

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

W. H. JACOBY, Publisher.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

[\$2 50 in Advance, per Annum.]

VOLUME 16.

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 25, 1865.

NUMBER 14.

THE STAR OF THE NORTH

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY BY
W. H. JACOBY,
Office on Main St., 3rd Street below Market.
TERMS:—Two Dollars and Fifty Cents in advance. If not paid till the end of the year, Three Dollars will be charged.
No subscriptions taken for a period less than six months; no discontinuance 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

Who is My Neighbor?

BY WILLIAM CUTLER.

Thy neighbor! It is he whom thou
Hast power to aid and bless—
Whoseaching heart and burning brow,
Thy soothing hand may press.
Thy neighbor! 'tis the fainting poor,
Whose eye with want is dim,
Whom hunger sends from door to door—
Go thou, and succor him.
Thy neighbor! 'tis that weary man,
Whose years are at their brim,
Bent low with sickness, care and pain—
Go thou, and comfort him.
Thy neighbor! 'tis the heart bereft
Of every earthly gem—
Widow and orphan, helpless left—
Go thou, and shelter them.
Whene'er thou meet'st a human form
Less favored than thine own,
Remember, 'tis thy neighbor worn,
Thy brother, or thy son.
Oh! pass not, pass not heedless by—
Perhaps thou can'st redeem
One breaking heart from misery—
Go, share thy lot with him.

PASSING EXAMINATION.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Last summer, greatly to the horror of my Uncle Aleck, and equally to the disgust of my Aunt Jane, I determined on turning my education to some purpose, and teaching for a living. I had graduated at a fashionable seminary with the highest honors, as the saying goes, and I flattered myself that what I did not know was not worth knowing.
I had no doubt of my competency to teach any school, in any region, any branches, to the infinite satisfaction of everybody. I told Uncle Aleck so, and had the pleasure of hearing him laugh heartily at the scheme, and declare he would bet his gold levee against a brass button, that I should fail to pass an examination before any ordinary school committee!
I was indignant! He should see, I said, and sure enough he did see! As soon as it was noised round that Miss Isabel Blane desired to teach, I had numerous applications from the city authorities to take charge of classes; but I had set my heart on having an old-fashioned district school in the country. I wanted to board amid the rural shades through the summer; and teaching would afford a pleasant variation of the monotony, I said to myself. I had imbibed a perfect passion for the country from a novel I had been reading—and fancied it one great paradise of strawberries and cream, blue skies, fresh butter, blooming meadows, and sap molasses; and I thought I should enjoy life full and entirely there.
I searched the Daily Herald every morning, and read faithfully the entire list of "Wants"—and after a while, my pains were rewarded by the following notice:
TEACHER WANTED.—A young lady of from twenty to twenty-five, who can bring good recommendations as to character, ability, etc., is wanted, by a highly respectable and intelligent community, in the beautiful and romantically situated district of Wellspring, to teach a select school.—The hall of learning is located splendidly in a cedar grove; and the society in the neighborhood is excellent. Call on J. H. Harwell, or address a letter to him at Wellspring, Vermont.
This advertisement seemed to promise everything. This was just such a situation as I wanted. I showed it to Uncle Aleck, but he only laughed and said he'd no doubt but the "hall of learning" was a log shanty in a hazel swamp, and the "excellent society" a pack of gossiping old men and women, who would blacken my character to the hue of ebony in less than a fortnight. I was not to be convinced and before the close of the next day I had written to Mr. Harwell. Saturday's mail brought me a letter from him; he was pleased with my style of address, and if I would come out to Wellspring at once, he thought the school would be mine—provided I could pass the examination, which it was highly probable a young lady of my talent and education would do with credit.
Mr. Harwell's style of address pleased me, and the ensuing Monday afternoon found me at Wellspring, making my way to the house of Mr. Harwell. Just before arriving there, I passed a nondescript building situated in the very midst of a rocky, brushy swamp, about which I was sorely puzzled. The structure was glistening of a ridge pole, a stove funnel protruded from the roof, the windows were all on the ventilating principle, and if there ever had been a door, it had left for parts unknown. I racked my brain vainly for a conclusion regarding this singular building, and finally resolved in the belief that it must be a

smoke house, fallen into disuse.

