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POETRY.

The Three Voices.

What saith the Past to thee? Weep!
Truth is departed:
Beauty hath died like the dream of a sleep,
Love is faint-hearted:
Tribes of whom, the profusely arrayed,
Scared from our spirit God's holy ordal—
So as a funeral bell slow and deep,
So tolls the past to thee? Weep!
How speaks the present hour! Aet!
Walk, upward placing:
So shall thy foot-steps in glory be tracked,
Slow, but advancing,
Scorn not the smallness of the daily endeavor:
Let the great meaning ennobled beaver,
Droop not over efforts expended in vain,
Work, as believing that labor is gain.
What doth the future say? Hope!
Turn thy face sunward:
Look where the light shines the far rising slope—
Day cometh onward.
Waith! 'Tis so long to the twilight day,
Let thy bright sunbeams arise on thee praying,
Faint, for greater is God by thy side,
Thou art arms of Satan against thee allied!

MISCELLANY.

The Star of the Harem.

A TALE OF THE EAST.

It was twilight in the East, and its golden hues glanced athwart the sky that arched above the gossamer sea of Marmora, while the arising moon, just tipping the gilded crescents of the mosques, silvered the light waves of the Bosphorus. Near its banks at this hour sat a couple of turbaned youths dressed in the loose, most attractive of the Armenian people. On a near approach it was easy to discover that one was a female evidently seeking to disguise her sex, the youth by her side being her lover, to meet whom alone she had hazarded this exposure by the water's side.

"Ah, dearest Zillah, would that we had been born far beyond the sea whence comes your noble ship with these stars dotting her azure flag for in America, I am told that religious belief is no bar to the union of hearts."

"Nor should it be here, Al Hassan," replied the gaitic girl by his side, "did our noble Sultan understand the be good of his people: may the prophet open his eyes."

"Though I love the Zillah, far beyond all else on earth, yet I cannot abjure my religion for thy sake; for the best we can be here a short time only, and if I was unfaithful in my holy creed, then I could no longer hope as I do now to meet thee, let what may betide us, in paradise."

"And this Al Hassan, are you doubly true to me for though my father has educated me in the studied rules of Mussulman faith, yet I am far from heeding such minutiae as would entitle me to bear the name of a bigot, no, no; I love you more than you are true to your religion."

Zillah was a child in years; sixteen summers had not yet developed their power in her slight but beautiful form, and yet it was rounded so nearly to perfection, so slightly and gracefully full, as to captivate the most fastidious eye. Her face was classically beautiful, with a Grecian cast of features, and eyes that were almost too large and too brilliant. The acknowledged children of the Turks can hardly escape being lovely in personal attractions, for their parent who becomes the favorite, is the chosen beauty of the harem, selected from out of a host of Georgian or Circassian slaves, any one of whom would form a worthy subject for the artist's model. And such was Zillah's mother—a Circassian by birth; she had been brought by a Trebizond slave ship to Constantinople, and purchased by her father, the richest Bey in the Turkish Metropolis.

Al Hassan was a young Armenian merchant of rich parents, and good family. By some chance he had met Zillah, and done her important services at imminent risk to himself, by saving her from the deep river that encircles the city. A caïque, in which she was crossing, having by some mischance overturned while he was near the spot, he sprang into the water and swam with her to the shore. With the suddenness of oriental passion, they loved at once; but their after intercourse was necessarily in secret since they knew full well, that the Bey would at once punish them both if he discovered them for how could a Mussulman tolerate an Armenian?

Zillah and Al Hassan had often met as we had described, but always with the utmost caution; for the close watch and restraint enforced upon the women of Constantinople is proverbial with us even in America, and indeed the females themselves seem fully to approve of the veiled customs, inasmuch as it is rarely the case that they voluntarily depart from them. But at last Zillah was discovered by her father, the Bey, to be absent from the harem. None knew whither she had gone nor how she had escaped; but the father's suspicions were aroused, and ever after, she found it impossible to escape even for a moment and of course to communicate with the young Armenian in any other way was out of the question. Thus rendered miserable, "The Star of the Harem," as Zillah was called, grew sick and paler and paler each day, until the old Bey, now thoroughly aroused, was extremely anxious, lest she should be taken away. The best sages and doctors to be found were summoned and constantly attended the drooping flower, but

alas! to no avail; their art was not cunning enough to discover the true cause, nor would she tell it.

