THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

W. H. JACOBY, Proprietor.] Truth and Right——God and our Country. [Two Dollas per Annum.

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Original Poetry.

For the Star of the North.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

Alvaretta sleeps, she sleeps the sleep of the dead,
Not far from the home of her birth;
That sweet perfumed flower lies low,
That has crumbled to its mother earth.

No purer or fairer e'er sprung into life,
Than this pale wilted blossom we mourn;
But we know for the best she was taken away,
And in Heaven they have welcomed an Angels return.

They have laid her gently in earth, for her spirit was meek,
That dwelt in her now pulseless breast,
And pure as the pale lily of her cheek,
As calm and as soft as her rest.

Look, dear Mother, through you beautiful grove,
Where slumbers Allie, the child of thy love;
And Sisters, dear sisters, her love unto thee
Gleams down from her bright home above.

Then cloud not with grief, her thus early sought bliss,
Nor saddened her spirit so bright
The rod has fallen heavy, so be more earnest the kiss,
For what he has done and doeth is right.

Could kindness have kept the life of thy child,
You would have chained her still fondly to earth.
For sad is the home where her light footsteps have been,
And darkened her bosom with woe.

Though called in the land of her birth,
To end her short earthly pilgrimage here
The best of her kindred and friends,
Attested their love with a tear.

Then Parents let thy fair child peacefully slumber,
'Neath the flowers of the soft Northern sod,
Her body is dead, but her soul has gone forth,
Like a newly plumed dove to its God.

Jerseytown, Pa.

A PERILOUS RIDE.

The noble beast that forms the subject of my story had been a bay of the richest color, with a lone spot of white hair on the forehead. His tail had been allowed to flow, uncurtailed by the mutilating knife, naturally and gracefully as those of the wild mustangs of the prarie. The ample chest, small ancle, and proud neck and the wide-apart prominent eyes, and open nostrils denoted gentle blood, but, at the time I saw him, old age had whitened his beautiful bay coat, long tufts of hair were growing behind each foot, his eyes were rheumy, and the few long teeth he possessed were loose. I had noticed the care and attention bestowed on him by every member of that family. Not a day passed that his face and neck were not caressed by soft feminine hands, and if I had been surprised at that, how much more so was I when Mrs. Morrison, who like myself, was staying there through the summer, would frequently throw both arms around his neck, and while his soft nose rested against his shoulder, would call him pet names, and not unfrequently her beautiful eyes would fill with tears while thus employed. "Don John" received all these caresses as if he had been accustomed to them, frequently following one and another, of the inmates like a huge house-dog.

My curiosity at length became so great that I resolved to become acquainted with the reason why he was thus honored with the respect and attachment of the household. Not many days elapsed before I became acquainted with the reasons, and I assure you, gentle reader, I considered them sufficient to excuse any amount of affection which it might please the superior brute to bestow on his fellow, the dumb one. He had belonged to Dr. Mosely, of Whitesboro for many years a practising physician in that place.

The Dr. had been called to Utica, on business connected with his profession, and had been absent three days. During that time one of those drenching warm, breaking up rains had set in. Mountains of ice were rushing down the Mohawk, sweeping everything before them, overflowing the banks, carrying away bridges and dwellings, and alarming many of the inhabitants as well it might—for one must see a freshet to understand its terrible importance. One must hear the crash and roar, behold the mad waters rushing headlong and wild, eager for destruction, behold the floating wrecks of many a dwelling, often bearing a thing of life, and sometimes a human life, as was witnessed not long since on the Lehigh and the Schuylkill.

The night was inky black, and Don John picked out the way faithfully and steadily, never stumbling, but with the bridle hanging slack across his neck, and his nose close to the earth, his master had little fear for the consequences. They were approaching Oriskany, where a bridge spanned the Mohawk, and Don John whined pitifully once or twice, till a sharp word from his master warned him not to show the white feather. On the other side he could just distinguish, through the dense darkness, moving and glimmering lights and once he fancied he heard a shout, but he little heeded aught save getting housed as soon as possible, and sleeping off the fatigues consequent to his profession.

"Now stop, Don, step sure, old Oriskany bridge to my own hand and your knowledge has lost many a plank," said the Dr. patting his beast's neck, and pushing the wet tangled front-lock from his eyes.

