

# THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

W. H. JACOBY, Proprietor.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

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## THE STAR OF THE NORTH

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### Choice Poetry.

#### THE AFRICAN CHIEF.

BY WM. CULLEN BRYANT.

Chained in the market-place he stood,  
A man of giant frame,  
Amid the gathering multitude  
That strunk to hear his name—  
All stern of look and strong of limb,  
His dark eye on the ground;—  
And silently they gazed on him,  
As on a lion bound.  
  
Valiant, but well, that chief had fought,  
He was a captive now,  
Yet pride, that fortune humbles not,  
Was written on his brow,  
The scars his dark broad bosom wore,  
Showed warrior true and brave;  
A prince among his tribe before,  
He could not be a slave.  
  
Then to his conqueror he spoke—  
"My brother is a king;  
Undo this neck-ace from my neck,  
And take this bracelet ring;  
And send me where my brother reigns,  
And I will fill thy hands  
With store of ivory from the plains,  
And gold dust from the sands."  
  
"Not for thy ivory nor thy gold  
Will I unbind thy chains,  
That bloody hand shall never hold  
The battle-spear again,  
A price thy nation never gave,  
Shall yet be paid for thee;  
For thou shalt be the Christian's slave,  
In lands beyond the sea."  
  
Then wept the warrior chief, and bade  
To shroud his locks away;  
And, one by one, each heavy braid  
Before the victor lay.  
Thick were the plaited locks and long,  
And dandy hidden there  
Shone many a wedge of gold among  
The dark and crispéd hair.  
  
"Look, feast thy greedy eye with gold  
Long kept for akest need;  
Take it—thou art sordid sum,  
And say that I am freed.  
Take it—my wife, the long, long day  
Weeps by the cocoa tree,  
And my young children leave their play,  
And ask in vain for me."  
  
"I take thy gold—but I have made  
Thy fetters fast and strong,  
And when that by the cocoa shade  
Thy wife will wait thee long,  
Strong was the agony that shook  
The captive's frame to break,  
And the proud meaning of his look  
Was changed to mortal fear.  
  
His heart was broken—crazed his brain;  
At once his eye grew wild;  
He struggled fiercely with his chain,  
Whispered, and wept, and smiled;  
Yet wore not long those fatal bands,  
And once at aught of day,  
They drew him forth upon the sands,  
The foul hyena's prey."

### A Chapter of Wit.

The author of the "Tin Trumpet" thus discourses on wit—and illustrates the subject:  
Wit consists in discovering likenesses—judgment in detecting differences. Wit is like a ghost, much more often talked of than seen. To be genuine, it should have a base of truth, applicability, otherwise it degenerates into flippancy; as, for instance, when Swift says: "A very little wit is valued in woman, as we are pleased with a few words spoken plain by a parrot;" or when Voltaire remarks, that "Ideas are like beads; women and young men have none." This is a random facetiousness, if it deserves that term, which is equally despicable for its falsehood and its facility.  
  
Where shall we discover that rarer species of wit, which, like the vine, bears the more clusters of sweet grapes the oftener it is pruned: or, like the seven-mouthed Nile springs the faster from the head, more copiously it flows from the mouth?  
  
The sensations excited by wit are destroyed, if it excites the stronger emotions, or even if it is connected with purposes of utility and improvement. We may laugh where it is bitter, as the Sardinians did when they had tasted of their venomous herbs; but this is the risibility of the muscles allied to convulsions rather than to intellectual pleasure.  
  
Light Hunt devotes forty pages of one of his books—and fails to elucidate the mystery. At last Johnson defines wit as "the faculty of associating dissimilar images in an unusual manner." Sidney Smith, in his "Lectures on Moral and Philosophy," shows the fallacy of this definition, gives a better, and broaches the startling doctrine that wit, so far from being necessarily a natural gift, might be studied as successfully as mathematics. It is a question if Sheridan was witty when staggering along, half tipsy, he was yed by a policeman, and exclaimed confidently, "My name is Will-berforce—I am a religious man—don't expose me."  
  
Talleyrand, when asked by a lady famous for her beauty and stupidity, how she should rid herself of some of her troublesome admirers, replied:  
"You have only to open your mouth, ma-dame."  
  
