

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

W. H. JACOBY, Proprietor.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

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STAR OF THE NORTH

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Choice Poetry.

OUR UNION.

BY A HIGH SCHOOL BOY.

Dissolve this mighty Union?
Go stop your rolling sun;
Blot out the planets from the spheres,
Which now in order run,
Go stop the rolling billows,
Go calm the roaring sea;
Then this mighty Union
May be dissolved by thee.

Dissolve this happy Union?
Command your God to sleep
And call the sons of Europe, o'er
Its fragments then to weep,
But hark! they say with one accord
That sturdy flag shall shine
The glory of the eastern lands;
Preserved by power divine.

Dissolve this mighty Union?
The Jew, the Turk, the Greek,
And Chinese wonder at the word
And now astonished speak—
"Dissolve that mighty Union!
Go hide thy shameful head
Behold! the mighty hand of God,
Her spangled banners spread."

Dissolve this mighty Union?
Her mountains on the frown?
Volcanoes in their fury rise
With fire to sweep these down!
But hark! the sound from every shore,
Of Union still is heard;
Her myriad sons assemble 'round
Their banner at a word.

A MILITARY COXCOMB PUNISHED.

In the year 1808, the peace of Tilsit ter-
minated the conquests of Napoleon in Ger-
many, and gave the people of those coun-
tries a short respite. Prussia, thoroughly
exhausted by the unheard-of efforts which
she had made to carry on the war against
France, was compelled to reduce her army to
a peace footing.

Several officers of that power having ob-
tained an unlimited leave of absence, met
very often in Hamburg to enjoy in common
the various pleasures of military idleness.
One day in Sept. six of them having dined
together, and made more than one libation
to Bacchus, they, at the approach of night,
repaired to the *Cafe de la Bourse* of the most
noted in the city, and made their entry in a
most noisy manner. The Baron de V—
a lieutenant, twenty three years of age, the
youngest of the joyous band, rich, hand-
some, and of noble carriage, but foppish,
self-conceited and insolent, having noticed
an individual of small stature, dressed in
black, sitting at a table alone, holding in
one hand a newspaper and in the other a
long pipe, who had paid no attention to
them on their arrival, and being offended,
no doubt, by the indifference, bordering on
contempt, which he exhibited, approached
him with the intention of avenging the fan-
tasy insult. To that effect he laid his hand
in a familiar manner on his shoulder,
swinging himself back and forth, and said
to him with an ironic smile:

"Ah! good evening, my little schoolmas-
ter."

The man in black raised his eyes, and
fixed them for two or three seconds on his
interlocutor, then looking again on his pa-
per, continued to read.

"God bless me, he don't answer. Ah,
well, my droll fellow, won't you answer
me. I see that pipe is the cause. Come,
we must hear your voice."

In a second, with a flip, the pipe flew to
pieces, he laughing loudly the while.

Without putting down the paper, or show-
ing any symptoms of being affected by the
insult, he turned towards the counter, and
said:

"Waiter, another pipe!"

"That's right. He has at last opened his
mouth."

The pipe was lit, and the reading re-
sumed.

"Ah, so! What country are you from?
In what village do you exercise your tal-
ents?"

Here the interrogator raised again his
head, and looked at him as he whiffed two
or three mouthfuls of smoke, and lowering
his eyes slowly, he seemed rather willing
to give all his attention to his paper.

"I believe you are some kind of sub-
—You appear to learn by heart all the news
as to inform your friends and neighbors.
But you smoke like a Dutchman. That
confounded pipe causes you too much dis-
traction."

And as before the pipe was again broken.

Without making any movement, without
showing the least sign of emotion, the so-
called schoolmaster merely repeated the
first order:

"Waiter, another pipe!"

"What a fine voice! Little man, you
have the patience of an angel or devil. I
would give much to see you mad; it would
amuse me deliciously. There—"

An old Major, with a fine German physi-
ognomy, which showed well of frankness,
kindness and loyalty, who came in with

voice, but loud enough to be heard by those
near him:

"You comport yourself like a man with-
out brain. I tell you the game begins to
tire me, and the foolish hilarity of our
comrades adds to my impatience, and hard-
ly covers the murmurs of indignation which
your conduct has provoked in the minds of
those present. Quit! quit! I tell you! it is
now time."

