchen, a bold-hearted  
girl, who had been some time in his ser-  
vice. The youngest child, who was still  
too little to go to church, remained also un-  
der her charge.  
As Hanchen was busily engaged in pre-  
paring dinner for the family, she was inter-  
rupted by a visit from her admirer, Hen-  
rich Buteler. He was an idle, graceless  
fellow, and her master, who knew his char-  
acter well, had forbidden him the house;  
but Hanchen could not believe all the sto-  
ries she had heard against her lover, and  
was sincerely attached to him. On this oc-  
casion she greeted him kindly, and not  
only got him something to eat at once, but  
found time in the midst of her business to  
sit down and have a gossip with him, while  
he did justice to the fare before him.  
As he was eating, he let fall the knife,  
which he asked her to pick up for him; she  
feared from what she had heard, he did  
little enough work, and ought at least to  
wait on himself. In the end, however, she  
stooped down to pick up the knife, when  
the treacherous villain drew a dagger from  
under his coat, and caught her by the nape  
of the neck, gripping her firmly with his  
fingers to prevent her screaming; then,  
with an oath, he desired her to tell him  
where her master kept his money, threaten-  
ing to kill her if she did not comply with  
his demands.  
The surprised and terrified girl in vain  
attempted to parley with him. He still  
held her tightly in his choking grasp, leav-  
ing her no other choice but to die or betray  
her master. She saw there was no hope  
of softening him or changing his purpose,  
and with a full conviction of his treachery  
all her native courage awoke in her bosom.  
Affecting, however, to yield to what was  
inevitable, she answered him in a resigned  
tone, that what must be, must, only, if he  
carried off her master's gold; he must take  
her with him, too, for she could never stay  
to hear their suspicions and reproaches, ex-  
torting him at the same time to relax his  
grasp of her throat, for she could hardly  
speak, much less do what he bid while he  
held her so tight. At length he was induced  
to quit her no time, as the family would  
be returning home from church.  
She then led the way to her master's  
bedroom, and showed the coffer, where he  
kept his money.  
"Here," she said, reaching to him an axe  
which lay in one corner of the room, "you  
can open it with this while I run up stairs  
to put all my things together, besides the  
money I have saved since I have been  
here."  
Completely deceived by her apparent  
readiness to enter into his plans, he allowed  
her to leave the room, only exhorted her  
to be as quiet as possible, and was im-  
mediately absorbed in his own operation—  
first opening the box, and then disposing of  
the money about his person.  
In the meanwhile, Hanchen, instead of  
going up stairs to her own room, crept  
quietly along several passages till she again  
reached her master's chamber. It was but

the work of a moment to shut and bolt the  
door upon him; and this done she rushed  
to the other door of the mill to give the  
alarm. The only being in sight was her  
master's little boy, a child of five years old;  
to him she called with all her might:  
"Run! run to meet your father as he  
comes from church; tell him we shall all  
be murdered if he does not come back!"  
The frightened child did as she bid him  
and set off running on the road she pointed.  
Somewhat relieved by seeing that the child  
understood her, and would make her case  
known, she sat down for a moment on the  
stone seat before the door, and, full of con-  
flicting emotions of grief and thankfulness  
for her escape, she burst into tears.  
But at this moment a shrill whistle  
gained her attention. It was from her pris-  
oner, Heinrich, who, opening the grated  
window above her head, shouted to some  
accomplice without to catch the child that  
was running away so fast, and to kill the  
girl.  
Hanchen looked around in great alarm,  
but saw no one. The child still continued  
to run with all its might, and she hoped it  
was but a false alarm to excite her and  
overcome her resolution, when, just as the  
child reached a hollow in the next field  
(the channel of a natural drain,) she saw a  
ruffian start from the bed of the drain, and  
snatching the child in his arm, hastened  
with him to the mill, in accordance with  
the direction of his accomplice. In a mo-  
ment she perceived the full extent of her  
danger, and formed the plan for escaping it.  