This, if witty, was also ill-natured.  
  
Lord Chatham rebuked a dishonest Chancellor of the Exchequer by finishing a quotation the latter had commenced. The debate turned upon some grant of money for the encouragement of art, which was opposed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who finished his speech against Lord Chatham's motion saying, "Why was not this oatment sold and the money given to the poor? Chatham rose and said, "Why did not the noble lord complete the quotation, the application being so striking? As he has sprung from it, I will finish the verse for him—"This Judas said, not that he cared for the poor, but because he was a thief, and carried the bag."  
  
It was coarse wit when Lord Byron, who was groaning with agony from a severe attack of cholera, and exclaiming: "Lord help me I am dying," was told by Trelawney, "not to make such an infernal fuss about dying."  
  
Luttrell tells a story of Sir F. Gould, who had a habit of adding the phrase "On the contrary?" to everything he said; "On the contrary?" he said to a gentleman, "So I hear, Gould you eat three eggs every morning for breakfast?" "No," replied Sir Francis, "you are mistaken, on the contrary?"—"What, the devil," said Luttrell, "does the contrary of eating mean?" "Laying them, of course!" said Sheridan. This was ready wit.  
  
Rowland Hill compared a sinner to an oyster which opened its shell, all mouth to take water; just as the sinner, who with his mouth at full stretch, took in the tide of iniquity. "Heavenly grace," he said, "was like a rump of beef—cut and come again—no madder fare, my dear brethren."  
  
Lydia White, an English magazine writer, was an invalid, and fancied herself continually at death's door, and used to invite people to see her die. A friend, who had gone several times by special invitation, and came away disappointed, at last refused to attend, pleading that he "could not afford to waste so much time on a mortuary uncertainty."  
  
Scotchmen are notoriously unable to appreciate a joke. Sidney Smith, who knows them well, says: "It requires a surgical operation to get a joke into a Scotch understanding. Their only idea of wit or wit, as they call it, is laughing immoderately at stated intervals."  
  
Some of the Irish judges of olden times were equally dull. One, in giving his dictum on a certain will case, said he "thought it very clear that the testator intended to keep a life interest in the estate himself."—"To it Curran frankly replied: "Very true, my lord, very true; testators generally do secure life interests to themselves, but in this case I think your worship takes the will for the deed."  
  
"I plow, I sow, I reap, I mow, I get up wood for winter, I dig, I hoe, and I taters grows, and for what I know I owes the printer. I do suppose all knowledge flows right from the printing-press, so off I goes, in these 'ere clothes, to settle up—I guess. Come in the door is open."  
  
At a colored ball, the following notice was posted on the door-post:—"Tickets fifty cents. No gemmin admitted unless he comes himself."

### The Grandeur of God.

Oh when ploughing the mighty deep,  
I've beheld His grandeur in the placid ruffling of the waves—in the gentle breeze of Heaven that wafted me to a far off climate in the fury of the tempest—in loud sounding bursts of thunder, amid vivid flashes of lightning—aye! at a time when fancy pictured to my imagination the jaws of the ocean as my tomb, and my dirge the eternal music of its roar. Then again I've viewed it in the abatement of the storm—in the ceasing of His anger—in the renovated splendor of the sky—in the returning brilliancy of the stars—in the unparalleled beauty of the luminary of night—and in the tranquility of the winds.  
  
Reader! Dost thou think that man can adequately portray the grandeur of his Maker? Dost thou suppose that he can dilate on that which is beyond the ken of mortality? The student, in the solitude of his little chamber, may trim and replenish his midnight lamp and outwatch the slow-paced eye; the poet may call in requisition his breathing thoughts, and array them in the all powerful garb of burning eloquence; the orator may summon to his aid the force of that mighty mind with which He endowed him; the learned divine, in the hallowed temple, may extend his hands, uplift his eyes, and bend his knees in the solemn attitude of prayer, and in accents of thanksgiving and of praise. But 'tis all in vain to correctly discuss a theme, which is *admirabilem, sublime and magnificent.*  
  
Grandeur of God! Ye can witness it in the glorious gift of intellect to man—read it in the purer language of his brow—in the splendor of thought—in that victory of mind which causes the mighty of earth to recognize the magnificent brightness of his name, and the beautiful to hail the brilliancy of his talents as a sailorman of love.  
  
