

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

W. H. JACOBY, Proprietor.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

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Choice Poetry.

COURAGE.

Keep up your courage, friend,
Nor falter on the track—
Look up, toil bravely on,
And scorn to languish back!
A true heart rarely fails to win—
A will can make a way—
The darkest night will yield at last
Unto the perfect day!

See yonder little flower,
You've crushed beneath your tread,
The sunshine and the shower
Beat on its bended head;
Though bowed, it is not broke,
It rises up again—
And sheds a sweet perfume across
The hungry desert plain.

Then like the tender flower,
Be ye, O, wary man!
In many ways God blesses you?
Deny it if you can!
You've love to cheer your heart,
You've strength and bracing health;
For these, fill many a lordly peer
Would yield up all his wealth.

Never despair! It kills the life!
And digs an early grave!
The man who rails so much at Fate,
But makes himself her slave!
Up! rouse ye to the work!
Resolve to victory gain!
And hopes shall rise and bear rich fruit,
Which long in dust have lain!

THE CHILD IN THE GRAVE

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSON.

There was sorrow in the house—there was sorrow in the heart; for the youngest child, a little boy of four years of age, the only son, his parents' present joy and future hope, was dead. Two daughters they had, indeed, older than their boy—the oldest was almost old enough to be confirmed—amiable sweet girls they both were; but the lost child is always the dearest, and he was the youngest, and a son. It was a heavy trial. The sisters sorrowed as young hearts sorrow, and were much afflicted by their parents' grief; the father was weighed down by the affliction, but the mother was quite overwhelmed by the terrible blow. By night and by day she devoted herself to her sick child, watched him, lifted him up, carried him about, done every thing for him herself. She had felt as if he were part of herself. She could not bring herself to believe that he was dead—that he should be laid in a coffin and concealed in the grave. God would not take the child from her. O no! And when he was taken, and she could no longer refuse to believe the truth, she exclaimed, in her wild grief:—"God has not ordained this! He has heartless agents here on earth—They do what they list—they hearken not to a mother's prayers!"

She stared, in her woe, to arraign the Most High; and then came dark thoughts, the thoughts of death—overlasting—that human beings returned as earth to earth, and then all was over. Amidst thoughts morbid and impious as these, there could be nothing to console her, and she sank into the deepest depths of despair.

In these hours of deep distress she could not weep. She thought not of the young daughters who were there left; her husband's tears fell on their brow, but she did not look up at him—her thoughts were with her dead child, her whole heart and soul were wrapped up in recalling every reminiscence of the lost one, every syllable of his infantile prattle.

The day of the funeral came. She had not slept the night before, but, toward morning, she was overcome by fatigue, and sank for a short time into repose. During that time the coffin was removed into another apartment, and the cover was sewed down with as little noise as possible.

When she awoke she arose and wished to see her child. Then her husband, with tears in his eyes, told her, "We have closed the coffin; it had to be done!"

"When the Almighty is so hard on me," she exclaimed, "why should human beings be kinder?" and she burst into tears.

The coffin was carried to the grave. The inconsolable mother sat with her young daughters. She looked at them, but did not see them; her thoughts had nothing more to do with them; she gave herself up to wretchedness, and it tossed her about as the sea tosses the ship which has lost its helm and its rudder. Thus passed the day of the funeral, and several days followed amidst the same uniform, heavy grief. With tearful eyes and melancholy looks her afflicted family gazed at her—She did not care for what comforted them. What could they say to change the current of her mournful thoughts?

It seemed as if sleep had fled from her forehead; it alone would be her best friend, strengthen her frame and recall peace to her mind. Her family persuaded her to keep her bed, and she lay there as still as if buried in sleep. One night her husband had listened to her breathing, and believed

pose and relief, he clasped his hands, prayed for her and for them all, then sank into peaceful slumber. While sleeping soundly he did not perceive that she rose, dressed herself, and softly left the room and the house to go—whither her thoughts wandered by day and by night—to the grave that hid her child. She passed quietly through garden, out to the fields, beyond which the road led outside of the town to the churchyard. No one saw her, and she saw no one.