After saying this he turned his back to
him, and withdrew into an adjacent hall,
whither he was soon followed by his com-
panions, who, by their thoughtless laughter
covered his reproaches. Seated around
the gaming table, they began to play. The
young lieutenant, judging by the noise pro-
duced by his folly, had forgotten the insult,
played desperately, and was winning large-
ly. But an hour had scarcely elapsed when
the man in black entered the hall of play,
and approached him, tapped him on the
shoulder, demanding a private interview.—
The young lieutenant looking at him over
his shoulder, laughed in his face.

"Monsieur Officer," said the man in
black, "I am not a schoolmaster, as you
were pleased to call me. I demand of you
all satisfaction. It is due to me, and I
hope you will not refuse it; if you do, I
know well the means to obtain it. To-mor-
row, at seven o'clock I will wait for you
here; arm yourself with pistols!"

Our braggart, who, during this discourse,
had risen to his feet, and had alternatively
become red and pale, gave no response, but
a bow of acquiescence, in the fear, no doubt,
that the emotions of his voice would betray
his complete terror. The captain saluted
the rest of the company, and immediately
left the house.

With him went all the gaiety of the lieuten-
ant. He became thoughtful and taciturn,
his spirit was no more with the play, and
he lost all he had before won.

The thoughts of to-morrow—that terrible
morrow—frightened him. How much his
adversary would have the advantage over
him.

Suffering with so much calmness a series
of affronts! Proposing a duel with that
firmness, that assurance, that imperturbable
sang froid! Bravery and skill were surely his.
Such were the ideas that crowded into his
mind.

On leaving the hall, they separated with
the promise to meet at the hour indicated.
At seven o'clock they met; the Englishman
was already at the rendezvous, clad in the
brilliant uniform of a superior officer of the
navy of his country, covered with many
decorations, and followed by a valet richly
dressed, who carried a small casket under
his arm. He offered them refreshments,
which were accepted: spoke with courtes-
y, and proved himself to be high minded
and acquainted with the ways of the world.

At eight o'clock he broke up the sitting,
and requested the Prussian officer to be so
kind as to designate the place where the
quarrel would be settled, adding that he
was a stranger in that place, he would wil-
lingly give him the choice.

They then repaired to a vast pasture,
which lay between Hamburg and Altona—
On arriving there, he asked:

"What distance will suit you?"

"Twenty five paces."

"That is too much, Monsieur. You could
not hit me at that distance. Let us say fif-
teen; that is enough."

The witness agreed, and the proposition
was adopted. Meanwhile, the Major ob-
served to the captain that he had no second.

"It is not necessary," replied the captain,
"If I fall, my valet knows what to do."

The Major insisted, and showed him that
it was contrary to the usages of the country;
according to that morality the duel could
not take place; but he offered with politeness,
to allow it to proceed, which offer
was accepted.

The ground was measured, and they
took their places. The captain, addressing
his adversary, asked this singular ques-
tion:

"Have you good pistols? because I have
two pair that never miss their mark! I
will give you the proof!"

Calling his valet, he opened the box and
took out one of the pistols which it contain-
ed, and told him to throw up something in
the air. The valet searched in his pocket,
but could find nothing save his handker-
chief.

"That is too large; find something else."

He then took out a dried prune and show-
ed it to him.

"That will do; throw!"

The fruit was thrown up, and instantly it
was shattered to atoms.

At this proof of his skill, the astonish-
ment of the spectators was at its height; as
to the lieutenant, he was more dead than
alive.

The captain then took the place assigned
to him, inviting the lieutenant to fire at
him. The Major, then stepping in be-
tween the combatants, opposed the Lieuten-
ant's firing first, saying:

"The usage of the country gives the of-
fended the first shot; and for the second,
chance will decide."

"Ah, my dear Major," replied the cap-
tain, "if I complied with your advice, Monsieur
would not have the pleasure to use his pis-
tol on a man; and I am certain, judging
from his appearance, that he has never
been tempted to seriously promise himself
that enjoyment. Therefore, let some what
may, nevertheless, I will that these gentle-
men, who enjoyed themselves at my ex-
pense yesterday, and instead of hindering
their comrades from being guilty of such fol-
ly, only laughed at my distress, shall, one
after the other, be made to feel the same."

As I am now, so you must be,
Prepare for death and follow me."

He took out his pencil and wrote be-
low:

"To follow you I'll not consent,
Until I know which way you went."

"In my time, Miss," said a stern an-
t, "the men looked at the women's faces, in-
stead of their ankles!" "Ah, but my dear
ant," retorted the young lady, "you see
the world has improved, and is more civil-
ized than it used to be. It looks more to
the understanding."