They were now ascending the little eminence leading to the entrance, when the horse stopped, "Go on sir!" said the Dr "you are nearly home." Still no attempt at going on, and beneath them the angry waters roared and bellowed like maddened devils baulked of their prey. 'Do you hear me, sir!' with a smart buffet on the neck, and a gathering up of the loosened bridle into the firm determined hand, and the animal started—slowly, steadily, surely, firmly—though the broad back slightly shivered from time to time, and the gait was so measured and methodical, that at any other time he would have observed it. As it was he only let him have his own way, though he might have smoothed his neck, for he had a kindly heart, and his poor beast had labored hard through dreadful weather and was sadly in need of food and shelter.

Towards the end of the bridge the steps became slower, and once stumbled in the hind foot. A grasp at the bridle and a cheery 'Easy John—easy sir!" and again the cautious hoofs resounded on the hard road — They were across, for the animal neighed, and tossed his head till the Dr. shook in his saddle. "One more mile to go, poor fellow, but first I and you want some refreshments." So riding up to a small tavern door where a genial light was shining from the windows, he called loudly for the landlord. A dozen or more of the inmates came rushing to the door with lanterns which they carried aloft, and a "Good God, Doctor, where did you come from?" broke from their lips simultaneously.

"Come from? Why from over the Mohawk. What is the matter? Has the freshet carried away any of your senses? Here boy," and dismounting he threw the rein to a gaping fellow, "give John something nice and dry him off. Keep him well wrapped up while he eats, and, landlord I want a tumbler of red hot Jamaica, quick!"

"Doctor said the group, have you crossed the Mohawk to night? and if so how?"

"Why, on the bridge, are you all drunk?" said the exasperated physician.

'Doctor," said the old gray-headed landlord, "that bridge went down the Mohawk this afternoon! Come with me and I will show you! If you crossed, God only knows how you did it.

A shiver went to the Doctor's heart—lantern in hand, he followed the foot steps of the men to the margin of the swollen and turdid river. Where was the bridge?

"Almighty God!" said the horror struck Doctor, "where is my gratitude! my noble beast came over here this night, backed by me, on this solitary string piece, and I with this right hand gave him a blow as he faltered," and the Dr. sank upon his knees in the soft wet snow, and wept like a child—they moved from his presence respectfully, and left him to himself.

When after some little time, he made his appearance, his eyes were fireted by the sight of his horse, surrounded by the entire household, each contributing to render him some assistance A quart of warm ale was given by one, another rubbed his neck and chest with spirits, a third dried his glossy hide with warm flannel and others patted his neck or caressed his nose and face. The Doctor came and took the head of his beast against his breast, and great warm tears rushed up from his heart, as the long graceful tongue lapped his master's face. "O John, my boy, and I gave you a blow?"—and the words ended in a low wailing groan. Men uncovered their heads and turned their faces from him, and at length led him inside, where he spent the night. The morning revealed unto him the dreadful danger he had escaped from the sagacity of the beast, and again did he did he grieve for the blow he had dealt him, when so nobly, he was putting forth more than human power.

Don John never did a days work after that. Sometimes his master rode him forth on a pleasure tour, or drove him before a light vehicle, a few miles, with some member of his family, but his professional labors were over. Nothing could exceed the care and attention that were ever given him afterward. He fed from a manger made of mahogany his room was more like a parlor than a stable, and company to the Doctor's always visited Don John before they left.

Thus they lived many years, the Doctor and his horse growing old together.

Don John survived his master some years and when the good man's will was opened, there was found a clause appended, which related to Don John, to this effect: that he should be given to his youngest daughter Mrs Morrison, while she lived, to be cared for as he had always done, and that he should at his death be buried with his shoes on, wrapped in his own rich blanket and inclosed in a befitting box, in the corner of his own burying ground. His wishes were religiously respected, and two years after I learned his history, Don John's bones were buried in a corner of the old burying ground at Whitesboro.

A loving mother makes a happy home.

The Horror of Debt.

Shake hands brave young friend, we are agreed. You consent to have a horror of debt. You will abstain, you will pinch you will work harder, and harder, and harder if needful. You will not slink through the crowd as a debtor.