Contemplate it in the mechanism of the human heart—in the construction of the casket in which it is enclosed—in that immortality therein which will flourish in eternal youth, long, long after the encircling dust hath crumbled to that from which it emanated.  
  
Behold it in the pleasing melody of the birds as they tune to Heaven their songs in the placid harmony of the air—in their lively flowers as they throw around their richest perfume—in the rivulets as they leap over their courses—in the glowing loveliness and unmasked beauty of nature:  
  
"In every stream his bounty flows,  
Diffusing joy and wealth;  
In every breeze his spirit blows—  
The breath of life and health."  
  
A Bear, as he was some times called, who lived near Little York, Pennsylvania, was a miserably little. His father left a valuable farm of five hundred acres in the vicinity of York, with some farming and household articles. He kept a tavern for a number of years—married and reared four children. He accumulated an immense estate which he reserved so tenaciously that he never offered a dollar for the education of his children. He was never known to lay out one dollar in cash, for any article he might be in want of; he would either do without it, or find some person who would barter with him for something he could not conveniently sell for the money. He farmed largely, and kept a large distillery, which he supplied entirely with his own grain. He kept a team for conveyance of his whiskey and flour to Baltimore, where, when he could not sell for money at a price to suit him, he bartered for necessities for his family and tavern. In this way he amassed an estate worth four hundred thousand dollars. Such was his attachment to money that he was never known to credit a single dollar to any man. Upon the best mortgage or other security that could be given he would not lead a cent. He never invested one dollar in public funds, neither would he keep the notes of any bank longer than he could get them changed. He deposited his specie in an iron chest, until it would hold no more. He then provided a strong iron-hooped barrel, which he also filled. After his death his strong boxes yielded two hundred and thirty thousand dollars in gold and silver.  
  
The cause of his death was as remarkable as the course of his life. A gentleman from Virginia offered him twelve dollars a bushel for one hundred and ten bushels of clover seed; but he would not sell it for less than thirteen dollars, and they did not agree. The seed was afterwards sent to Philadelphia, where it was sold for seven dollars per bushel, and brought in the whole five hundred and fifty dollars less than the Virginian had offered for it. On receiving an account of his sale, he walked through his farm, went to his distillery, and gave directions to his people. He then went to his wagon house and hung himself.—*Baltimore Republican.*  
  
The Paris papers speak of a new material to be used in loading fire arms. Sea weed has been found to be the best gun wadding as ever yet used. It answers the purpose admirably, keeping the iron cool, and not liable to ignition like the cotton wad hitherto in use. By order of government large amounts have been gathered on the coasts of Normandy and Brittany. The material has already been distributed to the ordnance department at Vincennes.  
  
"Utter is not always strength," as the sailor said when he saw the purser mixing his rum with water.

### Damascus.

If not the most ancient city in the world as many suppose it to be, Damascus is the oldest place of importance now remaining of which any mention is made in history. In the story of Abraham, Damascus is spoken of as the house of birth-place of his steward Eliezer. This was nearly four thousand years ago.  
  
Damascus has ever been admired for its remarkable natural beauty. It is called in the highly poetical language of the East, "a pearl surrounded by emeralds." Nothing can be more beautiful than its position, whether approached from the side of Mount Lebanon on the West, from the desert on the east, or from the high road from Aleppo on the north. For many miles the city is girded by fertile gardens, or gardens, as they are called, and which being liberally watered by rivers and sparkling streams winding in every direction through them, preserve continually a wonderful freshness and beauty of verdure. The Abana and Pharpar are spoken of by Naaman, the Syrian prince (2 Kings v.), as the pride and glory of Damascus.  
  
The view of Damascus as you first come upon it from the west over the dark range of Anti-Libanus, is one of the most picturesque and enchanting in the world. The mountains which embrace it on every side, are not bare and barren crags, like great fortresses erected for its defence, but warm sheltering walls clothed with perpetual beauty; while the entire valley they enclose is covered with the richest and most luxuriant vegetation.  
  
