THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

R. W. Weaver, Proprietor.] Truth and Right——God and our Country. [Two Dollars per Annum.

VOLUME 9. BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1857. NUMBER 46.

THE STAR OF THE NORTH

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING BY

R. W. WEAVER,

OFFICE—*Up stairs, in the new brick building, on the south side of Main Street, third square below Market.*

TERMS:—Two Dollars per annum, if paid within six months from the time of subscribing; two dollars and fifty cents if not paid within the year. No subscription received for a less period than six months; no discontinuance permitted until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the editor.

ADVERTISEMENTS not exceeding one square will be inserted three times for One Dollar, and twenty-five cents for each additional insertion. A liberal discount will be made to those who advertise by the year.

From the New York Ledger.

BILL BROWN'S VISIT TO GOTHAM.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

Qui mores hominum multorum vidit et URBAM.

Bill Brown resides near a country village,
And has filled his till by honest tillage
Of good mother Earth;
Who kindly gives birth
To whatever, in fact, has market-worth,
Or real value, or general use,
From the largest ox to the fattest goose—
Whatever is good to eat or wear,
To keep us warm or make us fair—
All comes alike from good mother Earth.
In sooth, but trace the process out,
And you'll find beyond a rational doubt,
That almost everything we see,
However high in its degree,
However fine, or rich or rare,
Is but a kind of *Earthen-ware!*
And so Bill wrought
As a farmer ought,
Who, doomed to toil by original sinning,
Began—like Adam—at the beginning.
He ploughed, he harrowed, and he sowed;
He drilled, he planted, and he hoed;
He dug and delved, and reaped and mowed.
(I wish I could—but I can't—tell now
Whether he used a sub-soil plough;
Or whether Bill had ever seen
A regular reaping and raking-machine.)
He took most pains
With the nobler grains
Of higher value and finer tissues
Which, possibly, one
Inclined to a pun
Would call—like *Harper*—his "*cereal* issues!"
With wheat his lands were all a blaze;
'Twas amazing to see his fields of maize;
And there were places
That showed rye-faces
As pleasant to see as so many Graces.
And as for hops,
His annual crops
(So very extensive that, on my soul,
They fairly reached from pole to pole!)
Would beat the guess of any old fogie,
Or—the longest season at Saratoga!
Whatever seed did most abound,
In the grand result that Autumn found,
It was his plan,
Though a moderate man,
To be early running it into the ground;
That is to say,
In another way:—
Whether the seed was barley or hay,
Large or little, green or gray—
Provided only it was like "to pay,"—
He never chose to labor in vain
By stupidly going against the grain,
But hastened away without stay or stop,
And carefully put into his crop.
And he raised tomatoes,
And lots of potatoes,
More sorts, in sooth, than I could tell;
Turnips, that always turned up well;
Celery, all that he could sell;
Grapes by the bushel, sour and sweet;
Beets, that certainly couldn't be beat;
Cabbage—like some sartorial mound;
Vine, that fairly encumbered the ground;
Some pumpkins—more than he could house, and
Ten thousand pears; (that' twenty thousand!)
Fruit of all kinds and propagations,
Baldwins, Pippins and Carnations,
And apples of other appellations.
To sum it all up in the briefest space,
As you may suppose, Brown flourished apace,
Just because he proceeded, I venture to say,
In the *multa-retrosum vestigi*-ous way;
That is—if you are not University bred—
He took Crockett's advice about going ahead.
At all the State Fairs he held a fair station,
Raised horses and cows and his own reputation;
Made butter and money; took a Justice's niche;
Grew wheat, wool and hemp; corn, cattle, and—rich.
But who would be always a country-clown?
And so Bill Brown
Sat himself down,
And, knitting his brow in a studious frown,
He said, says he:—
It's plain to see
And I think Mrs. B. will be apt to agree,
(If she don't it's much the same to me,)
That I, Bill Brown,
Should go to town!
But then, says he, what town shall it be?
Boston town is consid'rably nearer,
And York is farther, and so will be dearer,
But then, of course, the sights will be queerer:
Besides, I'm told, you're surely a lost 'un,
If you once get astray in the streets of Boston.
York is right-angled;
And Boston, right-tangled,
And both, I've no doubt, are uncommon new-fangled.
Ah!—the "Smiths," I remember, belong to York,
('Twas ten years ago I sold them pork.)
Good, honest trades—I'd like to know them;
And so—'tis settled—I'll go to Gotham!
And so Bill Brown
Sat himself down,
With many a smile and never a frown,
And rode, by rail, to that notable town
Which I really think well worthy of mention
As being America's greatest invention!
Indeed, I'll be bound that if Nature and Art,
(Though the former, being older, has gotten the start,)
In some new Crystal Palace of suitable size,
Should show their *chefs-d'œuvre*, and contend for the prize,
The latter would prove, when it came to the scratch,
Whate'er you may think, no contemptible match;