On inquiry, the residence of Mr. Harwell was pointed out to me; and through a small Mediterranean of dish water, and potato parings, I made my way to the front door. Mr. Harwell, was at home, and so was his dog, but the latter was so much more wide awake than his master, that he had barked full fifteen minutes, and succeeded in driving me to the top of the wood pile for refuge, before his owner made his appearance.
"Get out Linn!" yelled he, "don't you know beans when the bag's ontied. Git out, I say! Ye see, Miss, they've been building the railroad out here, and my dog's terribly opposed to the trishers! I guess he took you for one of 'em by his actions. Git out you brute! Come down, marm; I s'pose yer Miss Blane, eh?"
About a dozen red-haired children, and a red-haired woman—doubtless their maternal progenitor—gazed at me from the windows, and I overheard the latter individual say to her oldest girl—
"Humph! wonder if she's painted? her teeth looks just like Mrs. Morgan's that she bought of Dr. Crashmill. She hain't no great shakes, no how! Guess there'll be no danger of my Daniel's falling in love with her, as he did with tother one!"
Mr. Harwell showed me into the "fore room," and after putting on his coat and brushing his forelock with a scrubby brush—he announced himself ready to attend me to the committee.
Squire Smith, Rev. Mr. Jericho, and Dr. Fowlerman, constituted this august body.
"All on 'em mighty learned men!" remarked Mr. Harwell, "all been to college—or been to see the college, as I've heard 'em say. They're acquainted with most of the languages in the world, and a few, besides. Mr. Jericho knows Ojibway and Potoutot; Squire Smith is powerful on the *ex parte facto* the *habeas corpus*, and such, and the doctor knows all the organs in the body from the toe joint to the bridge of the nose!"
Judge of my feelings!
We stopped, at length, before a dingy red building, bearing above its weather-beaten door the sign—in small yellow letters—
"Squire Joseph R. Smith, Justice of the Peace, and Attorney at Law for Gifford County."
I flatter myself that I am a young lady of nerve, therefore I did not tremble when ushered into the illustrious presence.
Squire Smith was alone, but he immediately dispatched a messenger for his colleagues, and in a few moments they arrived.
"Young lady," said the squire, "you will please to take that seat by the window. I want a fair opportunity to judge of your character by your face."
He put on his spectacles, and the doctor did likewise, after which the twin eyes met closely for the space of five minutes in silence. Rev. Mr. Jericho passed his hand over his forehead, and gazed out at the window, at the sand bank opposite.
"Young lady," said the squire, at last, "what is your name?"
"Isabel Blane."
"Blane! Blane! it's a familiar name enough I seems to me I've heard it before. Doctor, do you recall the name of Blane? It strikes me that the man who was hung last summer, was named Blane."
I modestly suggested that the individual in question bore the cognomen of Smith. The squire looked annihilated at me.
"You need not trouble yourself to speak unless addressed," he said with dignity. "This court, and the gentlemen of the jury—ahem! these, my clients—I mean, my fellow committee men, are well versed in all that is necessary for them to know. Doctor, will you proceed with the examination? or will you favor us, Parson Jericho?"
"Go on, squire," said both gentlemen in chorus.
"Ahem! hem! Miss Blane, allow me to ask you if you can square the contents of a rectangular triangular centepede, and find the cube root of the base by establishing the apex of the pyramid, on a perpendicular line from the equatorial circumference?"
"I have no doubt I could succeed as well as any other person," said I confidently, and I am still of the same opinion.
"Ahem! well, what is the English law in regard to the E pluribus unum, and what does Coke on Blackstone say about the intermarriage of blood relations?"
"Juno Jovis conjux erat!" returned I, quoting the first Latin sentence that came into my head. Luckily for me it was sufficiently imposing.
"Ah ha!" cried Mr. Jericho, starting up from a brown study, "so you are cognizant of the Hebrew? Put that down in her favor, Mr. Squire Smith. No woman's education is complete without a knowledge of that beautiful language! Permit me a few simple questions? Who was the first missionary to Japan, who built the Ark, and in what country, or land do the Jibberophanes Highpolly Gung Gings reside?"
"In Dixie!" answered I boldly.
"Dixie? Dixie's Land—oh yes; I recollect—yer you are correct. Doctor have you any questions to put?"
"I think I have," remarked that functionary slowly, "Miss Blane, will you oblige me by showing your tongue?"
"Obliged him."

