

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

W. H. JACOBY, Proprietor.

Truth and Right—God Save our Country.

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Choice Poetry.

From the *Western Magazine*.
BY-GONE DAYS AND THESE.

Oh! let me sing one gentle strain
Of by-gone days and these—
Of days that ne'er will come again,
Yet's bright in memory.

Fond memory in the urn will keep
The cherished flowers there,
And softly o'er them bend and weep
With kind and gentle care.

Her sighs will fan each leaflet light,
And tears as dew will be,
To keep them ever true and bright—
Those by-gone days with thee.

Like incense from that urn will rise
The light of other hours;
Ah! happy thoughts and tender ties
Are linked around those flowers.

They will not wither, but will bloom
Till memory's urn is broken;
Then scattered faded o'er the tomb,
Of by-gone days a token.

EMMA CORO.

WEALTH AND LABOR.

BY HON. H. G. COLBY.

There are instances in this country of enormous individual wealth—frequent instances of independent individual fortunes. But who are they that possess, and whence did they derive them? From some old ancestors, who won broad lands and proud titles in the field of battle—or in the Senate—at the bar—or the counting house? If you look for such inherited fortunes as these, you will discover that they were long since dismembered—that with every revolution of the seasons, they are diminishing—and in a very few instances can one of their descendants call the roof-tree of his father's house his own.

No! These are the fruits of individual industry, skill, or enterprise. And you can seldom trace their history further back than to find them commanding a trading sloop to the West Indies, purchasing fur in small quantities on the frontier, or selling excellent groceries at a first-rate stand for business. They are self-made men—the architects of their own fortunes; and I yield a thousand-fold more respect to such as they, than I can ever feel for one who owes his wealth and his standing in this world to the mere accident of birth; and when their names are uttered in the marts of commerce, and the country rings from side to side with the story of their success, I feel that this, of all countries, is the best for human labor and enterprise.

A very important and striking feature in our political and social system, which, indeed, is the inevitable result of our institutions and laws, is, that there is no aristocracy amongst us—not even an aristocracy of wealth. An aristocracy cannot exist without peculiar and exclusive privileges and rights, recognized, sanctioned, and upheld by law. There cannot be, in this country, even a confederacy or combination among the rich men to acquire peculiar privileges. They have none to defend. There is no class, no esprit de corps among them. They are not like the hereditary nobles of Europe whose names are enrolled in a hereditary college, set apart from the rest of mankind, designated by titles, marked by badges of honor, bound together by intermarriages, by a community of interests and of feelings, a distinct order in the state; nothing of all this, and they are as mutable besides as the notes that float in the summer air. Death is ever busy at work in dismembering all overgrown fortunes. Misfortunes, too—and, alas! they occasionally rain thick and fast, and do their part in the ceaseless work of distribution. The rich man of to-day is the poor man of to-morrow.

And, while, from these causes, multitudes are passing out, thousands are, in the land, passing into this charmed circle; for, those who commenced life with no inheritance but poverty, are usually the individuals that rise to affluence. If a life could be drawn between the two classes, at any given moment, and then five years pass away, I doubt whether the smaller portion could not be recognized as the same. Hundreds and hundreds would be found to have changed places. And to speak of a clan of men thus constituted as an aristocracy, is as sound and sensible philosophy as to point to the insects of summer as the emblems of eternity.

Yes, ye laborers, there is no land like yours. It is yours to possess, to enjoy. Here is a fair field for all to labor, in whatever vocation they please, and the rewards of diligence are ample and secure. There is not an avenue to wealth or distinction which is closed—not a post unobtainable. There is no ground for any hostility or unkindness of feeling between the rich and the laboring classes,

but the strongest reason, on the contrary, for mutual friendship and the most cordial union. It may well be questioned whether they should ever be spoken of as classes, since the term presupposes a line of demarcation, which cannot be drawn. Both are striving with the same eagerness for the same object—some portion of wealth—and both are interested in the protection of property. If, instead of spending time in mutual jealousies and recriminations, they would join heart and hand in all great and good undertakings, the one contributing the means, the other the skill and labor, they would accomplish more for themselves and their country in one year than by fifty years of dissension.