The cold-hearted old Bey never dreamed of the true cause of her illness. True he had suspected her of being too unguarded in her habits, and had laid restrictions upon her as to the liberty that should be permitted for her enjoyment; but as for disappointment in love being a cause sufficient to wither the beauty and health of his child, the cool, calculating old Turk could realize no such thing. In vain were all the remedies prescribed by the physicians that attended her, and at last the father who really loved his child, perhaps the only honest affection on his heart, determined to seek the confidence of Zillah. He entered the gorgeously furnished apartments of the harem, and seating himself on a rich divan of satin, he tenderly drew his child towards him.

Zillah loved her father and at this unusual token of kindness from him, tears flooded her eyes and cheeks, and she buried her face in his broad mantle and sobbed aloud.

"My child," said the old Bey, encircling her slender waist with his arm, "tell me the true cause of your sickness. Surely you must know what robs thy cheek of its color, thine eyes of its brilliancy, and thy form of its strength. Speak, Zillah, as you would open your heart to the Prophet."

"Ah, father, let me die in peace, since I know full well how hopeless is my malady; I love thee and do not complain."

"Nay, Zillah, my child," said the Bey, earnestly, "tell me what this secret is—I charge you in the name of the Prophet."

"The eyes of the beautiful girl sought the rich carpet, and a gentle blush stole across her pale face beneath her now almost transparent skin, and thus she mused for a single moment."

"Speak, my child, speak!" said the Bey, reading the half-formed resolution in her expressive face.

"Yes, I will reveal to you the truth, my father. You remember that youth who saved me from a watery grave?"

"That youth; what of him, Zillah?"

"Father," she whispered, "I love him."

"What, Zillah, thou lovest a dog of a Christian, a vile Armenian?"

"I have spoken," said Zillah, modestly.

The Bey knew his daughter to be fixed in her feelings, and that all his rage was only thrown away. She frankly told him that she never could be happy unless the young Armenian, Al Hassan, was her husband. The embarrassment of the Mussulman was great in this dilemma. He had recourse to the most eminent physicians to know if a malady caused by love could ever prove fatal. They assured him that this had frequently been the case, and that his daughter was in a most critical situation. All this rendered him quite miserable, for he could not for a moment entertain the idea of his child's becoming the wife of one of the hated Christian race. Besides, the laws prohibited such inter-marriages in the most positive and decided manner, affixing the most fearful penalties to a disgression from the rule established. He thought long, and smoked many pipes over the matter, coming at last to the conclusion both to save his child and to respect the laws and his plan was accordingly fixed in his own mind.

He repaired to the young Armenian's shop, and purchased some rich goods, directing that the proprietor, Al Hassan, should see them delivered at his palace, and there in person to receive his pay.

The terms of the bargain were strictly adhered to, and the young merchant attended upon the delivery of the purchase. He received full pay for his goods, and a rich present besides, with a message that if he would follow the slave who gave them to him, he should be conducted into the presence of the Bey, who would be happy to receive so reputable a merchant. Al Hassan followed the messenger through several winding passages until at last they stopped short and suddenly, when the slave threw open a secret door, and the astonished Armenian found himself within the precincts of the Bey's harem, and within a few steps of Zillah herself. His wonder soon gave way to the joy at meeting her whom he loved so dearly, and in spite of all penalty, the two were the next moment embraced in each other's arms. The emotion of the gentle Zillah was too much for her debilitated strength, and she fainted. Al Hassan laid her upon the rich divan, yielding her to the host of attendants that thronged to her side.

At this moment the wily Turk entered, and with well feigned surprise declared that the Armenian had profaned his harem, at the same time sternly ordering his slaves to seize and confine him in the keep of the palace.

