

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.

DIRGE FOR THE YEAR.

BY BERTY B. SHELLEY

Orphan hours the year is dead,
Come and sign, come and weep!
Merry hours, smile instead,
For the year is but asleep.
See, it smiles as it is sleeping,
Mocking your untimely weeping.

As an earthquake rocks a coast
In its coffin in the clay,
So white Winter that rough noose,
Rocks the dead cold year to-day;
Solemn hour! wail aloud
For your mother in her shroud.

As the wild air stirs and sways
The tree swang cradle of a child,
So the breath of these rude days
Rocks the year;—be calm and mild,
Trembling hours; she will arise
With new love within her eyes.

January grey is here
Like a seaman by her grave;
February tears the bier,
March with grief doth howl and rave,
And April weeps—but, O ye hours,
Follow with May's fairest flowers.

THE PARSON'S LESSON.

The small parish at Fallowdale had been for some time without a pastor. The members were nearly all farmers, and they did not have much money to bestow upon the support of a clergyman; yet they were willing to pay for anything that could promise them any due return of good.

In course of time it happened that the Rev. Abraham Surely visited Fallowdale, and as a Sabbath passed during his sojourn, he held a meeting in the small church. The people were pleased with his preaching, and some of them proposed inviting him to remain with them, and take charge of their spiritual welfare.

Upon the merits of this proposition there was a long discussion. Parson Surely had signified his willingness to take a permanent residence at Fallowdale, but the members of the parish could not so readily agree to hire him.

"I don't see the use of hiring a parson," said Mr. Sharp, an old farmer of the place. "He can do us no good. A parson can't learn me anything."

To this it was answered that stated religious meetings would be of great benefit to some of the younger people, and also a source of good to all.

"I don't know about that. I've heard tell of a parson that could pray for a parson, and have it come at any time. Now, if we could hit upon such a parson as that, I would go in for hiring him."

This opened a new idea to the unorthodox minds of Fallowdale. The farmers often suffered from long droughts, and after arguing a while longer, they agreed to hire Parson Surely, on the condition that he should give them rain whenever they wished for it, and on the other hand, that he would also give them fair weather when required. Deacons Smith and Townsend were deputed to make this arrangement.

One year rolled by, and up to that time the people of Fallowdale had never once been able to agree upon the exact kind of weather they would have, and the result was that they began to open their eyes to the fact that this world would be a strange place if its inhabitants should govern it.

On the last Sabbath in the first year of Mr. Surely's settlement at Fallowdale, he offered to break up his connection with the parish, but the people would not listen to it. They had become attached to him and the meeting, and they wished him to stay.

"But I can no longer rest under our former contract with regard to the weather," said the parson.

"Nor do we wish you to," returned Sharp. "Only preach to us, and teach us and our children how to live, and help us to be social, contented and happy."

"And," added the parson, with a tear of pride in his eye, as he looked for an instant into the face of his now happy wife, "all things above our proper spheres we will leave with God, for He doeth all things well."

A WOODEN MOTHER.—We have heard of wooden nutmegs, wooden hams, horn gun flint, wooden oats, and wooden clocks—but what infusion of the Yankee ever invented a wooden mother? The following, by a correspondent of the "Mark Lane Express," describes the new invention:

"A fine sow, having twelve sucking pigs, belonging to a poor merchant in Mookswearmouth, was taken ill, and died suddenly. The proprietor, who is an ingenious character, set to work and formed a rough model of a sow in wood, being hollow in the center, the abdomen being furnished with twelve teats, cleverly formed of raw hide. The interior of the model is kept filled with milk, and the whole of the young pigs suck from the teats of this singular looking wooden sow, and all are thriving well."

beghought themselves of the promise of their pastor, and hastened to him.

"Come," said Sharp, whose lilly farm was suffering severely, "we want rain. You remember your promise?"

"Certainly," returned Mr. Surely. "If you will call a meeting of the parish, I will be with them this evening."