Now comes the next danger. You will not incur debt for yourself, but you have a friend. Pythias, your friend, your familiar—the man you like best and see most of—says to you, "Damon be my security—your name to this bill!" Heaven forbid that I should cry out to Damon, "Pythias means to cheat thee—beware." But I address to Damon this observation, "Pythias asks thee to guarantee that three, six, or twelve months hence he will pay to another man—say to Dionysius—so many pounds sterling." Here your first duty as an honest man is not to Pythias, but to Dionysius. Suppose some accident happens—one of those accidents which however impossible it may seem to your Pythias, constantly happen to the Pythiases of other Damons who draw bills on the bank of Futurity, suppose that the smut or rain spoil the crop on which Pythias relies—or the cargoes he expects from Marseilles, California, Utopia, go down to the bottomless seas;—Dionsius must come upon you! Can you pay to Dionysius what you pledge yourself to pay in spite of those accidents? He thinks those accidents not only possible, but probable, or he would not require your surety, nor charge 20 per cent for his loan, and therefore, since he clearly doubts Pythias, his real trust is in you. Do you merit the trust? Can you pay the money if Pythias cannot?—and, allowing that you can pay the money are your obligations in life such as to warrant that sacrifice to Friendship? If you cannot pay or if you owe it to others more sacred than Pythias himself—owe it to your parents, your plighted bride, or wedded wife, or the children to whom what before their birth, was your fortune, has become the trust money for their provision—not to hazard for Pythias that for which, if lost, not you alone but others suffer,—then do not common duty and common honesty forbid you to say, "I am surety to Pythias for that which it belongs not to Pythias but to chance to fulfill?" I am the last man to say, "Do not keep your friend," if you honorably can. If we have money, we manage it ill when we cannot help a friend at a pinch. But the plain fact is this, Pythias wants money. Can you give it, at whatever stint to yourself, in justice to others? If you can and value Pythias more than the money, give the money and there is an end to it, but if you cannot give the money, don't sign the bill. Do not become what in rude truth you do become—a knave and a liar—if you guarantee to do what you know you cannot do should the guarantee be exacted. He is generous who gives, he who lends may be generous also, but only on one condition—viz: that he can afford to lend, of the two, therefore, it is safer, friendlier, cheaper in the long run, to give than to lend. Give, and you may keep your friend if you lose your money, lend and the chances are that you lose your friend if you ever get back your money.

With honor, poverty is noble, without honor, wealth is a pauper. Is it not so?—Every young man not corrupted says 'Yes.' It is only some wretched old cynic, not a drop of warm blood in his veins, who says, "Life is a boon without honor."

But if a Jew knock at your door, and show you a bill with your name as a promise to pay, and the bill be dishonored, pray what becomes of your name?

"My name!" falters Damon, "I am but a surety—go to Pythias."

"Pythias has bolted!"

Pay the bill, Damon, or good bye to your honor.

Having settled these essential preliminaries—1st, Never to borrow where there is a chance however remote, that you may not be able to repay, 2d, Never lend when you are not prepared to give, 3d, Never guarantee for another what you cannot fulfill if the other should fail,—you start in life with this great advantage—whatever you have, be it little or much, is your own.—Rich or poor, you start as a freeman, resolved to preserve in your freedom, the noblest condition of your being as a man.

On the first rule of art of the managing money, all preceptors must be agreed. It is told in three words—"Horror of debt."

Nurse, cherish, never cast away the horror of DEBT. Personal liberty is the paramount essential to human dignity and human happiness. Man hazards the condition and loses the virtues of a freeman, in proportion as he accustoms his thoughts to view, without anguish and shame, his lapse into the bondage of debtor. Debt is to men what the serpent is to the bird—its eye fascinates, its breath poisons, its coil crushes sinew and bone, its jaw is the pitiless grave. If you mock my illustration, if you sneer at the truth it embodies, give yourself no further trouble to learn how to manage your money.

CAPITAL REPORT.—The Toledo Commercial gives the following good report; The other day as a number of rebel prisoners were being shipped for Sandusky, for the traitors' home on Johnson's Island, a little German made himself quite prominent with his noisy remarks about secesh. One of them a brawny six footer turned savagely upon him and said, "We eat Dutchmen down South." "Vy den you no eat Sigel?" was the instant report. Secesh had no reply to give, but passed sadly on."

