

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

W. H. JACOBY, Publisher.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

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'TIS VAIN ALL THIS REPINING.

'Tis vain all this repining,
The past is nought to me;
The present sun is shining,
And brighter yet may be.
The land-marks still I'll follow
Where braver feet have trod,
Though Friendship's smile be lovelier
And sorrow bears her rod.
The heart must break each sorrow,
Win back the smiles of Hope;
And from the Past not borrow,
But with the Present cope.
And those who now are watching
Out passage o'er the sea,
Some hope will still be catching
If basely on press we.
To-day the sun in darkness
Behind the clouds may hide,
To-morrow light and brightness
He'll scatter far and wide.
And on the road we're moving
Rich gems of thought will spring;
For those who're truly loving
The prize at last shall win.
Then banish all repining,
For though the road is rough,
Above the sun is shining
And there there's joy enough.

A Western correspondent says: In a district in the far west we had a gentleman teacher who thought it advisable to give some lessons in politeness. Among other things he told the boys in addressing a gentleman they should always say Sir, and gave them examples, and made quite a lesson of it. One boy was particularly delighted, and took occasion to speak to his teacher often to show he profited by his teachings. When he went home to dinner his father said: "Tom, have some meat?" "Yes, Sir, I thank you." The next thing the child knew his father's hand came whack on his ear, and his father's voice thundered forth, "I'll teach you to sass your dad!" Tom gave up being polite.

STAYING IN THE INDIAN BUREAU.—A few days before the adjournment of Congress, writes "Max" to the Cincinnati Commercial, a resolution was pushed through both Houses, appropriating half a million of dollars for destitute Indians. Half of this amount he thinks will stick to the hands through which it is intended to pass to the Indians. It occurs to him as somewhat singular that everybody who has anything to do with this business gets rich, and he alleges that there are instances where agents and employees have been known to save \$50,000 a year out of a salary of \$3,000! It must be a source of satisfaction to the people who pay the excessive taxation of the present day to know that the public money is filched so shamelessly.

ONE OF THE NORTHERN "SCHOOL MARRIAGES" who is employed in teaching the "freedomers," told a sprightly negro girl that she "must not call the woman with whom she lived, mistress—that she was as good as anybody." Pretty soon she asked her teacher what business she followed before coming South to teach. "I was a bonnet-maker," was the reply. "Well!" said the girl, gathering up her books and making for the door, "I am not going to 'sociate wid you any longer—you say I is ekel to my mistress, and she don't 'sociate wid bonnet makers."

A Cavalry bootblack received a returned soldier with the usual salutation—"Black you boys, air, I make 'em shine!" Looking at his polished "gunboats" in a contemplative way, the war-worn veteran replied: "Well, I don't care, if you do—fall in promptly, though." The archer gazed a moment at the soldier, surveying him from his "leathers" upwards, and then, turning to a comrade near by, shouted out: "I say Bill, lend us a hand, won't yer? I've got an army contract."

WANTS A WIFE.—A farmer boy who is anxious to get a wife, advises for one in this wise: He wants to know if she can milk, and make his bread and butter; and go to meeting without silk, and to make a show and splutter.

He'd like to know if it would hurt her hands to take up stitches, or sew a button on his shirt, or make a pair of breeches.

An angelical man is detected by all; every body feels hurt by his conduct—it appears so as to show a damp upon general

Chased by a Monomaniac.

About a year ago I had occasion to visit the remote village of Ravenswood on business. While there I became the recipient of a cordial invitation to attend a reception at the house of Mrs. Satterlee. My first impulse was to decline, but on mature deliberation I decided to attend, and I did not regret it, for it was a brilliant affair. The rooms were filled with the elite of the place. Among the many to whom I had the pleasure of being introduced during the evening was a certain Mr. Morrill. He was a noble-looking man. Dark complexion, finely moulded features, rather tall, and altogether just such a person as was my beau ideal of what nature intended man to be. I found him to be eloquent and witty in the extreme, and we had not conversed long ere I mentally pronounced him the most gifted conversationalist I had ever met.