"There is a God in Heaven!" exclaimed Al Hassan, as they hurried him away to the gloomy keep.

A week passed by, and still was the young merchant confined in the keep. Each morning a slave appeared before him, stating that if he were prepared to comply with the laws, he should be released; if not a few more days would seal his fate. The old Turk thought that Al Hassan, thus pressed, would finally yield and choose to renounce his faith rather than die; but he knew not the sustaining and actuating motive of this captive, whose answer was still unchanged. At last the Bey sent for him to appear before him.

"Do you still adhere to your purpose?" he asked.

"I do," replied the Armenian.

"And dost thou prefer death to a life of peace with Zillah?"

"Ah! deeply, severely am I tried said Al Hassan; no torture could make me acknowledge so much, for as the apple of my eye; do I love thy daughter, cruel Bey."

"The choice is with yourself; life with her, or a fearful death."

"There was a momentary struggle in the Armenian's mind—for but a moment did he hesitate and pause to consider."

"Speak for the last time," said the Bey, "ere I hand thee over to the mercies of the criminal tribunal."

"My trust is in heaven," said the Armenian, calmly.

"Enough," said the Turk, "bear him away to the court."

And Al Hassan was led like a traitor or a felon before the judges whose words were false, and who were actuated by all the prejudices of their countrymen against the hated sect to which he belonged; but he was innocent, and knew no fear.

Boldly, and without hesitation, did the Bey charge him before the tribunal, of profaning his harem—a crime whose penalty was death, unless the culprit became at once a follower of the Prophet, and in an instance like the present married the female.

The Armenian commenced his defence in a bold and manly strain. He announced at once, his deep, unchanging love for the beautiful Zillah, and acknowledged the charge preferred against him, of being found in the harem. But he showed also how he came there; that it was by treachery and design on the part of Bey himself, which could be easily proved by his own child and by the slaves that conducted him thither.

These were sent for and examined, and the Turkish tribunal were forced to acknowledge Zillah, and acknowledged the charge preferred against him, of being found in the harem. But he showed also how he came there; that it was by treachery and design on the part of Bey himself, which could be easily proved by his own child and by the slaves that conducted him thither.

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The judges all joined in advising Al Hassan to embrace the true faith, as they termed the Mahometan but he steadily rejected all persuasion, and the judges were forced to pronounce his sentence. He was condemned to be beheaded.

Zillah sought the palace of the "brother of the son," and regarded as if all ceremony threw herself at his feet. She related in most eloquent terms the true state of the affairs that so nearly affected her.

He sent at once for the judges, and listened attentively at their version of the affair, and receiving from them a recommendation for mercy, the Sultan turned his face toward the East, and for a moment seemed lost in prayer. Then Al Hassan was ordered before him.

"Thou lovest the Bey's daughter as true as she doth love thee?" demanded the Sultan, when he was before him.

"I have long loved her truly, noble Sultan," replied Al Hassan.

"And thou, Zillah dost love the Armenian, and wouldst thou become his wife?"

"Oh! noble Sultan; it is the only wish of my heart ungratified."

"If I err, the Prophet forgive me said the monarch, again bowing his head towards the East, "rise and go hence; you are from this hour married to each other, and may the prophet open the eyes of all unbelievers."

Under such countenance as this, none dared to complain, and the happy Zillah and Al Hassan, would not have changed their lives for the accepted Peri's place in Mahomet's Paradise.

[The reader may have seen, in the last foreign journals, that the Sultan of Turkey, had, for the first time; sanctioned a mixed marriage, and also, that the English are still discussing the political bearing of the movement. The marriage referred to, is that between Zillah, the rich Bey's daughter, and Al Hassan the Armenian merchant, and this gentle reader is a true story.]

Country Newspapers.

A contemporary gives this good as well as opportune advice: Let no farmer and no other man relinquish the newspaper published in his own neighborhood, for the sake of taking some other larger, cheaper, or more popular newspaper published abroad. The newspaper published in one's own county, is, as a general rule, more valuable than any other, if it be for nothing but the advertisements; for even they are the thermometer of business, and often the key which opens the door to excellent bargains.