Retreating into the mill she double-locked  
and barred and bolted the door, the only  
apparent entrance into the building, every  
other means of obvious access prevented  
by strong iron grating fixed up against all  
the windows, and then took her post at the  
upper casement determined to await paci-  
ently her master's return, and her conse-  
quent delivery from the dangerous position  
of her own death it inevitable; for she was  
fully resolved to enter into no terms, and  
that nothing should induce her to give up  
her master's property into the robbers  
hands.  
She had hardly time to secure herself in  
her retreat, when the ruffian, holding the  
screaming child in his arms, and brandish-  
ing a knife in one hand, came up and bid  
her open the door, or he would break it  
down, adding many fearful oaths and threats  
to which her only answer was that she put  
her trust in God. Heinrich, who from his  
window was a witness to this colloquy,  
now called out to cut the child's throat be-  
fore her eyes, if she refused.  
Poor Hanchen's heart quailed at this mo-  
ment. The death of the child could be no  
gain to them, while her own death was  
certain if she admitted the assailant, and  
her master, too, would be robbed. She had  
no reason to suppose her compliance would  
save the life of the child. It was a risk  
against nothing, and she resolved to hold  
out to the last, though the villain renewed  
his threats, saying that if she did not open  
the door to him, he would kill the child,  
and then set fire to the mill over her head.  
"I put my trust in God," was still the poor  
girl's answer. In the mean while, the ruffian  
set down the child for a moment to look  
for combustibles to carry out his threat.  
In the search he discovered a mode  
of entering the mill, unknown to Hanchen.  
It was a large aperture in the wall, com-  
municating with the great wheel and  
the other machinery of the mill, and it  
was a point entirely un-protected, for it  
had never been contemplated that any one  
would seek to enter it by so dangerous an  
inlet. Triumphant at this discovery, he  
returned to tie the hands and feet of the  
poor child to prevent its escape, and then  
stole back to the aperture by which he in-  
tended to effect an entrance.  
The position of the building prevented  
Hanchen seeing anything of this; but a  
thought struck her. It was Sunday, when  
the mill was never set in motion, the whole  
neighborhood would know that something  
was the matter, and her master would es-  
pecially hasten home to know the meaning  
of anything so strange. Being all her life  
accustomed to the machinery of the mill, it  
was the work of a moment to set all in mo-  
tion—a brisk breeze, which sprang up at  
once, set the sails flying. The arms of the  
huge engine whirled around with fearful  
rapidity; the great wheel slowly revolving  
upon its axis; the smaller gear turned,  
and creaked, and groaned, according as the  
machinery came into action; the mill was  
in full motion.  
It was at that moment that the ruffian  
intruder succeeded in squeezing himself  
through the aperture in the wall, and get-  
ting himself safely lodged in the great drum  
wheel. His dismay, however, was indescrib-  
able, when he began to be whirled about  
with his rotation, and found that all his  
efforts to put a stop to the powerful ma-  
chinery which set it in motion, or extricate  
himself from this perilous situation, were  
fruitless. In his terror, he uttered shrieks  
and horrible imprecations. Astonished at  
the noise Hanchen went to the spot, saw  
him caught, and it was no part of her plan  
to liberate him. She knew he would be  
more frightened than hurt, if he kept within  
his rotary prison without rash attempts at  
escape, and that even if he became insensi-  
ble, he could not fall out of it.  
In the mean time the wheel went round  
and round with its steady and unceasing  
motion, and round and round he went with  
it, while sense remained, beseeching Han-  
chen with entreaties, promises, and wild,  
impetuous threats, which were equally in-  
vain.

regarded, till by degrees feeling and pre-  
ception failed him, and he heard and saw  
no more. He fell senseless at the bottom  
of the engine, but even then his inanimate  
body continued to be whirled round as be-  
fore, for Hanchen did not dare to trust ap-  
pearances in such a villain, and would not  
venture to suspend the working of the mill  
or stop the mill gear and tackle from run-  
ning at their fullest speed. At length she  
heard a loud knocking at the door, and  
flew to open it. It was her master and his  
family, accompanied by several of his  
neighbors all in the utmost consternation  
and wonder at seeing the mill sails in full  
swing on a Sunday, and still more so when  
they found the poor child lying bound on  
the grass, who, however, was too terrified  
to give any account of what had happened.  