It was a fine night; the stars were shining brightly, and the air was mild, although it was the first of September. She entered the churchyard, and went to the little grave; it looked like one great bouquet of sweet scented flowers. She threw herself down, and bowed her head over the grave, as if she could through the solid earth behold her little boy, whose smiles she remembered so vividly. The affectionate expression of his eyes, even upon his sick bed, was never, never to be forgotten. How speaking had not his glance been when she had bent over him, and had taken the little hand he was himself too weak to raise—As she had sat by his couch, so now she sat by his grave; but here her tears might flow freely over the sod that covered him.

"Wouldst thou descend to thy child?" said a voice close by.

It sounded so clear, so deep, its tones went to her heart. She looked up and near her stood a man wrapped in a large mourning cloak, with a hood drawn over his head; but she could not see the countenance under this. It was severe and yet encouraging; his eyes were bright as those of youth.

"Descend to my child!" she repeated; and there was the agony of despair in her voice.

"Darest thou follow me?" asked the figure.

"I am death!"

She bowed her assent. Then it seemed all at once as if every star in the heavens above shone with the light of the moon—She saw the many colored flowers on the surface of the grave move like a fluttering garment. She sank, and the figure threw his dark cloak round her. It became night—the night of death. She sank deeper than the spade could reach. The churchyard lay like a roof above his head.

The cloak that had enveloped her glided to one side. She stood in an immense hall, whose extremities were lost in the distance. It was dusk around her; but before her stood, and in one moment was clasped to her heart, her child, who smiled on her in beauty far surpassing what he had possessed before. She uttered a cry, though it was scarcely audible, for, close by, and then far away, and afterward near again, came delightful music. Never before had such glorious, such blessed sounds, reached her ears. They rang from the other side of the thick curtain—black as night—that separated the hall from the boundless space of eternity.

"My sweet mother!" my own mother! she heard her child exclaim. It was his well-known, most beloved voice; and kiss followed kiss in rapturous joy. At length the child pointed to the sable curtain.

"There is nothing so charming up yonder on earth, mother. Look, mother! look at them all! That is felicity!"

The mother saw nothing—nothing in the direction to which the child pointed, except darkness like that of night. She saw with earthly eyes. She did not see as did the child whom God had called to himself—She heard, indeed, sounds—music; but she did not understand the words that were conveyed in these exquisite tones.

"I can fly, now, mother," said the child, "even I can fly with other happy children, away, even into the presence of God. I wish so much to go; but if you cry on as you are crying now, I cannot leave you, and yet I should be so glad to go. May I not? You will come back soon, will you not, dear mother?"

"Oh, stay! oh, stay!" she cried, "only one moment more. Let me gaze on you one moment longer; let me kiss you, and hold you a moment longer in my arms."

And she kissed him, and held him fast—Then her name was called from above—the tones were those of piercing grief—What could they be?

"Hark!" said the child; "it is my father calling on you."

And again, in a few seconds, deep sobs were heard, as of children weeping.

"Those are my sisters' voices," said the child. "Mother, you have surely not forgotten them?"

Then she remembered those who were left behind. A deep feeling of anxiety pervaded her mind; she gazed intently before her, and specters seemed to hover round her; she fancied that she knew some of them; they floated through the Hall of Death, on toward the dark curtain, and there they vanished. Would her husband, her daughters, appear there? No, their lamentations were still to be heard from above. She had nearly forgotten them for the dead.

"Mother, the bells of heaven are ringing," said the child. "Now the sun is about to rise."