It is of no little consequence to the farmer to know what is going on in his market town; the competitions in buying produce; the changes in business operations; the settlement of estates; sales of farms, &c. We venture to say, there is no man who may not every year much more than save the price of subscription to his neighboring newspaper, from its advertising columns alone; and on this ground all ought to patronize their own newspapers.

This should be done also for weightier reasons, one of which will name; the mammoth weekly sheets of the cities being furnished at a price with which no country printer can compete, (for the reason, because made up generally from matter once used and paid for in the daily papers,) are encroaching largely upon the country newspapers, thus discouraging improvements, and gradually bringing the whole country under the influence, and in some sense, the control of the leading cliques in the cities. Thus a tone is given to the morals and politics and habits of the country, and we hesitate not to say that the preponderance of this influence is bad. The people of the country get full enough of this influence through their own newspapers; and if they would not compete for the supremacy of the cities over the moral and political destiny of the country, let them support the country and no other newspapers. Or take the city papers if you can afford it, and as many as you please; but first see to it that your own home paper is a regular visitor to your fireside. Support them first and liberally, and they will hardly fail to support your interests.—*Huntingdon Globe.*

SCENE AT A TEMPERANCE HOTEL.—"Waiter, bring me a glass of hot lemonade, with a little gin in it."

"Tell you, sar, dere ain't a drop in do house; massa don't allow him to come in, an' if he did, you couldnt get dis nigger to buy him, no how—ize a teetoteller, and wouldnt dirty my hands wid de pison."

FULL ALLOWANCE.—Parliament allows Queen Victoria of England for her support, \$1,750,000; for Prince Albert, her husband, \$1,330,000, and for her horses and hounds, \$810,000—making in all \$3,890,000. This would feel 100,000 Irish comfortably.

Horse-Flesh vs. Steam.

A DOWN-EASTER IN A "FIX."

We have seen many comical scenes in our day; but our ribs have seldom been more dangerously affected than by the following laugh-provoking incidents that fell under our eye in the Pine Tree State last season.

We chanced, one October afternoon, to be standing on the steamboat wharf in Hallowell, witnessing the departure of the Charter Oak, when just as she had got fairly underway, and had opened a gap of some twenty rods between herself and the wharf, a long-legged youngster from the country, came running down the hill like a race horse, shouting his hat high in the air, and hawling at the top of his lungs, "Stop! stop! Captain stop!"

The steamer unmindful of the young gentleman's entreaties, or else hard of hearing moved on steadily in her course, without veering a point in the compass, when again the would-be passenger pitching his voice to a higher key, shouted loudly enough almost to awake the tenants of the tomb, "Hello-o-o! I say, stop! Master Captain; do, for thunder sake, stop!"

The second hallow had no more effect than the first, other than to attract the attention of the passengers; for, now, beginning to feel the full power of her engine, the paddle, wheels of the steamer were revolving more and more swiftly, and the only reply that greeted our hero was their rapid dip, dip, and the gruff cough of her escape-pipe.

It seemed at this moment as if the poor fellow would go distracted. The deep-angazing look of despair with which he turned his eyes from the steamer, as he saw that all prospect of getting on board was hopeless, was pitiful—most pitiful! He had ran and belted himself out of breath, till he was so weak he could hardly stand; and what with the tears that fell "thick and fast" from his eyes, and mingled with big drops of perspiration that coursed down his face, together with the dust that profusely covered his Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes; a new suit of which he had evidently donned that day for the first time; he was clearly, as Sam Weller would say, "a suffering victim."

He had "come all the way from Starks in the stage," he said, "with his gal, to go to Bosting; and now she was on board the steamboat, (where to make sure, he had placed her some two hours before the starting time), with his trunk and all the money he had in the world, but just four dollars in his trousers' pocket.—Booh! hoo! hoo! hoo! o-o-o-o!"

