

# THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

W. H. JACOBY, Publisher.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

Two Dollars per Annum.

VOLUME 16.

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1864.

NUMBER 7.

## STAR OF THE NORTH, PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY BY WM. H. JACOBY,

Office on Main St., 3rd Square below Mark St.  
TERMS:—Two Dollars per annum in advance  
within 3 months from the time of subscrib-  
ing; two dollars and fifty cents if not paid  
within 3 months. No subscription taken for  
a less period than six months; no discon-  
tinuance permitted until all arrearages are  
paid, unless at the option of the editor.  
The terms of advertising will be as follows:  
One square, eight lines, one time, \$1.00  
Every subsequent insertion, . . . . . 25  
One square, three months, . . . . . 4.50  
One year, . . . . . 10.00

### The Indian Maiden's Grave.

BY C. C. TORREY.  
Beside a brook, whose pensive tone  
Sole through the stillness of the dell,  
Where, over rock and moss-grown stones,  
Its limpid waters gently fall.  
Majestic oaks their branches waved,  
And quivering aspens sighed,  
The Hawthorn bloomed, and willows loved  
Their long leaves in the glassy tide.  
The moonlight thro' the trembling leaves,  
Spangled the earth with silvery light;  
And evening mists, in airy wreath,  
Threw o'er the brook a mantle bright.  
Half hid among the silken grass,  
Beneath an aged willow's shade,  
Beside a milk-white, marble cross  
On which the moonbeams sweetly played,  
A little, mossy mound arose—  
Alone, in that secluded spot—  
To tell where, in her last repose,  
Lay one by all but one forgot.  
She was a beautiful Indian maid  
Who here, long years ago, had died—  
And here, by him she loved, was laid  
To sleep, the murmuring brook beside.  
And now it was the noon of night,  
When, from a cavern's gloomy span  
Falls forth, into the clear moonlight,  
A car-woman and infirm old man.  
His white locks floating in the breeze,  
With weary step and thoughtful look,  
Emerging from beneath the trees  
His way toward the grave he took.  
Before the cross in reverence kneeling,  
Meekly, upon the midnight air,  
To him "who bore our sins" appealing,  
He poured a humble, fervent prayer.  
That she who won his earliest love,  
Though unbaptized and unconfessed,  
Might find, at last, a home above,  
To dwell with Him in endless rest.  
And thus, 'tis said, for many a year,  
Mid summer's dew and winter's snow  
Each midnight hour has found him there,  
To pray for her who sleeps below.

### SONG.

We have been lovers now, my dear,  
It matters nothing to say how long,  
But still at the coming round of 'er year  
I make for my pleasure a little song,  
And thus of my love I sing, my dear—  
So much the more by a year, by a year.  
And still as I see the day depart,  
And hear the bat at my window flit,  
I sing the little song to my heart,  
With just a change at the close of it;  
And thus of my love I sing away—  
So much the more by a day, by a day.  
When in the morning I see the skies  
Breaking into a gracious glow,  
I say you are not my sweetheart's eyes,  
Your brightness cannot mislead me so;  
And I sang of my love in the rising light—  
So much the more by a night, by a night.  
Both at the year's sweet dawn and close,  
When the moon is filling, or fading away,  
Every day, as it comes and goes,  
And every hour of every day,  
My little song I repeat, and repeat—  
So much the more by an hour, my sweet!

### THE WIFE-TAMER.

Mrs. Morton was a widow, young, pretty,  
And when Dr. Charles Straham  
made her acquaintance. She was poor but  
very handsome when Squire Morton married  
her, and at his death two years after, be-  
came sole heir, put on her widow's weeds,  
and pocketed her husband's gold at the same  
time.  
Madame Romor said that poor old Mrs. Morton  
never enjoyed a single hour after she  
married him; but how should Madame Romor  
know? Of one thing, however, I can  
say my readers reliable information. Mrs.  
Morton had not been a year after she received  
with pleasure, very decided attention  
from Dr. Straham.  
Do you inquire who Dr. Straham was? Well,  
he studied medicine, and had the title  
M. D. conferred upon him, which he took  
pleasure in attaching to his name with a  
great flourish, but it is asserted that he never  
had a half dozen patients in as many  
years. He was of a prepossessing appear-  
ance, a ready talker on any subject, and  
was, in fact, first-rate company. He played  
the flute and sang—was a good dancer  
and an excellent partner at whist; besides  
he had some literary reputation. He wrote  
poetry and two columns sketches for the  
Weekly Leveler, and last, though not least,  
he dined in good taste and in the height  
of fashion; how he did it no one knew, but  
it was no one's business.  
But I must be allowed to correct one re-  
sult which had gained considerable popu-