And an overwhelming, blinding light streamed around her. The child was gone and she felt herself lifted up. She raised her head and saw that she was lying in the churchyard, upon the grave of her child—But in her dream God had become a prop for her mind. She threw herself on her knees and prayed:

"Forgive me, O Lord, my God, that I wished to detain an everlasting soul from its flight into eternity, and that I forgot my duties in the living. Then, best, unreason-

And as she uttered this prayer it appeared as if her heart felt lightened of the burden that chafed it, then the sun broke forth in its splendor, and little birds sang overhead, and all the church bells began to ring the matin chimes. All seemed holy around her; her heart seemed to have drunk in faith and holiness; she acknowledged the might and mercy of God; she remembered her duties and left a longing to regain her home. She hurried thither, and leaning over her still sleeping husband, she awoke him with the touch of her warm lip on his cheek. Her words were those of love and consolation, and in a tone of mild resignation, she exclaimed, "God's will is the best?"

Her husband and daughters were astonished at the change in her, and her husband asked her "Where did you so suddenly acquire this strength—this pious resignation?"

And she smiled on him and her daughters as she replied, "I derived it from God, by the grave of my child."

Southern Rights and Concessions.

Our national difficulties could be settled in twenty-four hours if the Republicans would agree to abide by the Constitution of the United States in all its provisions, as interpreted by the Supreme Court. The most ultra Southern States ask nothing more than this. We hear a great deal of bluster about the exorbitant demands of the South. Republicans tell us that it would be degrading in the North to yield to them; and yet, these demands embrace nothing more than the South is entitled to under a judicial construction of the Constitution.

The first demand of the South is, that the provision of the Constitution requiring the return of fugitives from labor shall be faithfully executed, and that all State laws which embarrass, conflict with, retard, or obstruct the peaceful enforcement of the fugitive slave law shall be repealed. There is nothing unreasonable in this demand—The South has a right to its runaway slaves, and the North has no right to protect them from capture. There can be no appeal in such cases from the Constitution to public opinion. No matter how deep the sympathies of Northern men may be in behalf of fugitives from bondage—no matter how great their reluctance to witness the return of runaway negroes, they have no right to array public sentiment against law. No excuse will avail to avoid the execution of a direct and plain provision of the Constitution. Many Northern States have been grossly culpable in the enactment of laws which increase the dangers and difficulties in the way of the capture of fugitive slaves, or render their return next to impossible—The South demands that these laws shall be repealed—that masters shall meet with no difficulty in re-taking their fugitive property; and that the provision of the Constitution, made in their behalf, shall be executed to the very letter. In this an unjust exaction? Would it be a humiliating concession for the North to acknowledge the binding force of the Constitution and the laws passed in pursuance thereof?

The second demand of the South is in reference to the territories. The Supreme Court of the United States having decided that slaves are property, and that the citizens of the Southern States have the right to take such property into the common territories and hold it there until excluded by the authority of a State Constitution, the Southern States, interested in slave property, ask that this decision be respected and enforced as all other decisions of the Supreme Court are respected and enforced—This is the sum and substance of their demands. They don't require anything more than the highest judicial authority in the country has pronounced their right. They only demand that the Constitution, as authoritatively expounded by the Court, shall be respected. While that decision stands, it is the right of the South to enjoy all the benefits which it confers. Congress has no power to destroy this right; and yet, because they insist upon it, the Southern States are accused of exacting degrading terms from the North.

If the Northern majority are required to recede from the position that Congress may and should exclude slavery from the territories, it is their own fault. They had no business to assume the right to exercise power not warranted by the Constitution—If it is humiliating to abandon an unjust and illegal claim, they must suffer this mortification; for the obligations of law are more imperative than the decrees of party.

But, for the purpose of reconciling difficulties, the Southern States now loyal to the Union, propose to yield the right to take their property into a portion of the common territory, provided their right to the remainder is recognized. This is substantially the offer made by the Crittenden resolutions. They involve concessions on both sides. The South concedes a portion of what the Supreme Court has determined to be their right. The North yields its pretensions to exclude salivary south of 36°30', which supreme judicial authority has decided it has no right to do. And yet, the Republicans grumble at this proposition as if it sought to extort enormous concessions from them. The concessions are principally the other way.—Patriot and Union.

A Convention of Bloomer damsels is reported to have resolved that they will wear short dresses or nothing. What an

FAREWELL SPEECHES OF SENATORS SLIDELL AND BENJAMIN.