I was strangely interested in Mr. Morrill, and when opportunity offered, I asked Dr. Cooper, with whom I was on terms of intimacy, who he was that had so strangely interested me. In answer to my inquiries, he told me that Mr. Morrill was a lawyer, who stood very high in his profession, and had been elected to the Legislature about a month previous.

"You would not think," continued the doctor, "that he had ever been a monomaniac?"

"A monomaniac? No. Well, he has been. Come out on the balcony and I'll tell you all about it. Two years ago," resumed he, when we were out of hearing, "Mr. Morrill was prostrate with brain fever; he was just beginning to recover, when we discovered that his mind was affected. He imagined himself deaf and dumb, but in every other respect he was perfectly sane. When he was sufficiently recovered to admit of his going out, he went to his office, and attended to his business as well as a deaf and dumb man could. He would converse with his partner on paper, but nothing could induce him to speak. His wife was in the greatest distress. I called one morning and found her weeping sadly on account of her husband. I resolved to try one more to compel him to speak, and before leaving had arranged a plan with her which we hoped would prove successful. Although simple, you will see how effectual it proved.

On the succeeding day I repaired to his house about the time I supposed he would be home to dinner. He was seated at the dinner-table when I arrived. I bowed to him and passed into an adjoining room—his wife soon followed me. We had purposely left the door ajar, in order that he might hear us.

"My dear," said I to his wife, "I wish you would leave Morrill and marry me. He's a mean, stingy oldascal. Hi—"

"I'm a mean, stingy oldascal, am I?" said he, rushing in with a pair of tongs, which he had picked up.

Springing through the open window I rushed up the street, running at the top of my speed. He followed close after me. At first I rather enjoyed the excitement, but it was fast becoming serious. I was getting tired but dared not stop. He pursued me so closely that I had not time to enter a house, and soon there were no houses to enter, for we had left the village far in the distance.

On, on we sped, pursued and pursued. As you may well imagine, by this time I was greatly exhausted, and knowing if I continued my flight much longer I must surely be overtaken, I determined to turn round and face my pursuer. I faced him and in a few seconds he was up with me.

"He immediately aimed a blow at my head with the tongs, which he had retained during the pursuit. I stepped to one side and received the blow on my left arm, unfortunately shattering the bone. We then clutched, and immediately commenced a desperate struggle lasting several minutes. In the disabled condition in which the blow of the tongs had placed me, I felt I was slowly but surely being overcome, and began to be seriously alarmed for my safety, when suddenly his hold on me relaxed, and he lay motionless before me on the grass. He had swooned.

In my disabled condition, I could do but very little for him but sit down and wait for some one to come that way. I had not waited long, when a farmer with a team of oxen and an empty wagon, came along. With the help of a laborer, the farmer got us both into the wagon, and bore us back to the house we had left so suddenly.

His wife was, of course, much alarmed on beholding him; but I quieted her by saying this would probably work an effectual cure. A physician was called who dressed my arm. Mr. Morrill was immediately put to bed, and before I left I had the pleasure of seeing him in a healthful sleep. The rest is soon told. He slept through all the afternoon and night, and into the next day and awoke with his mind as clear as it now is. He now stands an honored legislator and an ornament to his profession. I recovered entirely from my injuries in a few weeks, and I often think of, but do not regret, being chased by a monomaniac.

BOARDING HOUSE RECOMMENDATIONS.—A boarder at one of our city boarding houses, on being asked how they lived there, replied that the hash was rather doubtful, but the beef was "bully." This dubious endorsement failed to attract a new boarder.

An Editor's Qualifications.

