

# THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

W. H. JACOBY, Proprietor.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

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## STAR OF THE NORTH.

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### Choice Poetry.

#### WHITTIER ON BURNS.

At the Burns Festival in Boston, the following poem, enclosed in a letter, was received from John G. Whittier:

How sweetly come the holy psalms  
From saints and martyrs down,  
The waiving of triumphal palms  
Above the thorny crown!  
The choral praise, the chanted prayers,  
From harps by angels strung,  
The haunted Cameron's mountain airs,  
The hymns that Luther sang!

Yet barring not the heavenly notes,  
The sounds of earth are heard,  
As through the open minister floats  
The song of breeze and bird.  
Not less the wondrous of the sky,  
That daisies bloom below,  
The brook sings on though loud and high  
The cloudy organs below.

And if the tender ear be jarred  
That haply hears by turns  
That saintly harp of Olney's bard,  
That pastoral pipe of Burns,  
No discord mars his perfect plan  
Who gave them both a tongue,  
For he who sings the love of man,  
The love of God hath sung!

To-day be every fault forgiven  
Of him in whom we joy;  
We take, with thanks, the gold of Heaven,  
And leave the earth's alloy.  
Be ours his music as of spring,  
His sweetness as of flowers,  
The songs he sang himself might sing  
In holier ears than ours.

Sweet air of love and home, the hum  
Of household melodies,  
Come singing, as the robins come  
To sing in door-yard trees.  
And hear to heart two nations lean,  
No rival wreaths to twine,  
But blending, in eternal green,  
The holy and the pine!

#### Hamlet's Tomb.

A recent traveler in Denmark gives the following sketch of his visit to the tomb of the great dramatic poet:—"A trip from Copenhagen to Elsinore took us through two of those royal residences that are about to pass into other hands—viz: Friedensborg, about twenty miles from Copenhagen, and Marienlust, at Elsinore. Marienlust is a desolate place in April, but most beautiful when the trees, garden, and statues are decked in summer garb. Situated on a declivity sloping into the sea, the little chalet looks out upon the clear waters of the Sound, glistening with sharp reflections in the sunlight, and bounded on the horizon by the pleasant hills of the Swedish coast. On the side the stronghold of Kronborg, which defends the passage of the Sound, rear its Elizabethan towers, whilst in the distance behind glimmers the white house of Helmsborg in Sweden, crowned by an ancient tower frowning in dark tones on the surrounding country. The unmemorable shipping that stud the waters increase the charm of a landscape unsurpassed in beauty of its component parts, and brilliancy of its colors. Turning for an instant from this brilliant picture, a different one presents itself. In a shady nook, away from the sea, the eye rests on a pleasant grove of trees. There in a sequestered spot, near a brawling limpid stream, stands the tomb of Hamlet. It is a little mound of earth, on the top of which stands a little obelisk. This obelisk, formed of stones nearly superposed, resembles a section of a cone. No inscription breaks the mystery of the place, and the mind wanders undisturbed in Shaksperian dreams, and such reveries as moss and lichen can create. The ghost of the Prince of Denmark has never frightened the peaceful inhabitants of Marienlust, and to this may be ascribed the unbelief of Elsinore gossips that Hamlet ever lived in aught but the imagination of our best known dramatist."

NEVER TOO OLD TO LEARN.—Socrates, at an extremely old age, learnt to play on musical instruments. Calo, at eighty years of age, thought proper to learn the Greek language. Plutarch when between seventy and eighty commenced the study of Latin. Sir Henry Spelman neglected the science in his youth, but commenced the study of them after he had turned fifty. After this time he became one of the most learned antiquaries and lawyers. Dr. Johnson applied himself to the Dutch language but a few years before his death. Franklin did not commence his philosophical pursuits till he had reached his fiftieth year. Dryden, in his sixty eighth year, commenced the translation of the "Iliad," and his most pleasing productions were written in his old age.

Fanny Fern says "if one half of the girls knew the previous life of the men they marry, the list of old maids would be wonderfully increased." If the men knew, Fanny, what their future lives were to be, wouldn't it increase the list of old maids still further?"

The man who could not "trust his feelings," is supposed to do business strictly on the cash principle.

### Correspondence of the New York Tribune.

#### A Bold and Cunning Forgery in Virginia.

PETERSBURG, Va., March 3, 1859.