WITHDRAWAL OF THE LOUISIANA SENATORS. Mr. Slidell, (opp.) of La., sent to be read by the Clerk, the ordinance of secession passed by Louisiana.

REMARKS OF MR. SLIDELL. Mr. Slidell said—Mr. President, the document which the Secretary has just read which places on the files of the Senate official information that Louisiana has ceased to be a component part of these once United States, terminates the connection of my colleague and myself with this body. The occasion, however, justifies, if it does not call for, some parting words to those whom we leave behind—some forever, others, we trust, to meet again, to participate with them in the noble work of constructing and defending a new confederacy, which, if it may want, at first, the grand proportions and vast resources of the old, will still possess the essential elements of greatness—a people bold, hardy, homogeneous in interest and sentiments, a fertile soil, an extensive territory, the capacity and the will to govern themselves through the forms and in the spirit of the constitution under which they have been born and educated. Besides all these, they have an advantage which no other people seeking to change the government under which they had before lived, have ever enjoyed—they have to pass through no intervening period of anarchy. They have in their several State governments, already shaped to their hands, everything necessary for the preservation of order, the administration of justice, and the protection of the soil and their property from foreign or domestic policy. They can consult with calmness, and act with deliberation on every subject, either of immediate interest or future policy. But if we do not greatly mistake the prevailing sentiment of the Southern mind, no attempt will be made to improve the constitution. We shall take it, such as it is—such as has been found sufficient for our security and happiness so long as its true spirit lived in the hearts of a majority of the people of the free States, and controlled the action, not only of the Federal, but of the State Legislatures. We will adopt all laws not locally inapplicable or incompatible with our new relations. We will recognize the obligations of all existing treaties—those respecting the African slave trade included. We shall be prepared to assume our just proportion of the national debt, to account for the cost of all the forts and other property of the United States which we have been compelled to seize in self-defence, if it should appear that our share of such expenditure has been greater, than in other sections; and, above all, we shall, as well from the dictates of natural justice and the principles of international law, as of political and geographical affinities, and of mutual pecuniary interests, recognize the right of the inhabitants of the valley of the Mississippi and its tributaries to its free navigation. We will guarantee to them a free interchange of all agricultural productions, without import tax duty or toll of any kind, the free transit from foreign countries of every species of merchandise, subject only to such regulations as may be absolutely necessary for the protection of any revenue system we may establish, and for purposes of policy. As for such States of the Union as may not choose to unite their destinies with ours, we shall consider them as all other foreign nations—"Enemies in war, in peace, friends." We wish and we hope to part with them amicably, and, so far as depends on us, they shall have no protection to pursue a hostile course. But in this regard we, from the necessities of the case, can only be passive. It will be for the people of the free States to decide this momentous question. The declaration, however, requires some qualification—Could the issue be fairly pre-entented to the people of those States, we would have little doubt of a peaceful separation, with the possibility of a complete and the probability of a partial reconstruction on a basis satisfactory to us and honorable to them. But with the present representations in either branch of Congress we see nothing to justify our indulging any such expectation.—We must be prepared to resist coercion, whether attempted by avowed enemies or by a hand heretofore supposed friendly—by open war or under the more insidious, and therefore the more dangerous, pretext of enforcing the laws, protecting public property or collecting the revenue. We shall not cavil about words or discuss legal and technical distinctions. We shall consider the one as equivalent to the other, and shall be prepared to act accordingly—*utroque arbitrio parati* you will find us ready to meet you with the outstretched hand of fellowship or in the mailed panoply of war, as you may will it. Elect between these alternatives. We have no idea that you will even attempt to invade our soil with your armies. But we acknowledge your superiority on the sea at present, in some degree accidental, but in the main natural and permanent, until we shall have acquired better ports for our marine. You may, if you so will it, persist in considering us bound to you during your good pleasure. You may deny the sacred and indefeasible right, we will not say of secession, but of revolution—aye of rebellion, if you choose so to call our action—the right of every people to establish for itself that form of government which it may, even in its folly, if such you deem it,