It is said that an Arabian prince, on his way to Damascus, when he beheld it from the top of the mountain, refused to go any farther, but erected on the spot where its towers first burst upon his view, a monument with this inscription; "I expect to enter one Paradise—but if I enter this city I shall be so ravished with its beauties as to lose sight of the Paradise which I hope to enter.  
  
A recent traveler, describing the approach to the city says: "Looking down from an elevation of a thousand feet, upon a vast plain, bordered in the distance by blue mountains, and occupied by a rich luxuriant forest of the walnut, the fig, the pomegranate, the plum, apricot, the citron, the locust, the pear, and the apple forming a waving grove of more than fifty miles in circuit, we saw, gradually rising in the distance, the swelling lands comes the gilded crescent, and marble minarets of Damascus; while in the centre of all, winding towards the city, ran the main stream of the river Barada," which is the name now given to the two rivers after they become united.  
  
But, beautiful and romantic as are its ample surroundings, the interior of the city does not correspond with the exquisite beauty of its environs. In the Armenian quarter, it is particularly disagreeable. The houses are generally low, flat, filthy, and very miserably lighted. Those of the principal merchants, though not inviting in their exterior, are furnished with great elegance. The streets are generally very narrow, so that one can almost step across on the tops of the houses. There is one fine, wide street, lined with palaces of the nobility of the land, which are magnificent in their interior arrangement and ornaments, while presenting on the street side long gray, dull walls, with very few windows, and a single gateway, opening into a court.  
  
The shops, or bazaars, are many, and filled with all the luxuries of the East. In the midst of the bazaars stands the great Kahu, or hotel, of Hassan Pasha the finest establishment of the kind in the East. It was built about the beginning of the present century. Its immense cupola, whose bold springing arch is only inferior to that of St. Peter's at Rome, is supported on fine granite columns, and is one of the finest objects in the city. Not far from this is the principal mosque, which you know, is a Mohammedan place of worship. It was formerly a Christian church, consecrated to St. John.  
  
"The street which is called Straight," [Acts IX II.] in which Saut took lodgings at the house of Judas, when, as a convert to the faith he came to prosecute, he entered Damascus blind—is still shown to the traveler. It is a mile in length, and takes its name from the fact that it leads direct from the gate to the palace of the Pasha.  
  
What wonderful things this old city has seen. How many remarkable men, from the days of Abraham all the way down the course of time, have been there. How many important events, how many wars and desolations has this one place witnessed. Hundreds of cities, larger and more magnificent than this ever has, have risen, flourished, decayed and passed away since Damascus was a city of note; and she almost alone of all the place of antiquity, remains—a city, a capital, a mart of business, flourishing center of Eastern wealth and enterprise.  
  
The city was conquered by David, by the Babylonians and the Persians, by Alexander the Great, by the Seleucids, by the Romans, by the Arabians, by the Phoenicians, by the Greek Christian Emperors, and by the Saracens, under whom it became for a time the capital of the whole Mussulman Empire. It afterwards fell into the hands of the Turks, and was made very famous by the great Saladin. In 1301 it was captured by Timour the Tartar, who treated the inhabitants with great barbarity. It is now a province of the Ottoman Empire, whose seat is at Constantinople.

### The Labor of Making Hoops.

A correspondent of the Hartford "Times" gives the following curious facts respecting the manufacture of steel hoops for ladies' skirts, at the mill of Henry S. Washburn, of Worcester, Massachusetts:  
  
Mr. Henry S. Washburn makes some of the finest wire in the world. He showed us a specimen of No. 62 iron wire, finer than a hair. It weighed only seven ounces and was 78,900 feet, or thirteen miles, fifteen rods, twelve feet and six inches in length! It was drawn cold from a piece of iron one-fourth of an inch in diameter.  
  
Mr. Washburn manufactures twenty thousand yards a day of steel crinolines, or flat wire, which is here tempered and covered, all ready for the ladies' skirts. The manufacture of this kind of wire (or hoops) is immense. Mr. Washburn estimates that at least five thousand tons of steel and iron are used annually in this way for the ladies of the United States, South America and Mexico. It is sold when covered, at wholesale, at about fifty cents a pound, and about three quarters of a pound is required for each skirt. Indeed, we suppose that his estimate of five thousand tons of hoops a year is quite too low. There are, undoubtedly, ten millions of females in this country and the South American states who wear hoops. Many of them wear out a half dozen skirts a year; suppose the average to be three a year to each, and the iron of each weighs only half a pound—we have fifteen millions of pounds of steel and iron hoops used up by the ladies of the United States and South American States every year or seven thousand five hundred and fifty-five tons, costing seven and a half millions of dollars.  
  
