THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

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

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Choice Poetry.

LADIES' LUGGAGE.

How happy is the single life
Of all those priests and monks!
Not one of whom has got a wife
To bother him with trunks,
And bandboxes, a load too great
For man or horse to bear,
Which railways charge for, over-weight,
And cabs ask double fare.

Fell care, as with your bride you post,
Distracts your anxious mind,
Lest this portmanteau should be lost,
Or that be left behind:
Her baggage as you travel down
Life's hill, weighs more and more;
And still, as balder grows your crown,
Becomes a greater bore.

Outstretched by Fashion vile and vain,
Hoop-petticoats, and vests,
Now British females, to contain,
Require no end of chests.
To which bags, baskets, bundles, add,
Too numerous to name,
Enough to drive a poor man mad,
A Job with rage inflame.

The cab keeps swaying o'er your head,
With luggage piled above,
Of overturn you ride in dread.
With her whom you should love;
Then you, the station when you gain,
Must see that lumber stowed,
And fears about it in the train,
Your heart and soul corrode.

Thus does your wife each journey spoil
Of yours that she partakes,
Thus keeps you on the fret and broil,
Your peace and comfort breaks.
With all these boxes, all her things,
(How many!) to enclose,
The fair Encumbrance on you brings
A wagon-load of woes.

We are Growing Old.

"Your hair is growing white, pa!" The chubby little hand was lifting the locks on the temples, and the blue eyes watching with wonder the lines of silver that *are* threading there.

While we have been chatting of old things, we had forgotten that our own name will be on the "list of the aged." While we have been looking back, the sun has shot past the meridian. There is another mile-board rapidly heaving in sight, and we feel that the train is over the summit and sweeping away on the down grade.—The seasons—the years—friends we cling to and hopes which yet cheer us—go by like a vision.

Old!

It seemeth not so. The heart does not feel it. The joints staffen and the steps is less springy and elastic, but is only here and there as our own appearance is reflected, that we catch glimpses of a reality which is relentlessly dogging our footsteps as the days come and go.

Now and then some friend who has been in company with us from the start, sits by us, and we wonder at the strage transformation which has been wrought. The eye is growing dim; the cheek is sunken; the limbs have lost their fullness; the brow is seamed with wrinkles; the teeth are giving away; the form less erect; and the locks are bleaching into grey. "Why!" we say to our friend, "you are growing old!"

"Yes, we are growing old!"

The answer startles for the moment, and a mist drifts before the present while the past glows mockingly, and the forms of children and of youth, half sadly wave an adieu as they vanish into shadows. As our friend goes out of the gate, we spring to the glass, and stand dreamily before the stern monster invoked. It *is* so!—The seams—the lustreless eye—the sunken cheek—the bending shoulder and the thickening gray—are realities. The sound of childish voices rings out under the window.

We stand and dream that we are looking at our own childhood; the voices sound familiar, and thirty years is but a midsummer dream between to-day and yesterday.

"40!"

It seems but a summer since we looked forward with eager hopes to the coming years. And now we look sadly back. Not that the dream has passed; but that it has been of no more worth to those around us. As the glowing hopes and ambitions of early life pass away; as friend departs and stronger ties which hold us here are broken, our life seems but a bubble, glancing for a momant into light and then broken and not a ripple left on the stream.

Forty years once seemed a long, weary pilgrimage to tread. It now seems but a step. And yet along the way are broken shrines where a thousand hopes have wasted into ashes; foot-prints sacred under their drifting dust; green mounds whose grass is fresh with the watering of tears; shadows even which we would not forget. We will garner the sunshine of those years, and with chastened step and hopes, push on towards the evening whose signal lights will soon be seen swinging where the waters are still and the storms never beat.—

An Irish lover has remarked that it is a great pleasure to be alone, especially when your "swateheart is wid ye."

Hon. Henry M. Fuller's Speech,

Delivered in Philadelphia at Jayne's Hill on the 7th inst., at the Union Meeting.

Gentlemen: This is a fit occasion for moderate and patriotic counsels. It is proper that reflecting and law-abiding men should now assemble. It is right, and just, and neighborly, that we Northern men should, by public meeting and resolution, condemn, not only the recent attempt at insurrection in Virginia, but should denounce, with unqualified disapproval, any and every effort to disturb the existing relations of the South. As Pennsylvanians we are content with our institutions, attached to our section, and ready if need be, to defend it, (cheers,) but in our intercourse with our sister States we will respect their feeling and observe their rights. [Applause.] As Northern men we hold out the right hand of fellowship, and make friendly salutations to the South. [Cheers.]