Since the days of Monroe Edwards, no forgery that has come to light equals, for shrewdness and adroit villainy, one which has just been developed here, the history of which is as follows:—In the early part of last month two strangers made their appearance in this city, one of whom soon after visited the office of Paul & Hinton, brokers, where he offered to dispose of a large amount of uncurrent funds. They were in bills on Banks in Louisiana, Tennessee, and South Carolina. He handled them in the most expert and business-like manner, counting them over rapidly, and using his fingers as though he had been a bank teller. He offered to the clerk in attendance bills enough to receive therefor a bank check for \$500. On being asked his name he replied with hesitation, "Osborn," but requested the check to be made payable to "currency," which was done accordingly. From the brokers he proceeded to the Exchange Bank, on which the check was drawn, where it was duly certified by the proper officer.—This check, it seems, he carried to Richmond, and there presented it to the banking office of Enders, Sutton & Co. The person to whom it was shown not knowing the individual, requested to have him identified, as was their custom in such cases. To this he expressed himself perfectly willing that any steps necessary might be taken, and suggested that the brokers return the check to Petersburg, and there ascertain fully about it. Messrs. Enders, Sutton, & Co., becoming satisfied as to the genuineness of the paper, paid the cash for it, less the usual discount.

Two days after, this same person called at Paul & Hinton's in this city again, and desired to negotiate for another check. He exhibited between three and four thousand dollars in Southern bills, including one of \$500 on a New Orleans bank, which, together with other bills, he exchanged for a check of \$1000. This he also took to the Exchange, and the Teller endorsed it as good. One report states that he was elegantly dressed, and his shirt bosom adorned with a magnificent diamond pin. When he appeared the first time he was very plainly appareled.

The very next day he again called upon Messrs. Enders, Sutton & Co., when he got from the junior partner, Mr. Foster, Richmond funds for the check, minus the exchange between the two cities.

A week ago last Thursday this financial operator secured another check, under almost precisely the same circumstances, for \$3,900, which, being duly certified, was presented to the Richmond brokers with a request that Mr. Foster would go with the holder of it to the bank and identify him, as it was payable to the bearer. He also expressed dissatisfaction to the Richmond gentlemen that Messrs. Paul & Hinton always sent him paper payable in Petersburg instead of Richmond, by which he was not only annoyed, but lost commissions in getting it cashed.

The cunning villain was thus operating in order to secure the confidence of the Richmond bankers and to familiarize himself with the signature of the brokers, tellers, and others, through whose hands the checks were passed, as the sequel fully establishes. The details of the transaction develop a degree of ingenuity, assurance, cunning almost unequalled in the history of rogues.

His next appearance was on Saturday last at the office of our Richmond friends, with a check, to all appearances like the preceding ones, duly endorsed "good," with the signature of "A. L. Archer, Teller," across the face of the instrument, for four thousand one hundred dollars (\$4100), which the accommodating Messrs. Enders, Sutton & Co., cashed, reserving to themselves one-half per cent. brokerage. This was deposited in the Farmers' bank on Monday. On Tuesday it was forwarded to the branch of the Farmers' Bank at Petersburg, and from thence it was sent over to the Exchange Bank on Bank street, where it was received and placed to the credit of the Farmers' Bank. During the day the Cashier, Christopher Fisher, Esq., met with Mr. Paul, the broker and mentioned, among other financial matters, the large business this man must be doing in the money line, and stated, in addition to the \$3,900 check, that he had just received another from Richmond for \$4,100, with the signature of his (Paul's) firm. D'Arcy Paul suddenly thought he would examine the books, and hastily repaired to the office and consulting with his partners and clerk, he discovered that the check was never issued by them—that it was a forgery!

Giving due information to Cashier Fisher, that gentleman immediately returned the fraudulent paper to the Farmers' Bank which made it good to the Exchange. Thence it was returned to Richmond, and back to the accommodating brokers, Enders, Sutton & Co., upon whom the whole loss of \$4,100 falls.

It now appears that this forger is the same operator who figured so skillfully in New Orleans some time in January, and who carried away several thousand dollars as the fruits of his penmanship, boldness and villainy. This conclusion is come to from the fact that most of his money was on Louisiana banks, and the method of conducting his financial affairs is now discovered to have been nearly the same. The adroit adventurer has probably gone to Philadelphia, New York, Boston, or elsewhere North, where he probably will endeavor to dispose of or "exchange" his Virginia "currency" for the local medium of circulation. It will be well for brokers to be on their guard, and for the police to be upon their eyes.

