

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

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Truth and Right—God and our Country.

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STAR OF THE NORTH

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Choice Poetry.

THE BASTILLE DEMOCRAT.

BY R. O. FUGERSON.

They bore him to a gloomy cell,
And bared him from the light,
Because his boldly dared to tell
The people what was right,
He dared his single voice to raise
Against oppression's power,
To show by truth's unerring rays,
The dangers of the hour.

They called him by a traitor's name,
And with a fensish hate,
Heaped on his head a load of shame,
Such as on felons wait. [earth,
They dragged him from his peaceful
Upon an enemy's word,
Although the vilest man on earth,
Should by the law be heard.

They shut him up, they could not chain
His free and fearless soul,
The sacred chamber of his brain,
Was free from their control.
They could not bind the eagle thought
That from his mind took flight,
Efface the lesson he had taught,
Nor bear the truth from light.

For tho' within a dungeon damp
They shut him from the day,
They could not quench th' airy lamp
That burns with fearless ray.
But hark! upon the sea of life,
What sound comes from afar!
It is the harbinger of strife,
Of red, unengaged war.

It is the people's voice that break,
Like wild waves on the ear;
It is the people's tramp that shakes
The earth both far and near,
Lift up thy head, O martyr brave,
Thy chains will broken be,
The people come thy friend to save,
Look up, thou wilt be free!

Mr. Buckalew's Letter

To the Meeting at Hughesville, Eastern Lycoming, August 22d, 1863.

GENTLEMEN OF LYCOMING:—You are to be commended for assembling yourselves as men opposed to the Administrations at Harrisburg and Washington, and I am glad to contribute to your proceedings the expression of some few earnest words.

An issue between Power and Liberty is distinctly presented us by the policy of our rulers; and if we stand indifferent to it, or acquiesce in its decision according to the pleasure of those who aspire to be our masters, what shame will be ours! What loss and injury! what degradation and eternal disgrace!

By liberty I do not mean license, but that regulated freedom established by our ancestors which we have enjoyed hitherto without question, and the example of which we have held forth proudly before other nations as the reproof of their systems and the glory of our own.

By power I do not mean legitimate authority, but authority usurped and lawless, pursuing its own ends over a broken Constitution and through the baleful flames of civil war.

Between these—between power and liberty—can you hesitate in your choice? Will you hold up a balance and weigh, doubtfully, the arguments which sustain liberty against those which oppose it?

Necessity—Safety—are these the magical words by which despotism is to be changed in character and made fit for our adoption? Shall the plea of tyrants be accepted as our standard of public rule? Shall we concede force, and justice, and wisdom, to one of the most impudent, false and injurious doctrines ever intruded into the discussion of public affairs?

But there is a necessity (quite different from that asserted on behalf of power) which we must now admit as most evident and urgent—a necessity that we rid ourselves of those who plead necessity as the justification of their misdeeds. Those who cannot govern lawfully and justly are not to govern at all, but to give place to others. For it is monstrous to say that the incapable and vicious shall lord it over their fellows. The rulers who say they cannot govern by law and according to right, stand self-condemned. Judged out of their own mouths, they are unfit for rule and should be voted out of power.

Gentlemen; the greatest son of New England spent most of his life and won his great fame in this Commonwealth. We are proud that he became a Pennsylvanian and took rank in our history with the founder of this State—with the illustrious man who established it "in deeds of peace." Let us try the logic of tyranny by the judgment of that great man. Let us invite the apologia of arbitrary power

and advocates of "strong government," who fill our ears with impassioned discourse upon public safety, and national life, and necessity, to go with us to our great commercial metropolis and there stand with us beside the modest slab which marks the resting-place of Benjamin and Deborah Franklin. Oh! how mean, and pitiful, and low, and utterly false and detestable will there sound all these apologies for wrong—all these pretenses for stealing away or taking away from the people, the rights and liberties achieved for them by the great men of former times! We will hear the voice of Franklin sounding in our ears those memorable words of wisdom and warning which should be written up or hung up in great letters wherever the people meet for consultation in times of public danger;—"THOSE WHO WOULD GIVE UP ESSENTIAL LIBERTY TO PURCHASE A LITTLE TEMPORARY SAFETY, DESERVE NEITHER LIBERTY NOR SAFETY!"

Gentlemen; Your political opponents think that patriotism should be called loyalty, and made to consist in unconditional, unquestioning devotion to an administration of the government. I believe you will agree with me that this great virtue requires no new name borrowed from the literature of monarchy; that it is shown in devotion to the Constitutions and laws of the United States and of the several States, and that the true patriot regards public officials with a respect precisely proportioned to their observance of law, justice and right, and to their skill, wisdom and honesty in the performance of their public duties.