lence, to the effect that he supported him-  
self by his literary labors—an ordinary  
scribbler could hardly afford Dr. Straham's  
wardrobe.  
Old Squire Morton had been dead but little  
over a year when Dr. Straham despite  
all that gossipers could say, married the  
widow and her fortune. The fact was he  
wanted a rich wife—as to her, she was an-  
xious to leave her weeds and go in society  
again, and she could divine no readier way  
to accomplish her purposes than by marry-  
ing. When any one spoke to the Doctor  
about her being a shrew, he merely remark-  
ed he took pleasure in taming a shrew.  
For three months they lived happily to-  
gether, for it was in the height of the season,  
and between Cape May, Saratoga, and the  
White Mountains, they were alone with  
each other scarce three hours out of the  
twenty four! consequently it was impossi-  
ble for them to disagree. But the season  
over, they returned to their quiet home—the  
place of all others to study a wife or a hus-  
band. There is no anatomical excitement,  
no fashionable Mrs. A. to outdo, no profligate  
Mrs. B. to outdo in squandering  
money; no one to please but the "other  
sex."  
After a season of long continued gaiety,  
then necessarily follows one of extreme dull-  
ness, and when one is dull one is easily  
displeased. Now Mr. and Mrs. Straham  
were greatly displeased.  
It was their first day at home upon which  
their first quarrel commenced. How it com-  
menced neither could clearly tell. It is only  
known that Straham expressed a desire  
to dine upon roast beef, and she would have  
roast turkey and oyster sauce. He'd have  
beef or nothing. She'd have turkey, and  
then commenced the war of the Strahams.  
One ordered the Butler to have a fowl, and  
the other gave strict attention to have beef,  
while Mrs. S. visited her friend and partook  
of turkey.  
After supper Mr. S. gave a wine supper  
in the room which he dignified by the name  
of study, a sort of variety store in which  
he kept his library, writing desk, and spool.  
Here also were two glass cases, one of them  
contained a giant's skeleton hung on wires,  
in the other was an Egyptian mummy.  
The wall was hung with curiosities,  
among them a cane from a tree which grew  
over Washington's grave, a staff box  
from the wood of the Charter Oak, a chip  
from the United States frigate Constitution, mi-  
nerals, shells, and fossils of all kinds, speci-  
mens of corn, enormous sized fruits and  
vegetables, cases of insects and pickled reptiles.  
Stuffed birds were perched about the  
apartment, and voluptuous French litho-  
graphs and portraits of distinguished per-  
sons were hung promiscuously on the walls  
a long reading table, arm-chairs, a mam-  
moth bell-metal pestal and mortar, com-  
pleted the furniture of the study.  
During the same evening Mrs. S. had a  
whist party in the parlor.  
Wine held its votaries in bondage longer  
than cards. Mrs. S. had dismissed her  
party and retired hours before her liege  
lord came to his chambers, and when he did  
come he found the door locked, himself  
without, her within. In vain he called to  
her, she would not hear, and he was com-  
pelled to find a bed elsewhere, which he  
did, muttering to himself, "I'll tame her  
yet!"  
He laid all night forming a plan to bring  
her to submission. In the morning he asked  
her to walk into the study; and there they  
renewed their fierce quarrel, during  
which Mrs. S. called her husband a heart-  
less, brassless fellow, who married her for  
her money. To which the Doctor replied,  
by calling her a low, vulgar woman, who  
was only too glad to marry a professional  
gentleman an author, to enable her to en-  
ter society. After which she toyed with  
her fan, and finally pulled the bell-cord and  
ordered her servant who answered it, to  
bring her carriage to the door.  
"Where are you going?" asked the Doc-  
tor.  
"To ride sir," replied the amiable Mrs.  
Straham.  
"I'll go with you if you please."  
"But I do not please."  
"Then I choose to go."  
"Very well, then you go alone. I cannot  
go with you."  
"You cannot go unless I accompany you,  
madam."  
"Cannot."  
"Can't madam."  
"We'll see."  
"Well, we will see."  
The Doctor walked out of the room, locked  
the door, put the key in his pocket, and  
left the house.  
She did not set down and burst into a  
flood of tears, but waited patiently for the  
servant to return who she had sent for the  
carriage. When he returned she told him  
through the keyhole, to return the horses to  
the stable, and place a ladder against the  
study window. The ladder was placed  
according to directions, and a turkey with  
oysters and pastry were brought up to her.  
The ladder was then removed, and every-  
thing was prepared for the reappearance of  
her husband. Near the middle of the after-  
noon the doctor returned home, stepped  
softly through the hall towards the door  
peeped through the keyhole, expecting of  
seeing a striking picture of humility and  
contrition.  
Judge of his surprise, then, when he saw  
Mrs. S. sitting before his long reading table  
on her right hand his bell-metal mortar, in  
which she was roasting his mammoth speci-  
men apples, sweet potatoes, and her turkey.  
Near her stood his water bath in which she