### A Case of Amalgamation.

It is our painful duty to record one of the most humiliating occurrences known to a christian community—the marriage of a white girl to a negro.

The negro's name is John Sophia, who has for some years lived in the family of Mr. Joseph E. Whiting, a wagon maker, in the village of Harford, this county. He is a quadroon, aged about 22 years. The name of the victim in this disgusting transaction, is Amelia Tingley, daughter of Mr. Truman Tingley, who resides in Harford township, some three miles from the village, and about a mile from the University. Her age is 18 years. Some months since, the girl lived for a time with a family near Mr. Whiting's, and during this period the plot was concocted, which has had so terrible a termination. Her father, learning that she was being taught to associate familiarly with the negro, took her home at once, and to shield her and her friends from disgrace, it was kept secret; and here for the time, the matter ended.

On Saturday the 13th inst., the girl went to church, accompanied only by two little brothers, (other members of the family being kept at home by the illness of her grandfather, Darius Tingley, a notice of whose death appears elsewhere) and instead of returning home, went with Whiting and his wife to their home, when they called in a clergyman to perform the marriage service. Of course none would be a party to so black a crime, whereupon the parties went to New Milford and other places in search of some being who had not decency enough to deter him from lending himself to so degrading an act, and on the next day, a Justice of the Peace at Kirkwood, N. Y. consented to give legal sanction to an alliance forbidden alike by the laws of God and man.

When they returned to Harford, and it became known that they were married, the town was thrown into great excitement, and various demonstrations were made, expressive of the indignation and disgust of the citizens. On Friday night they came to Montrose, to avoid, it is said, the just indignation of the people at home, a double-bed-room was engaged by Whiting, at Searle's hotel, where the four (Whiting and lady, Sophia and lady) spent the night before it was known to Mr. Searle that there was a darkie in the gang. The next day, Whiting and his wife, the negro, and Robert Alexander, who also accompanied them on their bridal tour, were arrested by the Sheriff and held to bail on a charge of conspiracy, at the instigation of the girl's father. We trust the affair will be fully investigated.—The Whiting's were so anxious to keep the matter secret until a marriage could be effected that they obtained a pledge from the clergyman at Harford (Rev. W. W. Welsh of the M. E. Church) that in case he did not marry the parties, he would not reveal their plot and he, thinking they could not succeed in their design, did not make it known.

In justice to Mr. Tingley, his family and numerous relatives, all of whom occupy a high standing in community, we must add that they are not chargeable with any wrong in the affair. In her father's family the girl has been taught no doctrine tending to so degrading a result. The only explanation of the matter is that her mind was poisoned by the influence of those engaged in bringing about the marriage, who, it seems; are too fully enamored of the modern doctrine of "Negro Equality." Were none but themselves affected by the result of their plotting, it would, comparatively, make little difference, but that a young and innocent girl should be ruined, and a family and large circle of relatives have such a disgrace fastened upon them, is too great an outrage to be quietly submitted to.

We learn that a citizens' indignation meeting is to be held at Harford to-morrow. Should there be any error in the above statement we will be obliged to any person who will furnish a correction, or add any material information on the subject.—*Montrose Democrat.*

"MONAWK DUTCH."—The following story is good because it is true. We had it from the lips of a good woman—was told it by the principal actor herself:

"Van I first came to Filadelfy to serve, I was very much uncivilized," said Katrina, now a tidy, intelligent servant in a respectable family; "I laugh moom, and I feel moom ashamed to remember how I behave when I know so little. Sheon, that was my bean then—Sheon he took me to the theater one night, when I been in Filadelfy but three weeks. We sit in the gallery; and we not see good, and Sheon said he would get a poster seat. So he puts his leg round de post, and slides down mid de pit, and he looks up and calls out, 'Katrine! Katrine! coom down tish a good view here!' and I leanded over, and said: 'How can I coom, Sheon?' And he said: 'Just slide down.' So I put my legs round de pillar, and I slides down, too. Donder! how de peoples laugh! Dey laugh so dey play no more dat night upon the stage. Every body laugh, and yell, and whistle all over de house! I was much ashamed, den, though I knew not any harm! But now, I plashes red every time I diaks of it."

A CLERGYMAN was lately depicting before a deeply interested audience, the alarming increase of intemperance, when he astonished his hearers by saying: "A young woman in my neighborhood died suddenly last Sabbath while I was preaching the Gospel in a state of beastly intoxication!"