With this the applicants were perfectly satisfied, and forthwith hastened to call the flock together.

"Now you'll see the hour of your disgrace," said Mr. Surely, after the visitors had gone. "Oh, I am so sorry that you ever undertook to deceive them!"

"I did not deceive them!"

"We shall see."

"So we shall see," added the lady.

The hour of the meeting came around, and Parson Surely met his people at the church. They were all there, some anxious, the remainder curious.

"Now, my friends," said the parson, rising upon the platform, "I have come to hear your request. What is it?"

"We want rain," blurted farmer Sharp, "and you know you promised to give it to us!"

"Ay—rain—rain," repeated half a dozen voices.

"Very well. Now, when do you want to have it?"

"To-night. Let it rain all night long," said Sharp, to which several others immediately assented.

"No, no, not to night," cried deacon Smith. "I have six or seven tons of well-made hay in the field, and I would not have it wet for anything!"

"So have I hay out," added Mr. Peck. "We won't have it rained."

"Then let it be to-morrow."

"It will take me all day to-morrow to get my hay in," said Smith.

Thus the objections came up for the two succeeding days, and at length, by way of compromise, Mr. Sharp proposed that they should have rain in just four days.

"For," said he, "by that time all the hay which is sown cut can be got in, and we need not cut any—"

"Stop stop!" uttered Mrs. Sharp, pulling her worthy husband by the sleeve. "That is the day we have set to go to Snowhill. It must rain then."

This was law for Sharp, so he proposed that the rain should come in one week, and then set down.

But this would not do. "If we can't have rain before then, we'd better not have it at all," said they.

In short, the meeting resulted in just no conclusion at all, for the good people found it utterly impossible to agree upon a time when it should rain.

"Until you can make up your minds on this point," said the parson, as he was about leaving the church, "we must all trust in the Lord." And after this the people followed him from the church.

Both Deacon Smith and Mr. Peck got their hay safely in, but on the very day Mr. Sharp was to have started for Snowhill it began to rain in good earnest. Mr. Sharp lost his visit, but he met his disappointment with good grace, for his crops smiled at the rain.

Ere another month had passed by, another meeting was called for a petition for rain, but with the same result as before—Many of the people had their muck to dig, and rain would prevent them. Some wanted it immediately—some in one, some in two, and some in three days; while other parishioners wanted to put it off longer. So Mr. Surely had no occasion to call for rain.

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The Rival Pilots

The Uncle Sam was the largest boat of her day, and had two of the best pilots on the Mississippi river. Between these men—whom we will call Smith and Brown—there existed a bitter feeling of rivalry. The first engineer sided with Smith, the first pilot, and the second engineer with Brown.

One day when he was leaving Natchez, Brown, who was steering, ran her a short distance down stream in order to pass the town under a full head of steam. Just as he was abreast the town, the first engineer, who was working the boat, shut the steam nearly off; nor would he put it on again until they finally, and very slowly passed the town. Brown saw the finger of Smith in his maneuvers, and swore revenge. He got it.

On the next down trip, a heavy fog arose at sunset; and Smith, who at that time abandoned the boat to Brown, ordered him to run the boat till nine o'clock, and then tie her up, to have steam kept up at night, and if the fog should lift, call him.

"Tie the boat up?" said Brown. "I can run her in any reach of fog as there is to-night. I'll run her till twelve, and then tie her up, as you are afraid."

"I can run her any night and anywhere that you can," replied Smith; "and if you do run her till twelve, call me then, that's all."

Brown kept on for a time; but the fog grew heavier, and having made sure that his coadjutor was asleep, he rounded the boat to a wood yard, and tied up. His friend, the second engineer, was in duty, and according to Brown's direction, the wheel was unshipped, and the steam kept up.

At twelve, Brown went to the wheel again, and sent a waiter to call Smith, who soon made his appearance, rubbing his eyes, and anything but pleased at the prospect before him.