We fear that some of our young men
would be far more anxious than they are to
go to Abraham's bosom, if Abraham in

"Monsieur, aim accurate. Woe unto you
if you miss me, for I will not miss you; you
will cease to exist!"

They insisted no longer. The Lieuten-
ant aimed, and the captain cried:

"It is too high."

The explosion was heard, the bullet graz-
ing the top of his head.

"My turn now, young extravagant! Yes-
terday I was, for one hour, the plaything
for your raileries—your sarcasms. With-
out motive you insulted me; mocked and
cursed me with humiliation. I was a droll
fellow—a schoolmaster. Who am I to-day?

A man! And who are you? A wretch, a
miserable poltroon, trembling with fear!—
Death, which in an instant you will receive
from my hand, encircles you with her shad-
ows; already her icy hand is stretched over
you! Your lips are blanched with fear,
your eyes troubled, your face is pale as the
sheet which will in a few hours enshroud
you! Your limbs refuse to support you!—
Inequality and cowardice always go hand
in hand; that is all we can expect of one
of your stamp. But before sending you to
the other world, tell me: have you made
all disposition for leaving this? Have you
not a parting *souvenir* to give to a mother,
father, sister, brother, or one who is dear
to you? I have here a writing desk, and I
will accord to you the few moments neces-
sary for that purpose."

"A thank you, sir," very humble and
hardly intelligible, was all that could be
heard.

"In that case," said the captain, "if all
reconciliation between us here below is
impossible, and that your blood alone can
wash out the affront which I have received,
implore, at least, by a short and fervent
prayer, the goodness and the clemency of
the Almighty?"

Then, the Lieutenant, taking his hat off,
cast a look at the mute and terrified wit-
nesses of this imposing scene, who all, with
one accord spontaneously uncovered their
heads. During a moment there reigned in
that group a solemn and religious silence,
which was not broken, save by the respira-
tion of those assembled.

At length, taking up his pistol and point-
ing it with resolution toward his opponent,
he made him suffer for another minute, the
most intense agony. But all at once, as if
by effect of sudden reflection, he turned
himself quickly towards his valet, and gave
him the pistol, saying, with the gesture,
accent and smile of hatred:

"Here, take this pistol; that officer is not
worthy of English gunpowder!"

The next day the Baron de V— disap-
peared from the country and his regiment
never saw him more.

Below the Atlantic.

Soundings in the Atlantic have been par-
ticularly pushed forward, and have excited,
on account of the telegraph cable, more
general interest than any others yet taken.
They have revealed the fact that at least
two hundred and thirty miles from the coast
of Ireland the water is still shallow; or, in
other words, that there is another Ireland
waiting to be raised—thus reversing the fa-
mous parable for keeping the country quiet.
It is just beyond this that the true
Atlantic begins, the gulf suddenly sinking
to nine thousand feet. Thus Ireland may
one day have a coast line as high as the
Alps. The whole floor of the Atlantic is
paved with soft sticky substance, called
ooze, nine tenths consisting of very minute
animals, many of them consisting of mere
lumps of jelly, and thousands of which
could float with ease in a drop of water;
some resembling toothed wheels; others bundles
of spines, or threads shooting from a little
globule. Some, however, are endowed
with the property of separating film from
the sea water which is more than every
chemist can do; and there are hundreds of
square miles covered with the skeletons of
these little creatures. Part of this ooze is
doubtless from the clouds of rain dust
which rise from the vast steppes of South
America in such masses as to darken the
sun and make the animals fly to shelter;
and, which, after sweeping like a storm
over the country, lose themselves in the
"steep Atlantic." No bones have been
found of the larger animals, so that the kraken
and sea serpent might sleep their last
sleep, and leave not a bone or a vertebra to
tell the tale. Not a mast or anchor, not a
block nor a strand, not a coin or a keepsake
has been found to testify of the countless
gallant ships and more gallant men who
have gone down amid the pitiless waves.

—All the Year Round.

GRAVE JOKE.—A wag going through a
graveyard, observed on one of the stones
the following lines:—

"As I am now, so you must be,
Prepare for death and follow me."

He took out his pencil and wrote be-
low:

"To follow you I'll not consent,
Until I know which way you went."