Men of the South! We wish to live in amity with you, and to have a perfect union. [Cheers.] Do not take the expression of a few for the sentiments of the masses, [applause,] but believe us to be, what in truth and sincerity we are, your friends and brethern. This Union, fellow-citizens, to be solid and lasting, must be based on mutual confidence and mutual respect. Whenever we fail to confide, when we cease to respect, when we no longer regard the feelings or observe the rights of each other, we shall become enstranged, divided, dissolved, and no longer one people. Are there any such offences existing as should separate the American States? [No, No, and great cheering.] Is there any such inequality, any such disparity of interest existing among the Northern and Southern portions of the Confederacy as should prevent their dwelling together in amity? [Cries of No, No] Are not the peculiar productions of the South—her rice, cotton, and sugar—essential to Northern comfort and civilization? [A voice, "That's so!" and great cheering.] Without them, what would become of the navigation, and manufactures of the North? On the other hand, without the navigation, manufactures and consumers of the North, of what value would be Southern productions. There is a mutual interest, which, by wise and proper legislation, may be fostered, largely increased, and perpetuated. True; we have a country of vast extent, embracing every variety of soil and climate, and involving many supposed antagonisms; but we nevertheless, may, and the sentiment of the American people this day is, that we shall live as we have lived—one people—not in name only, but united in interest and united in affection. [Cheers] It is not to be concealed or denied that the question of slavery is the disturbing element of our system. [Applause] How it is to be reached, treated, and disposed of, is a matter of serious and solemn concern.—Fanaticism, extreme opinions, are always unreasonable and unjust. Having zeal without knowledge and passion without reason, they ordinarily accomplish their own defeat through their own natural folly and extravagance. Like madmen, they rave themselves into quiet and become exhausted.—Slavery is a fact. We are not responsible for it. It was brought here before the Union was born. A mysterious Providence has cast upon this continent two races, distinct in origin, character, and color. It is a moral impossibility that two such races should live together in any considerable number without the one being in subordination to the other. The experience of more than one hundred years has established the relation and confirmed the fact that the two races may dwell together, and the inferior be greatly improved thereby, for surely the African race has grown and multiplied and improved in the United States, and nowhere among the one hundred and fifty millions of colored men now living upon the globe, can four millions of colored men be found, so well protected, so happy, and so Christianized, as are this day to be found in the Southern States of the Confederacy. Emancipation, wherever practical or safe, and whenever for the interest of both races, is most earnestly to be desired. How is it to be accomplished? Certainly not by outside organization; that is, by associations in the free States, having abolition for their object, as they have only retarded and defeated their avowed intentions. Habitual criminations, offensive resolutions, that because of slavery, the people of a particular section are unworthy of social and religious connection, will never accomplish emancipation, [cheers,] they only produce heartburnings and mischief. [Applause.]

This matter must be left to the quiet and undisturbed action of those among whom it exists, and are immediately affected by it. It is our plain constitutional duty to let it alone. We of Pennsylvania have done our work of emancipation, and discharged our full measure of responsibility, at our own time, in our own way. [Cheers.] We settled this question according to our conviction of interest and of duty. Shall we not accord to others the same right we have exercised for ourselves? Whether for good or evil, it is their concern, not ours. Let us, then, leave it, with all its accountability, and every remedy it may seem to require, to the wisdom and conscience of those upon whom Providence and the Constitution cast its responsibility. [Cheers.] We hope that the colored race, under the influence of our advancing civilization, may be lifted up, their condition improved, and ultimately prepared to return, occupy, Christianize, and redeem the land of their heathen fathers: This cannot be done through our instrumentality—this problem must be solved by a higher power. We must patiently abide the working of Providence.

Now fellow-citizens, we as citizens of a common country, living under a common Constitution, have a common duty to perform—to defend the right of every section, whenever and however assailed. The recent attempted insurrection at Harper's Ferry has excited a most unpleasant feeling at the South, and a most mistaken impression on their part, as regards the sentiments of the North. We have no sympathy with that modern hero worship which exalts crime and defies a felon; which sends comfort, counsel, and material aid to the call of the homicide, encouraging treason and justifying murder.