"Hallo!" said Brown, "are you there? I've called you according to orders. Now I think you had better tie up, and turn in again, or you will make a smash before morning."

Smith growled out that he was able to steer any boat in any fog, where anybody else could, and took the wheel. Brown went below.

The boat was fast to the bank, but neither bank nor anything else could poor Smith see.

The wheels which were uninjured, turned round with the swift current, and the splashes reached his ears; the hissing of steam in the low-pressure boilers, sounded all right to him, and so cursing his bad luck, Brown's obstinacy, and his own stupidity in accepting the bait, he turned the wheel now this way and now that, expecting every moment to feel the boat strike against something. A thousand times, during the dreary watch, did he determine to give up his desperate undertaking and so often did pride step in and overtake him; and so, finally having made up his mind to let the worst come to the worst, he gave a tubular order to the engineer to work very slow and keep on.

About sunrise, Brown, accompanied by the captain and other officers came on deck.

"Hallo, Smith!" said Brown, "is that you?"

"Yes, it is," replied Smith crossly enough. "You haven't been running all night, I reckon?"

"Don't you see I have?" answered Smith. "Don't you know where you are? If you don't, you had better get your eyes scrubbed out."

"No," said Brown, "I can't say that I do where we are?"

"Just above Natchez," was the reply.

"Well, smartly," said Brown, "you have done it this time, and I wouldn't be in your boots for a hoghead of nigger!"

"What have I done, and what do you mean," demanded Smith ferociously.

"Done? Done enough," roared Brown. "I left the boat tied up to old Jones's plantation, and you've gone and towed that down to Natchez. They'll have you up for abduction, and land piracy and nigger-stealing, and putting obstructions in the channel of the river; and the Lord have mercy on you!"

A very moist ray of the sun peeping through the mist at this moment, partially disclosed the situation of the boat and shore to the astonished Smith, and during below, he remained there until the boat did reach Natchez; and from that time, ever after, neither the Uncle Sam nor this Mississippi river knew him more.

Russian Wife Show.—The wife show is now the last lingering relic of what was once a popular national custom. Here the sons and daughters of tradesmen were wont to assemble to select their partners for life. The girls would come decked out in all the valuable ornaments the family could raise, and sometimes carrying in their hands a bunch of silver teaspoons, or playing with a large silver ladle, as if it were a fan while the young men also, appearing in the best advantage, would stroll by them, and on seeing any young lady who struck their fancy would politely inquire about her dowry. From the parents who invariably accompanied the blushing damsels. The custom so far exists at the present day, that any one matrimonially disposed, may select a wife without even the trouble of advertising to say anything of saving the time which the more conventional custom of our land deems requisite for a courtship.

Sentence of a Slave Trader.

Nathaniel Gordon, convicted in the United States Court, at New York, of piracy in carrying slaves from the coast of Africa, was sentenced on Saturday morning by Judge Shipman to be hung. In sentencing him, the Judge said:

In the verdict of the jury it is my duty to say that the Court fully concurred. The evidence of your guilt was so full and complete as to exclude from the minds of your triers all doubt.

You are soon to be confronted with the terrible consequence of your crime, and it is proper that I should call to your mind the duty of preparing for that event which will soon terminate your mortal existence, and usher you into the presence of the Supreme Judge! Let me implore you to seek the spiritual guidance of the minister of religion, and let your repentance be as thorough and humble as your crime was great.

Don't Get Discouraged.