Hanchen in a few words told all; and  
then her spirit, which had sustained her  
through such a scene of terror, gave way  
under the sense of safety and relief, and  
she fell fainting in their arms, and was with  
much difficulty recovered. The machinery  
of the mill was at once stopped and the in-  
animate ruffian dragged from his dreadful  
prison. Heinrich, too, was brought forth  
from the miller's chamber, and both were  
in a short time sent bound under a strong  
escort, to Bonn, where they soon met the  
reward of their crimes.  
The history of this extraordinary act of  
presence of mind concludes by telling us that  
Hanchen thus effectually cured of her pen-  
siveness for her unworthy suitor, became  
eventually the wife of the miller's eldest  
son, and thus lived all her life in the scene  
of her great danger and happy deliverance.  
**About the French Empress.**  
The London correspondent of the Liver-  
pool Advertiser says that the erratic Eugenie  
has been left in peace at Cladrige's ever  
since her return from that flying, and yet  
very cramped visit to Windsor, with a pre-  
cipitancy suggestive of a call on Mr. Harri-  
son Ainsworth's Heirloom Hunter, rather  
than on the Queen of England, and her sol-  
emn consort, who didn't even put on his  
Field Marshal's uniform for the reception  
of the bride of the victor of Solferino.  
She was at the castle hardly long enough  
to wish Princess Alice the usual compli-  
ments on her approaching nuptials with the  
young Hessian, who will, of course, walk  
into Mr. Bull for the outfit, and infit, too,  
which is very odd. It is said by certain  
people, that is to say there is no saying  
anything with certainty about it, that Eug-  
enie departs for Paris on Monday. The  
improvement in her health from her sojourn  
in these Elysian isles, this halcyonic and  
hygienic weather, which is enough to give  
an Esquimaux the blue devils, with the  
blue mouldiness of the atmosphere and the  
mud-colored complexion of everything, has  
not been very perceptible; the improve-  
ment in her temper altogether invis-  
ible.  
It would be rather odd were it otherwise,  
considering the snubbing she has received at  
the hands of her husband's late and present  
laquis de place, Persigny and Flaubert, and  
all the subordinate snubbery of the Lega-  
tion, not a flunkey of whom has gone near  
her any more than if she were the wife of a  
fifth-rate actor from the Porte St. Martin,  
which, perhaps, she wishes she were.—  
Wonderful is the change in the Empress  
since the days, only half a dozen years ago,  
when Mademoiselle Montijo electrified the  
British dandies, male and female, of the  
Place Vendome, as a crack shot with her  
saloon pistol; smoking cigarettes like a  
Castilian or a Clarendon, and vaulting en  
cavalier into the saddle seat of a Barbary  
prancer, winking the world with noble  
equestrianism, in a fashion that would have  
caused Rarey to caper like a comic centaur  
—a lucas natuæ that would assuredly  
make a horse laugh, and hippopotamus to  
boot.  
Woe for the time when the Zingarified  
beauty venturing in the woods of Ram-  
bouillet, gathering odds and cracking jokes  
with her merry mamma, who little dreamt  
of becoming mother-in-law to an ogre;  
nor, to be sure, did the ogre dream of hav-  
ing a mother-in-law rather than babe whom  
he would give battle single handed to a fly-  
ing squadron of dragons, or a squadron of  
flying dragons.  
**CHEAP TRAVELLING.**—A mother with nine  
children, the oldest but seven years of age,  
passed over a Western road some time ago.  
The family occupied three seats, but the  
children were too young to pay half-fare  
and the whole party went through on a  
single ticket.  
**The Moonsocket Patriot** editor makes  
merry over the mistake of an old Slough  
hen of his, that has been "setting" for five  
weeks upon two round stones and a piece  
of brick. "Her anxiety," quoth he is "no  
greater than ours to know what she will  
hatch. If it proves to be a brick-yard, the  
hen is not for sale."  