### The Dance of Death.

The following account of the sudden death of a young lady in Baltimore, which we copy from the Sun, has something exceedingly affecting and startling in its circumstances. Returning home from a scene of festivity, she was stricken on the way, and life left her on the public highway—at a stranger's door, and before medical aid could be brought, or intelligence of the attack could be communicated to her waiting parents. Truly, "in the midst of life we are in death," and warning voices from newly opened graves give continual monitions of mortality. We do not notice this affecting incident in a special manner for the purpose of founding upon it an argument against indulgence in the amusement in which the victim had just been participating. Although it stood to the former in some respects in the relation of cause to effect, yet it would be too broad a generalization to condemn the amusement on account of the particular instance. Disease of the heart, aggravated by unusual excitement, probably fatiguing exercise and the sudden change from the light and warmth of the ballroom, to the cold and darkness of the warring night, may sufficiently account for the quick catastrophe, but if there be no other lesson taught by the event, we can certainly deduce from it one of moderation, which the young who "chase the laughing hours with flying feet" are so apt to forget, especially those subject to organic disease, who need at all times to avoid sudden and powerful emotions.

The last exclamation of the dying girl shows that she felt that there was something incompatible between death and the dance—that the two ought not to be brought near together, and gives point to the supplication of the Litany to be delivered from "sudden death."

"DIED RETURNING FROM A BALL.—Miss Laura E. Stratton, second daughter of Mr. Robert Stratton, No. 320 North East street, near Hoffman, died suddenly one morning lately, under the following distressing and terrible circumstances. Miss Stratton, who was a most estimable young lady of 16 years, had attended the ball of the Independent Grays, at the Maryland Institute, in company with several companions. After enjoying the occasion until between 2 and 3 o'clock, she left the scene with her companion, she returned to her home. At the corner of Baltimore and Liberty streets, she said she felt strange and unwell, but walked on until the corner of Howard and Monument streets was reached, when her illness greatly increased, attended with a "gurgling in the throat, a sense of suffocation. She was laid upon the steps of a dwelling, supported in the arms of her lady companion, while her male escort hastened to the nearest physician's office. When he returned with Dr. McSherry, it was found that Miss Stratton was a corpse in the arms of her friend. Her only exclamation was, "Lord, have mercy on me." The body was taken to the apothecary store of Dr. J. K. B. Emory, southwest corner of Howard and Madison streets, and everything that could promote resuscitation, was applied in vain. A messenger was despatched to the dwelling of her parents in advance of the body, and the announcement of her sudden decease fell like a thunderbolt on the hearts of the household, who were now momentarily expecting her return from the happy scene she had helped to grace and enliven. It is supposed her death was caused by disease of the heart, to which she was thought to be subject.

### A Horrible and Unnatural Deed.

A Young Woman is delivered of a Child on board the Cars, and flings it out the Window!

A young woman elegantly dressed and of prepossessing appearance, got aboard the Cleveland and Erie cars at the depot, Tuesday noon, just before they started, having no baggage with the exception of a satchel, which she placed upon the seat by her side. After the cars started she went into the ladies saloon several times, and was in there when Mr. Murry, conductor on board the train, came around to collect the tickets.—She appeared to be suffering with pain, and told him he would find her tickets in her satchel, which lay in the seat she had occupied. He went to the seat and found them as she represented. Mr. Murry was succeeded by Conductor Haight, who proceeded with the train to Dunkirk, the woman remaining in the saloon of the car most of the way. At Dunkirk Mr. Haight received a telegram from Erie stating that a new born babe had been found by the side of the track about two miles east of Erie, and describing the woman Conductor Murry found in the saloon, whom it was conjectured, was the unnatural mother, and who to hide her shame, had attempted the destruction of her offspring by hurling it from the cars. He returned a reply that the woman had departed on the N. Y. & Erie road.

The child was found by a woman who was passing, and although the train was going at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour, the child was alive when found! It was cared for in a proper manner, and was alive yesterday. No clue was obtained in regard to the name of the mother, and it is not known where she came from.

ONE of the best reasons yet heard for disunion, is related by a fellow who went to call on the President. He said he waited four hours, and could not get to see him, "and I concluded," said he, "that if he was so cursed busy as that, one President was not enough to attend to the affairs of this Republic, and we had better have another."