Whoever gained anything by drawing down the corners of his mouth when a cloud came over the sun or letting his heart drop like a lead-weight into his shoes when misfortune came upon him? Why man, if the world knocks you down and jostles past you in its great race, don't sit whining under people's feet, but up your elbows, and begin again. There are some people who even to look at are worse than a dose of chamomile tea. What if you do happen to be a little puzzled on the dollar and cent question? Others besides you have stood in exactly the same spot, and struggled bravely out of it and you are neither hurt, lame nor blind that you cannot do likewise! The weather may be dark and rainy—very well; laugh between the drops and think cheerily of the blue sky and sunshine that will surely come to-morrow! Business may be dull; make the best of what you have, and look forward to something more hopeful. If you catch a fall, don't lament over your bruise, but be thankful that no bones are broken.— If you can't afford roast beef and plum pudding, eat your codfish joyfully and bless your stars for the indigestion and dyspepsia you thereby escape! But the moment you begin to look over your troubles and count up the calamities you may as well throw yourself over the wharfs and be done with it. The luckiest fellow that ever lived, might have woe enough, if he set himself seriously to work looking them up. They are like invisible specks of dust; you don't see 'em till you put on your spectacles to discover what is a great deal better let alone.

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Remember that you showed mercy to none, carrying off, as you did not only those of your sex, but woman and helpless children. Do not flatter yourself that because they belonged to a different race from yourself your guilt is therefore lessened. Rather fear that it is increased.

In the just and generous heart the humble and weak inspire compassion, and for pity and forbearance, and as you are soon to pass into the presence of that God of the black man, as well as the white man, who is no respecter of persons, do not indulge for a moment the thought that he bears with indifference the cry of the humblest of his children.

Do not imagine because others shared in the guilt of enterprising yours is therefore diminished, but remember it a awful admonition of your Bible "though land joined on hand the wicked shall not go unpunished." Turn your thoughts towards him who alone can pardon and who is not deaf to the supplications of those who seek His mercy.

It remains only to pronounce the sentence which the law affixes to your crime, which is that you be taken back to the city prison from whence you were brought, and remain there until Friday, the 7th day of February next, and then thence to the place of execution, between the hours of twelve o'clock at noon and three o'clock in the afternoon you be hung by the neck until you are dead, and may the Lord have mercy on your soul.

An Amusing Dog Law suit.

Our young readers have probably all heard of the famous lawsuit about the cracked kettle, in which the defendant's lawyer claimed: 1. That his client never had the kettle. 2. That it was cracked when he borrowed it; and 3. That it was whole when he returned it. The Ladies' Repository gives a still stranger case: A fat old gentleman was bitten in the calf of his leg by a dog. He rushed to a Justice of the Peace, and sued a man whom he supposed to be the owner of the offending cur. The defendant, who was somewhat of a by-gone, offered the following defence: 1. By testimony in favor of the general good character of my dog, I shall prove that nothing could make him so forgetful of his canine dignity as to bite a calf. 2. He is blind, and cannot see to bite. 3. Even if he could see to bite, it would be utterly impossible for him to go out of his way to do so, on account of his severe lameness. 4. Granting his eyes to be good he has no teeth. 5. My dog died six weeks ago. 6. I never had a dog.

THE OLD WOMAN.—We heard a young man who has turned his second corner in life—as he was smoking a cheap cigar on the street the other night, speaking to some noisy comrades to the effect that he did not "care anything about the old woman."

Occasionally we have heard such remarks, and without professing more than ordinary veneration for sacred things we protest in the name of manhood or boyhood against the intolerable nuisance.

Young man, it might have seemed a brave assertion to you, and the phrase might have sounded "smart" to those who heard it; but do you not know that, in point of worldly wisdom, even you are still a child, beside the sacred character you so flippantly denigrate "The old woman?"

When life is shorn of the cares and curses that rest lightly, perhaps around your pathway now you are called to half realize the tone of such a thought, you will shrink from it and sorrow over it. Don't do that again.

THE WAR AND CORNS.—How is your business now? asked a gentleman of a corn doctor who was extracting a troublesome bunion for him. "Poor, very poor; the hardest times I've seen in many a year," was the reply. "Why, surely the war does not effect your business," said the gentleman. "Yes, it does," rejoined the practitioner; "people wear their old boots and shoes now, and they don't get their corns."