**A Bangor bully** attacked Smith, the razor-  
strop man, the other day, with a torrent  
of abuse. Unable to stand it any longer,  
Smith put down his basket, took off his  
glasses, and said, "My friend I only get  
mad once in fourteen years, and this is my  
time—I'm mad all through. With this re-  
mark, he pitched in and whipped the fel-  
low till he'd taken all the conceit out of him.  
**Moas** hears pine away in secret anguish  
for the want of kindness from those who  
should be their comforters, than any other  
creature in life.

### LETTER FROM ROBERT TYLER, ESQ.

The following letter was addressed by  
Robert Tyler, Esq., of Philadelphia, to Mr.  
James Gibbons, Esq., of Philadelphia, in re-  
sponse to a communication from him in re-  
lation to the present state of the country. Mr. Tyler  
takes a thoroughly practical view of existing  
troubles, and in his usual clear and able  
manner sets forth, in stating his own posi-  
tion of every true citizen of Pennsylvania.  
We call upon all of our readers to give it an  
attentive perusal:  
PHILADELPHIA, January 5, 1861.  
To JAMES GIBBONS, Esq.—My dear sir:—I  
will endeavor to answer your friendly let-  
ter on the points indicated, as briefly and  
distinctly as possible.  
You are quite correct in supposing that I  
earnestly deprecate a sentiment of hostility  
to the Union, if entertained and expressed  
in a wanton spirit of destructiveness or in a  
prudent desire for mere change of political  
condition. But should the Government of  
the Union ever be perverted into an instru-  
ment of oppression and insult to the people  
of Pennsylvania, I should denounce it and  
oppose it with the most unrelenting enmity.  
I am now attached to the Union, because  
so far from having attacked our rights in  
this State or injured our property, has great-  
ly promoted our interests and happiness.—  
Should it be permanently disorganized in  
such a manner as to render a reconstruction  
impossible, I should consider such an event  
as the most lamentable tragedy the human  
race has ever witnessed since the world  
was created.  
As regards the second point of your en-  
quiry, I am aware that it requires some  
courage to meet unpopularity, under exist-  
ing circumstances, of an explicit declara-  
tion in favor of the doctrine of the right of  
a State or States peaceably to withdraw  
from the Union for a cause or causes of which  
the people of such State or States are acrid-  
ly necessary must be the sole judges. I might  
enter here into an elaborate exposition of  
the political principles involved in this  
proposition. But it would be both puerile  
and unprofitable to waste time in arguing a  
question of Constitutional construction, when  
we are already in the presence of the stern  
reality of a great, indisputable fact, that  
no longer waits upon such a discussion.  
Revolution is upon us, and unless it be im-  
mediately arrested it must be consummated  
by reaching, inevitably, one of two results.  
Should the Revolution not be arrested, the  
only question left to us to consider is, what  
direction shall it take? Shall the result be  
in favor of Liberty, or in favor of Power?—  
Shall the Revolution be accomplished in  
Peace, or shall it be strained with the fra-  
tricial blood of civil conflict? In other  
words, is it best that the States be per-  
mitted, really or virtually, to separate with-  
out force or the invocation of murderous pas-  
sions, and to fall back into the positions  
they occupied before the Constitution was  
established, or shall the Revolution be used  
as an instrument to blot out the State sov-  
ereignties, wherein are to be found the  
original sources of the liberties of our citi-  
zens, and to establish a military despotism  
in the interest of Centralized and Imperial  
authority?  