the principles of our immortal Declaration of Independence. You may attempt to reduce us to subjugation, or you may, under color of enforcing your laws or collecting your revenue, blockade our ports. This will be war, and we shall meet it with different but equally efficient weapons. We will not permit the consumption or introduction of any of your manufactures. Every sea will swarm with our volunteer militia of the ocean, with the striped bunting floating over their heads—for we do not mean to give up that flag without a bloody struggle. It is ours as much as yours, and although for a time more stars may shine on your banner, our children, if not we, will rally under a constellation more numerous and more resplendent than yours. You may smile at this as an impotent boast, at least for the present, if not for the future—But if we need ships and men for privateering, we shall be amply supplied from the same sources as now almost exclusively furnish the means for carrying on with such unexampled vigor the African slave trade—New York and New England. Your mercantile marine must either sail under foreign flags or rot at your wharves. But pre-terminating this remedy, she will pass to another equally efficacious. Every civilized nation now is governed in its foreign relations by the rule of recognizing governments *de facto*. You alone invoke the doctrine of *de jure*, or divine right of lordship over an unwilling people strong enough to maintain their power within their own limits.

How long, think you, will the great naval Powers of Europe permit you to impede their free intercourse with their best customers for their various fabrics, and to stop the supplies of the great staple which is the most important basis of their manufacturing industry by a mere paper blockade? You were, with all the wealth and resources of this once great confederacy, but a fourth or fifth rate naval Power, with capacities, it is true, for large, and in a just quarrel, almost indefinite expansion. What will you be, when not merely emasculated by the withdrawal of fifteen States, but warred upon by them with active and inveterate hostility. But enough, perhaps somewhat too much, of this. We desire not to speak to you in terms of bravado or menace. Let us treat each other as men who are determined to break off unpleasant incompatible and unprofitable relation—Cease to bandy words, and mutually leave each other to determine whether their differences shall be decided by blows or by the code which some of us still recognize as that of honor. We shall do with you as the French Guards did with the English at Fomenoy. In a preliminary skirmish the French and English Guards met face to face. The English guards courteously saluted their adversaries by taking off their hats. The French returned the salute with equal courtesy. Lord Hay, of the English Guard, cried out, in a loud voice, "Gentlemen of the French Guard, fire!" Count D. Acierocro replied in the same tone—"Gentlemen, we never fire first." The English took them at their word, and did fire first. Being at close quarters the fire was very destructive, and the French for a time were thrown into some disorder, but the fortunes of the day were soon restored by the skill and courage of Marshall Sarsfield, and the English, under the Duke of Cumberland, suffered one of the most disastrous defeats which their military annals record. Gentlemen, we will not fire first. We have often seen it charged that the present movement of the Southern States is merely the consummation of a fixed purpose, long entertained by a few intriguers, for the selfish object of personal aggrandizement. There never was a greater error. If we were not about to part we should say a grosser and more atrocious calumny. Do not deceive yourselves. This is not the work of political managers, but of the people. As a general rule the instincts of the masses, and the sagacity of those who in private life had larger opportunities for observation and reflection, had satisfied them of the necessity of separation long before their accustomed party leaders were prepared to propose it. We appeal to every Southern Senator yet remaining here whether such be not the case in his own State. Of its truth I can give no stronger illustration than the vote in the Louisiana Convention of 139 members, every delegate being in his seat, voted for immediate secession, and of the seventeen who voted against it there were not more than four or five who did not admit the necessity of separation, and only differed as to the time and mode of its accomplishment. Nor is the mere election, by the forms of the constitution, of a President distasteful to use the cause, as is so often and so confidently asserted, of our action. It is this: we all consider the election of Mr. Lincoln, with his well known antecedents and avowed principles and purposes, by a decided majority over all other candidates combined in every free State on this side of the Pacific slope—a noble, gallant New Jersey excepted—was conclusive evidence of the determined hostility of the Northern masses to our institutions. We believe that he conscientiously entertains the opinions which he has so often and so explicitly declared, and that having been elected on the issues thus presented, he will honestly endeavor to carry them into execution. While now we have no fears of servile insurrection; even of a partial character, we know that his inauguration as President of the United