For should Mr. Nature endeavor to stagger her
By presenting, at last, her majestic Niagara;
Miss Art would produce an equivalent work
In her great, overwhelming, unfinished New York!
And now Mr. Brown
Was fairly in town,
In that part of the city they used to call 'down,'
Not far from the spot of ancient renown
As being the scene
Of the Bowling Green,
A fountain that looked like a huge tureen
Piled up with rocks, and a squirt between;
But the 'Bowling' now has gone where they tally
'The fall of the Ten,' in an neighboring alley;
And as the 'Green'—why that you will find
Whenever you see the 'invisible' kind!—
And he stopped at an Inn that's known very well,
'Delmonico's' once—now 'Stevens' Hotel;'
(And to borrow a pun which I think rather witty,
There's no better Inn in this Inn-famous city!)
And Mr. Brown
Strolled up town,
And I'm going to write his travels down;
But if you suppose *Bill* Brown will disclose
The usual sin and follies of those
Who leave rural regions to see city shows—
You couldn't well make
A greater mistake;
For Brown was a man of excellent sense;
Could see very well through a hole in a fence,
And was honest and plain, without shame or pretence,
Of sharp, city learning he couldn't have boasted,
But he wasn't the chap to be easily roasted;
Though, like many a "Bill," he wasn't well "posted."
And here let me say,
In a very dogmatic, oracular way,
(And I'll prove it, before I have done with my lay,)
Not only that honesty's likely to "pay,"
But that one must be, as a general rule,
At least half a knave to be wholly a fool!
Of pocket-book dropping Bill never had heard,
(Or at least if he had, he'd forotten the word)
And now when, at length, the occasion occurred,
For that sort of chaff he wasn't the bird.
The gentleman argued with eloquent force,
And begged him to pocket the money, of course,
But Brown, without thinking at all what he said,
Popped out the first thing that entered his head,
(Which chanced to be wondrously fitting and true.)
'No—no—my dear sir—I'll be *burnt* if I do!'
Two lively young fellows of elegant mein,
Amused him awhile with a pretty machine—
An ivory ball, which he never had seen.
But though the unsuspecting stranger
In the "patent safe" saw no patent danger.
He easily dodged the nefarious net,
Because 'he wasn't accustomed to bet."
Ah!—here, I wot,
Is exactly the spot
To make a small fortune as easy as not!
That man with the watch—what lungs he has got!
It's 'Going"—the best of that elegant lot—
To close a concern, at a desperate rate—
The jeweller ruined as certain as fate!—
A capital watch!—you may see by the weight,
Worth one hundred dollars as easy as eight—
Or half of that sum to melt down into plate—
(Brown doesn't know "Peter" from Peter the Great.)
But then I can't dwell,
I'm ordered to sell,
And mustn't stand weeping—just look at the shell—
I warrant the ticker to operate well—
Nine dollars!—it's hard to be letting the thing go
For only nine dollars!—it's cruel, by Jingo!
Ten dollars!—I'm offered—the man who secures
This splendid—ten dollars!—say twelve, and it's yours!
'Don't want it'—quoth Brown—'I don't wish to buy;
Fifty dollars, I'm sure, one couldn't call high—
But to see the man *ruined!*—Dear Sir—I declare—
Between two or three bidders, it doesn't seem fair;
To knock it off now were surely a sin;
Just wait my dear Sir, till the people come in!—
Allow me to say, you disgrace your profession
As Sheriff—consid'ring the debtor's condition—
To sell *such* a watch without more competition?"
And here Mr. Brown
Gave a very black frown,
Stepped leisurely out, and walked further up town.
To see him stray along Broadway
In the afternoon of a summer's day,
And note what he chanced to see and say,
And what people he meets
In the narrower streets,
Were a pregnant theme for a longer lay.
How he marveled at those geological chaps
Who go poking about in crannies and gaps,
Those curious people in tattered breeches,
The rag-wearing, rag-picking sons of—ditches
Who find in the very nastiest niches
A 'decent living,' and sometimes riches;
How he thought city prices exceedingly queer,
The 'buses too cheap, and the hacks too dear;
How he stuck in the mud, and got lost in the question—
A problem too hard for his mental digestion,
Why, in cleaning the city, the city employs
Such a very small *corps* of such very small boys,
How he judges by dress, and, accordingly makes,
By mixing up classes, the drollest mistakes.
As if simple vanity ever were vicious,
Or women of merit could be meretricious,
He imagines the dashing Fifth Avenue dames
The same as the girls with unspeakable names!—
An exceedingly natural blunder in sooth,
But, I'm happy to say, very far from the truth;
For e'en at the worst, whate'er you suppose,
The one sort of ladies can *choose* their beaux,
While as to the other—but every one knows
What—if 'twere a secret—I wouldn't disclose.
And Mr. Brown
Returned from town,
With a brass new hat, and a muslin gown,
As he told the tale, when the sun was down,
How he spent his eagles, and saved his crown;
How he showed his pluck in resisting the claim
Of an impudent fellow who asked his name,
But paid, as a gentleman ever is willing,
At the old Park Gate the regular shilling!