Now imagine the amount of labor, of money, and of skill brought into active service by this fashion of spreading the skirts by hoops. See the dusky miners cutting their way into the bowels of the earth to bring up the thousands of tons of iron necessary to make these hoops; the long train of mules necessary to draw it to the furnaces where it is melted into "pigs"; the many men and boys employed to plant, hoe, mow, rake and pitch, to produce food for the mules and the miners, the puddlers and smelters, the iron workers and the iron drawers; and the machinery, too, necessary to bring the wire into flattened shape and comely form, to temper it, and to cover it. Think of the wear of brass and the test of genius, to produce these results—of the amount of coal (and here comes in the miners, and the mules, and the producers again.) to keep the boilers steaming and the machinery running for making this wire. And then again, of the force directly employed in this skirt hoop manufacture.  
  
Mr. Washburn alone employs sixty seven men and boys and thirty-three females in straightening, flattening, tempering, covering and packing these hoops. And then we must not lose sight of the fact that these too, must be fed and clothed—keeping the tailors, iron milliners, and shoemakers in motion to cover them, and the butchers and the millers as well as farmers to produce, and the Bridgets in the kitchen to cook for them. And this is not the half of it! Like the hoop itself, round and round does this estimate go, never ending, but always puffing and swelling up, drawing into its folds miners, iron mongers, mechanics, artisans, inventors, farmers, grocers, dry-goodsmen, and the mills that supply them, doctors, hostlers, cooks, waiters and milliners—all, all in aid of this little thin iron hoop that runs round and round the skirts of our wives and daughters, puffing them out of proportion, and making it inconvenient for them to ride in the stage coaches and sit in church pews. And what is the product of the hoop per se? Its influence not upon the hearts, but upon the muscles of mankind, is great and sets astray a large number of the industrial classes and the men of genius. But what does it produce? Why, merely the grand climacteric of the puff and blot of fashion—that's all. But how odd and dreary it would be to see the ladies now-a-days without hoops. We should, all of us, involuntarily shudder at the sight, so firmly does Fashion thrust and twist her long fingers in our hair, turning and turning the grip till our eyes start out and turn up, seeing nothing save beautiful mists, and shadows, variegated, forming into shapes and imaginary substances before our admiring gaze. Indeed, now that we have become used to them, it would be shocking enough to part with them. So go on Mr. Washburn—on with your furnaces, your trip-hammers, your cog wheels, ponderous machinery, your hissing boilers and groaning engines—go on, fill up your coal bunkers, keep the mills running and the employes busy—turn out your seven and a half millions of dollars worth annually—the ladies will take them promptly, the husbands and fathers will pay, and you and your employes will prosper. Let no man say that there can never any good come out of the hoops' skirts. They swell—the prosperity of the country.  
  
It would be better not to reward a brave action than to reward it ill. A soldier had his two hands carried off at the wrist by a shot. His colonel offered him a crown. "It was not my gloves, but my hands, that I lost, colonel," said the poor soldier, reproachfully.  
  
A preacher lately said, in his sermon, "let women remember, while putting on their profuse and expensive attire, how narrow are the gates of Paradise."

### A Tale of Unrequited Love.

The editor of the Eureka Union relates as follows how he once fell in love and got the "mitten":  
  
We were never, kind readers, "desperate in love" but once, and that was with a red-headed, aburn-haired girl with a freckled complexion, and who had but few pretensions to beauty; but then she had such really beautiful eyes, deep liquid orbs, through which her soul in moments of tenderness, looked out with a passionate fervor and in joyous mirth flashed and sparkled with the light of a thousand dew drops—diamonds were going to say—but we never saw a thousand diamonds. Her name was Laura, which when breathed softly, by a very soft lover, is a very soft name—and her clear ringing laugh fell all around you, like a shower of silver bells. Moreover she wore a dark wine-colored dress, trimmed with lilac-colored velvet and black fringe, with a neat little white collar of fine lace, which is the prettiest of dresses, and has the effect to make a very plain girl to look absolutely charming. She never perforated her ears to hang thereby a pedulum of glass and brass, and the only ornament on the little white hand, which needed none, was a plain gold ring sacred to the memory of a maiden promise.  
  