the meal's?"

"Yes sir?"
"The chicken pox?"
"Yes sir?"
"The whooping cough?"
"No sir."
"No! ah, that is bad! If you should take it while here it would be horrible! All the children would be sure to get it and the public peace would be destroyed by their whoops! Squire put it down that Miss Blane has not had the whooping cough; and then you can proceed with the examination."
"Ahem! hem—Miss Blane, we will exercise you in spelling, if you please. How do you spell Squanamagonic?"
I spelled the word to the best of my ability, but the squire demurred.
"A little deficient in etymology," he said, with an ominous shake of the head, "but I will try you further, how do you spell dictionary?"
I gave the usual method, but he corrected me.
"Dictionaries is the word—it should be spelled thus—d-i-c-k-a-h-u-a-r-y—dick-shunary. I am sorry to find you so deficient."
"I'll examine her a little in grammar, if you please," said Mr. Jericho, "young lady how many genders are there?"
"Four—masculine, feminine, common, and neuter."
"Define them."
"Masculine distinguishes the names of males—feminine those of females—common denotes ministers, lawyers, and doctors; and the neuter applies to old bachelors and old maids!"
My three interlocutors were astounded. It was full fifteen minutes before they could proceed. Then the squire took up the role.
"About order. We haven't said anything about the government of the school. What would you do to the scholar who would spit in your face?"
"I would beat birch rods up about him till my strength failed!" said I stoutly.
"What if that scholar should be my boy?"
"I'd not spare him on that account!"
"You wouldn't! Young lady, you are audacious! I am surprised at you! I am shocked—and—"
He did not finish the sentence, for at the moment a drove of hog-corned down the street, espied the open door, and came rushing in—evidently in the hope of forage. The squire, the doctor, and the parson started a simultaneous yell, and made for the door, closely pursued by the porcine visitors, who perhaps took the yell as a signal to follow for swill.
The squire climbed a tree—the parson took refuge in a neighboring sheep's house—and the doctor cut a bee line straight down the street to his residence. In his flight, he probably failed to notice the tall, scraggy woman who was coming in the opposite direction, loaded with dahlia poles, and a basket of parsnips. In consequence he ran fairly against her, knocked her over into a neighboring mud puddle, and sprawled his fat body into the same receptacle.
The woman rose to her feet—surveyed her muddy gown—looked at her smashed poles and the result I knew would be fearful. It was correct. She seized on a huge parsnip, and beat it up about the doctor's head in less time than it takes me to chronicle it. Another, and another met the same fate. The poles next did duty, and in the midst of the *mélée* which ensued, I made good my escape to the railway station, where I was lucky enough to get on board the train for home.
I was cured of my desire to teach in a country neighborhood.
By inquiry, I have since learned that the school-crip building I had seen, was the school-house; and that it is still without a "school marm"—the committee having been unable to find a person who could pass examination.
I advertise the chance, free, gratis, for nothing. If any young lady who can bring good recommendations, desires to try her luck with the Wellspring literati, I can give her a letter of introduction.
A BLACK SURPRISE.—Some months since when Lucretia Borgia was being done with slow murder at one of our theatres, the death-like silence which prevailed was suddenly interrupted by the sobbing of some tenderhearted female whose sympathetic soul was keenly alive to the unfortunate condition of the afore-said victims. A modest young man began to be interested in discovering the female whose heart, like his own, was so susceptible to human feeling. While the young Romeo was looking round from the barquette, and scanning the countenances of the fair ones, he thought he experienced a sensation as if something was upon his head. Raising his hand, he found to his delight, that some young lady had accidentally dropped her cambric hankerchief from the box above. Our young Romeo soon began to discover that there was an opportunity for him to display his gallantry; he arose, and after privately pressing the cambric to his lips, extended it, delicately secured between the tips of his fingers, for the fair claimant to take possession of. At this moment a head protruded over the gallery above, and cried in a low but distinct tone, "Chuck it up, Sah!" The young man suddenly raised his eyes, and beheld the blackest wench that ever white man looked upon. It is needless to add that he dropped almost lifeless in his seat, and a favored few who chanced to witness this ludicrous scene burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter.