☞ Pleasure unattained, is the hare which we hold in chase, cheered on by the order of competition, the exhilarating cry of the dogs, and shouts of the hunters, the echo of the ambition of being in at the death. Pleasure attained, is the same hare hanging-up in the sportsman's larder, worthless, disregarded, dispised, dead.

FRED. DOUGLASS publishes a card in the Watertown [N. Y.] Journal, expressing great indignation, because the proprietor of a certain hotel in that town refused to entertain him, on account of his color.

TWO WAYS TO SAVE MONEY--A LIFE SKETCH.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

The following sketch of real life so plainly exhibits a lesson which might be profitably followed by many of our people, that we give it to the readers simply as it occurred, only concealing the real names of the parties concerned. And as the story bears its own moral, we will not tire you with any "reflections."

John Poland and Anson Lyman bought farms adjoining each other. The land had formerly been owned by one man who had carried on the whole, employing a heavy force in the work. When the two friends bought the land, it was as equally divided as possible; and after the line of separation had been run, those who had worked much on the land declared that they would not give the "toss of a copper" for a choice between the two farms. The old buildings were almost useless, so new ones were erected, and at the same time both men commenced farming in earnest. They were poor, having paid their last pennies for the farms, and being obliged to run some in debt to get stock and tools.

In all respects the two men commenced evenly. They were both married, and while Poland had one son and two daughters, Lyman had one daughter and two sons.

"Look ye," said Lyman as the two sat together after their farming operations were commenced. 'I have set my mark to aim at. I'm determined, if I have my health, to lay up a thousand dollars, clear of everything, in five years."

"That is rather a short time for such a purpose," returned Poland.

"Not a bit," cried the other, enthusiastically. "I'm not going to wear my back bone away for nothing. *I'm going to lay up money!*"

"So I hope to do," said Poland; "but money isn't the first consideration."

"What's the reason it isn't?" asked Lyman. "If you have money you can have everything. Money is the key that unlocks all doors—the card that admits you to all places. "O! give me a thousand dollars and I'll be content!"