The history of this attempted insurrection discloses a remarkable fact, that John Brown, a man of intelligence, of strong will great earnestness of purpose, after a years preparation, with a thousand pikes in possession, with ammunition at his command, holding two days the Government arsenal, could only induce two negroes to join his standard, and they were the first to surrender. There in Virginia, a State with 23,000 negro slaves within a circuit of fifteen miles, to whom liberation and freedom were promised, only two came forward to accept this boon. Does not this prove that the slaves as a mass are contented as they are? They want no change; least of all, such a change as John Brown could give them.—[Tremendous cheering] Wiser than John Brown, and wiser than those who aided and abetted him, they are content rather to bear the ills they have than fly to others they know not of. Certainly the worst enemies the slaves can have are they who disturb his quiet, and incite him to rebellion and insurrection. We adopt the language of the great statesman of the West, of Henry Clay—"We prefer the liberty of our own country to that of every other country, and the happiness of our own race to that of every other race.

An Affectionate Parting.—The Albany *Express*, [like the *Star of the North*,] has some subscribers who don't pay for their papers, and bids them good-bye in the following witty terms:

"This week we strike from our list only about fifty subscribers who will not pay their dues to the printer. In doing so we take them by the hand, and with tears in our eyes, bid them an affectionate farewell. Good-bye, old subs! Take care of yourselves. Sometimes think of the old *Express* which you have read so long for nothing.—Sponge upon some other printer now for a while. A change of diet will doubtless be good for you. Poor fellows! We are a little sorry to turn you out on the dark night without a lamp, but it must be so. Strike for the nearest neighbor's light. He may let you in, and feed you for a year or two, upon the strength of your honorable promises to pay at the end of that time. For ourselves, we have enough of these curious pledges to supply our cabinet for the present. We have labeled them carefully, and they are open for general inspection. With many thanks for your self-sacrificing indulgence of us, and for your honest appreciation of the obligation existing toward our office, we again, and finally, say farewell forever."

Anecdote of Gen. Scott.—The *Home Journal* publishes the following anecdote of Gen. Scott: In the heat of one of the most desperate battles in Mexico, the General saw a critical point where an advantage was likely to be lost except by a prompt though rather dangerous movement. He galloped up to one of the officers of a volunteer corps, and gave the order. The man was willing enough, but, while gathering up the reins, he remarked in the most savory drawl of Yankee dialect: "Well, it *does* seem to me that I could *hayve* done it better a little white ago!" "Sir," thundered out the General, "the word *does* and *have* You've only twenty minutes to live, and for God's sake, don't die with such horrible pronunciation in your mouth!" and waiving his hand to the astonished captain, with imperative repetition of his order by gesture, the splendid horseman galloped off to follow up his victory in another crisis of the battle.

Swallowed a Hole.—The other day Charlie, five years old, found one of those curious bone rimmed circles which, I believe, ladies have named *eyelets*, and whie playing in the garden swallowed it. The family were in the same house, busily engaged with a work on entomology, when Charlie ran in with mouth wide open and eyes distented to their utmost capacity. His mother caght him by the arm, and trembeling with that deep anxiety which only a mother can feel, inquired:

"What is the matter? what has happened?"

The urchin, all agape, managed to articulate.

"Water!"

It was brought him; when after drinking copiously, he exclaimed.

"Oh! mother, I swallowed a hole!"

"Swallowed a hole, Charlie?"

"Yes, mother; swallowed a hole with a piece of ivory round it!"

A German and a Frenchman walking together, were attracted by a pig, whose squeak resembled "ous."—"Listen," said the German, "the pig is a countryman of yours, he speaks French." The Frenchman replied, "Ah, mon cher; but he speaks it with a villainous German accent."

A Ghost Story.