We should not forget that there are those who grace and gladden our festivities by their presence; who do not mingle with us, indeed, in the walks of business, but exert a mere potent influence upon the affairs of men than we are always willing to acknowledge; whose empire is absolute over the world of fashion; whose appearance in the mid-st of dissensions is like the radiant bow that spans the storm. If their smiles do sometimes kindle dissensions, they often allay it, and I would invoke their gentle influence in the work of reforming the national manners. If they would bestow more of their kind regards upon their athletic and manly forms that make our hill sides and valleys laugh and ring with the wealth of golden harvests and less upon those whiskered and bedizened apes that infest the drawing room, we should love them better, and our country would regard them as her jewels.

What honest vocation can be named that does not contribute, in a greater or less degree, to the enjoyment of man? It may be humble, indeed, but it goes to swell the mighty aggregate; it may be a rill that trickles from the mountain side, but it diffuses fertility through the valley, and mingles its drops at last with the ocean. The true American motto is and must be—marked upon our foreheads, written upon our door posts—channelled in the earth, and wafted upon the waves—INDUSTRY, LABOR IS HONORABLE, and idleness is dishonorable—and I care not if it be labor, whether it be of the head or hands. Whitney, whose cotton gin doubled the value of every acre of land in the South, raised more cotton with his head than any twenty men ever raised with their hands. Let me exhort those of you who are devoted to intellectual pursuits, to cherish, on your part, an exalted and just idea of manual labor, and to make that opinion known in your works and seen in the earnest of your actions. The laboring men of this country are vast in number and respectable in character. We owe to them, under Providence, the most gladsome spectacle the sun beholds in its course—a land of cultivated and fertile fields, an ocean white with canvass. We owe to them the annual spectacle of golden harvests, which carries plenty and happiness alike to the palace and the cottage. We owe to them the fortresses that guard our coasts—the ships that have borne our flag to every clime and carried the thunder of our cannon triumphant over the waters of the deep.

Sir Walter Scott, a mere writer of poetry and romance, has given employment to ten thousand paper-makers, type-founders, printers, tanners, book-binders; and beyond that has awakened the love of elegant literature in millions of minds. Sir Isaac Newton spent his days partly in sleep, and his nights in watching the stars in the midnight sky; and yet his discoveries have enabled the mariner to pursue his forming pathway in the deep, as safely as on the land, and thus poured the products of every clime into the lap of labor. The benefactions of these men were indeed great and illustrious; but there are men in our midst engaged in similar pursuits every day of their lives, bestowing the same kind of benefits on mankind. The merchant's life is a life of excitement and care, of risk and uncertainty, but of the first importance to every community; as indispensable to the laborer as the laborer is to him.

The village school master who devotes the years of his youth or his manhood to the exhausting drudgery of instruction; who moulds the characters and fixes the principles of an advancing generation—is as eminently useful, though he sinks at last into the grave unhonored and unsung, as the demagogues whose presence is greeted in caucuses, or whose voice is heard in the halls of legislation, discussing the constitutional power of Congress to buy a penknife.

AN AMERICAN EAGLE FOR THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA.—A Richmond correspondent of the Petersburg Express says:—
The Virginia Central brought down on its train of yesterday afternoon a rare bird of the eagle species. At the invitation of a friend I visited this natural curiosity to-day. It is of enormous size, resembles the common grey eagle so frequently caught in Virginia, but is bicapituous, or double-headed—and in this its peculiarity consists. The two heads are clearly defined, and seem to be perfect in all respects. It receives its food with the same facility in either beak, and apparently hears and sees alike through all its eyes and ears. It was captured near a mere fledgling, near Luray, Page county, by Mr. Joannas Schwartzberger, and has been carefully nurtured and fed by himself and family ever since. Mr. S. has disposed of this curious bird to the Austrian Consul at New York, who intends presenting it to the Emperor, Francis Joseph.

A List of Wonders.

Among the thousands of marvelous inventions which American genius has produced, within the last few years, are the following, compiled in an abstract from the Patent Office Report. Read them over, and then say if you can, that there is nothing new under the sun.