Judge your public men fairly but freely. Let no man put a padlock upon your lips, nor impose upon you any of the false and pernicious sophisms of arbitrary power. An important election approaches in this Commonwealth, and another important one succeeds it next year. At these, you are required to judge those who have ruled or misruled you since 1860, and to determine, as far as your votes will go, the policy of the future. You need no labored exhortation from me to inspire you with zeal, courage, determination and fidelity in the discharge of your electoral duties. Behold! the evils which afflict the nation and the dangers which threaten it! These exhort you, beyond art of mine, to right action, and justify that opinion which we hold in common, that upon Democratic success in the elections just mentioned, depend the existence of free, liberal and just government in this country; a restoration of Union founded in consent; the avoidance of future wars, and the preservation and growth of that material prosperity which results from good government when vouchsafed to an united, industrious and virtuous people.

I am, your fellow-citizen,
and obdt. servant,
C. R. BUCKALEW.

Works of Franklin, by Sparks, v. III, pp. 107, 429, 430.
This was the declaration of the Provincial Assembly of Pennsylvania, November 11, 1755, in answer to Governor Morris, upon the question of exempting Proprietary property from taxation. Despite the fact of Indian depredations in the border settlements and the danger of extended hostilities, the Assembly refused an appropriation of money for military purposes unless the same should be raised or repaid in a just manner, by placing the burden equally upon the property and resources of the colony. Equality of taxation as an essential principle of liberty was then sternly vindicated by the men of Pennsylvania, and military necessity was pleaded to them in vain as a reason for surrendering or waiving their rights as freemen, and bending their backs to a burden of injustice. Dr. Franklin was a member of the Assembly and prepared most of the documents on its behalf, in the dispute.—See *Life by Sparks, Works, v. I, pp. 179—80, 196.*

A Beautiful Sentiment.

Shortly after the departure of the lamented Heber for India, he preached a sermon which contained this beautiful illustration: "Life bears us on like the stream of a mighty river. Our boat at first glides down the narrow channel—through the playful murmurings of the little brook and the windings of its grassy borders. The trees shed their blossoms over our young heads, the flowers seem to offer themselves to the young hands; we are happy in hope, and grasp eagerly at the beauty around us—but the stream hurries on, and still our hands are empty. Our course in youth and manhood is along a wider and deeper flood, amid objects more striking and magnificent. We are animated at the moving pictures and enjoyments and industry around us; we are excited at some short lived disappointment. The stream bears us on, and our joys and griefs are alike left behind us. We may be shipwrecked, but we cannot be delayed; whether rough or smooth, the river hastens to its home, till the roar of the ocean is in our ears, and the tossing of the waves is beneath our feet, and the floods are lifted up around us, and we take our leave of earth and its inhabitants, until our future voyage there is no witness save the infinite and Eternal."

Burial of a Confederate Officer in Baltimore.

Arrest of All Parties Attending the Funeral.
Captain William D. Brown, of the Confederate army, formerly of Baltimore, was one of the wounded at the battle of Gettysburg, and died in Hospital upon the field, July 10th. Permission was obtained from the Military authorities by his father, Mr. John S. Brown, to proceed to Gettysburg and bring the remains to Baltimore for burial. Accordingly some friends of the deceased repaired to the battle-field, had the body embalmed, and brought it to this city, when it was deposited in the mausoleum at Greenmount Cemetery.

The friends of the deceased were invited, through the press, to attend the funeral yesterday afternoon, at the cemetery. The father, with a number of acquaintances, repaired to the spot at the appointed hour, when the body was removed to the cemetery chapel. Here all assembled, when the funeral services of the M. E. Church were gone through with by the Rev. Messrs. Slicer, Sargent and Owens. The Coffin was then carried to the burial lot, and deposited in the ground.

After this last rite had been performed, and while those present were about leaving the cemetery, a military guard appeared at the gate, the officer in command stating that his orders were to arrest all parties attending the funeral. The attendants, to the number of nineteen, were then taken under escort to the Gilmore House, and placed in a room in the second story, adjoining General Tyler's headquarters. The officiating clergymen named above were not arrested, they having left the ground after the chapel service.

It is stated that the services in the chapel were confined strictly to those for the burial of the dead, and that no eulogistic discourse was spoken. The body was clothed in the suit which the deceased wore on the field of battle, although a statement had been made that a new Confederate uniform had been procured and placed upon it after reaching Baltimore.