States would have witnessed in various quarters outbreaks which, although they would have been promptly suppressed, would have carried ruin and devastation to many a Southern home, and have cost the lives of hundreds of the misguided victims of Northern negrophilism. Senators from six States have now severed the links that bound them to a Union to which we were all attached, as well by many ties of material well being as by the inheritance of common glories in the past, and well founded hopes of still more brilliant destinies in the future. Twelve seats are now vacant on this floor. The work is only yet begun—It requires no spirit of prophecy to point to many, many chairs around us that will soon like ours, be unfilled; and if the weird sisters of the great dramatic poet could be conjured up, they would present to the afflicted vision of those on the other side of the chamber, who have so largely contributed to the deep damnation of this taking off, a glass to show them many more. They who have so foolishly murdered the Constitution and the Union will find, when too late, that, like the Scottish Thane, that For Banquo's issue they have filled their minds. Have placed upon their heads a fruitless crown, and put a barren scepter in their gripe—No son of theirs succeeding.

In taking leave of the Senate, while we shall carry with us many agreeable recollections of intercourse, social and official, with gentlemen who have differed from us on this, the great question of the age, we would that we could, in fitting language express the mingled feelings of admiration and regret with which we look back to our Northern colleagues. They have, one after the other, fallen in their heroic struggle against a blind fanaticism, until now but few remain to fight the battle of the Constitution. Several, even of these, will terminate their official career in one short month, and will give place to men holding opinions diametrically opposite, which have recommended them to the suffrages of their States. Had we remained here, the same fate would have awaited at the next election, the four or five last survivors of that gallant band. But now we should carry with us at least this consoling reflection—our departure—realizing all their predictions of ill to the republic—opens a new era of triumph for the democratic party of the North, and will, we firmly believe, re-establish its lost ascendancy in most of the free States.

SENATOR BENJAMIN'S FAREWELL TO THE CONSTITUTIONAL MEN OF THE NORTH.

Senator Benjamin concluded his eloquent farewell to the Senate on Monday week, in the following language, addressed to the patriotic men of the North who have stood by the Constitution and maintain the rights of all the States:—"But to you, noble and generous friends, who, born beneath other skies, possess hearts that beat in sympathy with ours; to you who, solicited and assailed by motives the most powerful that could appeal to selfish natures, have nobly spurned them all; to you who in our behalf have bared your breasts to the fierce beatings of the storm, and made willing sacrifices of life's most glittering prizes in your devotion to constitutional liberty; to you who have made our cause your cause, and from many of whom I feel that I now part forever, what shall I say? Nought, I know and feel, is needed for myself. But this I will say for the people in whose name I speak to day. Whether prosperous or adverse fortunes await you, one priceless treasure is yours, the assurance that an entire people honor your names, and hold them in grateful and affectionate memory. But with still sweeter and more touching return shall your unselfish devotion be rewarded, when, in after days, the story of the present shall be written, when history shall have passed her stern sentence on the erring men who have driven unoffending brethren from the shelter of their common home, your names will derive fresh lustre from the contrast, and when your children shall hear oft repeated the familiar tale, it will be with glowing cheek and kindling eye. Their very shouts will stand a tip toe as their sires are named and they will glow of their lineage from men of spirits as generous, and in patriotism as high spirited, as ever illustrated or adorned the American Senate.

A wretched editor, who hasn't any wife to take care of him, went the other night to a ladies' fair. He says he saw there "an article" which he "laim would call his own, but it was not for sale." He declares that since that night he has been "wretchedly wretched." As the article was bound in hoops, the reader is left to infer that it was either a girl or a keg of whiskey. They are both calculated to make a wretch "wrapporous."

"Do you keep matches?" asked a young wag of a retailer.