The report explains the principle of the celebrated Hobb lock. Its "pickability" depends upon a secondary or false set of tumblers, which prevent instruments used in picking from reaching the real ones.—Moreover, the lock is powder proof, and may be loaded through the key-hole and fired off till the burglar is tired of his fruitless work, or fears that the explosions will view his experiments more witness than he desires.

Doors and shutters have been patented that cannot be broken through with either pick or sledge-hammer. The burglar's "occupation" gone.

A harpoon is described which makes the whale kill himself. The more he pulls the line, the deeper goes the harpoon.

An ice-making machine has been patented, which is worked by a steam-engine. In an experimental trial, it froze several blocks of sherry, and produced blocks of ice the size of a cubic foot when the thermometer was up eighty degrees. It is calculated that for every ton of coal put into the furnace, it will make a ton of ice.

From Mr. Dale's examiners report, we gather some idea of the value of patents.—A man who had made a slight improvement in straw-cutters, took a model of his machine through the Western States, and after a tour of eight months, returned with forty thousand dollars. Another man had a machine to thrash and clean grain, which in fifteen months he sold for sixty thousand dollars. These are ordinary cases—while such inventions as the telegraph, the planing machine, and India rubber patents, are worth millions each.

Examiner Lane's report describes new electrical inventions. Among these is an electrical whaling apparatus, by which the whale is literally "shocked to death." Another is an electro magnetic alarm, which rings bells and displays signals in case of fire and burglars. Another is an electric clock, which wakes you up, tells you what time it is, and lights a lamp for you at any hour you please.

There is a "sound gatherer," a sort of huge trumpet, to be placed in front of a locomotive, bringing to the engineer's ear all the noise ahead; perfectly distinct, notwithstanding the noise of the train.

There is an invention that picks up pins from a confused heap, turns them around with their heads up, and sticks them in papers in regular rows.

Another goes through the whole process of cigar making, taking in leaves and turning out finished cigars.

One machine cuts cheese; another scours knives and forks; another rocks the cradle; and seven or eight take in washing and ironing.

There is a parlor chair patented that cannot be tipped back on two legs, and a railway chair that can be tipped back to any position without any legs at all.

Another patent is for a machine that counts passengers in an omnibus and takes their fares. When a very fat gentleman gets in, it counts two and charges double.

There are a variety of guns patented that load themselves, a fishing line that adjusts its own bait, and a rat trap that throws away the rat, and baits itself and stands in the corner for another.

There is a machine also, by which a man prints, instead of writes, his thoughts. It is played like a piano-forte. And shaking of pianos, it is estimated that nine thousand are made every year giving constant employment to one thousand nine hundred persons, costing over two millions of dollars.

Here is a paragraph of plain talk to the girls, by a anonymous author, which is worth a library of *Young Ladies' Friends*, or whatever may be the title of the wishy-washy compounds that are sold for the benefit of that interesting portion of the community: Men who are worth having, want women for wives. A bundle of gewgaws bound with a string of flats and quavers, sprinkled with cologne and set in a carmine sauce—this is no help for a man who expects to raise a family on vegetable bread and meat. The piano and lace frames are good in their places, and so are ribbons, trills and tinsels, but you cannot make a dinner of the former, nor a bed-blanket of the latter. And, awful as the idea may seem to you, both dinner and bed-blanket are essential to domestic happiness. Life has its realities as well as fancies; but you may make it a matter of decoration remembering the tasseled curtains, but forgetting the bedstead. Supposing a man of good sense, and of course good prospects, to be looking for a wife—what chance have you to be chosen? You may trap him, but how much better to make it an object for him to catch you. Render yourself worth catching, and you will need no shrewd mother to help you to find a market.

The Second Annual Fair of the Locomotive County Agricultural Society, will be held at Kepstone Park, Williamsport, on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, Oct. 24th, 25th, and 26th inst.

To YOUNG MEN ONLY.—When your lady-love can't be moved by any other process, try the leave-hair.

What a Lady Thinks of Hairy Faces.

A disgusted female at Xenia, Ohio, is making a terrific crusade against hairy faced men. Hear her:

What expression of kindness and mild humanity can be observed in a face covered with hair from the nose down? Not any. As well might a poor rat look in the grizzly muzzle of a Scotch terrier for mercy when about to be caught in his crushing jaws, as to look for an expression of human kindness and sympathy in the face of a hirsute man.