was cooking oysters, and she occasionally  
stirred them with his spoutula; on the table  
stood one of the bottles of wine which had  
been left from the previous night's revelry,  
which the lady for the want of a champagne  
opener, had deprived of its neck with a  
wedgewood pestle, and using a four ounce  
graduate for a wine glass; she had cut up  
champagne baskets for firewood with an  
Indian tomahawk. On the left hand stood  
the doctor's writing-desk, which she had  
broken open, and scattering on the desk,  
were tender mists of his early love flames  
manuscript pages of tales and sketches, un-  
published odes, and unpaid tailor's bills,  
while the lady sat reading first a sweet love  
letter, then an ode to Napoleon, and so on,  
throwing them page after page into the fire.  
Thus the husband's brain work, and wood  
curiosities were made to cook dinner.  
The doctor looked silently on as long as  
he could; then taking the key from his  
pocket, he unlocked the door—and it was  
locked on the inside.  
"Mrs. S.," he shouted.  
"Well, sir?"  
"Open the door."  
"I am very busy just now, and can't be  
disturbed."  
"Open the door, immediately."  
"I am busy, I tell you."  
"I'll burst the door in, if you do not in-  
stantly open it."  
"Do as you please, sir; but your mummy  
and giant's skeleton are placed against the  
door, so be careful and do not break them."  
The doctor was foiled, for a few moments  
he stood and thought what course it was  
best to pursue. Suddenly recollecting the  
ladder he hastened through the hall out of  
doors, leaving the door unlocked and the  
key in it. His footsteps had scarcely died  
away on the stairs, before his wife had re-  
moved both cases from the door, drew the  
bolt and stood in the entry. It was but the  
work of a moment to throw the remaining  
letters, poems and manuscripts in the fire,  
remove the wine and eatables, lock the door  
upon the outside, and put the key in her  
pocket.  
Meanwhile the doctor was raising the  
ladder to the window, and by the time he  
had got it placed and ascended half its  
length, his wife and a favorite man servant  
were watching him from a lower window.  
The doctor pushed up the window and  
jumped in; the servant jumped out of the  
lower window and pulled down the ladder.  
The doctor saw that the bird had flown, and  
he rushed back to the window just as the  
ladder reached the ground.  
"Put that ladder back again," shouted  
the doctor.  
"Let it be where it is," shouted the wife  
from the lower window.  
"Put it up instantly or I'll discharge you,"  
bellowed the upper one.  
"Come into the house, Jake," said the  
lady coolly.  
"Put up that ladder, you villain," per-  
sisted the wrathful doctor.  
"John, do as I order you," complacently  
demanded Mrs. S.  
And John went into the house, leaving  
the medical gentleman heaping curses up-  
on every in the vicinity, including his wife  
and all the servants.  
All night the doctor was kept a prisoner.  
Just before his wife retired she put her lips  
to the keyhole, and whispered.  
"Doctor, what is your success in taming  
a shrew?"  
No answer.  
"Good night, doctor."  
The next morning she came to the door,  
and called.  
"Doctor?"  
No answer.  
"Doctor?"  
"Madame?"  
"Would you like some breakfast?"  
"I am not particular."  
"There is cold turkey left, if you would  
like it sir."  
The doctor deigned no reply, and the lady  
again left him alone.  
During the afternoon, she again called at  
the door.  
"Doctor?"  
"Well, dear?" very humble.  
"Would you like some dinner?"  
"I should."  
"Would cold turkey do you?"  
"Anything my dear."  
"If I let you up, will you promise never  
to lock me up again?"  
"And never object to my eating turkey  
when I wish it?"  
"Yes."  
"I will."  
"And not attempt to tame a shrew again?"  
"Never."  
"Then—you may—come—out."  
And the lady forthwith unlocked, and  
threw open the door.  
To this day, Dr. Straham has never at-  
tempted to dictate to his wife what she  
shall eat, or when she may ride, and has  
never been heard to boast again, of taming  
a shrew.  
"Wife! wife!—our cow's dead; choked  
on a turnip!" I told you so. I always  
said she'd choke herself with them turnips."  
"But it was a pumpkin—" "What it's all  
the same. I knowed all along how it wold  
be. Nobody but a ninny like you would  
feed a cow on pumpkins that wasn't chopt."  
"The pumpkins were chopt. And 'twant  
the pumpkins neither that choked her. It  
was the tray—and the end of it is sticking  
out of her mouth now." "Ugh! Ugh!—  
There goes my bread tray! No longer ago  
than yesterday, I told you that cow wold  
swallow that tray!"