The gentlemen arrested were kept under guard until 9 o'clock, when Colonel Cleebrough, of General Schneck's staff, appeared and informed them of the circumstances which led to their arrest. Information had been received by the military authorities that the body of Capt. Brown had been dressed in confederate uniform, after its arrival, and kept here several days for the purpose of allowing parties to view it. The gentlemen were dismissed to appear before the authorities at 10 o'clock to day.—*Baltimore Gazette, August 3d.*

Gen. Hooker's Farewell Speech.

The following speech was made by Gen. Hooker, near Frederick, Maryland, to a crowd of officers lounging around headquarters, upon the reception of the news of his removal:

"I tell you, gentlemen, that at Chancellorville, I was engaged but two hours with Lee, while the other twenty-two were taken up with the authorities at Washington. I never wanted to command this army—never cared for it—never said I wanted it to anybody; but was placed here by order of the President. I hoped to remain in the army till the rebellion was crushed. I did not care so much about being its leader.

"I always said this was the greatest army of the Republic, and say so still. You have fallen into good hands, under a glorious old soldier—[meaning Gen. Meade]—a glorious old soldier. I have been exiled to Baltimore. What I shall do there I don't know, for I don't know a d—d woman, man, nor child there.

"[Capt. Cox, of the Commissary Department, here interposed, and said,—"General, I'll give you letters." Great laughter from all around.]
"I won't command where I cannot have entire control myself. Already the army has been benefited by the change. Ten thousand men have been withdrawn from Harper's Ferry. I pity any man who commanded the Army of the Potomac. I encountered many things I little dreamed of when I took command. I have been hampered and fettered."

[Col. Davis—"General, has not that always been the case with all its commanders?"
Hooker, reluctantly: "It always has!"
Gen. Hooker at this point passed down the avenue between the tents to the end of the street avenue, and again spoke, nearly as follows:

"I want all reporters, as well as soldiers, hear what I say, and print it in capitals; I leave here because my usefulness has departed. I shall resign from the army, and go to California, where I am respected."

STACK ARMS!—An anecdote is related of Gen. Logan. When he was a Colonel, at the commencement of the rebellion, six companies of his corps, becoming aggrieved at something, stacked arms and refused to do duty. The Adjutant informed Col. Logan of the difficulty, who on hearing it, exclaimed: "Stacked arms! The devil they have!" Then, pausing a minute, as he considered the emergency, he continued: "Well, Adjutant, I'll give them enough of stacking arms." Accordingly, he formed the remaining four companies in line, with loaded muskets, and stood them over the malcontents, whom he compelled to stack and unstack arms for twelve hours.

LABOR LOST.—An organ grinder playing at the door of a deaf and dumb asylum.

GETTYSBURG.

Shout! shout!
For the work so well begun,
For the deeds so nobly done,
For the field so bravely won,
And the victory that is ours!
Ring, O bells, our triumph out,
Brightened sunshine round about,
Shadows vanish, vanish doubt,
And ye winds bear forth our joy,
Shout! shout! triumphant shout!

Weep! weep!
Step are stilled that ne'er shall come
To the waiting ones at home,
Hearts are chilled, and lips are dumb,
And the noble lowly lie;
Peaceful patriot, brave your sleep,
Green the sods that clasp you deep,
While a ransomed people keep
Still as fresh your memory,
Weep! weep! in reverence weep!

Sigh! Sigh!
Homes are hushed and desolate,
Heads are mutely bowed to fate,
Hearts may bleed but ne'er forget;
Love will yearn, though hope is lost,
God of mercy from on high,
Hear the stricken mourner's cry;
Even this cup of agony
Thou canst turn to blessedness!
Sigh! sigh! in pity sigh!

Praise! Praise!
To the Lord Jehovah's name,
God of battles and of fame,
As of old, who is still the same,
Guards his chosen Israel!
His shall be the thanks and praise,
Songs of joy to Him we raise;
God hath justified his ways;
Right hath triumphed gloriously,
Praise! praise! exultant praise!

THE LOST BANK NOTE.

BY A RETIRED ATTORNEY.

For the present, with its serene joys, I sometimes look back upon the past with its trials and its struggles. In my quiet home in the country I feel as though the battle had been fought and the victory won. To me life has been a busy, bustling scene, and here, in my quiet library, surrounded by the well-thumbed volumes of Blackstone, Chitty and their fellows, I feel as though I had completely emerged from the din of the world, and that my heaven had commenced here on earth.