Painful Romantic Affair.

The residents of a certain highly respectable portion of the West side, says the Detroit Free Press, have been thrown into the most agonizing state of alarm within the past week by an occurrence that could have occurred. Miss —, the heroine of this romantic but distressing affair, a young lady of about eighteen years of age, and a person of many accomplishments and great personal attractions, is the daughter of a wealthy parents, moving only in refined circles who resides in that quarter of the city. Nothing had been spared in the education of this young lady which could tend to render her an ornament to society, and nothing upon her part had been omitted which could indicate, in any degree, the warmth of the gratitude with which she had ever repaid them for the tender solicitude exercised in her behalf. So the young lady's life ran on surrounded with luxury and the kindest influence of affection, until in an unhappy hour, yielding to a glittering temptation which has too often prevailed against the imperfect resistance of our frail humanity, has called out a noble trait in the lady's character not known to have existed there, and driven her sorrowfully, and doubtless, with tears to the painful step which she has at last taken. A young man of considerable wealth, a resident of that city, became enamored of the young lady, had diligently prosecuted his suit for her hand, although personally obnoxious to herself, had—by means of his apparent circumstance—succeeded in impressing upon the mind of her parents the desirability of so auspicious a union; and in spite of the young lady's opposition, the projected match was favored and insisted upon with all the plausible arguments usually upon such occasions, if not with the additional edict of parental authority even. Time wore on, but the matter assumed no more favorable an aspect. At length the lover became importunate and nothing seemed able to prevent the prize falling from their grasp except the speedy consummation of the forced engagement. Accordingly Tuesday of that week was agreed upon by the gentleman and the young lady's parents upon which to celebrate the nuptials, and the "busy note of preparation" resounded in all parts of the stately mansion. There was the usual hurrying to and fro, the visiting of shops and attendance upon the milliners. Upon Monday evening the wardrobe of the bride was completed, and her rich trousseau was spread out glittering on the toilet-table. With many congratulations her parents retired to rest, happy in the fulfilment of their cherished scheme, and in the contemplation of the "golden future which to-morrow's sun would usher in. She too retired, and during those melancholy and sleepless hours devised a plan to baffle them. Early on the morning of Tuesday—the wedding day—the young lady expressed a desire to make a farewell call upon a very intimate companion in a distant part of the city, and accordingly set out to accomplish her purpose, but has never yet returned. Hour after hour elapsed, surprise changed to wonder in the minds of those blind parents, and the deluded bridegroom and these in turn gave way to painful anxiety and overwhelming alarm as the day waned; and the disappointed guests, with the attending clergymen, reluctantly took their leave, with many condolences, and departed from the house.—Messengers were dispatched in vain to seek intelligence of the fugitive—her schemes were too well laid for discovery.—Upon the next morning the police were made acquainted with the melancholy tale, and the service of expert detectives brought into requisition. Four days these untiring men, familiar as they are with every nook and corner of the city, had been at work in seeking the hiding place of the lady, but to no purpose. There is abundant evidence, it is said, that she has not left the town, yet with the thorough and determined search which practised vigilance can devise the adroit fugitive cast defiance to her pursuers. Our reporter was informed that the search was given up in despair. If words fall short in expressing the gloom which has overshadowed with its untimely presence that once happy home, how then can the overwhelming anguish of that young and helpless being be described, whose simple resources is her own noble impulse, and whose only protection is her own purity of heart and thought? The matter is a distressing one from whatever part it is viewed. Time alone can unravel the mystery.
A SINGULAR CASE.—A gentleman in one of our suburban cities raised a company two or three years since for one of our regiments and departed for the battle-field, leaving behind a young wife. A few months afterwards the lady gave birth to a child and subsequently the name of her husband appeared among those killed in one of the battles fought by the Potomac army. A body, said to be that of her husband, was sent to her, and the remains were interred, she believing all the time she was burying her husband. The lady remained single about a year then removing her mourning, was married again, and now has a child by the second husband. A few weeks ago the wife was somewhat surprised at reading the name of her first husband in a list of Massachusetts soldiers who had recently been released from a rebel prison, he having arrived at Annapolis, Md. She now had two living husbands, and children by both.