Who can appreciate the value of a smile? It lightens up the countenance with adoring sweetness, indicates a kind heart, and radiates gladness to the hearts of others, encourages the desponding, soothes the afflicted, cheers the sorrowing, disarms wrath, and kindles up genial sympathy and reciprocal regard.

But a smile cannot crop out from the face of a man, "bearded and moustached" like the pard. You suppose, from the agitation of tall grass, that some animal was crawling through it. So you may infer, from the whisking of hair, that a smile was burrowing along there somewhere, out of sight.—The smile of such a man cannot be distinguished from the grin of a ribbed nosed baboon, which had burnt its mouth with a hot chestnut.

The lips are capable of indicating a variety of passions and emotions. They can express kindness, good humor, sweetness of disposition, sorrow, firmness, and disposition, of character, or the manifest scorn, contempt, disdain, loathing, anger and threaten like loaded revolvers. The chief expression of the best traits in Napoleon's nature were in his mouth and chin, which he could clothe with so much sweet winning mute, persuasive eloquence as to render his look irresistible. But when lip and chin are covered with hair, you might as well look for expression in the hole of a bank swallow in the side of a gully, overlooking with a tuft of grass.

The passions and affections have their poles in the face, firmness in the upper lip, mildness near the outer corners of the mouth, and the affections in the edges of the lips, &c., hence the philosophy and delicacy of kissing; the more intense the passion, the more soul-shrilling and enrapturing the kiss. Behold the lovely woman, with a form shaped by the hand of harmony, regular features, and gleaming riches, bright eyes beaming with intelligence, well arranged pearly teeth, a soft delicate skin, a mouth like Cupid's bow, a neck like ivory, a breast like alabaster, and the swelling undulations of love like snow, her lips like two roosebuds moist with morning dew, and her cheeks,

"Where the live crimson through the native white,
Shooting over the face diffuses bloom,
And every nameless grace"

Radiant in beauty, she is surrounded by an atmosphere of love, as a rose exhales fragrance. Just think of one of these hair-faced fellows attempting to kiss her—see him pulling up his chevaux-de-frise of smiles to reveal his wild, beast-looking, cavernous slit of a mouth! Bah, his abominable, the idea is disgusting—nauseous—got out—scat!

"Give us an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination!"

Whom do moustaches and beards become? Brigands, pirates, filibusters, and special professional executioners. Jack Keitch, the hangman, would effectually conceal all expressions of human sympathy and compassion—causing him to look as grim and unrelenting as death in whose office he officiates.

Origin of Printing.

The *Art Journal* says that it is partly to the use of playing cards that we are indebted for the invention which has been justly regarded as one of the greatest benefits of mankind. The first cards were printed with the hand. They were subsequently made more rapid by a process called stenciling—that is, by cutting the rude forms through a piece of painted parchment, or thin metal, which, when placed on the card board intended to receive the impression, was brushed over with ink or color, and imparted the figure to the material beneath. A further improvement was made by cutting the figure on blocks of wood and literally printing them on cards. The card blocks are supposed to have given the first idea of wood engraving. When the people saw the effects of cutting the figures of the cards upon blocks, they began the same manner, and then applied the method to other subjects, cutting in like manner the few words of necessary explanation. This practice further expanded itself into what are called block books, consisting of pictorial subjects, with copious explanatory texts. Some, at length, hit upon the idea of cutting the pages of a regular book on so many blocks of wood, and taking the impression on wood, and paper or vellum, instead of writing the manuscript; and this plan was soon further improved by cutting letters or words on separate pieces of wood and setting them up together so as to form pages. The wood was subsequently superceded by metal and thus originated the noble art of *Printing*.

"Thou rain'st in this bosom," as the chap said when a basin of water was thrown over him by the lady he was serenading.

It is a waste of raw materials to put five dollars worth of beaver on ten cents worth of brains.

BEAUTIFUL STANZAS.

Leaf by leaf the roses fall,
Drop by drop the springs run dry;
One by one, beyond recall,
Summer beauties fade and die;
But the roses bloom again,
And the spring will gush anew,
In the pleasant April rain
And the summer sun and dew.