For one, I infinitely prefer the first to the  
last. I can refer you to a striking precedent  
to sustain the patriotism and good sense of  
such a view of the subject on the mere  
ground of expediency. Our ancestors fought  
the war of Independence with England—  
under the articles of confederation. But  
immediately after the treaty of peace, many  
of the States expressed dissatisfaction with  
the Government, and declared themselves  
unwilling to remain longer in the confeder-  
ation. They did not go to war with each  
other, nor did the Continental Congress  
threaten them with the sword, but they  
wisely agreed to separate without blood-  
shed, and the consequence was that steps  
were soon taken (at the particular instance  
of Virginia) for a re-constitution of the  
Government, which led to the formation of  
the present Union, in which we have so  
wonderfully prospered for three quarters of  
a century. Is it not possible, or even prob-  
able, that a similar result might again be  
produced under similar circumstances?—  
But whether there would be a re-constitu-  
tion of the Government or not, in the event  
of a peaceable dissolution of our system,  
it is impossible for mortal man to con-  
ceive any worse Government than would be  
that of the present Union when revolution-  
ized under the lead of a political party  
into a military Dictatorship of despotism, in  
which, with the certainty of mathematical  
calculation, the independence of each State  
and the priceless freedom of every citizen  
is now protected by the Constitution and  
the laws, would be overwhelmed and sub-  
ordinated by the combined force and cor-  
ruptions of armed and consolidated power.  
I thus designedly present the question as  
a purely practical one. We must all sooner  
or later take one side or the other of this  
issue. Now I am clearly of opinion that one  
battle field between the belligerent  
States, or between the Federal Government  
and the seceding States, would render the  
re-constitution of the Government impos-  
sible on the one hand, while it would surely  
indicate a civil war, tending to a military  
despotism, on the other. I do not believe  
the patriots and freemen who made the  
Constitution ever intended, directly or indi-  
rectly, to grant the power to the Federal  
Government to make war upon a state, and  
to crush the people beneath the weight of a  
military yoke. I am therefore unalterably  
opposed to coercion, as some persons daintily  
described an act of civil war.  
But the idea of one action of sixteen

age the other section of fifteen States, with  
garrisons in every town, and with cannon  
bristling around every Postoffice and Custom  
House—as Austria now poses—Vene-  
tia—is the wildest thought of an idiot.—  
Thus, whether a State may peaceably se-  
cede, presents and issue that Pennsylvania  
should not determine too hastily. The near  
future may possibly indicate a complication,  
should she be forced into a purely Northern  
confederacy, that may make this now repudiated  
doctrine a moral tower of strength to  
her, in a measure, she may then be com-  
pelled to take looking to her self preserva-  
tion. To your enquiry, whether in my op-  
inion, the present distractions of the coun-  
try may not be in some way compromised  
and settled, I am glad to believe that it is  
yet barely possible to avert a dissolution of  
the confederacy. But no half way compro-  
mise or concession, much less any piece of polit-  
ical trickery will afford, in my judgement, a  
satisfactory solution. The real parties in this  
controversy are the Republican or anti-slavery  
party of the Northern States, and the whole  
people of Southern action, with the unimpor-  
tant exception of a few submissionists  
here and there. If the Republican party,  
exhibiting unanimity of purpose and acting  
in perfect good faith, shall speedily agree,  
through their representatives at Wash-  
ington, to concede the use and enjoy-  
ment of the common Territories to the citi-  
zens of the slave holding States, without  
the slightest restriction as regards any spe-  
cies of property; and further agree to such  
other guarantees affecting the general sub-  
ject of negro slavery as shall hereafter render  
an anti-slavery political party impossi-  
ble in the United States the peace of the  
country and integrity of the Union, unques-  
tionably, might yet be preserved. Unless  
this be done I conscientiously think that the  
revolution will assuredly take its painful  
course.  
It should be borne in mind that the various  
concessions and compromises in times  
of difficulty and danger to the Union, have  
heretofore all originated with the South and  
the Democratic party. Virginia, North  
Carolina and Georgia gave their broad Terri-  
tories to the State of the Union, for the  
sake of the Union; and in about 1787 The  
Missouri Compromise was conceived and  
passed through Congress by the Southern  
States, as an evidence of their devoted loy-  
alty to the Union in the memorable year of  
1819. The Southern States and the Demo-  
cratic party assisted by Henry Clay and  
Daniel Webster, then enlisted under the  
patriotic banner of the Democracy, tranqui-  
lized the country after a hard contest with  
Gov. Seward and the Anti-Slavery party of  
the Free States, by means of the Compro-  
mise measures of 1850. I therefore trust  
that the Republican party claiming to re-  
present the North, will not longer insist that  
the cause of the Union is not worth a real  
concession, and abnegating the patriotism  
and common sense at the same moment,  
will not adopt the irrational cry, "No more  
concessions; no more concessions!" But  
should the Republican party resolve to pursue  
this policy, the whole people of the  
Free States must deliberately make a choice  
between the Anti-Slavery Platform and the  
perpetuity of the Union.  