### HAVE PATIENCE.

A youth and maid, one winter night,  
Were sitting in the corner;  
His name, we're told, was Joshua White,  
And hers was Patience Warner.

Not much the pretty maiden said,  
Beside the young man sitting;  
Her cheeks were flushed a rosy red,  
Her eyes bent on her knitting.

Nor could he guess what thoughts of him  
Were to her bosom flocking,  
As her fair fingers, swift and slim,  
Flew round and round the stocking.

While as for Joshua, bashful youth,  
His words grew few and fewer;  
Though all the time, to tell the truth,  
His chair edged nearer to her.

Meantime her ball of yarn gave out,  
She knit so fast and steady;  
And he must give his aid, no doubt,  
To get another ready.

He held the skein; of course the thread  
Got tangled, snarled, and twisted;  
"Have Patience!" cried the artless maid,  
To him who her assisted.

Good chance was this for tongue and churl  
To shorten all palaver;  
"Have Patience!" cried he, "dearest girl!  
And may I really have her?"

The deed was done; no more, that night,  
Clinkled needles in the corner.—  
And she is Mrs. Joshua White  
That once was Patience Warner.

### Waiting.

The following daguerreotype, which, we find in an exchange, is executed in true colors:

"Look! look!" said a half dozen lady voices, one pretty night, we sat leaning against the outside of the ball room. We did look—alas! for our modesty ought not to have done so. "If my children were among them, I'd whip them for it! Yes, if they were full grown, I'd give them the hickory!" So said the wife of Dr. pinches, as she turned away in utter disgust. Let me describe a little—if the public may look, certainly it may read, though it run. A group of splendid odds is on the floor, and lovingly mated. The gems encircle their partners' waist with one arm. The ladies and gentlemen stand close, face to face. The gentlemen are very erect, and lean a little back. The ladies lean a little forward. (Music.) Now all wheel, whirl, circle and curl. Feet and heels of gents go tip, tip, tip, tip. Ladies' feet go tippy, tip, tippy, tip. Then all go rippity, clippity, slippity, tippy, bippity, hoppity, jumpity, thomb. Ladies fly off by centrifugal momentum. Gents, pull ladies hard and close. They reel, swing, slide along, look tender, look silly, look dizzy—Feet fly, hoops fly, dresses fly, all fly. It looks tuggly, piltly, squeezy, robbity, rip. The men look like a cross between steel-yards and "limber jacks," bottles, Xes. The maidens tuck down their chins very low, or raise them exceedingly high. Some smile, grin, some giggle, some pout, some sneer, and all sweat freely. The ladies' faces are brought against those of the men, or into their bosoms, breast against breast, nose against nose, and toes against toes. Now they go again, making a sound, like poachy, porgey, dery, pery, ridey, coachy, poachy. This dance is not much, but the extras are glorious. If men were women, there would be no such dancing. But they are only men, and the thing goes on by woman's love of it. A secular writer says: "There is no established standard of propriety about this matter. If I were a lady, I might object to these dances, but being a man, I do not. We certainly ought to be satisfied, if they are."

### Names of the Months.

The names of the months were given by the Romans.

January, the first month, was so called from Janus, an ancient King of Italy, who was deified after his death, and derived from the Latin word Januarius.

February, the second month, is derived from the Latin word Februus, to purify, hence Februarius: for this month the ancient Romans offered up expiatory sacrifices for the purifying of the people.

March, the third month, anciently the first month, is derived from the words Mars, the God of war.

April is so called from the Latin Aprilis, i. e., opening: because in this month the vegetable world opens and buds forth.

May, the fifth month, is derived from the Latin word Majores, so called by Romans, in respect toward the Senators: heuce Mains of May.

Jane, the sixth month, from the Latin word Junius, or the youngest of people.

July, the seventh month, is derived from the Latin word Julius, and so named in honor of Julius Cæsar.

August, the eighth month, was so called in honor of Augustus, by a decree of the Roman Senate, A. D. 8.

September, the ninth month, from the Latin word Septem, or seven, being the seventh month from March.

October, the tenth month, from the Latin word Octo, the eighth, hence October.

November, the eleventh month, from the Latin word Novem, nine; being the ninth month from March.

December, the twelfth month, from the Latin word Decem, ten; so called because it was the tenth month from March, which was anciently the manner of beginning the year.