### A STORY FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

#### LITTLE MIKEY.

There was a little new scholar at the dis-  
trict school that winter. His life had come  
up to its eighth year, though he did not look  
so old; his face was so pinched and thin,  
and his carefully patched garments hung  
loosely upon his small limbs. He kept  
aloof from all the scholars, and they seem-  
ed also to shun him. He took his place  
quietly in the morning, and did not once  
leave it, except for recitation, till school  
was over. All through the long noon he  
sat watching the sports of his school-  
fellows, and Charlie Harper had often soicied  
that he never replied, only by a little  
quiver of his small mouth, when the boys  
would taunt him with being a drunkard's  
child, and a little Paddy. Charlie's mother  
told him one morning, as he was starting  
for school, to keep his eyes open that day,  
and see if he could not do some good, kind  
act, that would leave an influence upon  
some of his mates as well as himself; and  
Charlie kept it in mind as he walked on,  
with his satchel on his arm, and along with  
the thought flashed the remembrance of  
the child, Mikey O'Connell. He looked off  
at the long lane, where there were few  
foot-prints, except the little ones that Mi-  
key's feet had made, to the small, low house,  
that had stood tenantless for a long time.  
It was so old and ruinous, and he knew the  
people who lived there must be very poor,  
and he felt grieved in his childish heart  
that he had neglected the forlorn little  
scholar so long. He was already in his  
place when Charles entered the school  
room, sitting by himself, as he always did,  
and Charles went up to him a little timidly,  
hardly knowing what to say to open an ac-  
quaintance.  
"Want you come out at noon upon the  
ice? I have a pair of new skates, and a  
sled all painted green; you may use them  
both, if you like."  
A pleased, happy look, came into those  
great, sad eyes, and the thin face lighted  
up all over.  
"Thank you!" he whispered softly, but  
very heartily. "I would love to ride on  
your sled. I never learned to skate. But  
may I if I come out the boys will plague  
me." The old look getting back into his  
face.  
"No, they shall not!" exclaimed Charles  
manfully. "I won't let them. And say Mi-  
key, don't you want me to come over and  
set with you?"  
"Oh, if you only would!" with an eager,  
wistful look in his face. "The other boys  
just take their books, and set away over,  
and it makes me feel as if I couldn't come  
any more. But mother wants me to learn  
so bad, and cheers me up; so I tried to for-  
get it."  
Just then the teacher came, and Charles  
went to his seat. It was at the other end  
of the long row. He picked up his books,  
and went up to the teacher's desk a little  
reluctantly, and as the tall man bent to hear  
what his pupil had to say, Charles whis-  
pered—  
"Please sir, may I sit in the end of the  
seat near Mikey O'Connell? I will be  
very quiet. The other boys do not like to  
sit near him, and it makes him feel bad."  
The teacher glanced towards Mikey.  
He was looking at him with wistful eyes,  
that told how much interested he was in the  
answer to Charles's request. He was a kind  
hearted man; so he patted Charles's head,  
called him a thoughtful boy, and granted  
his desire. Charles felt the eyes of the  
whole school were upon him, and he saw  
the scornful smile upon the lips of many  
of his mates; but Mikey's happy face re-  
paid him for all he had lost in their friend-  
ship. When school was over for the morn-  
ing, he drew the satchel from underneath  
his bench, and taking from it the nice cold  
biscuit and ham, the piece of cake and pie  
that his mother had placed there for him,  
he moved a little nearer Mikey, and said—  
"Let's eat our dinner in a hurry, and then  
go out and slide. Where is your satchel?"  
A crimson flush shot up into Mikey's  
forehead, but he did not speak. Charles  
looked at him wonderingly a moment, and  
then with childish eagerness, reminded  
him of his dinner. Mikey turned his head  
away, and drew from his pocket a small  
crust of corn bread, which he tried to con-  
ceal from Charles.  
"Is that all the dinner you've got?" al-  
most escaped Charles's lips; but he saw  
how hard he was trying to hide the meagre  
lunch from him; so he leaned back in his  
seat, and said nothing; only his little brain  
was planning—planning how he could give  
Mikey a part of his dinner, without making  
him feel humbled.  
"Oh, mother gives me so much dinner!"  
he said, at length, taking a long breath—"I  
cannot begin to eat it. Here, Mikey, see if  
this isn't good," and he placed a liberal sup-  
ply upon the child's end of the bench.  
"Don't you want it?" asked Mikey, look-  
ing pleased.  
"No, indeed; you eat it if you can."  
"Oh, isn't it good?" he said, devouring  
it eagerly. "Are you willing I should carry  
this little piece to mother?"  
"Yes, if you wish to; but doesn't she  
love cake?" asked Charles, bluntly.  
"No, not now," sighed the boy. "But I  
am all ready to go and slide," changing the  
subject hastily.  
Charles put his satchel back in its place  
and drawing on his warm mittens, and ty-  
ing his cap over his ears, stood waiting for  
Mikey.  
"Haven't you got any mittens?" he asked,  
looking at the little bare hands, that