We were returning from our spring meeting of the Presbytery—one gentleman and two young ladies—in a "rockaway," and the roads none of the best. Night, cold and damp, overtook us eight or ten miles from home, but only a short distance from Judge Blank's. Knowing that we should find outside the Judge's door the latchstring, and inside a warm welcome, a warm fire, and a warm supper, besides beds which we could warm for ourselves—we unhesitatingly consigned ourselves to his hospitalities. Supper being over, and our persons disposed according to our several tastes in a semi-circle before an old-fashioned blazing fire, we were just in the mood to enjoy the entertainment of our host's conversational gifts. Among other things he narrated the following unique tale, which we unanimously agreed to put in print:—

Said the Judge substantially as follows:—"Years ago, we had in our house a sweet little child about four years old, the object, of course, of a very tender affection. But sickness laid his hand upon it. Remedies promptly resorted to, all proved in vain.—Day after day the roses faded from the cheek, and the fire in the eyes burned low; and at length death closed those eyes, and sealed the lips forever; and we learned, by trying experience, how intense a darkness follows the quenching of one of these little lights of life.

"The time rolled sadly on, brought us at length to the hour appointed for committing our treasure to the ordinarily sure custody of the grave. The friends assembled, the customary services were held, the farewell taken, and the little form securely shut beneath the well-screwed coffin-lid, and in due time the grave received its trust. We looked on and saw the earth thrown in, the mound raised above, and the plates of sod neatly adjusted into a green sheltering roof, and then wended our way back to our desolated home. Evening came on and wore away. My wife had gone into an adjoining room to give some directions to a servant, and I, unfitted by the scenes of the day for aught else, had just laid my head upon my pillow, in our room upon the lowest floor of the house, when I heard a shriek, and in a moment more my wife came flying into the room, and springing upon the bed behind me, exclaimed,

"'See there! our child! our child!"

Raising my head, my blood froze within me and the hair upon my head stood up as I saw the little thing in grave clothes, with open, but manifestly sightless eyes, and pale as when we gave it the last kiss, walking slowly towards us! Had I been alone—had not the extreme terror of my wife compelled me to play the man, I should have leaped from the bed and window without casting a look behind. But not daring to leave her in such terror, I arose, sat down in a chair, and took the little creature between my knees—a cold sweat covering my body—and gazed with feelings unutterable upon the object before me. The eyes were open in a vacant stare. The flesh was colorless, cold, and clammy; nor did the child seem to have the power either of speech or hearing, as it made no attemp to answer any of our questions. The horror of our minds was the more intense as we had watched our child through its sickness and death, and had been but a few hours before eye-witnesses of its interment.

"While gazing upon it, and asking in my thoughts, 'What can this extraordinary providence mean? *For* what *can* it be sent?' the servant girl having crept to the door, after a time suggested, 'It looks like Mr ——'s child.' Now, our next neighbor had a child of nearly the same age as ours, and its constant companion. But what could bring it to our house at that hour, and in such plight? Still the suggestion had operated as a powerful sedative upon our excited feelings, and rendered us more capable of calm reflection. And, after a time, we discovered in truth that the *grave* clothes were *night* clothes, and the corpse a somnambulist! And it became manifest that it was the excitement attending the loss and burial of its playmate, working upon the child's mind in sleep, to which we were indebted for this untimely and most startling visit.

"Wiping away the perspiration and taking a few long breaths, I prepared to countermarch the little intruder back to its forsaken bed. Back we went, it keeping at my side, though still asleep. It had walked quite a distance across the damp grass. I found the door of its home ajar, just as the fugitive had left it, and its sleeping parents unconscious of its absence. The door creaked as I pushed it open, and wakened the child who looked wild around a monent, and then popped into bed.

"Now, had it not been for my wife, as I have said, I should, on the appearance of this apparition, have made a leap of uncommon agility from that window, and after a flight of uncommon velocity for a person of my age and dignity, I should have been ready to take oath in any court, either in Christendom or heathendom, that I had seen a ghost."—*Presbyterian.*

"Ma, didn't the minister say last Sunday, that sparks flew upward?" "Yes, dear; how came you to think of it?" "Because yesterday I saw cousin Sally's spark staggering down the street, and fall downward."

"Mother," said a little urchin the other day, "Why are orphans the happiest children on earth?" "They are not, my child; what makes you ask that question?" Because they have no mother to spank'em."

Beauties of the Rhetoric of Everett.