"So I must have a thousand dollars," remarked Poland; and then the conversation took another turn.

One day a man came along who had some splendid young cattle. They were of as pure English Breeds as ever imported and came very high. Poland saw him passing and hailed him. Our friend was anxious to grow a fine stock, and he knew that he must commence in the right way.

The owner of the stock said he was willing to sell, but he must have his price.—He had a fine young pair, male and female, two years old, which he would sell for two hundred dollars. Poland offered his note on six months, together with a bill of sale of the cattle as security. The owner was satisfied, and the bargain was made. The animals was brought home, and Poland was not disappointed in his purchase.

"*Phew!*" broke from Lyman's lips, as he heard the price which his neighbor had paid for the new stock. "Two hundred dollars for a two year old bull and heifer! Why—what on earth could you have been thinking of Poland? Why—I wouldn't have given seventy-five dollars for 'em no how. My cows will give as much milk and make as much butter and cheese. I tell you plainly you'll never see that thousand dollars if you launch out in that way."

"But my dear sir, I am determined to have the best stock I can get," returned Poland, earnestly; "for those farmers who have made the most money have made it from stock. I assure you its one of the greatest failings our farmers have that they are content with small, poor cattle, when, by a little trouble and expense, they could have better."

"My stock answers my purpose, at any rate," resumed Lyman. "I can't afford to pay two hundred dollars for a pair of two year olds, and one 'o them a heifer at that, when for fifty dollars I can buy one of the best cows in the country."

"You have a right to your own opinions."

"Aye—and I'll have my thousand dollars too," laughed Lyman, as he turned away.

It was only a week after this that the canvasser for an agricultural newspaper stopped at Lyman's house; but the host couldn't afford to take it."

"Hadn't you better?" ventured his wife.

"No. We take the *Village Pickings*, published right in our town, and that's enough. You know what I told you, Dolly—I must have that thousand dollars!"

"Then you won't take it?" said the agent.

"No, sir. Can't afford it. But there's my neighbor Poland—he'll take anything that anybody offers him."

"I've called on him, sir, and he told me I'd better stop here. He said you were taking no agricultural paper."

"And did he subscribe?"

"Yes—and paid me the money."

"I tell ye, Dolly, Poland's thousand dollars'll come out minus,—now you mark my words."

Dolly Lyman said nothing, for she was troubled at that moment by the thought that her husband was exercising a spirit of pennriousness which looked mean; but she did not say so.

"Hallo! what ye doing?" cried Lyman as he saw Poland commencing to run a fence across his field.

"I'm going to throw out just half of this field into pasturing," returned Poland.

"What?" exclaimed Lyman hardly able to believe what he had heard. "Throw off half your field? Why—that won't leave you with more than twenty acres to till."

"I know it,—and that's all I want. I am determined not to waste my time and energies in swinging a scythe over forty acres of land after five and twenty tons of when I can get forty tons from twenty acres."

"Crazy as a March hare!" muttered Lyman, as he turned away.

Ere long Lyman was met with another surprise. He was at the hotel in the village one day, and there learned that his neighbor Poland had engaged all their manure for four years; and that he was to pay for it with wood, butter, cheese and such other articles of produce as might be wanted.

"Dolly, what *do* you suppose Poland has been and done now?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," returned the wife, looking up.

"Well, I'll tell you.—He's been and engaged all the manure made at the tavern stables for the next four years! And he's got to haul wood, and let his butter and cheese go to pay for it!"

On the same day he saw Poland, and asked him what he meant.

"I mean to bring my farm up," said the latter.

"But I get manure enough for two acres of corn every year, and that's enough," said Lyman.

"For you it may be, but I wish to manure more. Our land was well run out when we took it, and in order to get it up to its fullest capacity, we must be prodical of rich dressing."

"Well," said Lyman, with a sort of pitying expression,—"go ahead; but if you ever see your money, let me know."

"I'll give you a good account, never fear," replied Poland, laughing. "I must feed my land if I would have it feed me. We have got land here like those rich alluvial bottoms in the west. My lands need nursing now."