So in hours of deepest gloom,
When the spring of gladness fail,
And the roses in the bloom,
Drop like maidens wan and pale,
We shall find some hope that lies
Like a silent gem apart,
Hidden far from careless eyes,
In the garden of the heart.

Some sweet hope to gladness lead,
That will spring fresh and new,
When grief's winter shall have fled,
Giving place to rain and dew—
Some sweet hope that breathes of spring,
Through the weary, weary time
Bidding for its blossoming,
In the spirit's glorious clime.

Experiences of Imprisonment.

The following is an extract from Count Gonfall Conier's account of his imprisonment:—"Fifteen years I existed in a dungeon ten feet square! During six years I had a companion; during nine I was alone? I never could rightly distinguish the face of him who shared my captivity, in the eternal twilight of our cell. The first year we talked incessantly together; we related our past lives our joys forever gone, over and over again. The next year we communicated to each other our thoughts and ideas on all subjects. The third year we had no ideas to communicate; we were beginning to lose the power of reflection. The fourth, at an interval of a month or two we would open our lips to ask each other if it were possible that the world went on as gay and bustling as when we formed a portion of mankind. The fifth we were silent. The sixth he was taken away—I never knew where to execution or liberty. But I was glad when he was gone; even solitude was better than the pale, vacant face. One day (it must have been a year or two after my companion left me) the dungeon door was opened; whence proceeding I know not, the following words were uttered: "By order of his imperial majesty, I intimate to you that your wife died a year ago." Then the door was shut, and I heard no more; they had but flung this great agony upon me, and left me alone with it."

TRUE GREATNESS.

Who are the truly great? Not always those who occupy a high position among the sons of earth. It may not be those who have toiled up education's steep and who have ascended to what men call fame, highest pinnacle of renown, whose eloquence enchains the mind of millions, and who aways them at his will. It may not be him who has thousands of votaries that bow at his shrine, for wealth and friends may gain him a high position, amidst his fellow-men, even if not deserving. It is not always those that occupy the highest position that are most deserving, very far from it. The truly great are those that do not strive to obtain a high position among the sons of earth, but whose greatest object and motto is to do good and to benefit his fellow-men, regardless of self and the opinions of the fashionable and wealthy ones of earth. Live not for thyself but for others, is the rule which he is striving to carry out; and when he shall enter the scenes of another life, for his noble actions and philanthropic zeal, he shall receive a never-fading crown of glory. We need build no monuments to such worth as this—monuments that would pierce even to the clouds would be far too insignificant: their monuments are their noble deeds imperishably engraven in the hearts of those whom they have benefited. Let us so live that when we have finished this life, we shall be enabled to say we have done right, and be this the enduring monument to perpetuate our name.

ANECDOTE OF GOVERNOR SEWARD.

Cozzens, in his late *Wine Press*, tells an old story, which he says few persons have heard. When Governor of New York, Seaward, in those pre-railroad days, had occasion to visit a certain part of the State, and accordingly mounted upon the top of the mail coach, in order that he might enjoy his cigar and the scenery. The driver was an inquisitive fellow and his passenger humored him.

"Land agent?" said the driver.
"No," quoth Seward.
"Selling goods?"
"No."
"Traveling preacher?"
"No."
"Circus?"
"No."
"What, then?" said the baffled driver, "what is your business?" "Governor," replied Seward, with a tranquil puff. "Governor o' what?" "Governor of the State of New York," replied the smoking passenger with composure. "Get out!" "Well, I can convince you of that," said Seward, "for here is a man on the road with whom I am acquainted," and, as the stage passed by, he saluted him. "Good morning, Mr. Bunker, I want to ask you a question—am I not the Governor of the State of New York?" "No, by thunder!" was Bunker's unexpected answer. "Who is, then?" said the startled smoker. "Thurlow Weed!"

There is a man in Exeter whose memory is so short that it only reaches to his knees. Per consequence, he has not paid for his last pair of boots.

A Thrilling Adventure.