The "darndest st thing of all was," he said, "that she never had been in Bosting in all her life, and would not know any more where to tie up than nothing at all. And Bosting is full of plaguy bad fellows, they say, who take all kinds of ornamental advantages of a poor gal. Oh Moses! What will she think of me? What will she think of me? Booh-hoo-hoo-hoo-o-o-o-o!"

The tears streamed from the poor fellow's eyes till they were fairly red, when, suddenly brightening up a little, as if some new idea had popped into his head, he enquired if he could not be conveyed to Gardiner in season to catch the boat at that place. Being told that there was no possibility of that, he burst forth into another most piteous boo-hooing, and pacing the wharf, and wringing his hands in agony, exclaimed in a voice of utter despair, "I'm undone, I'm undone, I'm a ruined, ruined man!"

Just at this moment a rusty looking farmer drove up, with a sleepy-looking, crook-legged horse harnessed to a clumsy old-fashioned, horse chaise; a sort of ark, built, according to appearances, some half-a-century ago, and designed to carry one or two families, to the back of which was lashed a good sized bedstead.

Hearing the young man's lamentations, and learning the cause he immediately asked him "what he would give to be put on board the boat at Gardiner?" "Every red cent I've got; and that's just four dollars," replied the sufferer, sticking his hand into his breeches pocket. "It's a bargain!" said the proprietor of the vehicle, and, quick as thought down he jumped therefrom, and pulling out his long jack knife, cut the cords that bound the dormitory apparatus, and tumbling it over upon the roadside, cried out to the youth to jump in.

They had a long steep hill to climb at the onset, up which old homespun drove very moderately; walking his hobbin step by step all the way. Such a cool method of proceeding did not suit the impatience of the young "huy-er," whose anxiety to get ahead knew no bounds. "Thunder and spikes, how slow we go!" he exclaimed. "Lick up your old critter! Why in thunder don't you lick him up? We don't hardly move. We shall lose the boat, I know we shall! and my gal's in her, tew! Dew drive faster; or, how dew! That's darndest clever if you will. I'll do any—"

"Don't fret," coolly replied the old chap; adding, with provoking calmness, "there is nothing gained by hurrying on the first end of a race. Recollect, if I don't put you safely on board, there's nothing to pay! You shall have your ride gratis; so don't get into a lather." All this, as might be supposed, had little effect in abating the impatience of his passenger, to whom every minute seemed an age. The anti-past seemed to him to creep along at a snail's pace, and he declared he would be ashamed to ride so slowly in a funeral procession, he would rather travel fast, a yoke of oxen that would not travel faster. Four or five times he was on the point of jumping out of the carriage, and hurrying on foot—declaring that more than half an hour had elapsed, and yet they had travelled but quarter of a mile; but the farmer, grabbing his coat tails, pulled him back into his seat again with the same provoking admonition, "Keep cool, my friend! I tell you if I don't land you safely on board, you shall not pay any thing."

By this time they had got over the principal hills, and now it was that the old sodger, raising from his seat, and lifting his whip high in the air began to rain down the blows upon the back of his "old crew" in a style well calculated to test his powers of locomotion. "Wake up! Nance!" said he, "wake up! It's no time to be snoozin when there's cash at stake. A-

ong with you! get along!" The horse, as if understanding exactly what was said, pricked up his ears, stretched out his neck, and was soon darting over the ground in a style that would have been a caution to even those "werry fast crabs"—Fashion and Peytonia. On, on, on, he flew over plain, up hill, and down valley, increasing every moment in speed, and making the dust fly as if a thunder bolt were chasing him, or he were a will-o-the-wisp gone wild. It was evident from the way he made tracks, that he was a real singed cat; one of those sleepy David sort of horses, that, as the Yankee said, are a "darned sight better than they look." As he was thus "letting on," the crazy old chaise, lumbering at his heels, rattled, and creaked, and shook, as if it would tumble into a thousand pieces. Not many minutes passed in this way, before our hero, to his great joy was brought within sight of the steamer, which he could distinctly behold lying at her wharf. "Lick your horse harder, put on the lash! dew, for gracious sake, dew!" he cried, burning with furious impatience, now that the object of his despairing hopes was near. "There, there she goes!" he cried in a voice of anguish as they came upon the causeway, and he heard Captain Byram ordering the men to "cast off the bow line;" "there she goes, and my gal's in her tew! I'm undone, I'm undone, I'm a ruined, ruined man!" "Don't fret, young man," was the farmer's calm reply, "I tell ye again, if I don't put you on board, you shan't pay nothing."