But Anson Lyman couldn't see the use of wasting money in that way. He thought the man who would first cut down his tillage land one half, and then go off and buy such a quantity must be little better than foolish. *He* wasn't such a fool at all event.

During the following winter, while Lyman was cutting and hauling wood to the village for two dollars and a half per cord, "*poor*" Poland was hauling his to the tavern to pay for manure which he hadn't got yet!

It was on the first day of April that Poland came to see his neighbor. He wanted to borrow a hundred dollars for six months, or for a year if he could.

"What ye going to do with it? asked Lyman.

"I want to make some improvements in my barn cellar, and also enlarge the building by putting on a tie up, thus throwing the cattle out of my main barn."

"I declare Poland, it's too bad!" said Lyman, pityingly. "Here, I've laid up over two hundred dollars clear cash, and you are worse off than nothing—in debt. By the jingo, John, I don't want to see you fooling away money so. Your barn is large enough—as large as mine is with double your land to emty into it. If I lend you a hundred dollars what assurance have I that I shall ever see it again? I'd rather let it go where I know it is safe. I shouldn't want to sue you, and I might not get it without. Your farm is as good as mine, and you have no more need to be borrowing than I have,—or, you shouldn't have."

John Poland didn't say anything about the two animals he had bought a year and a half before, and the calf they had yielded him, for which he had been offered, with in the week, four hundred dollars. He owned that amount of stock over and above the stock owned by Lyman. He turned the subject of conversation as quickly as possible, for he wanted to hear no reason from his friend for not lending him the money.

That afternoon he went over to see the man of whom he had bought this new stock, who readily lent him the money he needed.

"What a fool!" said Lyman, as he saw the carpenters at work tearing away one whole side of his neighbors barn, preparatory to adding an apartment capable of accomodating forty-five "head of cattle." However, Poland worked on, and tried in vain to get his neighbor to listen to some of his advise.

"Don't talk to me," cried Lyman, at the end of the second year. I've got four hundred dollars at interest. How much have you got?"

"A thousand or so," returned the other.

"Eh! What do you mean?"

"Why, all the money I have laid out on this place is on interest."

"Oho—aha, ha, ha,—and how much interest have you realized?"

"So far I've let it all run at compound interest—put the interest right in with the principal, and there it lies."

"Yea, and there it will lie. I don't believe you can raise fifty dollars now in cash."

"You are right, Lyman—I could not raise it without selling something which I do not wish to present to part with."

"I thought so. But, take your own way."

Ere long Anson Lyman was astonished to find that his neighbor had subscribed for a third newspaper, besides buying a lot of books for his children.

"What's the use?" he said, as he sat in his neighbor's front room, and saw a large pile of books on the shelf. "I want my children to learn to work—not to be spending their time over books. They get schooling enough when our school is open."

"So I mean that my children shall learn to work," returned Poland, "but that shall not prevent them from becoming well educated. I would rather leave them with good health, good characters and weell educated, than with thousands of dollars each, minus the education."

"Oho! That's the way you meant to lay up a thousand of dollars; to have it in books, & papers, and new tie ups and such like."

"You shall see when the time is up."

"We shall," returned Lyman, as he turned towards home.

Mr. Lyman had not realized how much corn Poland had received from the land he had manured so heavily and so carefully; and on the second year he only noticed that his neighbor had extraordinary *good luck!* with his wheat, getting about ninety bushels from three acres. But he had occasion to open his eyes on the third year.

One evening just at sundown, he went over into Poland's field, where the men where just finishing making up a three acre piece where the grain had been the year before—the first piece the present owner had plowed up and dressed.

"Been poling some hay on hare." said Lyman, as he saw the huge bunches of hay nearly as thick as they could stand.

"No—this was all cut from these three acres," returned Poland.

Lyman counted the bundles, and then estimated their average weight, and upon reckoning up he found the land had yielded not far from *four tons to the acre!* He had just got in the *two acres* which he had first dressed upon the new farm, and he had obtained short of two tons per acre! He knew that Poland had got ten bushels more of wheat per acre than he had done, and also more corn. He began to think, but yet he would not let his money go any such "*experiments*" upon his place.