Hon. Edgar Cowan.

In the course of Gen. DAWSON'S remarks before the recent Democratic Convention in Westmoreland county, of this State, he paid the following eloquent and just compliment to Hon. Edgar Cowan, one of Pennsylvania's Senators in Congress,—the Senator whom the Forney-McClure Abolition "Union" State Convention at Harrisburg, and the Hickman-Capron Abolition 'Union' meeting of this county, repudiated:

"*My Fellow-Citizens of Westmoreland*, I have thus given you, in brief, a history of this Abolition segment of the Republican organization, where fanatical schemes, thus far carried out, have done much to involve this country in an almost hopeless accumulation of troubles. It is a part of the policy of this sectional party to asperse, and seek to cover with obloquy, whomsoever they may find independent enough to act out the integrity of a lofty character, by opposing, in any degree, the madness which seems their only principle of action. This they have sought to do in the person of your distinguished fellow citizen and neighbor, the Hon. Edgar Cowan. In the seat which he occupies in the U. S. Senate, that eminate general honors alike his immediate constituency and the State which he represents.

This is a declaration demanded by his whole history, and particularly by his bold and patriotic course in the Senate. Who of you does not know that Edgar Cowan was but a poor boy, and that, by the force of intellect and industry, he has attained success and distinction. He has thus illustrated in his career, the influence of free institutions, upon the native powers and energies of the mind. It is natural, as well as just, that he should defend against infringement, a Constitution to which he owes so much.

His speech against the Confiscation Act was the effort of the lawyer and statesmen. His manly defense of Jesse D. Bright against the most disgraceful persecution, was worthy of Cato in his best days in the Roman Senate. His resistance of the crazy project of Charles Sumner to treat, by legislative enactment, the States in rebellion as escheated or forfeited territory, is the more to be commended for his declaration, in that connection, "that the only way the Union should be restored was that every part should enjoy its rights." His opposition to the scheme of substituting paper money, in the shape of legal tender, for gold and silver, was based upon constitutional law, and, in the progress of time all must agree, was as full of warning as it was of wisdom.

In the general scramble for plunder which has appalled the nation, and covered all over with blotches some in Congress as well as in the Cabinet, Mr. Cowan, with his robes unsullied, walks abroad in the light of the sun, and like Cæsar's wife is above suspicion.

History is full of examples of great men, who, in the boiling cauldron of revolution, and in the excitement of terrific passion have suffered condemnation for having dared to do right. In defense of a great cause talents, integrity and courage have ever to contend with ignorance, envy, prejudice passion and tyranny. These are the obstacles everywhere to be encountered in the battle of life; in the struggle of a nation to retain as well as to acquire, the principles of free government; and in the purpose of Providence, seem to be the destiny of mankind. Mr. Cowan, then, in his ably and manly effort in defense of the Constitution, as it came from the pens of Madison, Franklin, Hamilton, and other compeers, and as it received the approval of Washington, could scarcely expect to escape the censure or notice of a faction, by whom this matchless instrument has been pronounced "a covenant with death and an agreement with hell," and in whose regard nothing seems to be sacred or venerable. Cicero, at the imminent peril of his life, opposed all the powers of evil in Rome, in suppressing the conspiracy of Catiline. He did it to save his country and succeeded; but it sent him into exile as soon as Cæsar and Clodius succeeded to the Consulate. Edmund Burke and the elder Pitt, in their immortal speeches in the British Parliament, defied the Crown, in doing justice to the American Colonies. The great French lawyer and unblemished patriot, Malesherbes, at every personal hazard, defended with unavailing eloquence the unfortunate Louis the XVI., against the clamors of a bloody-thirsty mob for such had the National Convention now become. He failed, but his devotion brought him to the scaffold.

Daniel Webster, in 1850, in defiance of the heresies of Massachusetts, stood out upon the ramparts of the Constitution, and defended, with the zeal of a patriot, the noble charter of our institutions and the Union of the States. In which of these instances does not the clear dispassionate voice of history, rise in ringing tones of approbation of the moral heroes who stood by the cause of JUSTICE, and of TRUTH! If Mr. Cowan, therefore, has incurred odium in resisting the mad torrent of faction, in his noble efforts to suppress this mad rebellion under the broad Ægis of the Constitution, that will hereafter constitute his best title to the gratitude of his country."