In Japan, boys become men at six and receive new names. Many of their youths wear their names out of their ears, and are in deplorable new ones.

HORSE SHOEING IN WINTER.—Some blacksmiths seem to forget that horses shod in winter should have the inner side of the shoe of such configuration as to let go easily of snow balls formed within the hoof. It only requires a gradual increase in the size outward, with no dovetailing in figure, and each ball, almost as fast as formed, will readily be paried with. Why could not the horse-shoe, for city use, have a slight coating of gutta-percha on its upper side, so as to break the momentum of blows on the paving stones? This would materially ameliorate the difficulty so frequent in cities, where one fifth of the horse have their feet raised in a few years by continually treading on too solid pavement. —[Scientific American.]

When you see a young man not ashamed to carry a parcel along the streets, you can make up your mind that with half a chance he will come to something.

Of all the noble works of God, that of the human mind has ever been considered the grandest. It is, however, like all else created capable of cultivation, and just in that degree as the mind is improved and tendered, pure, is man fitted for rational enjoyment and pure happiness. That person who spends an existence without a realization of the great ends for which he was designed, without feeling a soaring of the soul above mere mercenary motives and desires, not knowing that he is but a portion, as it were of one vast machine, in which each has a part to perform, having no heart beating in common with those of his fellow men, feelings in which self is not to live. His mind is shut in by a moral darkness, and he merely exists, a blank in the world, and goes to the tomb, with scarcely a regret.

Such things we have seen, and wondered at; wondered that mortal, endowed with so many noble qualities, and capable of the highest attainments of intellectuality, should slumber through a world like ours, in which is everything beautiful lovely and sublime, to call forth his energies and excite his admiration—a world which affords subjects for exercising every living attribute with which we are gifted, and opens a scene of the richest variety to the mind and the heart, and of such a diversified character that we may never grow weary.

It, then, you would wish to live, in the true sense of the term cultivate the mind, give vent to pure affections and noble feelings, and pen not every thought and desire in self. Live for the good of your fellow men, and in seeking their happiness you will promote your own.

The Mind.

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Come It Will.

Manhood will come, and old age will come, and the dying bed will come, and the very last look you shall ever cast upon your acquaintance will come, and the agony of the parting breath will come, and the time when you are stretched a lifeless corpse before the eyes of weeping relatives will come, and the coffin that is to enclose you will come, and the hour when the company assembles to carry you to the churchyard will come, and that minute when you are put down into the grave will come, and the throwing in of the loose dirt into the narrow house where you are laid, and the spreading of the green sod over it—all, all will come on every living creature who now hears me; and in a few little years, the minister who now speaks and the people who now listen, will be carried to their long homes, and make room for another generation. Yes, the day of final reckoning will come, and the appearance of the Son of God in heaven, and His mighty angels around Him, will come, and the standing of men of all generations before the judgment-seat will come, and the solemn passing of that sentence which is to fix you for eternity will come.—Dr. Chalmers.

A Singular Incident.

The Lynchburg Republican publishes the following incident, remarkable alike for its singularity as well as for its melancholy fulfillment to the brother of one of the parties concerned:—

Just before the war broke out, and before Lincoln's proclamation was issued, a young Virginian, named Summerfield, was visiting the city of New York, where he made the acquaintance of two Misses Holmes, from Waterbury, Vermont. He became somewhat intimate with the young ladies, and the intercourse seemed to be mutually agreeable. The proclamation was issued, and the whole North thrown into a blaze of excitement. On visiting the ladies one evening at the hour of parting they remarked to Summerfield that their present meeting would be the last; they must hurry home to aid in making up the overcoats and clothing for the volunteers from their town. Summerfield expressed his regret that they must leave, but at the same time especially requesting them to see that the overcoats were well made, as it was his intention, if he ever met the Vermont regiment in battle to kill one of them and take his coat.