In thirty years of practice I have been an actor in many a life-drama, which may possess to others some portion of the interest with which I regard them; but more for my own amusement, however, than for the edification of the reader—though I trust my narrative may not be without its moral—I transcribe from the page of memory an incident from my experience.

I was seated in my office, busily engaged in hunting up the law for a certain case of some importance, when the door was timidly opened, and a young lady, apparently not more than seventeen years of age, stepped into the room. Without being very pretty, she had countenance and an expression which failed not to attract the interest of the beholder.

She was quite pale, and seemed to shrink with instinctive dread from the glance I bestowed upon her. But her sweet face and gentle manners had already won my sympathy. Her sad face and timid movements assured me that she had a painful tale to tell; yet I was not indisposed to hear it.

A visitor with a less prepossessing face would have called forth a frown and a short answer, for I was in the very midst of an investigation which promised to reward my search in a satisfactory manner.

She advanced towards my desk, and I closed my book, and rose to receive her.

"Mr. Docket," she said, and I saw her lips tremble with emotion as she spoke.

I signified to her that I was the person she sought, and handed her a chair, a civility which her trembling frame enabled her to appreciate, for her agitation seemed to be entirely beyond her control.

After allowing her a few moments to recover herself possession, I gently inquired her business with me.

"I have a brother," she began, and the hot tears filled her eyes, and for a moment obstructed her vision. Her heart seemed to choke with its wild beatings.

"May I know whom I address?" I asked moderating my voice, so as to afford her all the encouragement which gentle tones could convey.

"Alice Wade," she replied.

"You seem to be in distress. Let me beg of you to be calm, perhaps your case is not so bad as you suppose."

"May Heaven grant that it be not!"
"Take your own time, Miss Wade. Perhaps you had better wait a few moments till you feel better able to proceed, and in the meantime I assure you of my desire to serve you."

"Thank you, sir," sobbed she, as I turned to my law books, so as not to embarrass her by seeming to be waiting for her to recover her calmness.

shall be done with the greatest pleasure," I added.

"Thank you, sir."
"You must not look on the dark side of your case. In law, we regard a man as innocent, till he is proved to be guilty; and you must not regard anything as hopeless until all efforts to redeem it have failed." I continued, with a smile, from which she seemed to gather the hope I desired to impart.

"I have a brother, an only brother, who is in the deepest distress."

"His name?" I asked, taking a pen, ready to note down the facts in the case as she detailed them.

"Richard Wade?"
"Go on, if you please."
"He is a book keeper, in the store of Denley & Co."

"Ah," and I wrote it down, and being acquainted with the firm, I began to feel more confidence in my ability to aid my fair client.

Denley & Co. were merchants of established reputation for integrity and uprightiness.

"My mother is a widow, and dependent upon Richard for support. She had been afflicted with a cancer for more than three years, so that I can do nothing but take care of her and do the work at home. It takes all of Richard's salary to support us and pay the doctor's bill, but he has labored cheerfully for us, for his poor suffering mother. Richard is very kind, and never thinks of the many privations which our circumstances compel him to endure. He is contented to work early and late, and never spends a dollar on himself. Ah, sir, he is such a good brother!"

"Your mother must be grateful for such a son, and you for such a brother."

"Oh, we are, sir! But poor Richard!—he is in jail now; and again she sobbed as though her heart would break.

"Indeed? In jail?"
"I was not quite prepared for such a catastrophe as this, and I confess that my feelings, lawyer as I was, were much moved. But it was possible that the poor girl was deceived in regard to her brother—that he was angel at home, and a demon abroad, as I have known more than one man to be.—Yet I could not reconcile the glowing eulogium which the young lady had pronounced upon his character with such a conclusion."

"Of what is he accused, Miss Wade?—Nay, do not weep; he may be innocent."

"I know he is!" she answered, with considerable vehemence.

"Then be assured his innocence will be made apparent to the world."

"Would that I could feel so!"
"Now, if you will please state the facts of the case, I will make a memorandum of them, and I doubt not we shall be able to make a good case of it."

"Why, mother's sickness had reduced my brother's finances down to the lowest ebb—so low that we had not even enough to pay our quarter's rent, and the quarter bills. Richard was much disturbed by this difficulty, and for several days he was very sad. But one day he came home with an unusually cheerful face informed as that he had paid the rent and all the bills."