It was clearly enough, however, (the last chance, for one end of the boat was already beginning to swing off, and the wheels were actually in motion. All this the old chap saw; and instantly plying his whip with all his might, he put his horse into the full gallop, roaring out all the while to his passenger, "Make your change!" while the latter, half-crazed with anxiety, and intent only on getting on board, was shouting with all his might for to "hold on!"

In this plight they dashed in among the crowd on the wharf, who were fairly convulsed with laughter at their appearance, and an opening being made for them, our hero sprang from the chaise on to the wharf, and thence on board into the outstretched arms of his "doxy;" on whose lips he imprinted a fervent kiss; while the old farmer, chucking over his speculation of four dollars, which he had cleared in the space of fifteen minutes, turned back on his way to Hallowell, to lug away his bedstead at his leisure.—*Yankee Blade.*

Practical Jokes and Bad Liquor.

BY THE EX-FRENCH EDITOR.

It is a well known fact that often times both those jokes which are called "practical"—and that liquor which is termed "bad," have been productive of exceedingly evil consequences; but whether the liquor or the joke has done the most mischief, we are not called upon just now to determine. We propose to make mention of an affair where bad liquors and a practical joke were productive of the very best consequences imaginable.

Many years ago, while the State of Georgia was yet in its infancy, an eccentric creature named Brown, was one of the Circuit Judges. He was a man of considerable ability, inflexible integrity, and much beloved and respected by all the legal profession, but he had one common fault. His social qualities would lead him, despite his judgment, into frequent excess. In travelling the Circuit, it was his almost invariable habit the night before opening the Court to get "comfortably corned," by means of appliances common upon such occasions. If he couldn't succeed while operating upon his own hook, the members of the bar would generally turn in and help him.

It was in the spring of the year; taking his wife—a model of a woman in her way—in the old fashioned, but strong "carry-all," that he journeyed some forty miles, and reached a village where "Court" was to be opened the next day. It was along in the evening of Sunday, that he arrived at the place and took up quarters with a relation of his "better half," by whom the presence of the official dignity was considered a singular honor. After supper Judge Brown strolled over to the only tavern in the town, where he found many old friends called to the place, like himself, on important professional business and who were proper glad to meet him.

"Gentlemen," said the Judge, 'tis quite a long time since we have enjoyed a glass together—let us take a drink all round. Of course, Sterritt, (addressing the landlord,) you have better liquor than you had the last time we were here—the stuff you had then was not fit to give a dog."

Sterritt, who had charge of the house, pretended that every thing was right, and so they went to work. It is unnecessary to enlarge upon a drinking bout in a country tavern—it will quite answer our purpose to state that somewhere in the region of midnight, the Judge wended his very devious way towards his temporary home. About the time he was leaving, however, some young barristers, fond of a "practical," and not much afraid of the "leech," transferred all the silver spoons of Sterritt, to the Judge's coat pocket.

It was eight o'clock on Monday morning that the Judge rose. Having indulged in the process of ablutation and assertion, and partaken of a cheerful and refreshing breakfast, he went to his room to prepare himself for the duties of the day.

"Well Polly," said he to his wife, "I feel much better than I expected to feel after the frolic of last night."

"Ah Judge," said she, reproachfully, "you are getting too old—you ought to leave off that business."