A merchant who wished to celebrate his daughter's wedding, collected a party of her young companions. They circled around her, wishing much happiness to the youthful bride and her chosen one. Her father gazed proudly on the lovely bride, and hoped that as bright prospects for the future might open for the rest of his children, who were playing among the guests. Passing through the hall of the basement, he met a servant, who was carrying a lighted candle in her hand and without a candlestick. He blamed her for such conduct, and went into the kitchen to see about supper. The girl soon returned, but without the candle. The merchant immediately recollected that several barrels of gunpowder had been placed in the cellar during the day, and that one had been opened.

"Where is your candle?" he inquired in the utmost alarm.

"I couldn't bring it up with me, for my arms were full of wood," replied the girl.

"Where did you put it?"

"Well, I'd no candle stick, so I stuck it in some black sand—that's in the small barrel."

Here master dashed down the stairs—the passage was long and dark—his knees threatened to give way—his breath was choked—his flesh seemed dry and parched, as if he clearly felt the suffocating blast of death. At the end of the cellar, under the very room where his children and their friends were reveling in felicity, he saw the open barrel of powder full to the top; the candle stuck loosely in the grain, with a long red snuff of burnt wick; this sight seemed to wither all his powers; the laughter of the company struck upon his ear like the knell of death. He stood a moment unable to move. The music commenced above, the feet of the dancers responding with vivacity; the floor shook, and the loose bottles jingled with the motion. He fancied that the candle moved—was falling; with desperate energy he sprang forward—but how to remove it; the slightest touch would cause the red hot wick to fall into the powder. With unequalled presence of mind, he placed a hand on each side of the candle, with the open palm upwards, and the fingers pointed to the object of his care, which as his hands met, were secured in the clasping of his fingers, and safely moved away from its dangerous position. When he reached the head of the stairs he smiled at his previous alarm—but the reaction was too powerful, and he fell into fits of the most violent laughter. He was conveyed to his bed senseless, and many weeks elapsed ere his nerves recovered sufficiently to allow him to resume his business.

Weight of the World.

Copernicus first distinctly demonstrated that the apparent terrestrial plain was really a free and independent material mass, moving in a definable path through space. Then Newton explained that it was substantial and heavy, and because it was unsupported by props and chains; that, in fact, as a massive body, it is falling forever through the void; but that, as it falls it sweeps round the sun in a never-ending circuit, attracted towards it by magnet-like energy, but kept off from it by the force of its centrifugal movement. Next, Snell and Picard, measured the dimensions of the heavy and falling mass, and found that it was a spherical body, with a girth of 25,000 miles. Subsequently to this, Baily contrived a pair of scales that enabled him approximately to weigh the vast sphere; and he ascertained that it had within itself somewhere about 1,256,195,670,000,000,000,000,000 tons of water. To these discoveries Foucault has recently added demonstration to the actual senses of the fact, that the massive sphere is working on itself as it falls through space and round the sun, so that point after point of its vast surface is brought in succession into the genial influence of its sunshine; an inverting atmosphere of commingled vapor and air is made to present clouds, winds, and rain, and the inverted surface to bear vegetable forms and animated creatures in great diversity. The world is, then, a large, solid sphere, invested with a loosened shell of transparent, elastic, easily-moving vapor, and whirling through space within the domains of sunshine; so that by the combined action of the transparent mobile vapor and the stimulant sunshine, organized creatures may grow and live on its surface, and those vital changes may be diffused among which conscious and mental life stand as the highest results.—*Edinburgh Review*.

On the Cincinnati and Dayton Railroad, the other day, a lady and gentleman were seated together, and facing them on the opposite seat sat two gentlemen, editors of two German papers. When near Dayton the train passed through a long, dark bridge. Amid the thundering and rattling of the cars, a very suspicious conversation was heard by those nearest the lady and gentleman alluded to. As they emerged into the daylight, one of the German editors slowly drew his spectacles down over his nose, and exclaimed,—"Well, I think that is a bad bridge. I hear him crack one, two, three, four times!"

"Oh, Jacob," said a master to his apprentice, "it is wonderful to see what a quantity you can eat." "Yes, sir," said the boy; "I have been practising ever since I was a child."

Tribute to Woman.