The following is a very respectable epitome of the necessary qualifications to be a successful local editor:

"It is easy enough to be a local editor, if you think so; but some special qualifications are necessary to success. For the enlightenment of young men who have an itching that way, we will enumerate some of the indispensable virtues without which success is impossible. A good local must combine the loquacity of a magpie with the impudence of the d—l. He must be an encyclopaedia of useful knowledge. He must know how to time a race-horse, gaff a cock, teach a Sunday school, preach a charitable sermon, run a saw mill, keep a hotel, turn a double somersault, and brew a whiskey punch. He must be up to a thing or two in political economy, *an fit* in the matter of cooking beans. On the trail of mysterious items he must be a veritable sleuth-hound. His hide must be like that of a rhinoceros. He must throw modesty to the dogs, and let his tiger howl. But above all, he must be an adept at the art of puffing. The nearer he approaches to the condition of a blacksmith's bellows, the better he will succeed. He must be ready at all times to say something funny in regard to Smith's grocery, or to surround Miss Florence's millinery establishment with a halo of glowing adjectives. He must be enthusiastic on the subject of hams, verbose in extolling hardware, and highly imaginative in the matter of dry goods. He must look pleased when invited to walk sixteen squares in the broiling sun, to write a six line puff for a labor saving churn or a patent washing machine. He must feel grateful when invited to dine at the Doghouse hotel, and write a glowing account of the excellence of the hash and durability of the beefsteak. If he feels any sense of humiliation in sitting down to a festive gathering, on occasion of the presentation of a sword to Captain Sankopanzky, or a set of silver plate service to a horse inspector, he must smother it, and revenge himself on the champagne and cigars. He must affect to believe that he is invited to a purely social way, and not for the sake of having him write a good account of the ceremonies, with three columns of speeches in full, for the next morning's paper. If he flags in his description of Hodges' premium bull, or 'lets down' in writing up the oil indications on Shorelydyke's farm, he must take it kindly when he is reproved for his shortcomings. In the matter of show, the local must always be brilliant. He must talk readily of panoramas, with a liberal admixture of knowing words, such as 'tone,' 'warmth,' 'foreshortening,' 'high lights,' 'foreground,' 'perspective,' &c.; and he must be heavy on concerts, with a capacity to appreciate Miss Squawks' execution of difficult feats in the 'upper register'; he must be ecstatic in praise of double-headed calves, and eloquent in behalf of fat women and living skeletons. All this, and more, it takes to be a local. Sawing wood is equally as honorable, more independent, and easier."

Artemus Ward on Arrah-na-Pogue.

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I walked down the ile in my usual dignified stle, politely telling the people as I passed along to keep their seats. "Don't git up for me," I sed. One of the prettiest men I ever saw in my life showed me into a seat, and I proceeded to while away the spare time by readin' Thompson's Bank Note Reporter and the comic papers. The ordinance was large. I tho't from a cursory view that the Finnian Brotherhood was well represented. There was no end of bootiful wimin and a heap of good clothes. There was a great deal of hair present that belonged on the heads of people who didn't cum with it. The orkistry struck up a teon, & I asked the Usher to nudge me when Mr. Pogue cum out on the stage to act.

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Act the 1.—Glendale by moonlight—Irishmen with clubs. This is in 1798, the years of your birth, Mr. Editor. It appears a patriotic person named McCool has bin tain a instruction in the mountain districts, and is now going to leave the land of his nativity for a tower in France. Previously to doin so he picks the pocket of Mr. Michael Feeny, a gov'ment detective, which pleases the gallery very much indeed, and they joyfully remark, "hi, hi." He means, also, at this time, a young woman who luv him dearer than life, and who is, of course, related to the gov'ment; and just as the Gov'ment goes agin him she goes for him. This is nat'ral, but not grateful. She sez: "And can this be so? Ar, tell me it is not so truly as this lunatics would seem?" or words to that effect. He sez it isn't any other way, and they go off. Irish music by the band. McCool goes and gives the money to his foster sister Miss Arrah Meelish, who is goin' to shortly marry Shaun, the Lamp Post. Mac then alters his mind about goin' over to France, and thinks he'll go up stairs and lie down in the straw. This is in Arrah's cabin. Arrah says it's all right my darlint, och hone, and shure, and other popular remarks, and Mac goes to his straw. The weddin' of Shaun and Arrah comes off. Great excitement. Immense demonstration on the part of the peasantry. Barn-door jigs, and rebelyons song by McHouse, called "the drinkin' of the Gin." Ha, what is this? Soldiers cum in. Music by the band. "Arrah," sez the Major, "you have those money." She sez, "Oh no, I guess not." He sez, "Oh yes, I guess you have." "It is my own," sez she, and exhibited it. "It is mine," says Mr. Feeney, and identifies it. Great confusion. Coat is produced from up stairs. "Whose coat is this?" sez the Maj. "Is it the coat of a young man secreted in this here cabin?" Now this is rough on Shaun. His wife accused of theft, the circumstances bein' very much agin her, and also accused of havin' a hansom young man bid in her house. But does this bold young Hibernian forsake her? Not much he don't. But he takes it all on himself, sez he is the gaily wretch and is march off to prison.