"George," said a young lady to her lover, "there is nothing interesting in the paper to-day, is there?"

"No, love, but I hope there will be one day when we shall both be interested."

The young lady blushed, and of course she said, "for shame, George."

DRINKING SONG.

From the rosy lidded past,
Sweet we'll draw the cover;
Drink—the streams are flowing fast—
Drink to friend and lover.
Shining draughts to friends of youth,
Whereso'er they wander;
Every heart whose proven truth
Made our own grow fonder.

Here's a health to lips and eyes
Drink the dream that's over,
Kisses mingle with our sighs—
Health to every rover.
With the hand upon the heart,
Drink to loves that sever,
Times a fib to those who part
Pledged to love forever.

From the rosy lidded past,
Sweet we'll draw the cover,
Drink—the streams are flowing fast—
Drink to friend and lover.
Life is but a rosy draught,
Drink—the stream is glowing,
Drink—a thousand joys are quaffed
While the tide is flowing.

Democracy.

The desertion of the Southern Democracy from the Northern wing of their party, the only national progressive party this country has ever known, has engendered a feeling of bitterness and indignant resentment among Northern Democrats, which the present generation, at least, is little likely to forget or forgive. What pretext plausible enough existed to bring about a disruption so great, so mournful as this has proven itself to be? Future generations will impute it to personal preferences and local prejudices, than which no weaker, more imbecile pretext could, or ever will be assigned by the thinking men of posterity.

What pain and misery has not the uncalled-for desertion of the Southern Democracy brought upon the loyal Democrats of the North, who are now made the recipients of abuse most foul, of lies most venial. A Democrat is now a synonym for criminal; a criminal great enough to furnish a reason sufficiently strong to open prison doors for his entrance and to fix bolts and bars to prevent his egress.

Heretofore it has been the Democracy of the North in whom the Southern Democrats found their natural allies against the increasing attacks upon their rights and interest by the wild fanaticism of the hybrid party known under tho name of Republican Abolitionists. They were placed in that relation to them by that instinctive jealousy of power which has caused them to lean towards the cardinal principle of political doctrine which has governed the South for many years past, the great conservative idea of State rights.

On the common ground of this doctrine, the Northern Democrat has been able to stand fraternally, side by side, with his Southern brother in many a hard political fight, when, by his assistance alone, the united party gained decided victories.—They have been true to this doctrine and to the South (in times past) on many an occasion when the public men of the party could maintain that position only at a degree of difficulty and danger, which the South little knew or cared for. They have had to struggle against strong tides of popular tendencies at home; not wholly free, we confess, from some natural sympathies of their own adverse, to the course which a magnanimous political duty has led them to pursue. But the South has proved false to them and the common principles professed and believed by both wings of the Democratic party; and now the Northern Democrat abjures them and their caprices and treacherous political alliance, and leaves them to suit themselves, as best they may against the combined attack of all parties in the North, now a thousand fold more embittered than ever before. The great free North and the great free West will hereafter take the reins of government in their own hands; a steadier and more united influence will exist here, unbiased by sectional interests or local prejudices, than among the sons of Southern chivalry.

The position and the influence of the Southern Democrats in the restored Union will be anomalous; they will find it vastly changed, and the prophetic reasons throng upon our mind lowering and portentous, as if born of tophet, that sad experience will teach them long to rue the day in 'sackcloth and ashes" when their own fickle and criminal faithlessness converted their best friends into their most bitter enemies.

We believe that the Democratic party will rise triumphant over the wicked desertion of one-third of its strength, and also over the boasting and vindictive hybrid party at present in power.

When that day dawns upon the world, a country will be restored, a nation re-established which will cover with eternal shame all fanatical Abolitionists and renegade Southern Democrats.

A COSTLY BLUNDER.—A saloon keeper in Cleveland, in the scarcely of change, conceived the idea of issuing tickets "good for one drink" to regular customers, when he couldn't change their money. In printing the tickets, the printer made a mistake, as the saloon keeper discovered to his cost after distributing a large amount of them—The ticket read "good for one *drunk*." A number of two-fisted drinkers, who got hold of some of the tickets, have been indulged in a series of drunks ever since, greatly to the pecuniary loss of the "salooner."