AMERICA.

My country, 'tis of thee,
Once land of Liberty,
Of thee I speak,
Land where my fathers died,
Once of the freeman's pride,
Hear from each mountain side,
Oppression's shriek.
My native country, thee,
Made by the noble tree,
I thee would save!
With all thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
Let usurpation's ill,
Make thy free, slave.
Our father's God, to thee,
Author of Liberty,
To thee we call!
Grant us peace, stop the fight
'Gainst freedom's holy lights,
Protect us in our rights,
God grant our all.
The Printer.
B. F. Taylor of the Chicago Journal, a writer whose every word is poetic thought, thus speaks of the Printer, truly and prettily. In those pictures of language what word painter so artistic, so exquisite as he? Read it, think it, "write so."
The Printer is the Adjutant of thought and this explains the mysteries of the wonderful words that can kindle a home as no song can—that warm a heart as no hope can—that word "we" with hand-in-hand warmth in it, for the Author and Printer are engineers together. Engineers indeed! When the little Corsican bombarded Cadiz at the distance of five miles, it was deemed the very triumph of engineering. But what is that paltry range to this, whereby they bombard the ages yet to be.
There he stands at the case and marshals into lines the forces armed for truth clothed in immortality and in English. And what can be more noble than the equipment of a thought in sterling Saxon—Saxon with the spear or shield therein, and that commissioned it when we are dead, to move gradually on to "the last syllable of recorded time." This is to win a victory from death, for this has no dying in it.
The Printer is called a laborer, and the office he performs is toil. Oh, it is not work but a sublime rite he is performing, when he thus sights the engine that is to fling a worded truth in grander curve than missiles e'er before described—flings it into the bosom of an age yet unborn. He throws off his coat indeed; but he wondrously rather that he does not put his shoes off his feet, for the place wherein he stands is holy ground.
A little song was uttered somewhere long ago; it wandered at the twilight footstep to a star; it died upon the ear; but the Printer takes it where it was lying there in silence like a wounded bird, and he sends it from the Ark that had preserved it, and it flies into the future with the olive branch of peace, and around the world with melody, like the dawning of a spring morning.
A LIGHTNING STORY.—The following lightning story shows us why the telegraph is so given to lying:—
In a little seaport on Long Island Sound, not many hours from the metropolis resides an old coasting skipper, whose marvellous tales of adventure by sea and land, if collected and published, would render the copy right of Munchausen's travels worthless. Here is a story of his, for a sample:—
"It's close on to thirty years ago that I was coming down the Sound in the old sloop Sally; 'twas summer time, and the wind was to the southward. All of a sudden the wind died away, and it commenced thick'ning up to north'ard and west'ard. I had an idea that 'we was going' to have a thunder squabble, one took in sail and waited for it. By me here it come, feather white, as far as you could see; and such thunder and lightning and rain as I guess was never seen before in these latitudes. The mate was at the helm, and I was standing at the companion-way, the lightning striking all around the sloop, when, suddenly, after a big flash, I felt a curious feeling—a cold chill, like I had swallowed quicksilver come over me. I got down below as soon as I could, and feeling mighty streaked, I can tell you!—The squall soon passed over, and I felt all right except an unaccountable feeling about my feet. I sang out for the cook, who pulled off my boots and, strange to say, although it is the truth, I turned out of each one high on to a pint of the electric fluid."
ONE IN QUEEN CITY OF THE WEST writes: Two years ago I came to Cincinnati to engage in business, and soon obtained the assistance of a German porter, by name Barney. Finding in a short time that the muddy water of the Ohio was not as palatable or healthy as it might be, I bought a porous stone filter and sent to the store. I told Barney to take it down in the cellar and keep it filled with water until wanted. A few days after, I asked Barney to "bring up that stone jar from the cellar."
Said he, "I cannot."
"Why not?"
"I gave the ashman sixpence this morning to carry it away; for I had poured four pails of water in it, and it leaked so that I knew you would be glad to get rid of it."
The quickest way to demoralize the Confederates would be to send the Federal