In conclusion, let me assure you, my  
dear sir, that I have not the least idea of  
leaving Pennsylvania. I have been a citi-  
zen of this State for seventeen years. I owe  
a debt of unceasing gratitude to the State  
for having given me my dear wife. My  
only son is a native of Bucks county, and  
my other children, with one exception,  
were born here. I have two children lying  
by the side of their maternal grandfather in  
the Church yard at Bristol. I do not pos-  
sess any pecuniary interest whatever out-  
side of this State, and after enjoying the  
hospitality and favors of the people of Pen-  
sylvania for so many years, I stand perfectly  
ready to encounter my share of any trou-  
bles or misfortunes that may now arise. I  
may differ, perhaps, temporarily, with a  
large majority in my political views, but I  
would sacrifice as much as any other citizen  
for the honor and dignity of the good old  
Commonwealth.  
Very truly, your friend,  
ROBERT TYLER.  
James Gibbons, Esq.

**Ben Nash, the King of Bath.**  
A recent essay in an English magazine  
gives the following sketch of a celebrated  
character in the fashionable world:  
The man was immensely fond of money;  
he liked to show his gold-laced coat and  
superb new waistcoat in the Grove, the Ab-  
bey ground, and Bond street, and to be  
known as Le Grand Nash. But on the other  
hand, he did not love money for itself, and  
never hoarded it. It is, indeed, something  
to Nash's honor, that he died poor. He de-  
lighted in the poverty of his mind, to dis-  
play his great thick set person to the most  
advantage; he was as vain as any top;  
without the affectation of that character, for  
he was always blunt and free spoken, but,  
as long as he had enough to satisfy his van-  
ity, he cared nothing for mere wealth. He  
had generosity, though, he neglected the  
precept about the right hand and the left,  
and showed some ostentation in his chari-  
ties. When a poor ruined fellow at his  
elbow saw him win at a throw £200, and  
murmured "How happy that would make  
me!" Nash tossed the money to him, and  
said, "Go and be happy then." Probably  
the wretched being did not see the delicate  
satire implied in his speech. It was only  
the triumph of a gamester. On other oc-  
casions he collected subscriptions for poor

did his best towards founding a hospital,  
which has since proved of great value to  
those afflicted with rheumatic gout. In the  
same spirit, though himself a gamester, he  
often attempted to win young and inexpe-  
rienced boys, who came to lose away their  
money at the rooms, from seeking their  
own ruin; and, on the whole, there was  
some goodness of heart in his gold-laced  
bear. That he was a bear there are anec-  
dotes enough to show and whether true or  
not, they sufficiently prove what the repu-  
tation of the man must have been. Thus  
when a lady afflicted with a curvature of  
the spine, told him that "She had come  
straight from London that day," Nash re-  
plied with utter heartlessness, "Then ma'am,  
you have been imminently warty on the road."  
The lady had her revenge, however, for  
meeting the beau one day in the Grove, as  
she toddled along with her dog, and being  
impudently asked by him, if she knew the  
name of Tobit's dog, she answered quick-  
ly, "Yes, sir, his name was Nash, and a  
most impudent dog he was too!"  