The Hon. Edward Everett has delivered another of his matchless orations. The occasion was the inauguration of the Webster Statue, which furnished a theme on which he lavished the wealth of his genius. We would gladly publish the whole oration if we had space, and we must be content with presenting a gem or two:

"What citizens of Boston, as he accompanies the stranger around our streets, guiding him through our busy thoroughfares, to our wharfs crowded with vessels which range every sea and gather the produce of every climate—up to the dome of this capitol, which commands as lovely a landscape as can delight the eye or gladden the heart, will not, as he calls his attention at last to the statues of Franklin and Webster, exclaim—"Boston, takes pride in her natural position, she rejoices for her material prosperity; but richer than the merchandise stored in palatial warehouses, greener than the slopes of seagirt islets, lovlier than this encircling panorama of land or sea, of field and hamlet, of lake and steam, of garden and grove, is the memory of her sons, native and adopted, the character, services and fame of those who have benefitted and adorned their day and generation. Our children, and the schools at which they are trained, our citizens and the services they have rendered;—these are our jewels—these are our abiding treasures."

Yes, your long rows of quarried granite may crumble to the dust; the cornfield in yonder villages, ripening to the sickle, may like the plains of stricken Lombardy a few weeks ago, be kneaded into bloody clods by the maddening wheels of artiliery; this populous city, like the old cities of Etauria and the Campagna Romana, may be desolated by the pestilence which walked in darkness, may decay with the lapse of time, and the busy mart, which now rings with the joyous din of trade, become as lonely and still as Carthage or Tyre, as Babylon and Nineveh, but the names of the great and good shall survive the desolution and the ruin; the memory of the wise, the brave, the patriotic, shall never perish. Yes sparta is a wheatfield; a Bavarian prince holds court at the foot of the Acropolis; the travelling virtuoso digs for marble in the Roman Forum and beneath the ruins of the temple of Jupiter Capitolieus; but Lycurgus and Leonidas, and Miltiaders and Demosthenes, and Cota and Tully "still live;" and He still lives, and all the great and good shall live in the heart of ages, while marble and bronze shall endure; and when marble and bronze shall have perished, they shall "still live" in memory, so long as memory shall reverence law, and honor Patriotism, and love Liberty.

* * * * * * * *

Two hundred and twenty-nine years ago this day our beloved city received from the General Court of the Colony the honored name of Boston. On the long roll of those whom she has welcomed to her nurtering Boston, is there a name which shines with a brighter lustre than his? Seventy two years ago this day the Constitution of the United States was tendered to the acceptance of the people by George Washington. Who of all the gifted and patriotic of the land that have adorned the interval has done more to unfold its principles, assert its purity, and to promote its duration?

Here, then, under the cope of Heaven; here, on this lovely eminence; here beneath the walls of the Capitol of old Massachusetts; here, within the sight of those fair New England villages here, in the near vicinity of the graves of those who planted the germs of all this palmy growth; here within the sound of sacred bells, we raise this monument, with loving hearts, to the Statesman, the Patriot, the Fellow-Citizen, the Neighbor, the Friend. Long may it guard the approach of these halls of council; long may it look out upon a prosperous country; and it days of trial and disaster should come, and the arm of flesh should fail, doubt not that the monumental form would descend from its pedestal, to stand in the front rank of the peril, and the bronze lips repeat the cry of the living voice—"Liberty and Union, now and forever, one inseparable!"

Female Demonstrations.—A demonstration was made by a party of females, about twenty in number, upon the saloons of Davenport, Iowa, a few nights since.—They visited the saloon kept by a German, and warned him to "dry up," then they gave an Irishman a call, and he not talking to suit them, they threw a shawl over his head and proceeded to administer unto him, when his cries brought some of his countrymen to his assistance, and the damsels were obliged to retreat. They next called on a Yankee. He received them kindly, and watching his opportunity, caught two of the best looking about the neck and kissed them. The ladies not being used to that kind of warfare, retired, leaving the Yankee victor, and his forces, "red-eye" and "tanglefoot," unharmed.

A Clergyman, catechising the youths of his church, put the question from the catechism to a girl:

"What is your consolation in life and death?"

The poor girl smiled, but did not answer. The clergyman insisted.

"Well, then," said she, "since I must tell, it is the young printer at the *Democrat* Professor is in convulsions. Miss, you had better come and take him away.

Poop.

Discovery of a Sunken City.