The five years came around and Anson Lyman went on that day and sold fourteen bushels of corn in order to get fourteen dollars to put with nine hundred and eighty six dollars which he had at home.

"Well, Poland, I've got the prize!, said Lyman, entering the farmers's barn in the afternoon. It was early spring, just five years from the day on which they bought, I've got the thousand dollars; now what have you got?

"Well—I have not far from four hundred dollars in money."

"Aha—I thought so."

"But, Anson Lyman," said Poland, almost sternly, are your eyes not opened yet?"

"Opened! what d'ye mean?

"Well, I mean that my farm to-day will sell for one thousand dollars more than yours. Look at my hay-mow. There are nearly twenty tons of good hay; you have not ten. And, mind you, I have five head of cattle more than you have. Next season I shall cut more hay from twelve acres, which I have now regenerated, than you will cut upon your whole forty acres; and you know my hay is worth far more a pound than your hay is. I told you I had five more head of cattle than you had. For these five creatures I can within six hours, take seven hundred dollars cash; but no such money can purchace them of me."

"Ah, Lyman, you have been saving money, but you have taken it from your farm without returning anything for it."

"Never mind—I've got my thousand dollars, and I've got my farm, as good as it was the day I bought it.

"Not quite Lyman."

"How so?"

"You've taken off two hundred cords of good wood."

"Well—so you took off some."

"Aye—but what I took from my wood lot I put back upon my field. I did not take it from the farm."

Mr. Lyman went away with new thoughts.

Time passed on, and at the end of another five years the eyes of Anson Lyman were wholly opened. Poland had raised quite a stock of noble cattle from his first purchase, and commenced to sell to the beef market. Two hundred dollars was the least any one of them brought when fatted; and one bullock, four years old, brought him three hundred and ten dollars. His twenty acre field was like a garden, yielding, such as was mowed, an average of three tons to the acre. In short his whole farm was under the best of training and improvement, and now yielding him back a heavy interest upon all that he had expended. During one fall he took over a thousand dollars for stock and produce; and he was offered five thousand for his place, while Lyman could not have found a purchaser at fifteen hundred!

"Dolly,' said Anson Lyman, sinking into a chair. "I've been a fool!—a fool! I say."

"Why—Anson—what do you mean?

"Mean? Look at Poland's farm."

"I have looked at it from the first, Anson."

"You have? And what have you seen?

"Why—I saw that John Poland was making a comfortable home for himself and family, and increasing the value of his farm tenfold."

And why didn't you tell me so?

"I did tell you so, husband, and you said I was a fool."

"I remember. Well.—Never mind—tisn't too late now."

On the next morning Mr. Lyman went over to his neigobor's and frankly said,—

"Poland you must help me. I want to learn to be a farmer.

"I will help you with pleasure, Anson; and you can begin far more easily than I did, for you have money."

And Lymon commenced. The thousand dollars was nearly expended in the work, but in the end he found himsel the gainer, and his dollars came back to him with interest twice-told. He had learned a lesson which many might follow with profit.

☞ To produce the "lock jaw" in a lady ask her age.

'Off Mit His Head.'

A breathlessly excited individual, says a late number of the San Francisco Morning Call, rushed into the police office yesterday, and enquired for the chief.

'What do you want with him?' inquired an impassive officer.

'I vants,' said he with a Teutonic accent, 'I vants ein paper to kill a tam tog vot bites me in te leg.'

'Ah, you wish an order of execution issued against a vicious canine,' said the officer.

'No, I tussant vant no such ting. I vants a paper to tell me to kill te tam pup. He pites my leg so pad, I have got te hydrophope, und will kill him, or goes mat, too?'

'Ah, now I see,' said the impassive temperament; 'you require authority to proceed with force of arms against the dangerous animal.'