were placing the odd cap upon the top of  
his head.  
"No, I haven't," he answered quickly.  
"But I do not need them, I'm tough."  
"Why, I should think your hands would  
ache dreadfully these cold mornings."  
"They do, sometimes" was the quiet re-  
ply.  
"Well, you take mine, and I'll go get my  
sister Susan's. She is two years older than  
I, and her hands is just as big;" and before  
Mikey could say a word Charles was gone.  
He talked to his sister in a whisper, telling  
her about poor little Mikey's crust of bread,  
his bare hands and ears, and Susan's kind  
heart was touched.  
"I was going out with the girls to slide,"  
she said, without a shadow of disappoint-  
ment in tones, "but I had rather you should  
take Mikey, and have my mittens." She  
plunged her hand into her pocket, and took  
out a pair of nice white mittens, which she  
put in Charles's hand.  
"And stop, Charlie; Mikey's ears must  
be almost froze. There's my little woolen  
scarf hanging on the peg under the shelf;  
you go and get it, and tie it over his ears.  
He might have it to keep for I do not need  
it, and mother wouldn't care, I am sure."  
Charles was delighted with his sister's  
generosity, and it was amusing to watch  
the kindness with which he tied the short,  
warm scarf beneath Mikey's peaked chin,  
and pulled his cap down hard to keep it on.  
"There, isn't that nice, Mikey?" he asked,  
viewing his companion quite proudly.  
"Why, I should think it was summer!"  
was the pleased reply, and Mikey rubbed  
his hands over his bandaged ears with great  
satisfaction.  
Charles was very attentive to his new  
friend that day, and tried to shield him  
from the thoughtless remarks of his com-  
panions, who, in a mischief-loving spirit,  
would call after him as he dashed down the  
hill upon the pretty green sled—  
"Go it, Paddy! See Pat, now, how he  
goes! Look out, little O'Connell, or you'll  
lose your breath!"  
But Mikey did not mind it much. He  
was enjoying his nooning vastly, and it  
seemed as if he had never learned his les-  
sons so easily as he did that afternoon—  
His step was light and his face bright, as  
he bade Charles good night, and started to  
run down the lane as fast as he could make  
his way through the deep untrodden snow,  
and in a few minutes he was lifting the  
wool latch of the old tumble-down house.  
The room was dark and dingy, just a  
glimmer of fire upon the broken hearth,  
and by its side his mother was sewing busi-  
ly, while upon a low bed in the corner his  
father was lying in a deep sleep. Mi-  
key's face clouded as he glanced at the  
sleeper, and he crept softly to his mother's  