A gentleman lately from Jamacia, *via* Boston, gives some curious particulars in regard to the discovery made in the harbor of Port Royal, in reference to the ancient city of that name. The discoveries were said to have been made by a party of divers, but it was not stated who they were, or what they went for. It turns out however; that they were sent from this country, to explore the wreck of the steamer Osprey, a small vessel of 800 tons that used to trade between New York and South America, calling into Kingston, Jamaica, a few years ago. The Osprey, in 1856, was on her return voyage, with a rich cargo of india-rubber, and other valuables, when she called as usual into Kingston. On the very morning of her intended departure, shortly after midnight she caught fire, through one or two of her crew attempting to steal spirits, and she burnt to the water's edge, and then sunk. The divers have been very successful in getting out the hull of the vessel a large quantity of india-rubber, and other articles. While thus engaged, the steamer Valorous entered Port Royal, and something being the matter with her bottom, the American divers were employed to search. They did so, and discovered that a portion of the copper had been stripped off which they made all right. Having done this they were encouraged to explore the ruins of the old city, now lying in several fathoms of water, which they did, and reported that they found the streets of the submerged city entire, as they had been laid out, with the ruins of buildings on each side.—This is a matter worthy of antiquarian research (if such a term may be used, as it may in the New World;) and though the gold and silver there buried may never be discovered (and who shall say there will not?) it is really worth exploring the wreck of that place that was once—insignificant as it now is—one of the most ancient cities in America.—*New York Express.*

Statistics of Headache.

The *Medical Times and Gazette* contains some interesting medical data, obtained by inquiries made in the usual course of professional experience, concerning the causes of headache. Of 90 cases cited, 76 were females, a number which establishes pretty strongly the fact testified to by most of the old writers, that females are more frequent sufferers. Of the 76 females, 40 were single. The predisposition in the case of females is believed to originate in the nervous system—susceptibility of nervous disorder being much oftener found in the female than in the male subject. It is likely to exist in organisms which evidence a capacity of so much fineness and delicacy of perception, united with so much proneness to organic life and observed to be so readily wrought by passing states of thought, sensation and emotion.

Of the exciting causes, emotional disturbance has the highest number. Out of 90 cases, 53 declared this to be one of the causes of their attacks, 48 also considered that atmospheric states were to be blamed, and 25 specified thunder. In regard to inheritance of the liability, in 19 cases the mother is mentioned, in 9, the father, and in 12, both parents; in all 40 gave explicit evidence of hereditary predisposition, and a few other mentioned cases in collateral branches. Out of the 90 cases, only 19 blamed their diet. As to the influence of climate, 29 seemed very clear that they are least liable to attacks of headache in places were the air is dry and bracing; 6 commend cold atmosphere, and 6 condemn it: 8 praise warm atmosphere, and 3 dislike it; 6 are in favor of sea air, and 4 are averse to it. Fatigue is mentioned as an exciting cause in 32.

The Irishman and the Bull.—An Irishman was going along the road, when an angry bull rushed down upon him, and with his horns tossed him over a fence.—The Irishman recovering from his fall, upon looking up saw the bull pawing and tearing up the ground, (as is the custom of the animal;) whereupon Pat, smiling at him, said "If it was not for your humble apologies, you brute, faix I would think that you had thrown me over this fence on purpose!"

How to Pronounce "Ough,"—The ending syllable "ough," which is such a terror to foreigners, is shown up in its several pronunciations in the following language:

Wife, make me some dumplings of dough,
They're better than meat for my cough,
Pray, let them be boiled till hot through,
But not till they're heavy or tough.
Now, I must be off to the plough,
And the boys, (when they've had enough,)
Must keep, the flies off with a bough,
While the old mare drinks at the trough.

A witty lawyer once jocosely asked a boarding house keeper the following question:—

"Mr——, if a man gives you five hundred dollars to keep for him, and dies, what do you do—do you pray for him?"

"No, sir," he replied, "I pray for another like him."

"Captain, what's the fare to St. Louis?" "What part of the boat do you wish to go on—cabin or deck?" "Hang your cabin," said the gentleman from Indiana, "I live in a cabin at home; give me the best you have got!"

An advertisement reads as follows: 'Stolen, a watch worth ten guineas. If the thief will return it he shall be informed where he may steal one worth two of it, and no questions asked."

Gen. Jackson—His Valor When a Boy.