'Mein Got, no—dat ish not vat I vants. I vants te jeaf to give me license to kill te tog. I vants him to make me baber so ven I kills te tog he can nicht go inter te belice court and swear against me.'

'The dog.'

'Nein—not te tog—the man vat owns te tog. You see if I kills him—"

'What, the man?'

'Nein—te tog. Tnd te man sues me for te brice of te tog, den I vants ter law on meir side, d'yer see?'

'Oh, yes!' said the officer, who was quietly chuckling at the caution evinced by the German, and intent on exhausting his patience, 'then you want to get a warrant to arrest the man who owns the dog, so the animal may not attack you.'

'No, no! Got for tam, you gets every ting by te tail!' cried lager beer, who began to think the officer was quizzing him. 'I tink you vants to make chokes of me. Tunder und blitzen! I vants to cut te tam tog's head off, and if shustice will not give me a baper, I cuts his head off anyhow.'

And the lover of sourkrout started to leave the hall; but meeting the "jeaf of bolice" at the door, he conversed with him in German dialect, made known his wants and received an order to execute the vicious animal.

As he was going out he met the impassive officer.

'All right!' he inquired.

'Yah, all right. I goes straight off to te owner of te tog und kills him.'

'What, the owner.

'No, te tog. You make tam fool of yourself by saying tog ven I means man, und ven I means man you say tog. Now you go to ter duyvel!' and the German incontinently hurried away to meet out vengeance to the animal who had crossed him in his "glorious path."

HOW THE LADIES DRESS IN KANSAS.—A Kansas letter-writer, who recently came down the Missouri on the steamer Omahia, says:

"At Atchison, we took on a young belle, whose only attendant was a young Missouri blood. The young lady was apparently dressed in the latest agony and style of fashion; the chaste straw hat, the innumerable flounces and wide-spreading hoops of her gay striped silk dress, set off her commanding figure very gracefully. Her stature tall—as Byron says, I hate a dumpy woman. But the richest scene in relation to this young belle was behind the curtain, and is to come yet. At Leavenworth our fair one left us, and as she was standing on the bank, casting a last, 'long, lingering look' back, we were tempted to admire her delicately turned ankles—who can resist a nicely laced gaiter or a peeping ankle?—when, behold! she hadn't any stockings on! I am unable to say what the fashion is in Kansas—whether it is fashionable for ladies to go without hose or not, but certain I am that the finest dressed one whom I saw in the Territory didn't use the article.

THE FALL.

"The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year." A truth in, more sense than one. As Tom Hood sings:

"Summer's gone and over,
Fogs are falling down,
And with russet tinges
Autumn's doing brown.
Boughs are daily rifled
By the gusty thieves,
And the book of nature
Getteth short of leaves.
Round the tops of houses
Swallows as they flit,
Give, like yearly tenants,
Notices to quit.
Skies of fickle temper
Weep by turn and laugh—
Night and day together
Taking half-and-half.

☞ Beauty and wit will die—learning and wealth will vanish away—all the arts of life will be forgotten—but virtue will remain for ever. Planted on earth, in a cold, uncongenial clime, it will bloom and blossom in heaven.

☞ Midias was so great a man that everything he touched turned to gold. The case is altered now—touch a man with gold and he will change into anything.

☞ Rest is a very fine medicine.—Let your stomachs rest, dyspeptics.—Let your brain rest, ye wearied and worried men of business. Rest your limbs, ye children of toil. You can't? Cast off all superfluities of appetite and fashion, and see if you can't

☞ A gentleman who had a very strong desire to be a funny man, sat down upon a hooped skirt the other day, and with a desperation equal to any emergency, he whistled, "I'm sitting on the style Mary."

COURTING--SAD PREDICAMENT.