"In my time, Miss," said a stern an-
t, "the men looked at the women's faces, in-
stead of their ankles!" "Ah, but my dear
ant," retorted the young lady, "you see
the world has improved, and is more civil-
ized than it used to be. It looks more to
the understanding."

We fear that some of our young men
would be far more anxious than they are to
go to Abraham's bosom, if Abraham in

THE SCENES OF A NIGHT.

BY ANNIE E. LERAND.

Gently and softly the twilight shadows
melt away, and the heavier darkness of
night settles over the earth. The moon,
the silent but ever faithful queen of night,
following the example of more brilliant
day king, has sunk to her peaceful rest be-
hind the western horizon, leaving the stars,
those bright glittering lamps of Heaven, to
keep the lonely night-vigils o'er the earth.
For a brief period of time there is a busy
hum of voices, and the tramp of many feet
hastening from the scene of the day-toil to
the grateful quietude of home, and then
silence reigns supreme, until the hour of
eight is tolled forth by the deep-toned town
clock.

As the last loud note vibrates upon the
still air, a man and a woman, a young and
happy bridal pair, kneels within a brilli-
antly lighted church, before the sacred altar,
and in the presence of "Heaven's embas-
sador to earth," there to breathe the marriage
vows; and while the minister, in clear
calm tones, reads to those youthful ones
the solemn ritual by which they are to be
bound to each other in joy or care, in weal
or woe, through life unto the misty veil of
death, down from the courts of heaven, an
angel bends listening to catch the response
re-echoed in these warmly-beating hearts,
and then to bear those sacred vows up to
the great High Priest, there to be recorded
in times that can never be effaced.

And now the ceremony is ended, the
hope of years is realized, and they are hus-
band and wife. Oh, how sweet the thought
never to be separated again until the cold
hand and the dark shadows of death severs
the tie that binds them. Oh, they are very
happy now, in the first realization of their
long anticipated joy! But will it always
be thus? Will the bright-winged angel,
joy take up his abode with them and for-
ever dwell within their household? Nay,
surely not, for sorrow ever broods over
the earth, and no trail earthly mortal can
escape from his cruel oppression: there-
fore, they, happy as they now are, must
ever long bow their heads to the waves of
chilling grief and affliction.

But hark! while we are thus musing the
hour of nine rings out upon the air, and an-
other scene rises to our view. Within a
darkened chamber a fair young mother
lays, while upon the hushed air a feeble
wail is borne—an infant's cry. Ah! and
it seems well that this wail should go
forth from this pure, sinless one, whose ex-
istence has just begun, for alas! like all
mortals, it is born to a lot of care and sor-
row, of grief and woe, of pain and misery
and, at last, to death! A death, whether of
honor, and long lamented, or of dishonor,
and soon forgotten, remains for the future
to unfold; and with this thought we turn
instinctively to the mother. Is she that
fair, frail child-like one, who seems almost
too delicate to tread life's rough and thorny
path? Is she incapacitated to rear that now
sinless child for a respected life and an
honored death? Can she teach it how to
shun the shoals and quicksands of life?
how to overcome the temptations and bow
meekly to the trials that await it in after
years? how to live that after death it may
be fit to dwell in the presence of angels
and archangels, of cherubims, and seraph-
ims, in the presence of the Most Holy
Father himself? Ah! what a fearful re-
sponsibility is yours, frail, trembling moth-
er. God give you strength for the trials
that await you, and enable you to fit the
soul of this, your first-born, for the never-
ending joys of Heaven.

Ah! joyfully now peals forth the hour of
ten. Within another home behold a sol-
emn scene; upon a downy couch reclines
a man lately in the full prime, but now
grappling with the dread King of Terrors—
unrelenting Death—whose fatal arrow has
already pierced the slowly beating heart.
Dear friends are gathered around, gazing
mournfully into the loved one's face, which
is only revealed by the dim light of a single
taper. How sadly the loved and loving
ones gaze upon the countenance now fast
changing in death. Some, with not scald-
ing tears coursing down their cheeks, and
others pale, mute and motionless, and
each and all with almost bursting hearts.

How awfully still. Within that chamber
naught breaks the silence save the loud
and labored breathing of the dying one;
and with him struggle is almost over, be-
hold, the once flashing eyes are glazing
with the film of death; the once warm and
active limbs are growing cold and rigid,
and oh! the once fondly loving heart is
now cold and still. Ah! the soul has gone
into the presence of its Creator, for all cre-
ated things proclaim that existence adds not
with the grave; yea, surely there is a land
beyond the tomb.