Ingratitude to Parents.

There is a proverb "A father can more easily maintain six children than six children can maintain one father." Luther relates this story:

There was once a father who gave up everything to his children—his house, his fields, his goods—and expected for the children would support him; but after he had been some time with the son, the latter grew tired of him, and said:

"Father, I had a son born to me this night and there, where your arm chair stands, the cradle must come. Will you not, perhaps, go to my brother, who has a large room?" After he had been some time with the second son, he also grew tired of him, and said:

"Father, you like a warm room, and that hurts my head. Won't you go to my brother, the baker?"

The father went, and after he had been some time with the third son, he also found him troublesome, and said to him:

"Father, the people run in and out here all day, as if it were a pigeon house, and you cannot have your noon-day sleep;—would you not be better off at my sister Kate's, near the town wall?"

The old man remarked to himself, "Yes, I will do so, I will go and try it with my daughter."

She grew weary of him, and she was always so fearful when her father went to church or anywhere else, and was obliged to descend the steep stairs; and at her sister Elizabeths there were no stairs to descend, as she lives on the ground floor.

For the sake of peace the old man assented, and went to the other daughter; but after some time, she too, became tired of him, and told him by a third person, that her house near the water was too damp for a man who suffered with the gout, and her sister the grave diggers wife, at St. John's had much drier lodgings. The old man thought himself that she was right, and went outside the gate to his youngest daughter, Helen; but after he had been with her, her little son said to his grandfather,

"Mother said yesterday to cousin Elizabeth that there was no better chamber for you than such a one as father digs."

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This is a new idee. It is gin'rally the wife who suffers in the play, for her husband; but here's a noble young fellow who shut his eyes to the apparent sinfulness of his new young wife, and takes her right square to his bosom. It was bootiful to me, who love my wife, and believe in her, and would put on my meetin' clothes an' go to the gallos for her cheerfully rather than believe she was capable of taking anybody's money but mine. My married friends, listen to me. If you treat your wives as tho' they were perfect gentlemen—if you chow 'em that you have entire confidence in them, believe me, they will be true to you, most always.

Shaun is tried by a military commission. Col. O'Grady, altho a member of the commission, shows he sympathizes with Shaun and twits Feeny, the Gov'ment witniss, with being a knock-kneed thief, etc., etc.—Mr. Stanton's grandfather was Sec'y of War in Ireland at that time, so this was entirely propder. Shaun was convicted, and goes to jail. Hears Arrah singin' outside. Wants to see her a good deal. A lucky thought strikes him, he opens the window and gets out. Struggles with ivy and things outside of the jail, and finally catches her just as Mr. Feeney is about to dash a large wooden stone on his head. He then throws Mr. Feeney into the river. Pardon arrives—Fond embraces, tears of joy and kisses a la Pogue. Every body much happy. Curtain falls.

Yours till then, A. W.

Oca Devil says that young ladies should make no objection to being squeezed by printers. They should make every allowance for freedom of the press.