"Ah, Polly—what's the use of talking?" It was at this precise instant of time, that the Judge, having put on his overcoat, was proceeding to his usual custom, to give his wife a parting kiss, that he happened, in thrusting his hand into his pocket, to lay hold of Sterritt's spoons. He jerked them out. With an expression of horror almost indescribable he exclaimed,

"My God! Polly!"

"What on earth's the matter, Judge?"

"Just look at the spoons!"

"Dear me; where'd ye get them?"

"Get them?" Don't you see the initials on them—extending them towards his—I stole them!"

"Stole them, Judge?"

"Yes, stole them."

"My dear husband, it can't be possible!—from whom?"

"Mr. Sterritt, over there—his name is on them."

"Good heavens! how could it happen?"

"I know very well, Polly—I was very drunk when I came home, wasn't I?"

"Why, Judge, you know your old habit when you get among those lawyers."

"But was I very drunk?"

"Yes, you was."

"Was I remarkably drunk, when I got home, Mrs. Brown?"

"Yes, Judge, drunk as a foot, and forty times as stupid."

"I thought so," said the Judge dropping into a chair in extreme despondency—"I knew it would come at last. I have always thought that something bad would happen me; that I should do something very wrong; kill somebody in a moment of passion perhaps—but I never imagined that I should be mean enough to be guilty of deliberate larceny."

"But, there may be some mistake, Polly. I know very well how it all came about. That fellow, Sterritt keeps the meanest sort of liquor, and always did—liquor mean enough to make a man do any sort of a mean thing. I have always said it was mean enough to make a man steal, and now I have a practical illustration of the fact; and the old man burst into tears."

"Don't be a child," said his wife, wiping away the tears, "go like a man over to Mr. Sterritt, tell him it was a little bit of a frolic; pass it off as a joke; go and open Court, and nobody will ever think of it again."

A little of the soothing system operated upon the Judge, as such things usually do; his extreme mortification was finally subdued and over to Sterritt's he went with a tolerable face. Of course he had but little difficulty in settling with him; for aside from the fact that the Judge's integrity was unquestionable, he had an inkling of the joke that had been played. The Judge took his seat in Court, but it was observed that he was sad and melancholy; and that his mind frequently wandered from the business before him. There was a lack of sense and intelligence which characterized his proceedings.

Several days passed away, and the business of the Court was drawing towards a close, when one morning, a rough looking sort of a customer was arraigned on a charge of stealing. After the Clerk had read the indictment to him, he put the usual question:

"Guilty or not guilty?"

"Guilty—but drunk answered the prisoner."

"What's that plea?" exclaimed the Judge who was half frozen on the bench.

"He pleads guilty; but says he was drunk," replied the Clerk.

"What's the charge against the man?"

"He is indicted for grand larceny."

"What's the case?"

"May it please your honor," said the prosecuting attorney, "the man is regularly indicted for stealing a large sum from the Columbia Hotel."

"He is hey? and he pleads—"

"He pleads guilty but drunk."

"The Judge was now fully aroused. "Guilty but drunk! that is a most extraordinary plea. Young man are you certain you were drunk?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where did you get your liquor?"

"At Sterritt's."

"D'ye get none no where else?"

"Not a drop, sir."

"You got drunk on his liquor, said afterwards stole his money?"

"Yes, sir."

"Mr. prosecutor," said the Judge, "do me the favor to enter a nolle prosequi in that man's case. That liquor at Sterritt's is mean enough to make a man do anything dirty. I got drunk on it the other day myself, and stole all Sterritt's spoons—release the prisoner, M. Sheriff. I adjourn the Court."

MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS.—Yes, mind your own business. What needs it concern you if John Snooks is courting Sal Thompson? They are undoubtedly rational beings, and can conduct their love affairs in a becoming manner without any of your interference. What if Debi Sotho has got a new dress? It is probably paid for and cost you nothing; therefore why need you interest yourself so deeply about it? What if the principal merchant in the village has become insolvent? You are not among his creditors, and for heaven's sake why can't you let the man have a little enjoyment? Suppose Dorcas Swift goes to a dancing school, it costs you nothing and as she has a frail constitution, a little exercise of this kind will benefit her