**Now You see it, and now You don't See it.**  
On Thursday last while in search of an  
item, as if luck would have it, or that for-  
tune favor fools we were just at the right  
time, and in the right place to witness a  
most serious and dangerous collision up in  
Dutchtown. You know there are beautiful  
specimens of the criminal creation. Well,  
one of these beauties about three and a half  
teet high, short, fat and rotund, was propel-  
ling herself along in as graceful manner as  
possible, evidently to display her enchant-  
ing proportions on some of our fashionable  
avenues. A little way, and under full  
headway, was one of the canine race, har-  
nessed to a sled and drawing two boys—  
The fair Teutonic creature, enraptured, we  
suppose, in the pleasures her anticipations  
brought her about the figure she would cut,  
the stare of dandies, &c. &c., never thought  
of how near she was of being the victim of  
a collision when suddenly, oh, horrible in  
relate! the dog passed beneath the extremi-  
ties on which were placed her pretty little  
feet, and "down came her shanty!" "Mine  
got in himmel," she exclaimed as she lay  
sprawling upon the broad of her back in  
the slush. "You've von dam dog and to boy  
be no better!" We were tickled at the  
gymnastic feat of the fair one, but our chiv-  
ality was aroused and even in this "dark  
hour of peril," did not forget us.  
Chesterton could not have done the fair-  
thing better than we did, and holding our  
hand we felt the clasp of feminine tenderness  
congratulating us on our gallantry.—  
Who wouldn't be a reporter her?—*People's  
(Mick) Press.*  
**Music.**  
There's music in a scolding wife,  
Who keeps her house in awe;  
There's music in a screaming hinge,  
And fling of a saw.  
There's music in an old tom cat,  
Preparing for a fight;  
There's music in a squalling brat,  
At any time of night.  
There's music in each humming bee,  
And bug that flies about;  
There's music in my Sarah Ann,  
But it's hard to bring it out.  
**Recovering.**—The young "fellow"  
who was dying for love.  
**DELIGHTFUL.**—Seeing your sweetheart giv-  
ing another young "fellow" a kiss.  
**Insinuating.**—To have mama ask you  
whether Uncle John is rich.  
**PLEASED.**—To have the "father of the  
family" talk politics with you when you  
come a-courting.  
**Never refuse to pay the printer** when  
you have read his paper for a year or more.  
A man who does this, is mean.  
**SWINGING** is said by the doctors to be good  
exercise for the health, but many a  
poor wretch has come to his death by it.  
**PROVOKING.**—To dream you have lots of  
money, and then wake up and find your-  
self nothing but a printer.  
**THE ladies never looked plumper** than  
they do this season, and yet every one of  
these dear creatures is reduced to a "skele-  
ton."  
**THERE** is a man down east who kept such  
poor sheep that it took six of the poor crit-  
ters to eat a shadow! Finally they got so  
weak they had not strength to draw their  
last breath!  
**Old gentleman, affectionately.**—My son,  
why do you chew that filthy tobacco?  
**PRECIOUS youth, siffly.**—To get the  
juice out of it, old codger!  
**SHARP SHOOTING.**—A rich joke is told of  
an eccentric divine who, while preaching  
one evening was somewhat annoyed by  
one of the feminine gender, who after a  
while arose and walked out. "There goes  
the Devil's daughter!" said he. The lady  
turned around and in a polite manner ex-  
claimed, "Good evening father!"  
**An editor** down South says he would as  
soon try to go to sea on a shingle, make a  
ladder of fog, chase a streak of lightning  
through a crab apple orchard, swim up  
the rapids of the Niagara river, raise the dead,  
stop the tongue of an old maid, set Lake  
Erie on fire with a match, as to stop two  
loaves from getting married.  
**Strange Adventures With Burglars.**  
The Messrs. Herber's kept a very exten-  
sive jewelry establishment in New York  
city, and for the better security of their store  
against fire and other casualties, they em-  
ployed one of their clerks to sleep in it  
at night. The idea of the store being attacked  
by robbers was not for a moment entertain-  
ed, but it was for other objects, such as se-  
curity from fire and the like, that young  
Loring, the clerk, slept there; for he was  
not supplied with any weapons to repel an  
attack of thieves. But one dark, dreary  
night he was awakened by a singular noise  
which resembled that which a party of bur-  
glars might produce in an attempt to enter  
the building, and looking towards the back  
windows he soon satisfied himself that one  
of those persons were endeavoring, as quiet-  
ly as possible, to effect an entrance at that  
quarter. They had already removed a part  
of the sash and shutters with their cunningly  
devised instruments, and must have been  
at work some time before he was awak-  
ened.  