Well, one evening—it was moonlight, in the summer time—we sat alone on the porch by the cottage door, holding that little white hand in a gentle pressure, one arm had stolen around her waist; and a silent song of joy, "like the music of the night," was in our soul. Our lips met in sweet delicious kisses, and tending softly to her ear, we whispered a tale of passionate devotion—we proposed. In a moment she tore her hand from ours, and with a look of ineffable scorn, she said in a voice trembling with suppressed rage, "what! marry an editor! You get out!" We said.  
  
Wonders of the Microscope.  
  
Did it ever occur to you to endeavor to compute or realize to the mind the countless myriads of living entities, that make the numbers of the human race appear as but a "handful of corn" to the harvest of the whole continent! Here is a little bottle, containing about a cubic inch of fluid; it is not a pleasant compound, being only an infusion of putrid flesh; but it will answer our purpose wonderfully. We will take a very minute drop of it on the point of a needle, and transfer it to the stage of the microscope, and carefully, (to avoid wetting the glass) bring down the one-eighth of an inch object glass to bear upon it. Now look and you will see countless swarms of moving creatures, too small even under this very high power, to allow their form to be clearly defined. You may see, however, that some are round, some oval, some pyriform, and some fusiform. Wherever you look they are so closely crowded together that there is no interval between them; each is perhaps on an average the one two-thousandth of a line, or the one twenty-four thousandth of an inch in diameter; in one ordinary sized drop of water there will be about eight thousand millions of living beings; and in this little bottle, containing only one cubic inch, there are so many that it would employ the whole of the inhabitants of England and Wales a fortnight to count them; allowing each, adult or infant, to count one hundred every minute for ten hours each day; in other words, about fourteen thousand times as many as the whole human inhabitants of the earth. In your field of view just now, you have much less than the hundredth part of a drop of the fluid; yet you try in vain to form any directly enumerative conception of the multitude.—*Edictic Magazine.*  
  
The Heavens in December.  
  
Next to Orion the finest constellation now visible is Taurus. It is distinguished by the seven stars, Pleiades, and by that famous cluster known as the Hyades of the shape of the letter being that of the letter V. The star at the angle of the letter is in the nose of the Bull. The stars in the extremities of the letter from the right and left eye, the name of the latter being Aldebaran, which is one of the nine stars which mariners use in finding their position at sea. Two stars forming a straight line with Betelgeux are in the tips of very long horns. The brightest of the seven stars is Alcyone which according to Madler is the Great Central Sun around which our own and all other visible stars are making their mighty revolutions.  
  
The distance of this has been estimated at 3580 trillions of miles. If the stars were blotted from existence, to-day, it would take more than 500 years for the fact to reach the earth, light moving at the rate of 200,000 miles in a second of time.  
  
It takes our sun at least eighteen millions of years to make one revolution around this central sun. The calculations of Madler are correct, the size of Alcyone must be equal to more than one hundred millions of our own sun which is itself no mean body. This is the one star system. If it is remembered that Alcyone doubtless forms one of several hundred millions of stars which, in obedience to an all pervading power, are floating around the sun whose distance may be calculated only on analogical principles, the extensive scale on which the Universe has been constructed begins to be apparent, and we are all the more profoundly impressed with the very simplicity of the law which holds all these worlds together. A lesson of humanity is again taught, for our little earth might be blown to fragments without being missed at the second angular center around which it revolves.  
  
From Taurus let the eye wander towards the Zenith and the stars may be designated as follows: A little to the west at 9 o'clock, is the great square of Pegasus.  
  