Romance in real life—Mixed up Affair.

Edwin C. Chase, a man about forty-four years of age, married an English woman several years ago, in Needham, Mass., where they lived for a time in moderate circumstances. Removing to Pennsylvania, he was one of the fortunate seekers after oil, and amassed quite a fortune, perhaps seventy or eighty thousand dollars.
Last July, Mrs. Chase, who is described as a fair looking woman, wearing curls, went to Europe to visit her friends there, taking a considerable sum of money with her.
During her absence, it appears, her husband managed to procure a divorce through the Indiana courts, for the reason, as he says, that she was a victim, and he could not live with her, and that she went to England against his wishes. About two weeks ago, Mrs. Chase returned from her visit, and proceeded to Meedham, Mass., her former home, where she learned that her husband was writing soft letters and making agreeable visits to a young lady "scarce eighteen," who lived in Fitz Williams, New Hampshire—This was a stunner, because, as she says, Mr. Chase had written her frequently, during her absence, each time giving the flow of his ink a remarkably anti-climatic turn. She at once started to investigate the matter, and was, a day or two later, in Keene, New Hampshire, bound for Fitz Williams.
"It so happened," as the novelists say, that at the Eagle Hotel, in Keene, where she stopped, she was surprised, the morning after her arrival, to learn that her husband was in the same hotel, and there, on his bridal trip, having been married on the day before to the fair maiden aforesaid. She kept her own counsel, and went to procure more, which she did in the shape of two lawyers who speedily came to Keene from Boston, bringing a couple of physicians connected with the Insane Asylum at South Boston.
Consultation was had, which resulted in Mrs. Chase's going to the room of her husband that was, and pulling him out of bed much to the surprise of Mrs. Chase. Then the lawyers and doctors were brought in and there was much confusion. A court of some kind was speedily convened, if it was not already in session, and in a quiet way Mr. Chase was brought before it in the character of an insane man. His wife swore he was insane; the doctors knew he was; and, for so being, he was taken to the South Boston Retreat of which he remains an inmate. That he has never manifested any signs of insanity; has always been a good business man, and that he had over forty thousand dollars in Keene with him, his friends claim to know.
The inhabitants of Keene are very much excited over the matter; they do not understand it and hence gossip is rife. The poor girl from Fitz Williams has been sent home to ponder. Mrs. Chase is still "at large," enjoying the punishment she has inflicted.
—Harford Courant, December 15th.

Deaths of English Kings.