"We inquired where he had obtained the money. He told us he had borrowed it of a friend, who had started that day for New Orleans. We thought nothing more about it till a week after—that was yesterday—when he did not come to dinner. We were not alarmed, however, but when he did not come home to supper, we were much disturbed, and I went to the store to seek him."

"Mr. Docket told me that he had been arrested for stealing a hundred dollars from him about a week before. I was horrified at the charge, and had nearly fallen upon the floor."

The poor girl wiped her eyes, and I inquired the ground upon which her brother was accused.

"Mr. Denley was inclosing a hundred dollar bill in a letter to send away by mail, at the desk where Richard was writing, when a runaway horse dashed by the store. He flew to the door to observe the mad animal leaving the hundred dollar bill, as he declared, and the half written letter, on the desk."

"On his return, the money was nowhere to be found. Richard had not seen it.—Search was instituted, but it could not be found. It happened that our landlord, who is a brother-in-law of Mr. Denley, wished to change a hundred dollar bill, and casually mentioned that he had received it from Richard in payment of his rent, which had been delayed several days."

"Mr. Denley immediately identified the bill as the one he had lost. He is very positive, and is ready to swear it is the very bill he lost. An officer was called, and poor Richard was thrown into prison. Of course he could not produce the person who lent him the money, and Mr. Denley chooses to regard Richard's explanation as a mere invention."

"It was a heavy blow to the poor girl, and heavier still to her sick and suffering mother."

It certainly looked like a bad case. The young man's sadness in view of his unpaid bills, his sudden cheerfulness, though the debt itself still remained, and worse than all, the positive nature of Mr. Denley's evidence, were all against a successful defence. But I had hopes of getting him off, for the identity of the bill, unless actually registered by number, was a matter to which few could positively swear.

I made up my mind to clear him, if there

was any such thing—even to clear him on a quibble, if no other means offered. I had little hope of establishing his innocence, for my reason assured me that Richard, good son though he was, was guilty of the crime with which he was charged.

I succeeded so well in assuring Alice Wade that her brother would be restored to her, that she was tolerably cheerful before she left.

"You are very kind, Mr. Docket; and I fear we shall never be able fully to repay you. Here are twenty dollars; it is all we have, but you are very kind; and she tendered me a roll of bills.

"No, Miss Wade, nothing. Keep your money; you may want it though I pray that you may not."

She took her leave, after again thanking me, again and I proceeded to consider the case.

I need not detail to the reader the particulars of Richard Wade's examination, upon which he was fully committed. The Grand Jury found a true bill, and he was arraigned for trial.

All that my poor skill and humble eloquence could accomplish for the prisoner was unsuccessful, and, to my grief and consternation, the Jury brought him in guilty, after being out five hours.

Poor Alice! I could not endure the thought of meeting her and telling her of the destruction of all her hopes, and instead of going to my office, where she awaited my coming, I took Mr. Denley's arm, with the intention of getting him to make a statement, by the aid of which a mitigation of the unfortunate young man's sentence might be obtained. Almost unconsciously I led him into Parker's where we seated ourselves at a table and called for a lunch.

"It is a very hard case, Mr. Denley," said I; poor Wade's mother will suffer more than he."

"I know it; but one cannot submit to be plundered in this manner. Besides, it is a duty we owe to society to assist in punishing the guilty."

"True; but after all! Mr. Denley, you may be mistaken about the bill."

"Mistaken! Impossible! I am sure of the bill. It was the same one; if there had been a particle of doubt about it, I should not have sworn to it, of course."

"It might have blown out of the window."

"The window was closed."

"You must think Richard Wade was a fool to take such an opportunity of robbing you, when, as you testified, he handled hundreds of dollars of your money every day. If he had meant to rob you, it seems to me he would have chosen a better opportunity."

"The fact is undeniable."

"Oh no; I could mention a dozen plain cases than this, where innocent men have been punished."

"There is no chance for a mistake."

"You might have thrust the bill into your pocket and lost it."

"But the same bill reached me again through my brother-in-law, who received it from Wade, he involuntarily thrusting his hands into his vest pockets."

Suddenly I observed a nervousness in his manner, and with both hands he began to fumble with great violence at the left hand pocket. He had thrust one finger through a hole near the top of the pocket, and was exploring the recess inside the lining of the garment.

"My God!" exclaimed he, suddenly rising from his chair in the highest excitement while with a nervous twitch he tore away the pocket and drew out a bit of crumpled paper.

My heart leaped as his trembling hand unfolded the paper. It was a hundred dollar bill!