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Act the 1.—Glendale by moonlight—Irishmen with clubs. This is in 1798, the years of your birth, Mr. Editor. It appears a patriotic person named McCool has bin tain a instruction in the mountain districts, and is now going to leave the land of his nativity for a tower in France. Previously to doin so he picks the pocket of Mr. Michael Feeny, a gov'ment detective, which pleases the gallery very much indeed, and they joyfully remark, "hi, hi." He means, also, at this time, a young woman who luv him dearer than life, and who is, of course, related to the gov'ment; and just as the Gov'ment goes agin him she goes for him. This is nat'ral, but not grateful. She sez: "And can this be so? Ar, tell me it is not so truly as this lunatics would seem?" or words to that effect. He sez it isn't any other way, and they go off. Irish music by the band. McCool goes and gives the money to his foster sister Miss Arrah Meelish, who is goin' to shortly marry Shaun, the Lamp Post. Mac then alters his mind about goin' over to France, and thinks he'll go up stairs and lie down in the straw. This is in Arrah's cabin. Arrah says it's all right my darlint, och hone, and shure, and other popular remarks, and Mac goes to his straw. The weddin' of Shaun and Arrah comes off. Great excitement. Immense demonstration on the part of the peasantry. Barn-door jigs, and rebelyons song by McHouse, called "the drinkin' of the Gin." Ha, what is this? Soldiers cum in. Music by the band. "Arrah," sez the Major, "you have those money." She sez, "Oh no, I guess not." He sez, "Oh yes, I guess you have." "It is my own," sez she, and exhibited it. "It is mine," says Mr. Feeney, and identifies it. Great confusion. Coat is produced from up stairs. "Whose coat is this?" sez the Maj. "Is it the coat of a young man secreted in this here cabin?" Now this is rough on Shaun. His wife accused of theft, the circumstances bein' very much agin her, and also accused of havin' a hansom young man bid in her house. But does this bold young Hibernian forsake her? Not much he don't. But he takes it all on himself, sez he is the gaily wretch and is march off to prison.

Artemus Ward on Arrah-na-Pogue.

Artemus went to see Bourcault & Co.'s new drama, when it was brought out in New York. Here is his dissection of it: You ask me, sir, to sling some ink for your paper in regards to the new Irish dramy at Niblo's Garden. I will do it, sir. I found myself the other night at Niblo's Garden, which is now, by the way, wheat-ley's Garden. (I don't know what's becom of Nib.)

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This is a new idee. It is gin'rally the wife who suffers in the play, for her husband; but here's a noble young fellow who shut his eyes to the apparent sinfulness of his new young wife, and takes her right square to his bosom. It was bootiful to me, who love my wife, and believe in her, and would put on my meetin' clothes an' go to the gallos for her cheerfully rather than believe she was capable of taking anybody's money but mine. My married friends, listen to me. If you treat your wives as tho' they were perfect gentlemen—if you chow 'em that you have entire confidence in them, believe me, they will be true to you, most always.

Shaun is tried by a military commission. Col. O'Grady, altho a member of the commission, shows he sympathizes with Shaun and twits Feeny, the Gov'ment witniss, with being a knock-kneed thief, etc., etc.—Mr. Stanton's grandfather was Sec'y of War in Ireland at that time, so this was entirely propder. Shaun was convicted, and goes to jail. Hears Arrah singin' outside. Wants to see her a good deal. A lucky thought strikes him, he opens the window and gets out. Struggles with ivy and things outside of the jail, and finally catches her just as Mr. Feeney is about to dash a large wooden stone on his head. He then throws Mr. Feeney into the river. Pardon arrives—Fond embraces, tears of joy and kisses a la Pogue. Every body much happy. Curtain falls.

Yours till then, A. W.

Oca Devil says that young ladies should make no objection to being squeezed by printers. They should make every allowance for freedom of the press.

Artemus Ward on Arrah-na-Pogue.

Artemus went to