Again the faithful town clock notes the
rapid flight of time, and loudly tolls the
hour of eleven. With a pale haggard coun-
tenance, and wild, unearthly looks a young
but wretched being wanders without a
home, and alas! destitute of friends. Ah!
life to her is a burden now, and the world
a dreary waste. But it was not always thus.
Once she had a pleasant home; once she
had kind friends; once she shrank from the
thought of death; and once, to her, the
world seemed all bright and beautiful, but
the tempter entered that humble abode—
One who lured her from her home and
friends; one who robbed her of her inno-
cence and brought her to shame and degra-

are coursing wildly through her burning
brain. And, as remembrance of the past
comes rushing o'er her soul, with a wild
cry of anguish she sinks down by the way-
side only to arise a few moments later with
the vacant stare and chilling laugh of the
maniac.

May the Lord have pity upon thee, poor
erring one, and grant thee a respite from
thy sorrows in this thy loss of reason. And
may he deal justly with him who has
brought this ruin upon thee. Ay, most as-
suredly he will, "For vengeance is mine,
saith the Lord, I will repay!"

But listen. The midnight hour is tolling,
and as the ringing notes grow faint upon
the still night air, a fair young face peers
out into the gloom of night from the window
of yonder stately mansion. A look of
anxiety is resting upon that innocent coun-
tenance, and tears gather in the dark, mourn-
ful eyes as she turns away from the window
with a weary sigh. But the sound of a dis-
tant footstep falls upon her listening ear,
and a look of expectation lights her coun-
tenance, and then, for a moment, an ex-
pression of joy, for it is the long absent
husband for whom she has waited so anx-
iously. But alas! her joy must soon turn
to the bitterest sorrow, for he comes with
oaths and imprecations upon his lips; comes
with the reeling gait, and sickening, dis-
gusting odor that ever attends the midnight
reveller over the sparkling bowl; comes to
chide her for her weakness, and exult in
his own fancied strength. And the poor
suffering one weeps. Weeps such tears as
only the loving wife of a drunkard can weep
at the realization that he whom she has so
loved as to trust him with her all of earthly
happiness is unworthy of that love and trust.

Alas! that in that princely home the de-
mon of intemperance should find a victim
in the otherwise truly noble husband of so
pure, so innocent, so loving a wife. For
he, like all other votaries at the shrine of
Bacchus, must have sorrow, and woe, and
wounds without cause, if he continues to
pay homage to the sparkling bowl.

One o'clock—lone solitary hour. All is
hushed in repose. Nay, not so; for swiftly
along the deserted way a man is gliding;
a young and handsome man. Ah! he has
stopped now, stopped just beside that large
stone house, where the hard-earned savings
of many a toiling hand is deposited! He
has entered now, but how stealthily. What
can his errand be? Oh! can it be that he,
so young, so blest with health and strength,
so much confided in by friends, and in
whom so many fond hopes centre, can it be
that he has forgotten his honor and integri-
ty, and gone forth as midnight robber?

Ah, yes, 'tis true; for, see! he comes
forth with his treasure trembling in every
limb, for crime has made him a coward!
Alas! this once noble young man has fal-
len and in that fall how many hearts he
has crushed. For to-morrow the officers
of justice will be upon his track to bring
him to account for his deeds. For, careful
as he has been, he has failed to obliterate
all the traces of his guilt. And, ere long,
his name will be heralded forth with shame
and dishonor, while, perchance, will be
paying the penalty of his crime in some
gloomy prison; for the laws of nations de-
mand that for known crimes man shall be
punished.

And though he has aimed at concealment
yet that just and righteous God, who amid
awful thunderings and lightning proclaim-
ed from Mt. Sinai the commandment, "Thou
shalt not steal," will surely frustrate all his
seemingly well laid plans, and justice will
be avenged.

Oh! the misery that must follow this
evil deed! Misery to him that committed
it, and to all those to whom he is so dear.
The fond father, the loving mother, the af-
fectionate sister, the sympathizing brother
and the warm trusting friend. Alas! each
and all of these must feel, in its keenest
sense, the misery that springs from temp-
tations yielded to.

Oh! young man I conjure you, let your
condition be what it may, to heed the oft
repeated commandment, "Thou shalt not
steal."