A MAN from the country, whose wife had slooped and carried off the feather bed, was in search of them—not that he cared anything about the wife, "but the feathers," said he, "they, them are worth forty-eight cents a pound!" That's a great estimate!

### Prospect of Trade in the Far East.

If we take Singapore as an index of the progress of Eastern trade, we shall perceive how much may be done in a brief period, especially with the enlarged area opened to us, the increasing civilization, and the extended movements of shipping in the Eastern and China Seas. In a quarter of a century the Straits settlements have doubled their population and trade; and Singapore, the great commercial entrepot of the East, increases its commerce at the rate of nearly a million sterling a year. One thousand square-rigged vessels, and from two to three thousand native craft, now annually enter at Singapore, and the entire native and other tonnage employed in the trade of the Straits settlements is from 800,000 to 1,000,000 tons. The prospects of future trade are dazzling in this extreme. Japan, Siam, Cochin China, the Chinese Empire, and the Eastern Islands, are the countries that will furnish the elements of this new commerce. China has a population of a million and a half on a sea coast alone; but we are now also admitted through her rivers to the interior. Japan, with her population of 50,000,000, has recently, by treaty permitted free intercourse with her people, highly advanced in civilization. Siam is progressing favorably in the development of extended commerce. We have, also, to take into the calculation the vast and undeveloped resources of Polynesia and the Eastern Archipelago, connected as they now are also with our Australian settlements, which contain a present population exceeding one million, and continually increasing. The exports of the Australian settlements now exceed \$20,000,000 annually, and their imports are of proportionate value. They draw largely already upon China, the Straits, Java, and the Philippines, for much of their supplies, and will do so more still, as communication becomes more facile.—The Chinese have now spread themselves over India, and all our Eastern and Southern Colonies. We meet with them in the West Indies, in California, at the Chincheas, and at Panama. They have no longer that fear of traveling which formerly deterred them from fraveling ocean voyages, but with the money-getting desire of the Europeans, they now make their way to any field which offers good food, wages, and brighter prospects of return for industry, than their own over-crowded and disturbed land.—*China Telegraph.*

### Great Outrage by a Negro upon a white Girl.

Prospect of Lynch Law.—A day or two ago, a young girl, barely fourteen years of age, the daughter of a respectable carpenter, named Collins, residing in Xenia, became the mother of an African child, greatly to the amazement and horror of her relatives and friends, who had never doubted her purity for a moment. The poor girl, forced to make some explanation, then told, with the deepest sense of shame, and in a perfect agony of mind, that ten months before, she had gone, about dusk one evening, to a cooper's shop to obtain some shavings, and was approached by a stalwart negro, named Booker, who seized her, and choking her so that she could not scream, most brutally violated her person! No one was near, and in his hands the poor child was compelled to yield to the monster, and to endure what she would have died to avoid.

So greatly was she horrified when she obtained her freedom, that she dreaded to expose the negro, who had threatened to kill her if she revealed what had happened, knowing that by so doing she would publish her own infamy. Believing that no one would ever know the dreadful secret except through her, she resolved to hide it in her own bosom, and even after she knew that would be impossible, she preserved the most complete silence concerning the great wrong she had suffered. Not indeed until the child was born did she reveal the horrid fact that had crushed out her hope and peace and clouded her life forever.

The negro, it appears, had left Xenia a few days before his crime became known, or the people of that vicinity, with all their morbid sympathy with the colored race, would have lynched him on the spot. A number of persons are now in pursuit of Booker, and will if they capture him, hang the black villain, as he richly deserves. The infant, very fortunately, lived but a single hour.

How to Keep his Babies Quiet.—An old bachelor having been seduced against his will into the commitment of matrimony, and being troubled after a certain length of time with a propensity of young bachelors, contrived the following plan to keep them quiet: "As soon as the sweet little creature awakes, and begins to squall, set it up in bed, propped up by a pillow if it can't sit alone, and smear its fingers with molasses, then get half a dozen feathers into his hand and it will commence picking the feathers from one hand to the other, till it drops asleep. As soon as it awakes again more molasses and feathers should be applied immediately, and instead of the nerve astounding yells of the dear, there will be a sweet and calm silence, producing the most profound enjoyment and rapturous domestic felicity. A cup with molasses can be kept at the head of the bed, in a stand drawer for use. Syrup is preferable to common molasses."

When you have lost money in the streets every one is ready to help you to look for it; but when you have lost your character, every one leaves you to recover it as you can.