side.  
"Has he been off again? Did he find the  
money?"  
Mrs. O'Connell replied by a sad nod of  
assent.  
"Oh, isn't that too bad? Did he take the  
whole?"  
Another mournful nod was the mother's  
answer.  
Mikey had brought home fifty cents the  
evening before; the pay for some work his  
mother had been doing, and they had care-  
fully hidden it away, lest the intemperate  
father should spend it for drink. He had  
searched diligently for it after Mikey had  
gone to school, and by fierce threats had  
forced his wife to make known the hiding  
place.  
She tried to retain part of it, for they had  
little fuel or food, but he had taken the  
whole, gone off to the village tavern, and  
an hour before Mikey, had come stagger-  
ing home.  
"I have had a good time to-day, mother,"  
he whispered. "See here, and he pulled  
the scarf from his neck, "Charlie Harper  
gave me this, and I've got a piece of cake  
for you. He gave me lots of good dinner,  
and came over and sat with me; and then  
he let me slide on his sled all between  
schools. Oh, I did have such nice rides.  
He is the best boy I ever did see! Why,  
mother, you're crying! Aren't you glad?"  
The poor mother only put her arm about  
her little boy, and drew him close to her  
and kissed him very tenderly, while the  
tears dropped upon his curly head.  
"Yes, mother is very glad for her little  
boy. It is nice cake, but you eat it!"  
"No, mother I brought it for you" and  
the mother saw how much it would please  
her generous son so she ate it all.  
"Did the boys call you names to-day?"  
she asked, sadly, though she was very glad  
to see her boy happy.  
"Not much, and I did not mind it if they  
did, 'cause Charlie took my part."  
Charles went home and told his good  
kind mother all about little Mikey, and  
what he had done for him, and she kissed  
him and called him her darling boy, and  
Charles felt very happy that night, and as if  
he had not kept his eyes open in vain. He  
went to sleep in his nice warm bed after  
eating his good supper, but Mikey only  
had a little Indian porridge, his mother stir-  
red upon the coals, and he crept off to his  
hard pallet, hungry and cold. But he did  
not complain. Visions of smooth, slippery  
hills, and sleds all painted green, and merrily  
laughing school boys, went dancing  
through his dreams, and the great round  
moon came up and looked into the win-  
dows of the old brown house and fell di-  
rectly across Mikey's face, and his mother  
saw, as she stood looking at him, he was  
smiling in his sleep.  
Charles proved a true friend to Mikey,  
and gradually his mates came to take an in-