The following incident of the boyhood of Gen. Jackson, is copied from Parton's Life of Jackson. It occurred during the partisan war in the Waxhaws:

In that fierce, Scotch Indian warfare, the absence of a father from home was often a better protection to his family than his presence, because his presence invited attack. The main object of both parties was to kill the fighting men, and to avenge the slaying of partisans. The house of the quiet hero Hicks, for example, was safe until it was noised about among the tories that Hicks was at home. And thus it came to pass, that when a whig soldier of any note desired to spend a night with his family, his neighbors were accustomed to turn out and serve as a guard to his house while he slept. Behold Robert and Andrew Jackson, with six others, thus employed one night in the spring of 1781, at the domicil of a neighbor, Capt. Sands. The guard on this occasion was more a friendly tribute to an active partisan than a service considered necessary to his safety. In short, the night was not far advanced, before the whole party were snugly housed and stretched upon the floor, all sound asleep, except one, a British deserter, who was restless, and dozed at intervals.

Danger was near. A band of tories, bent on taking the life of Capt. Sands, approached the house, in two divisions; one party moving towards the front door, the other towards the back. The wakeful soldier, hearing a suspicious noise, rose, went out of doors to learn its cause, and saw the foe stealthily nearing the house. He ran in terror, and seizing Andrew Jackson, who lay next the door, by the hair, and exclaimed:

"The tories are upon us!"

Andrew sprang up and ran out. Seeing a body of men in the distance, he placed the end of his gun in the low fork of a tree near the door, and hailed them. No reply. He hailed them a second time. No reply. They quickened their pace, and had come within a few rods of the door. By this time, too, the guard in the house had been roused, and were gathered in a group behind the boy. Andrew discharged his musket, upon which the tories fired a vollay, which killed the hapless deserter who had given the alarm. The other party of tories, who were approaching the house from the other side, hearing this discharge, and the rush of bullets above their heads, supposed that the firing issued from a party that had issued from the house. *They* now fired a volley, which sent a shower of balls whistling about the heads of their friends on the other side.

Both parties hesitated, and then halted. Andrew having thus, by his single discharge, puzzled and stopped the enemy, retired to the house, where he and his comrads kept up a brisk fire from the windows. One of the guard fell mortally wounded by his side, and another received a wound less severe. In the midst of this singular contest, a bugle was heard some distance off, sounding the cavalry charge; whereupon the tories concluding that they had come upon an ambush of whigs, and were about to be assailed by horse and foot, fled to where they had left their horses, mounted, dashed pell mell into the woods, and were seen no more. It appeared afterwards that the bugle-charge was sounded by a neighbor, who, judging from the noise of musketry that Capt. Sands was attacked, and having not a single man with him in his house, gave the blast upon the trumpet, thinking that even a trick so stale, aided by the darkness of the night, might have some effect in alarming the assailants.

Hold Up Your Head.

We like to see men hold up their heads in community. The innocent and the virtuous should always do it. No matter how poor you may be; no matter how much your face is browned by the sun as you toil beneath its mid-day heat, or your hands are hardened by labor. It is better to bear these marks of industry, than to "eat the bread of idleness."

Hold up your head and look your fellow man in the face, unless you have wronged him. If you have won his money at the gaming table, the most debasing of all means of getting money; if you have injured him in mind, body, or estate, and feel in your heart that you will not make reparation, then you have a right to draw your hat over your eyes, and look down when you meet nim.

But let the honest and noble of all ages, sexes and conditions, hold up their heads in society. If your own industry, or the industry of others, has enabled you to ride in your carriage, do it with a thankful heart, with your head up, but with a bow for all you meet. If you are in what are called the middle ranks, elbowing your way among your fellows, still hold up your head and press on. Or, if you belong among the sons of toil, and eat the bread of independent industry, so much the more, hold up your head. Feel, even in your heart, that, as long as you do right, you are as good as the best. You bear, in common with the millionaire, the image of your Maker. The dew that falls around his princely dwelling, distils as gently upon the flower that blooms at your cottage door. And the glad laugh may ring out as joyously from you and your children, as any that may enliven his mansion halls. Only treat all well and fairly in the circle in which you move, keep a cheerful heart, and fear nothing but to do wrong. Then, laboring man, you can go abroad, beneath the blue canopy of heaven, and hold up your head with the virtuous of the land. Do it, we say to you, thus ever command respect