Now for the sequel. Virginia seceded. The Second Vermont Regiment, a portion of which was from the town of Waterbury was sent to Virginia. The battle of Manassas was fought, in which they were engaged, and so was Summerfield. During the battle S. marked his man, not knowing to what state he belonged, the fatal ball was sped on its errand of death, the victim fell at the flash of the gun, and upon rushing up to secure the dead man's arms, Summerfield observed that he had a fine new overcoat strapped to his back, which he determined to appropriate to his own use. The fight was over, and Summerfield had time to examine his prize, which was remarkable as it may appear, the coat was marked with the name of Thos. Holmes, and in the pockets were and letters, signed with the name of the sisters, whom Summerfield had made it a mark we have quoted, in which the name of a man was addressed as brother. Evidence was conclusive—he had killed the brother of his friend, and the remark which he had made in jest had a melancholy fulfilment. We are assured this narrative is literally true. Summerfield now wears the coat, and our informant states, is not a little impressed with the singularity of the coincidence.

At an evening party in Huntingdon, Indiana, a few nights since, two young gentlemen who had been enthusiastic wide-awakes last fall, but who refused to join a company of volunteers for the war, were seized by the young ladies arrayed in petticoats, and turned into the street. A fearful warning.

Little Sally was teaching her younger brother the Lord's prayer. They went very smoothly until she arrived at "Give us this day our daily bread." "No, no, easy, no way, cake!" and he refused to proceed until the desired amendment was made.

An affecting sight.—To see a young man swappin kisses with a pretty girl.

The blush is true modesty—like the soul of a rose in the heart of a lily.

Legends of Killarney.

One of the legends of the lake is told thus: "Once every seven years, on a fine morning before the first rays of the sun have begun to disperse the mists from the bosom of the lake, the O'Donoghue comes riding over it on a beautiful snow white horse, intent upon household affairs, faries hovering before him and strewing his path with flowers. As he approaches his ancient residence everything returns to its former state of magnificence—his castle, library, his prison and his pigeon house are reproduced as in the olden time. Those who have courage to follow him over the lake, may cross the deepest parts dryfooted, and ride with him into the opposite mountains, where his treasures lie concealed, and the daring visitor will receive a liberal gift in return for his company, but before the sun had risen, O'Donoghue recrosses the water and vanishes amidst the ruins of his castle."

Another relates how a young and beautiful girl named Melcha, when wandering along the banks of the beautiful lake, at the last rays of the setting sun had gilded the horizon, saw by the pale light of the silvery moon, which had just risen a plover phantom rise out of the lake. Gazing on the phantom, she distinctly saw the full form of a chieftain on a white charger, gliding slowly towards her. He had a chivalrous look and in his hand a wand, surmounted with a golden shrook. They had an interview. She loved. He promised a happy life under the green waves. She agreed to be his on the next May morn. May morn arrived, and Melcha was ready in her bridal dress, she stood on a high rock on the borders of the lake, just as the sun began to gild the surrounding mountains; soon she heard rapturous music the air was perfumed with delicious odors, and she beheld a train of beautiful damsels arise from the waters all clothed in white, scattering spring children with fragrant flowers and behind, O'Donoghue on his white horse which was led by Naiads. As the train moved on, boys and damsels came up and followed, till the whole were opposite Melcha. He wore a glittering helmet white armor, and the crimson scarf Melcha had given him when they parted. She knew not what to do, or how to join her lover, but directly she stepped back a few paces, and running, made a big jump off the rock; O'Donoghue rushed forward and caught her in his arms, before she reached the water; the entire train gathered around the Chief and his bride, and all sank beneath the waves, nor has the lovely Melcha been seen from that day to this.

The best place to find consolation.—In the dictionary.

Poor way to make a name.—By your wits especially when you are none.

The following notice was found posted on the bulletin board at a hotel: "A white spot behind the eyes. He was a she on I will give three dollars to erribuddi will bring hym hom."

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