It is hardly possible for an observer to fail to distinguish this square. The northern star is named Alpheratz, and is the head of Andromeda. The Southern star is named Algenib, and these two stars mark the line of the Equinoctial Colure, which crosses the Equator and Equinoctial Point about as far to the South of Algiers as this is distant from Alpheratz. This is the best direction that can be given for determining the locality of this point which, as related to the heavens, is of the same importance as the city of "Greenwich near London" to the earth; the longitude and right-ascension of every star being reckoned from this point; the former on the ecliptic, the latter on the celestial equator. This last line runs parallel with the line drawn through the Southern star, Algenib, and the Southeast star, Markab, of the square, crossing the Western Fish, the Urn and the head of Aquarius as it passes to the west. The Urn is readily made out, from the fact that its four principal stars form a figure somewhat resembling an urn.  
  
The remaining star of the square, that on the northwest is Shoa Alperas.  
  
If a line be drawn through this last star and Algenib and continued toward the southeast some distance, it will pass very near one of the most remarkable stars in the heavens, Maria, of the largest of all the constellations. Maria is a "veritable star," situated in the "neck" of the Whale. It has a period of about 334 days, a part of the time being a star of the second magnitude, and as large as either stars of the square, that is a part of the time being invisible to the unaided eye. A question as to the cause of this change immediately springs up, and is, probably, best answered by the supposition that some body revolves regularly around it, hiding the star from view a portion of the time. That this supposition is strongly probable from the fact that Algol, a brighter star in the Head of Medusa, which is now in a fine position for observation, shines a star of the second magnitude for 2 days 13 hours and 30 minutes, when it suddenly diminishes in splendor to a star of the fourth magnitude, its maximum brilliancy lasting only fifteen minutes. Its whole period is 2 days 20 hours and 49 minutes, during which, for seven hours, it is a star of the fourth magnitude or less. A large planet passing round it regularly in the same interval of time would account for its various appearances. The best way to find Algol is this:  
  
Alpheratz, Mirach and Almaach form nearly a right line pointing toward the northeast and southwest. These three stars are in the head, girdle and right foot of Andromeda, respectively, that in the girdle being almost exactly overhead at 9 o'clock. Algol is a large star directly east of the last star named, Almaach, and but a short distance from it.—*Mobile Daily Advertiser.*  
  
SYMPATHY FOR THE ERRING.—Of how much of our indignation against even a deliberate wrong would we be divested, if we could but know ourselves a tithe of all the sorrow, and trouble, and disappointment the poor, erring heart had passed through. What efforts were made in youth to stand up against the pressure of the world, and how, when fallen from miscalculation, or an over-confident nature, or want of tact, it bravely rose up and tried again; and when hard necessity came and drove it to the wall, how it looked around for help, and waited, still striving to stand upright, and fell with striving; and even, when fallen, how it yearned for one more chance to rise and be a man—how loth at last to give up all for lost! Could we but see a thousandth part of these struggles, as they tend our brother's bosom, and almost break his heart, how should it disarm us of our vindictiveness and incline us even to run to him and raise him up, and stand by him, and, with God-like forgiveness, bid him, "Try, try, again!"  
  
A VERY NEAT SELL.—A friend of ours, who prides himself upon his knowledge of coins, was very neatly sold by an old acquaintance a day or two since. The latter exhibited an American coin resembling the new quarter dollar, and asked him if he could "distinguish anything peculiar about it?"  
  
"I cannot," replied he, "but why do you ask?"  
  
"Because," replied the other, "they can be had anywhere about town for twelve and thirteen cents."  
  
"It is possible!" remarked the judge of coins; "I thought it felt light! For how much did you say they were had?"  
  
"For twelve and thirteen cents," replied the other.  
  
"Oh!" exclaimed the victim; as the "sell," dawned upon him, "twelve and thirteen make twenty-five."  
  
THE QUESTION OF DUTY.—It is a hard condition of our existence here, that every exaltation must have its depression. God will not let us have heaven here below, but only such glimpses and faint showings as parents sometimes give to children, when they show them beforehand the jewelry and pictures and stores of rare and curious treasures which they hold to the possession of their riper years. So it very often happens that the man who has gone to bed an angel, feeling as if all sins were forever vanquished, and he himself immutably grounded in love, may wake the next morning with a sick headache, and, if he be not careful, may scold about his breakfast like a miserable sinner.—*Mrs. Stone.*