An Iowa paper tells the following good joke which happened some time ago, but will lose nothing by its age:

A certain man in search of a wife, being out on a courting expedition, as is customary with young men, came late on Sunday evening, and, in order to keep his secret from his young acquaintances, determined to be at home on Monday morning, bright and early, so that his absence would not be noticed. But his affianced resided several miles from the town in which he sojourned; and so, to overcome the distance, he required the use of a horse. Mounted on his horse, dressed in his fine white summer pants, and other fixins in proportion, he arrives at the residence of his inamorata, where he is kindly received and his horse properly taken care of by being turned into the pasture for the night. The evening, yea, the night, passed away, but how to the young man is nobody's business. Three o'clock in the morning arrived. Our hero was awake—nay, he had been so all night—but it matters not—three o'clock was the time to depart, so that he might arrive at home before his comrades were stirring. Not wishing to disturb the family or his lady love, who were then wrapped in the arms of Morpheus, he sallied forth to catch his horse. But here was a difficulty—the grass was high and covered with dew. To venture in with his white pantaloons, would rather take the starch out of them, and lead to his detection. It would not do to go in with his white unmentionables, so he quickly made his resolution. It was three o'clock in the morning and nobody stirring, so he carefully disrobed himself of his whites and placed them in safety upon the fence, while he gave chase, with unscreened pedals, through wet grass after the horse. But the steed was fond of clover, and had no notion of leaving it. But our hero was not to be thwarted, although he began to realize the truth of the old adage about the course of true love, &c., and finally the horse was captured.

Returning to the fence where he had safely suspended his lilly white unmentionables—*O! Mirabile Dictu*, what a horrible sight met his eyes! The field into which his horse had been turned was not only a horse pasture, but a calf pasture too, and the naughty calves attracted by the white flag on the fence, had betaken themselves to it, and, calf-like, had almost eaten them up; only a few well chewed fragments of this once valuable article of his wardrobe now remained—only a few shreds—just sufficient to indicate what they had been. What a pickle this was for a nice young man to be in.

It was now daylight, and the industrious farmers were up and about, and our hero, far from home, with no covering for his traveling apparatus. It would not do to go back to the house of his lady love, as they were now all up, and how could he get in without exhibiting himself to his fair one which might ruin the match. No; no that wouldn't do. Neither could he go to the town in that plight. There was only one resource left him, and that was to secrete himself in the bushes until the next night, and then get home under cover of the darkness. This he resolved to do, and accordingly hid himself in a thick groupe of bushes.

Safely hid, he remained under the cover of the bushes for some time, and it may be imagined that his feelings toward the calf kind were not of the most friendly character; but ere long his seclusion was destined to be intruded upon. The family of the fair one seeing his horse still remaining in the pasture, enquired of the lady what she had done with her lover; she was nonplussed.—She only knew he had left about 3 o'clock in the morning; things didn't look right; if he had gone, why did he leave his horse? Suspicion was awakened. Bye and bye the boys, who had been out to feed the calves, returned with the remnants of the identical white garments which adorned the lower limbs of their late visitor. They were mangled and tore to shreds. As inquest was immediately held over them. Some awful fate had befallen the unfortunate young man. The neighbors were soon summoned to search for his mangled corpse, and the posse with all speed set off with dogs and arms to the search. The pasture was thoroughly scouted, and the adjacent thickets, when lo! our hero was driven from his lair by the keen scent of the dogs, all safe, alive and well, but minus the linen. An explanation then ensued at the expense of our hero; but he was successful in the end. He married the girl and is now living comfortably in one of the flourishing towns in Iowa.

MADNESS CURED BY FOLLY.—Old Dr. Rush of Philadelphia, used to relate a singular case of monomania in a patient in the Philadelphia Hospital. He took it in his head that he was a painter, and resolutely refused for a long time, possessing fine organs of speech, to utter a word. The doctor one day entered his apartment and found him sketching on a slip of paper a really beautiful rose; for he had by long practice acquired much skill in the art pictorial, and was very fond of the accomplishment. One day a thought struck Dr. Rush that he would surprise him into voice by disparaging his labours, and resolved to try. "You are painting a very handsome cabbage there, my friend," he observed to the maniac. "Cabbage!—good gracious, old gentleman, does that look like a cabbage! Why, sir you old fool! that's a rose, and it's a good one, too." It was not long before the patient was well. His train of silent thought was broken, and he returned home.