terest in the forlorn little scholar, and  
through his influence Mikey was made a  
"happy boy." Charlie did not realize the  
amount of good he had accomplished,  
something to outlast his life even, and go  
on widening in influence through succes-  
sive generations. He had helped and en-  
couraged Mikey. Perhaps if he had not,  
the child might have become weary of try-  
ing and sunk down, making just such a  
man as his father had been, and caused  
more evil than good to spring from his in-  
fluence.  
So, little children, do not be discouraged  
because you do not seem to be doing much  
good, and earning a great name; perhaps,  
after all, you are like Charlie, casting an  
influence in the right that will last long  
after you are dead.  
TORTOISE SHELL.—Think of the following,  
ladies! when you are handling your tortoise  
shell combs.  
What is called the tortoise-shell, is not as  
generally supposed, the bony covering or  
shield of the turtle but only the scales  
which cover it. These are thirteen in num-  
ber; eight of them flat and five a little  
curved. Of the flat ones four are large, be-  
ing sometimes a foot long and seven inches  
broad, semi-transparent, elegantly variegat-  
ed with white, red, yellow, and dark brown  
clouds, which are fully brought out when  
the shell is prepared and polished. The  
laminae, as we have said, constitute the  
external coating of the solid or bony part  
of the shell, and a large tortoise affords  
eight pounds of them, the plates varying  
from an eight to a quarter of an inch in  
thickness. The fishers do not kill the tur-  
tle; did they do so, they would in a few  
years exterminate them. When a turtle is  
caught, they fasten him, and cover his back  
with dry leaves or grass, to which they set  
fire. The heat causes the plates to sepa-  
rate at their joints a large knife is then care-  
fully inserted horizontally beneath them,  
and the laminae lifted from the back, care  
being taken not to injure the shell by too  
much heat nor force it off until the heat has  
fully prepared it for separation. Many  
turtles die under this cruel operation, but  
instances are numerous in which they have  
been caught a second time with the outer  
coating reproduced, but in these cases,  
instead of thirteen pieces, it is a single piece.  
A BARONET'S DAUGHTER ELOPES WITH A  
GARDENER.—An elopement extraordinary  
took place some time ago—the lovely and  
accomplished daughter of a wealthy baronet  
leaving her father's house in the dead  
of night, under the protection of her father's  
gardener, to whom she was united in holy  
matrimony on the following morning. At a  
hotel, not a hundred miles from Croyton a  
very common man, supposed to be the  
lady's servant, engaged rooms for a lady,  
and when that lady arrived, various were  
the whispers and surmises that this man might  
be her husband. However, so it proved, and  
the father being appealed to in vain, this  
interesting couple were soon almost in a  
state of starvation. The people of the hotel,  
however, were very kind, and feeling an  
interest in the lady, they used their influ-  
ence and at length succeeded in getting the  
husband into the police, where, as night  
policeman he was too thankful to earn his  
guinea a week.—London Court Journal.  
A gentleman not long since, in one of  
his rides in Southern Illinois, sought to  
make himself interesting to a good look-  
ing mother of a sweet baby, occupying the  
next seat in the car. After duly praising  
the baby he remarked to the mother. "He  
is a real sucker, I suppose."  
The lady, blushing, "we had to raise him on  
the bottle." The gentleman resumed his  
reading and has not bragged on any strange  
baby since.  
CHARACTERISTIC.—On the day of election  
while the voting was proceeding quietly,  
word came that Gov. Medary was dead.  
While the Democrats generally expressed  
sentiments of profound sorrow, a little  
crowd of Abolitionists manifested feelings  
of overflowing joy; and one of them called  
out three cheers! Loud enough to be heard  
by all the bystanders! The man who called  
for the cheers, we understand, is a very  
pious member of one of our Christian  
churches! O, temporal O, more!—Mount  
Vernon Banner.  
GRAMMAR CLASS.—stand up and recite. "Tom  
parse girl." Pupil—Girls is a particular  
noun, of the lovely gender, lively person,  
and double number, kissing mood, in the  
immediate tense, and in the expectation  
case to matrimony, according to general  
rule.  
A VERY pretty girl was shot and killed al-  
most instantly a few days ago in St. Louis.  
A party of young men were in a room  
examining a pistol which one of the party  
had bought, when the unfortunate girl  
opened the door just as it was accidentally  
discharged, the lead entering her neck.  
Give a man brains and riches and he is a  
king. Give a man brains without riches,  
and he is a slave.—Give a man riches with-  
out brains, and he is a monkey.  
"I like you," said a girl to a boy, "but I  
cannot leave home, I am a widow's only  
child, no husband can equal my parent  
in kindness." "She may be kind," replied  
the wooer, "but my wife—we will all  
live together, and see if I don't beat your  
mother."  
If you and your sweet-heart vote upon  
the marriage question, join for it and she  
against it, don't flatter yourself as to its be-  
ing a tie.  
"My Lord," said the foreman of a Welsh  
jury, when giving in their verdict, "we find  
the man that stole the mare not guilty."