The closing part of General Houston's Nacogdoches speech is one of the most eloquent tributes to woman we have ever read. The following is an extract:

Ladies, I know that politics are always uninteresting to you, yet I believe you have in the general result an abiding interest. It is always a gratification to me to behold my fair countrywomen in assemblages like these. It is a guarantee that their husbands and fathers and brothers are men of intelligence and refinement, who appreciate their mental capacities, and desire their countenance in their undertakings. Your presence exercises a calming influence upon those antagonisms, which are too often engendered in the heat of political contests. All parties desire your approving smile, and therefore all are encouraged by your presence. I know that in the direct administration of political affairs you have no share; but yet, reigning as you do, supreme in the realm of love, your influence over controls the destiny of nations. Woman's love is the great lever which rouses man to action. The general, as he plans the strategic combinations which are to insure victory, looks forward to a recompense dearer than the laurels upon his brow; the soldier as he fringes along on the weary march, or mingles in the scenes of the battle-field, even with death around him, forgets awhile the carnage, and turns his thoughts to the fond girl he left behind him; the mariner, tempest tossed, driven by the rude waves, sings merrily aloft as he thinks of the little cottage by the shore, where his wife and dear one await him; the statesman, as he devises amid deep and painful thought, plans of government, which are to tell upon his own and his country's fame, never loses sight of the boys which await him when cabinet councils are over, and he enters the portals of home; the sentinel, as he paces his weary watch, loves the moonlight tramp, that he may look beneath its rays at the dear memento of a mother's or a sister's love. Over man, in all his relationships, the influence of woman hangs like a charm. Deprive us of your influence, which dignifies and stimulates us to noble deeds, and we become worse than barbarians. Let it be ours, and we can brave the cannon's mouth, or face danger in ten thousand forms. You stimulate us to all that is good. You check us in ignoble purposes. You have also an important influence upon posterity. The early impressions which the child receives from you outlive all the wisdom of latter days. Sages may reason, and philosophers may teach, but the voice, which we heard, in infancy will ever come to our ears, bearing a mother's words and a mother's virtue. Continue to instil into your children virtue and patriotism. Imbue them with proper veneration for the fathers of liberty. Teach them to love their country, and labor for its good, as the great aim of their ambition. Bid them proudly maintain our institutions. Point them to the deeds of their ancestors. Make these their escutcheon, and bid them hand it down to their children as free from stain as it came to them. Do this, ladies, and your influence will not be lost in the future. In the language of the poet, it will still be said:

"Woman is lovely to the sight,
As gentle as the dews of even,
As bright as morning's earliest light,
And as spotless as the snows of Heaven."

THE AURORA BOREALIS AND THE TELEGRAPH.

During the auroral display on Thursday night in Boston some curious phenomena were witnessed in connection with the telegraph wires. The following conversation, says the Boston *Traveler*, between the Boston and Portland operators on the American telegraph line, will give an idea of the effect of the Aurora Borealis on the working telegraph wires:

Boston operator, (to Portland operator,) "Please cut off your battery entirely from the line for fifteen minutes."

Boston—"Mine is disconnected, and we are working with the auroral current. How do you receive my writing?"

Portland—"Better than with our batteries on. Current comes and goes gradually."

Boston—"My current is very strong at times, and can work better without batteries, as the Aurora seems to neutralize and augment our batteries alternately, making current too strong at times for our relay magnets. Suppose we work with batteries while we are affected by this trouble?"

Portland—"Very well. Shall I go ahead with business?"

Boston—"Yes. Go ahead."

The wire was then worked for about two hours without the usual batteries, on the aurora current, working better than with the batteries connected. The current varied, increasing and decreasing alternately, but, by graduating the adjustment to the current, a sufficient steady effect was obtained to work the line very well. This is the first instance on record of more than a word or two, having been transmitted with the auroral current. The usual effects of the electric storm were also manifested, as reversing the poles of the batteries, &c.

"Why don't you go to work, and stop picking your nose?" Boy—"It's my nose, aint it, and it's the Fourth of July, too. I'll pick thunder out on't, if I've a mind to."

The British Army at present consists of 246,412 men, of whom 119,551 are stationed abroad. This includes the whole available force, militia, volunteers, rifle corps, enrolled pensioners, &c., &c.