### Tobacco Convention.

A committee of the Kentucky State Agricultural Society recommends a Convention of the producers and buyers of tobacco, to be held in Louisville, Ky., on the 25th of May next, which is the day fixed for awarding premiums to the growers of the best tobacco, under the auspices of the State Agricultural Society. The design is to bring the producers and purchasers together, in order to an interchange of opinions. The agriculturalist may learn what grades are best suited to the market, and will meet the most ready sale. The Louisville Journal, speaking of the great commercial importance of the staple, says that the value of the raw tobacco exported from the United States to Great Britain, was over three and a half million of dollars in 1855, and during the first half of the present century that country collected import duties on it to the enormous aggregate of over \$750,000,000. The total value of our exports of tobacco in 1857 was \$29,662,772, and in 1858 amounted to \$19,409,882. During the first nine months of 1857 the import revenue derived by France from it was \$25,000,000, four-fifths of which were exported from the United States. The *Cyclopaedia of Commerce* says that tobacco, next to salt, is probably the article most consumed by men. In one form or another, but most generally in the form of fume or smoke, there is no climate in which it is not consumed, and no nationality that has not adopted it. To put down its use has equally baffled legislators and moralists, and in the words of Pope, on a higher subject, it may be said to be partaken of "by saints, by savage, and by sage." The average consumption, per head of male population over eighteen years of age, in some countries, seems almost fabulous. In the German States, included in the operations of the Zollverein and the Stenverein, it reaches from 9½ to 12½ pounds; in Holland and Belgium and Denmark to 8 or 9 pounds. The advanced cost of tobacco is shown from the fact that in 1842 we exported 150,710 hds. at an average cost of \$60.11, and in 1857 only 156,848 at the average value per hhd. of \$132.40.

### Self-Control.

A merchant had a dispute with a Quaker, respecting the settlement of an account. The merchant was determined to bring the account into court—a proceeding which the Quaker earnestly deprecated, using every argument in his power to convince the merchant of his error; but the latter was inflexible. Desirous to make a last effort, the Quaker called at the house one morning, and inquired of the servant if his master was at home. The merchant hearing the inquiry, and knowing his voice, called out from the top of the stairs, "Tell the rascal I am not at home." The Quaker, looking up to him, calmly said, "Well friend, God put thee in a better mind." The merchant, struck afterwards with the meekness of the reply, and having more deliberately investigated the matter, became convinced that the Quaker was right, and that he was wrong. He requested to see him after acknowledging his error, he said, "I have one question to ask you. How were you able with such patience, on various occasions, to bear my abuse?" "Friend," replied the Quaker, "I will tell thee. I was naturally as hot and violent as thou art. I knew that to indulge this temper was sinful; and I found it was imprudent. I observed that men in a passion always spoke aloud; and I thought if I could control my voice I should repress my passion. I have, therefore, made it a rule never to let my voice rise above a certain key; and by a careful observance of this rule, I have by the blessing of God entirely mastered my natural temper." The Quaker reasoned philosophically, and the merchant, as every one else may be benefited, by his example.

SOMETIME in the spring of 1857, the steamer St. Nicholas "opened" at New Orleans with a Callopie, the first one ever heard in those parts, causing the greatest consternation among the servants, most of whom supposed they must now give an account of their sins, sure enough. But one of them a girl stood and listened for some time, and at last walked into the house, and expressed her opinion thus, "Missus, I don't b'leve dat ar's Gabriel, 'cause I aint 'feebd abit but if it is him, he's playin' 'Walt for the Wagin,' 'as sure's god's born!"

PRAYER is ever profitable; at night it is our covering; in the morning it is our armor. Prayer should be the key of the day, and the lock of night. Prayer sanctifies all our actions. He is listed in all God's service and protection, who makes it his first work to be enrolled by prayer, under the standard of the Almighty. He carries an assistant angel with him for help who begs his benedictions from above; and without it he is lame and unarmed.

A Yankee describing an opponent, whose person was extremely slim, says, "I'll tell you what, sir, that man don't amount to a sum in arithmetic, cast him up, and there's nothing to carry."

"Sally," said a young man to a damsel, who had red hair, "keep away from me, or you will set me afire." "No danger of that," was the answer, "you are too green to burn."

"A dreadful little for a shilling," said a penurious fellow to a physician, who dealt him out an emetic. "Can't you give more?"