"Oh yes, all kinds," was the reply.

"Well then, I'll take a trotting match."

The retailer immediately handed him a box of pills.

LOOKS WELL.—To see young men go to Church every Sabbath, give their undivided attention to the remarks of the preacher, remain in church until dismissed, and then return home, "without stopping at the door."

Artemus Ward on Editors.

Before you go for an editor, young man, pause and take a big think! Do not rush into the editorial harness rashly. Look around and see if there is not an omnibus to drive—some soil somewhere to be tilled—a clasp of some meat east to be filled—anything that is reputable and healthy, rather than going for an editor, which is hard business at least.

We are not a horse, and have consequently not been called upon to furnish the motive power for a threshing machine; but we fancy that the life of the editor who is forced to write, write, write, whether he feels right or not, is much like the steed in question. If the year and neighs could be obtained, we believe the intelligent horse would decide that the threshing machine is preferable to the sanctum editorial.

The editor's work is never done. He is drained incessantly, and he dries up prematurely. Other people can attend banquets, weddings, &c., visit halls of the dazzling light, get inebriated, break windows, lick a man occasionally, and enjoy themselves in a variety of ways; but the editor cannot—He must stick tenaciously to the quill—The press, like a sick baby, mustn't be let alone for a minute. If the press is left to run for itself even for a day, some absurd person indignantly orders the carrier boy to stop bringing "that infernal paper. There's nothing in it. I won't have it in the house!" The elegant Manilina, reduced to mangle turning, described his life as a "dem'd horrible grind." The life of an editor is all of that. But there is a good time coming; we feel confident, for the editor—a time when he will be appreciated; when he will have a front seat; when he will have a pie every day, and wear store clothes continually; and when the harsh cry of "Stop my paper!" will no more grate upon his ears. Courage, Messieurs the Editors.

Still sanguine as we are of this jolly time, we advise the aspirant for editorial honors to pause ere he takes up the quill as a means of obtaining his bread and butter.—Do not, at least, do so until you have been jilted several dozen times by a like number of girls—until you have been knocked down stairs and soured in a horse pond—until all the "gushing" feelings within you have been thoroughly subdued—until, in short, your hide is of rhinoceros thickness. Then, O aspirant for the bubble reputation at the press' mouth, throw yourselves among the inkpots, dust and cobwebs of the printing office, if you will.

A Patriot's Prayer.

Many years ago, on a well remembered occasion, when the Union was just undergoing one of those tests which threatened to rend it in twain, Daniel Webster closed one of the most soul stirring speeches he ever delivered, with the following glorious sentiments:—

"When my eyes for the last time shall be raised to behold the sun in heaven, may they not gaze upon the broken fragments of a dishonored, but once glorious Union: upon States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; it may be, in fraternal blood. Let their last feeble lingering gaze rather behold the glorious ensign of the Republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced—not one stripe erased or polluted, not one star obscured, but streaming in all their original lustre, and bearing in its motto no such miserable interrogatory, as 'what is all this worth?' nor those other words of delusion and folly: 'Liberty first, and Union afterwards;' but everywhere spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart, 'Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable.'"

DECIDEDLY HARD.—The times. They try men's souls as well as their pockets.

Why was Adam like a sugar planter?—Because he first raised Cain.

To keep apples from rotting—put them in a dry cellar with fifteen children.

If you doubt whether to kiss a pretty girl, give her the benefit of a doubt and go on.

Query.—If a bat can fly ten miles in two hours, how far can a brick-bat fly in a crowd?

A western editor cautions his readers about kissing short women, as the habit has made him round shouldered.

"Mick, what kind of potatoes are those you are planting?"

"Raw ones, to be sure! Be the holy poker, and does ye think I'd be affther planting biled ones?"

Bad.—The Charleston Mercury is printed on paper manufactured in New England.

LOCAL! says "there is one thing he always did like about printing," and that was—"quitting time."

SECEDED.—Scott Town has Seceeded!—Quite a number of persons have been look-