Two o'clock now peals forth, another
man glides forth from his concealment. A
man with a fierce look in his eye, muttered
oaths upon his lips. How swiftly yet how
noiselessly he moves. Ah, see! he pauses
now in his rapid walk and ascends the
steps of a house where once his dearest
friend dwelt, a friend whom he now deems
his bitterest enemy. He has entered the
house now by means of a false key. Oh!
what can this stealthily conduct mean at
this untimely hour? We fear there is a
fearful design in his heart, for see that glit-
tering knife that he now holds in his hand.
Ah! he thirsts for the blood of his fellow-
mortal, and soon will this unholy appetite
be appeased. It is already, for the bloody
work is done; he has hurried the soul of
his fellow being, one whom he once called
friend, without a moment's warning, and
while he slept all unconscious of danger,
into the presence of its just and righteous
judge. And now he creeps away, a guilty,
sin-stained wretch, with the brand of Cain
upon his brow.

Ah! he may fly; fly from the vigilant
executors of the law, and the avenging
hand of justice, but he can never, never es-
cape the accusing conscience that dwells
within his breast. For the voice of his
brother's blood crieth unto him, even from
the ground.

old gray-haired man starts, and hastening
to the farther end of his dimly-lighted room,
he opens the large iron safe wherein is de-
posited all his treasure. Ah! he is a miser
See how those hard, stony eyeballs glitter
as they fall upon the hoards of shining gold
that is lying there. See how he gathers it
in his long, shrivelled hand, as if to assure
himself that it is really there. We wonder
if the clink of cold metal, as he rattles it
together, will drown the voice of the sup-
plicating widows and the hungry orphans
that he has robbed?

We wonder if it repays him for the loss
of friendship and the sacrifice of love that
he has made to obtain it? If so, then why
does he not take his ease? Why not en-
joy the comforts that wealth can purchase?
And why does sleep refuse to visit his weary
eyelids? Ah! it is because of the wrongs,
the cruelty and oppression he has heaped
upon his distressed fellow beings, that now
haunt his soul, banishing sleep from his
eyelids and rest from his weary mind. Oh!
he sees now that it is too late; that his il-
l-gotten gains cannot purchase for him ease
and comfort, and gladly would he now ex-
change that long coveted gold for the re-
freshing sleep and invigorating rest that
was his in the days of his youthful inno-
cence. But alas! for him, gold cannot pur-
chase the desired boon, and so he must
drag out his weary existence of unhappy
days and sleepless nights for this is the
fate of those who bow at the altar of mammon.

These, kind reader, are a few, and only a
very few of the strange and startling scenes
of a single night. For the darkness and the
silence forms a cover for many a fearful
deed to be committed, as well as joy to be
realized; for though night is the appointed
season for rest, yet how many there are
which avail themselves not of the opportu-
nity, but, instead, heedless of the darkness
that surround them, they take the most im-
portant steps of their lives, with only the
seemingly little stars to light them on their
way.

How I Got Married;

OR, COURTING BY TELEGRAPH.

Everybody knows that for the last few
years telegraph companies in England have
employed females in the instrument de-
partments of some of their principal stations.
The work is light and clean, and very well
adapted for young ladies. Most of them
acquire the art of telegraphing in a very
short time, and there are now in the service
many who are able to send and receive
messages as well as the best of the male
staff.

Young ladies are much the same every-
where, and it would, of course, be next to
impossible for them to remain any length
of time in a room without desiring to hold
a fair amount of conversation. As the na-
ture of their employment demands that for
the greater part of the time they are at the
office they must sit at the instrument to
which they are appointed, they cannot
very well hold conversations with their
companions. So that when a circuit hap-
pens to be slack, the young lady who has
charge of it, finds a great deal of relief in
speaking to the clerks of the station at the
other end of the wire.

After I had been some time in the service
and was supposed to be thoroughly ac-
quainted with the work, I was appointed to
a station which I do not wish to be known
by any other name than that of Morton.

After I had introduced myself to those
who were to be my fellow clerks, I took
possession of the instrument appropriated to
me, and, as is usual, inquired the name
of the lady with whom I was to work.

Quick as thought I received her answer
"Amy Watson. Who are you?" Having
given my name and the station from which
I had come, we entered into conversation
upon general subjects, such as the weather,
descriptions of different towns through
which I had passed, &c. &c.

I soon found that, in addition to being an
excellent hand at telegraphing, my fair
correspondent was very entertaining in
conversation, and it was very easy to discover,
from the way in which she acted during a
press of business, that she was of a very
amiable disposition. These conversations
went on for some time, till at length I was
miserably