William the Conqueror died from the enormous fat, from drink, and from the violence of his passions.
William Rufus died the death of the poor stag that he hunted.
Henry the First died of gluttony.
Henry the Second died of a broken heart, occasioned by the bad conduct of his children.
Richard Coeur de Lion died like the animal from which his heart was named, by an arrow from an archer.
John died, nobody knows how, but it is said of ephraim, which we suppose, is another term for a dose of hellebore.
Henry the Third is said to have died a natural death.
Edward the First is likewise said to have died of a "natural sickness," a sickness which it would puzzle all the college of physicians to denominate.
Edward the Second was most barbarously and indecently murdered by ruffians employed by his own mother and her paramour.
Edward the Third died of disease, and Richard the Second of starvation the very reverse of George the Fourth.
Henry the Fourth is said to have died "of fits caused by uneasiness," and uneasiness in places in those times was a very common complaint.
Henry the Fifth is said to have died of a painful affliction, prematurely! This is a costly phrase for getting rid of a King.
Henry the Sixth died in prison, by means known then only to his jailor, and known now only to Heaven.
Edward the Fifth was strangled in the tower by his uncle, Richard the Third.
Richard the Third was killed in battle.
Henry the Seventh was away as a miser ought to do, and Henry the Eighth died of carbuncles, fat and fury, while Edward the Sixth died of a decline.
Queen Mary is said to have died "of a broken heart," whereas she died of a surfeit from eating too much of black pudding.
Old Queen Bess is said to have died of melancholy, from having sacrificed Essex to his enemies—her private character not being above suspicion.
James the First died of drinking, and of the effects of a nameless vice.
Charles the First died a righteous death, on the scaffold and Charles the Second died suddenly, it is said, of apoplexy.
William the Third died from compulsory habits of body, and from the stambling of his horse.
Queen Anne died from her attachment to "strong water," or, in other words, from drunkenness, which the physicians politely called dropsy.
George the First died of drunkenness, which his physicians as politely called an apoplectic fit.
George the Second died of a rupture of the heart, which the periodicals of that day termed a visitation of God. It is the only instance in which God ever touched his heart.
George the Third died as he had lived, a madman. Throughout life, he was at least a consistent monarch.
George the Fourth died of gluttony and drunkenness.
A MARVELLOUS STORY.
The following extraordinary story, in circulation Paris, is given to the world on good authority:
A Russian nobleman, extremely wealthy and very reserved and melancholy, has appeared of late in the best circles, to which he had most distinguished introducers.—The Russian became remarkable for wearing a ring of colossal proportions, covering nearly the entire finger and of singular appearance, the centre being composed of a substance resembling jet, which was set in gold. No one ventured to ask the character of the ring of the cause of its being worn, and placing the "wearer, a studious quiet man in the light of being an eccentric individual. A lady, however, who was piqued to know something about the matter at last mustered the requisite courage and said:
"Monsieur, every one is very much struck with the singular character of the ring you wear, and I for one would like to know its origin. The Russian made a nervous twitch with his hand as though he would like to hide it, when he replied, "Madam, the ring is not a jewel, as you suppose, but a tomb." This curious gathered around while he continued—"The jet substance is the body of my wife; she was Italian. I promised her that I would guard her day and night during my life, and she repaid in my word, which has never been broken. I took the body of my wife to Germany, where the most able chemist of the day promised to reduce it, by powerful dissolvents and by great compression, to a size which could enable me to wear it as a souvenir. For eight days he labored almost constantly in my presence, and I saw the dear remains gradually dissolve and intensely till the residue was the compact mass which you see in the ring, which is my dear wife, whom, as I promised, I will never quit day nor night during my life."
A venerable lady in her hundredth year lost her daughter, who attained the good old age of eighty. The mother's grief was great, and to a friend who came to condole with her she remarked, "Oh, dear! I knew I should never be able to raise that child!"
WASTED.—The receipt which is given