"God forgive me!" exclaimed he, and his cheeks glowed with shame.

"You were mistaken, then?"
"I was; come to the Judge with me Docket," and he rushed furiously towards the court house.

I need not inform the reader by what formalities the judgment was reversed—but it was done at once. Perhaps some violence was done to the forms; but Richard Wade walked with me to my office, where he was folded in the arms of his loving and devoted sister.

He was saved! He was innocent! What a thrill of joy ran through the veins of that fair girl!

We were immediately joined by Mr. Denley, who took to himself much blame for the part he had acted. He apologized in very humble terms to his book-keeper.

"You meant right, Mr. Denley," said Richard, taking his porphyred hand, in token of his forgiveness.

Life Insurance.

Josh. Billings, the great modern philosopher, has been having some experience in life insurance business. He says he made application to the "Guardian Angel Life Insurance Co.," when the following questions were propounded by a "sleek little fat fellow with gold speck:"

1st—Are ya mail or female? if so, state how long ya have ben so.
2d—Are ya subject to fits, and if so, do ya have more than one at a time?

2d—What iz your precise sting weight?
4th—Did ya ever hav anny ancestors, and if so, how much?
5th—What iz your legal opinion of the Constitutionality ov the ten commandments?

6th—Do ya ever hav anny nite mates?
7th—Are ya married and single, or ate ya a bachelor?
8th—Do ya believe in a future state f if yu do, state it.

9th—What are yure private sentiments about a rush ov rats to the bed; can it be did successfully?
10th—Hav ya ever committed suicide, and if so, how did it seem to affect yu?

After answering the above questions, like a man in the confessional, the sleek little fat old fellow with gold specks on eed I was insured for life, and properly wud remain so for a term ov years. I thanked him and smiled one of my most pensive smiles.

FAREWELL.—In every man's life there sooner or later comes a time when the services of a friend are invaluable, and when the want of them works disaster and sometimes ruin. No man, be he high or low, rich or poor, from the monarch to the beggar, can afford to lose a friend; for no greater loss can befall a man to lose, and no greater folly can a man commit than to throw off or neglect one whose friendship he has no reason to doubt. Hamlet says; "The friends thou hast, and thy adoption tried, Grapple them by the soul with hooks of steel!"

FULL OF BUTTER.—"Sarah, dear," said a waggish husband to his wife, "if I were in your place I wouldn't keep the babe so full of butter as you do."
"Butter, my dear, you mistake, I never give it any butter."
"No, but you poured about a quart of milk down it this afternoon, and then trotted it on your knees for nearly two hours. If it doesn't contain a quantity of butter by this time it isn't for want of churning!"

A negro about dying, was told by his minister that he must forgive a certain darkey against whom he seemed to entertain very bitter feelings. "Yes, yes," he replied.—"If I dies, I forgive dat nigger; but if gite well, dat nigger, by golly must take car!"

The celebrated portrait painter, Storer, once met a lady in the street in Boston, who saluted him with:—"Oh, Mr. Stuart, I have just seen your miniature, and I kissed it because it was so much like you."—"And did it kiss you in return?" Why, no."—"Then," said Stuart, "it was not like me."

In a Fix—"If I keep on dyeing my whiskers, they'll draft me for under forty-five," said a perplexed American; "and if I leave off dyeing 'em, Polly won't have me. Anyhow, I calculate I'm in a tarnation fix; for I hate fighting, and can't give up Polly."

"And wilt thou ever be unfaithful to me again?"
"Nay, dearest."
"And he neighed."
"Will thou be my own faithful loving wife?—O, wilt thou?"
"And she whited."
"And we shall live lovingly together in a little shanty—shalt we?"
"And she shanted."

Why, George, what are you hoeing in the garden for at this time o'night?"—"Well, I was awful dry, mother, and don't the Bible say 'Ho every one that thirsteth?' The old lady drew in her head, closed the window and collapsed."

A paragraph has been going the rounds, of an old lady who has a moustache on her lip. It is not uncommon for young ladies in this vicinity to have moustaches on their lips.

Let the patriot soldier remember the sublime words of Pompey the Great: "It is necessary for me to go—it is not necessary for me to live."

Why is sympathy like blind man's buff? It is a fellow feeling for a fellow creature.

HARRY J.—, having been requested to open some oysters, after knocking them about for some time, exclaimed:—"Upon my conscience but they are mighty hard to peel!"

Jones complained of a bad smell about the Post Office, and asked Brown what it could be? Brown didn't know, but suggested that it might be caused by "the dead letters."