A schoolmaster in Ireland advertises that he will keep Sunday school twice a week, Tuesdays and Saturdays.

A Bride in the Wrong Bed.

The Cincinnati Enquirer is responsible for the following:

A newly married pair put up at the Spencer House—they went out shopping—returned—bride had left some things—she quietly slipped out—found her lost articles—returned—mistook Main for Broadway—got into the Madison instead of the Spencer—it looked a little strange—asked boy if she was in the Spencer—boy said yes, not fully understanding her—she told him to lead her to 48—she partly disrobed and got into bed—expected her husband momentarily—fell asleep—the occupant of 48 Madison, an Indiana merchant, returned from the theatre—a little tight—quietly went to room—to bed—to sleep. The account proceeds:

How long the two reposed there side by side, with only a foot of space between them all unconscious of each other's presence, is not exactly known, but probably about an hour, when a tremendous noise was heard in the apartment, from which female screams issued wildly, piercingly, and ceaselessly.

The hotel was in an uproar; proprietors, clerks, waiters, porters, guests, dressed and half-dressed, were at the door of "forty-eight" in a few minutes, blocking up the entrance, and asking each other eagerly, "What is the matter?" "For God's sake tell us what is the trouble!"

The cause of this outcry may be imagined. The bride had awakened about midnight, and putting her hand over her husband, it fell upon the Indianian's face, and the soft warm touch aroused him at once. He did not understand it exactly, though he did not dislike it, and in a moment more Mrs. R. said, "My dearest husband where have you been all this while?"

"Husband," echoed the merchant, beginning to see, like Lord Tinsel, that he had "made a small mistake here;" "I'm nobody's husband, I reckon, my dear madam, you are in the wrong bed."

In the wrong bed—horror of horrors, thought the bride. What would her liege lord say—what would the curious world say? And Mrs. R. screamed terribly and sprang from the couch just as her companion did the same. He was fully as much alarmed as she, and entreated her to give him time and he would leave the apartment, although it was the one he had engaged—he'd make oath to that.

Scream, scream, scream, was the only reply to his kindly proposition.

"My God madam don't yell so!! You'll waken the house. Be reasonable; I swear it's only a mistake. Have some thought of the consequence. I don't want to hurt you, I swear I don't. You'll get me shot and yourself—

Just at this juncture, the throng outside presented itself at the door, and beheld Mrs. R. cowering in one corner exercising her lungs magnificently, with a sheet wrapped over her form and head, and the Indianian in the middle of the room enveloped in a coverlet, and ejaculating "My God, madam don't!"

The junior proprietor, Dr. Cahill saw there must be some mistake, and requesting the others to retire, took the merchant into another room and there learned the whole story. The Dr. then sent one of the ladies of the hotel to Mrs. R., and the affair was explained greatly to her relief, though she was overwhelmed with confusion at a circumstance that might have ruined her reputation forever.

Under the escort of the Dr. she was conveyed to the Spencer where the husband was found pacing the corriders, with frantic mien, and half crazed with grief at the mysterious disappearance of his wife whom he believed had been spirited away by a villain, or murdered for her jewels, in this infernal city, where as he expressed himself, they would kill a man for a dollar any time.

As soon as he beheld his spouse, he caught her to his bosom and wept like a child. He was melted with happiness at her discovery, and told her that he had scoured the city for intelligence of her whereabouts in vain.

A Terrific Encounter with a Boa Constrictor

One of the most thrilling incidents which has ever come to our knowledge, occurred a few days since in a "side show" with Van Amburg & Co's Managerie, where two enormous snakes—an anaconda and a boa constrictor—are one exhibition. Both of the huge reptiles are kept in one case with a glass top opening at the side, and the keeper was in the act of feeding them when the event occurred. The longer of the snakes the boa constrictor, which is some thirty feet long and as large around the middle as a man's thigh, had just swallowed two rabbits when the keeper introduced his arm and body into the cage for the purpose of reaching a third to the anaconda, at the opposite corner.

While in this position the boa, not satisfied with his share of the rations, made a spring, probably with the intention of securing the remaining rabbit, but, instead fastened his jaws upon the keeper's hand and, with the rapidity of lightning, threw three coils around him, thus rendering him entirely helpless. His shouts of distress at once brought several men to his assistance, and among them, fortunately, was a well-known showman named Townsend, a man of great muscular power, and what was of much more importance, one who had been familiar with the habits of these repulsive monsters all his life, having owned some of the largest ones ever brought to this country.