Now young Loring regretted that he had  
no weapon, but not through fear—that was  
not a characteristic of the young gentleman  
—but that he might pepper the rogues a  
little. At first he determined to cry out  
and arouse the watch, but as they had ad-  
vanced so far before he was awake, he  
thought he would drive them off by stratagem.  
He slipped on his clothes quietly, and  
approaching the spot where the thieves  
were busy he saw the hand of one them  
passed inside of the shutter into the store  
in its owner's endeavors to guide a small  
hand-saw with which he was cutting an  
aperture for his body to pass through—  
Young Loring felt inclined to chop off the  
hand with a small hatchet that lay hard by  
but refrained, and bethought himself of a  
powerful acid that was used in the testing  
of the purity of silver and other metals.—  
One drop of this would eat instantly into  
the flesh and produce a poisonous sore in  
ten minutes' time. He cautiously dropped  
a little upon the burglar's hand and awaited  
the result.  
"Bill," at length exclaimed the burglar to  
his comrade, "I've got a cursed burning on  
the back of my hand. It's so sore I can  
hardly work the saw. Phew! how it  
smarts! I guess I've cut it with the saw—  
hold the dark lantern here."  
"Fudge!" replied his companion, "change  
hands then, but don't stop."  
"Take the saw yourself, then! I can't  
stand this pain!"  
And while the discomfited burglar with-  
drew to groan over the supposed cut, the  
other took his place with the saw, and in a  
moment after received a few drops of the  
fiery liquid upon the back part of his hand,  
and was soon groaning with agony.  
"Curse this saw! it has cut me, too,"  
ground the second thief.  
And after sundry oaths mutually exchang-  
ed until the first and worst attack of pain  
was over, they renewed the attempt to  
make an entrance.  
The clerk permitted them to go on awhile  
uninterruptedly, knowing that at any mo-  
ment he could stop their efforts by crying  
out, but he hoped to hear some watchman  
passing in front of the store, upon whom he  
could call to secure the rogues, and resolved  
to wait for this until it would do to wait  
no longer. But soon the burglars had so  
much enlarged the hole that they would  
shortly be able to enter it by themselves.  
Seeing that he must do something to stop  
them, the clerk crept in the dark closet at  
one side of the window, and uttered a low  
but fierce growl, in imitation of a dog—  
Both of the rogues stepped back at this un-  
expected interruption.  
"Hang it, Bill, there's a cursed dog in  
there, I didn't know that the Herber's kept  
one," said one to the other.  
"A dog? that's bad. Curse 'em, if it was  
a man, why a shot or a dirk stroke would  
fix him—but a dog is quite another thing,  
for if he shot him, he'd be sure to half kill  
one of us!"  
"Bow, wow, wow!" cried the clerk with  
all his power, as he saw them preparing to  
resume their work.  
"Confound the dog!" exclaimed both.  
"Never mind; go ahead Bill, and get it  
open now. I'll fix him when we get in."  
The burglar addressed as Bill thrust his  
hand in once more to wrench off the last  
piece of wood that obstructed their entrance  
when the clerk, having already armed him-  
self with a large pair of pincers, seized the  
robber's hand as though in a vice, and set  
up such a barking that the whole neigh-  
borhood was alarmed.  
"For Heaven's sake, Jack, lend us a  
hand here; the cursed animal is biting my  
hand half off!" said the burglar to his con-  
federate.  
"Pull it away—pull it away, quick."  
"I can't!"  
"Give it a jerk!" said the other.  
"O-o-o! I can't. Murder, murder!"  
The cry, added to the howling of the  
angry dog soon brought the watch in  
earnest and the thief who was at liberty to  
do so, ran for his life.  
The watchman's light showed Bill Sikes  
that he had been bitten by a pair of pin-  
cers!  
This is a fact; it occurred in New York  
city, during the winter of 1841; and Bill  
Sikes served out his imprisonment at Black-  
well's Island.  
**SCARC.**—Local items, money, rich Print-  
ers, young ladies that don't want to be  
married and ugly babies.  
A witty man can make a jest of any-  
thing.