ENCOUNTER WITH A SHARK.—A gentleman  
writes from Macao on the 18th of April:—"I  
was witness to an extraordinary scene in  
the outward harbor on Saturday last.—  
Several boats from the French Messenger  
Imperial ship were basking, when a  
shark was observed making for them. They  
heard the cries of their shipmates, and at-  
tempted to regain their vessel, distant half  
a mile. They would have been too late but  
for an officer belonging to the celebrated  
Liverpool clipper, Black Seneca. Mr Lamb,  
who arming himself with a sheath knife,  
sprang from the rail and attacked the mon-  
ster in his own element. The shark im-  
mediately turned upon his antagonist when  
occurred a scene more easily imagined than  
described. Mr Lamb dived again and  
again, each time coming up beneath the  
shark, and succeeded in inflicting wounds.  
The water was literally dyed with the blood  
of the monster. Several boats having been  
put off he was dispatched with a harpoon,  
and hauled ashore on the beach. He proved  
to be a blue shark, fully fifteen feet long."  
ADVICE TO A YOUNG LAWYER.—The follow-  
ing is the advice of an examining judge to  
a young lawyer, on admission:  
"Sir, it would be idle to trouble you farther.  
You are perfect; and I will dismiss you  
with a few words of advice, which you  
will do very well to follow. You will find  
it laid down as a maxim of civil law never  
to kiss the maid when you can kiss the mis-  
tress. Carry out this principle, sir, and you  
are safe. Never say "boo" to a goose  
when she has the power to lay golden eggs.  
Let your face be long, your bills longer.—  
Never put your hand in your pocket when  
anybody's else is handy. Keep your con-  
science for your own private use, and don't  
trouble it with other men's matters. Plaster  
the Judge and butter the jury. Look as  
wise as an owl, and be as oracular as a  
own clock. But above all, get money;  
honestly if you can, my dear sir, but get  
money. I welcome you to the bar."  
IKE HEARD FOX.—In our last from Mrs.  
Parrington, she thus discourses concerning  
Ike: Betsy Jane writes to you about poor  
Isaac being grafted into our noble army; it  
was during the late prevailing restriction.  
I've been so dreadful uneasy—laws me!—  
But, Dan!, at last we're heard of him by  
a neighbor who is home on a furlow. He—  
poor innocent! at one's took his place, so  
neighbor Tibbins says, as First Corporal,  
and soon proved so deficient that he was  
prompted to be an Ordinary Surgeon—poor  
child! But what the blessed dear knows  
about taking up arterials, computation of  
limbs, and the like surpasses me. Howsom-  
ever, if he can be the humble implement  
in the hands of the Lord of saving the lives  
of the gallus fellows whose heads have  
been disseminated by the boring open of  
putoons and things, why we must sacrifice  
him freely on the altar of pleurisy uni-  
form and may the Lord have mercy on his  
solar system.  
A pious old gentleman, one of the salt of  
the earth sort, went out into the field to  
catch his mare. He shook a measure of  
corn at her to delude her into the belief  
that she was to get, but she was not to be  
deceived by any specious act. She would  
come nigh and then off again, until the good  
man was tired. At last he got her into a  
corner among some briars and made a dash  
at her, when she bounded over the wall and  
left him sprawling among the bushes. His  
Christian fortitude gave way at this and  
gathering himself up he cried, "Oh hal! hal!"  
The ejaculation had passed his lips before  
he thought, but immediately conscious of  
his wickedness, he cried "Elojah!" and  
translated the profane word into a note of  
triumph.  
"John," inquired a dominion of a hopeful  
pupil, "what is a snail?"  
"A man who makes nails," replied hope-  
fully quite ready.  
"Very good; now what is a tailor?"  
"One who makes tails," was the equally  
quick reply.  
"O, you blockhead," said the dominion  
biting his lips; "a man who makes tails!  
did you ever?"  
"To be sure," quoth hopeful—"if the tail-  
or didn't put tails to the coats he made,  
they would be all jackets!"  
"Eli—ah!—well!—to be sure, I didn't  
think of that. Beats Wain's logic! Go to  
the head of the class, John—you'll be Pres-  
ident of the United States some day."