The situation of the keeper was now perilous in the extreme. The first thing to be done was to uncoil the snake from around him, but if in attempting this the reptile should become in the least degree angered, he would, in a second, contract his powers sufficient to crush the life out of an ox. A single quick convulsion of the creature and the keeper's soul would be in eternity!—This Townsend fully understood; so without attempting to disturb the boa's hold upon the keeper's hand, he managed by powerful yet extremely cabtious movements to uncoil the snake without exciting him, after which by the united exertions of two strong men the jaws were pried open and the man released in a complete exansted condition. The bite of the boa constrictor is not poisonous, and although the bitten hand was immensely swollen the next day, no serious results were apprehended. A more narrow escape from a most horrible death it would be difficult to imagine.—*Columbus (Ohio) Statesman.*

Romance in Real Life.

About twelve years ago Edward Forester, a country lad born in Jefferson county N. Y., decided like a great many other boys to go to sea. His friends opposed the idea, but of course, the love of ocean life was too strong to be resisted, and young Forester joined those who "go down to the sea in ships." He was successful, and soon became the mate of a whaling ship, though then scarcely beyond his majority.

In Honolulu, Forester made the acquaintance of a merchant of Hakodadi, and went with him to Japan. Here he remained two or three years engaged in commercial pursuits. Thence went to China, where he was taken into the Imperial services. He became popular, both with the foreigners and native authorities of Shanghai, and was finally made second in command to General Ward, in place of Col. Murgiven, who was severely wounded in some recent engagement.

In this capacity the quondam sailor continued to be much liked, and now enjoys the confidance of all the Mandarins in the province, and is admitted to their confidence, as well as the highest and most exclusive Chinese society. At one time Forester led a band of two hundred men against the rebels, only nine of them returning, the rest having been killed. He has now 20,000 troops under his command.

For his services he has been made a Mandarin of the Blue Button, and his name stands high in Pekin. His rank obliges him to keep at least twelve servants. The latest letters received from him (to May 1st) state that he is in command of the city of Soungkaing, sleeps with the key under his pillow, while not one of the 200,000 inhabitants of the place—not even the highest Mandarin— can enter or leave without his permission, and at a word from him, any individual out of that 200,000, may lose his head.

Why We Must Adhere to the Constitution.

Whenever a Democrat talks about the importance of adhereing to the Constitution, and administering the Government according to its provisions and requirements immediately some Abolition-Republican brawler starts up and asks, "What have we to do with the Constitution in such times as these? The rebels have violated it, and why should we be held to it? This he takes for granted is a stumper—unanswerable.

Are the rebels, then, alone interested in our maintenance of the Constitution? Are not the people of the North interested also? If that instrument is ignored—if its provisions, obligations and limitations are disregarded, where is the protection for the people of the North? The arresting of one individual in violation of the Constitution, and without authority of law, may be esteemed by others a small matter; but the same power that arrests one, may arrest another, or a thousand. The suppression of one public journal by arbitrary power may work no serious injury to the nation; but the suppression of one, forms a precedent for the suppression of another, and so on until the freedom of the press is utterly destroyed. The controlling of an election in one single township by an armed force might be regarded as of no great consequence in itself, yet it is a death-blow at the liberties of the people. It is the freemen of the North, the loyal people of the loyal States, whose interests are involved in the maintenance of the Constitution inviolate and intact; and in guarding and protecting their own constitutional rights and privileges, they guard and protect the constitutional rights and privileges of all their fellow citizens.

Punch says poverty must be a woman—it is so fond of pinching a person.

The individual who stood on his own responsibility, is to be indicted for infanticide.

WEDDING FEES.—The religious papers occasionally get off a spicy item. The Rev. editor of one of these papers, in a recent issue, says: "In our experience, we have married people for 37½ cents; we have married for a counterfeit bill!" Dr. Bestian, in copying this item adds: 'We may soften our German friend's grievances by quoting the case of the minister who received as a wedding fee a salt codfish, which, when he had taken it home for his table, was chiefly eaten by the bride and groom, who called upon him at dinner."