

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

W. H. JACOBY, Proprietor.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

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From the Unionville Argus.

LINES.

WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF OUR LAMENTED
FRIEND, H. B. R.
Farwell dear friend; thy race is run,
And thy eternal portion won;
Though short thy sickness yet severe,
Ah, dear friend, where dost thou appear?
In heaven, we trust, with all the best,
That thy meek spirit be at rest.
And in God's Kingdom, safe at home,
Where grief and death will never come.
In this cold world of sin and death,
How short the life—how fleet the breath!
And often, in our early bloom,
Our bodies ripen for the tomb.
With sadness now, we look around,
While going to thy resting ground,
Our citizens thy loss they mourn,
But thy immortal soul is gone.
To that blest place of peace and love,
And there with Jesus Christ above,
Where Saints and Angels all combine,
To praise his wondrous love divine.
Beneath the sod we lay thee low,
For this is all that we can do;
And as we gaze in that narrow cell,
We breathe our parting word—FAREWELL.
J. G. H.
Unionville, Jan. 17 1861.

KISSING.

A kiss is like a sermon: 't requires two
hands and an application. It deals with the
hidden spirit by means of tangible symbols.
It is like faith, in that it is "the substance
of things hoped for." It is the language of
affection, the echo of love and the concentra-
tion of bliss; it is of "good report," and
pleasing to our ears; it is eloquence "dwell-
ing with sweet accents upon the lips." It
is both vocal and instrumental—"harmonies"
in a language and with a sentiment intelli-
gible in all languages and in all ages. It is
the "seal" of a father's blessing, the "wit-
ness" of a mother's love, the "guarantee"
of a brother's protection, the "sacrosanct"
of a sister's devotion, the "gate" to a lover's
heaven, and something that mere friends
have nothing to do with.
It is very fashionable for Misses of a cer-
tain age to insist that "it is all foolishness,
and decidedly silly." We never hear such an
expression without thinking of a circum-
stance that actually occurred, some-
where in Indiana, if we rightly remember.
A gentleman stopped at a house by the
way-side for information as to the route he
was taking and found a woman ironing,
with her little child trying to amuse itself
upon the floor, the little one was some two
and a half years old, very nearly dressed,
evidently scrupulously cared for, and emi-
nently handsome. The gentleman, while
talking to the mother, picked up the child
and kissed it; the little one looked up in
such perfect astonishment that the gentle-
man remarked, "why, my little dear, one
would think that you were not used to be
being kissed?" The mother answered for
the child, "I don't believe, sir, that she
was ever kissed before in her life. I'm
sure I never did such a thing, and never
knew my father to do so." Lord have mercy
on that child and send it somebody to
love it, was the gentleman's prayer, as he
made sure that his wallet was in its place,
and took himself out of the house as fast as
possible. Not to know the holy kiss of a
mother, the fondling embrace of a father,
the earnest lip press of a brother or sister,
is to fail in development of the soul in an
essential and vital degree; and surely what
is so wondrously holy in infancy, so refining in
childhood, so worthy in parents, and so
prevalent upon the hearthstone, is not a
matter to be disposed of with a sneer, or
dismissed with a "pooh!"
"Kissing, like the marriage bells, or the
blessed truths of the blessed Bible, never
wears out; it is, like them, always new,
fresh and interesting; and, for the same
reason, viz., it deals with the affections,
which, unlike the intellect, loves the famil-
iar, delights in the old, and is coy of the
new and strange. The variety of kisses is
not small. There is the kiss paternal, the
kiss fraternal, the kiss consubstantial, (and
pre-nubial,) and the kiss promiscuous. The
last two varieties are the only ones to which
we object. We have often thought, in refer-
ence to the kiss promiscuous, one of the
blessings of the man over the woman con-
sisted in being relieved of this conventional
duty. It seems to us, in very many instan-
ces, like casting pearls before swine, and
in illustration of the old adage, "Familiarity
breeds contempt." A man or a woman
who makes himself common in this respect
must not wonder if they are not always
appreciated.
Notwithstanding all that we have said we
are not slow to confess that in many cases
the practice is carried on unseemly and ridi-
culous lengths. What sense is there in a
lady's receiving every feminine caller with
the same expressions that she would greet
the return of a long absent brother or hus-
band? Is it not a hypocritical lie for Mrs.
Jones to thus express affection for Mrs.
Quiddens, when in her heart, Mrs. J. wish-
es Mrs. Q. at home? Is it not outrageous
to be expected to put a mother's lips to

Lincoln on the Tariff.

Whenever a public man enters Pennsylv-
ania, says the *Patriot and Union*, he feels
bound to say something about the Tariff.—
Mr. Lincoln made several speeches without
alluding to the subject of protection, until
he arrived at Pittsburg, where he undertook
to give his views on the Tariff—and a beau-
tiful mess he made of it. Only think of it!
Here is a man who was represented to the
people of Pennsylvania as a devoted friend
of protection to their industrial interests,
whose record, while a member of Congress,
was triumphantly referred to as evidence
that he was a Tariff man from conviction—
whose election was urged and insisted upon
for this State—who was, in fact, elected be-
cause he was supposed to be sound on this
question—this man, on his way to Wash-
ington to take possession of the Executive
department of the Government, embraces
the first opportunity, upon entering Pennsylv-
ania, to confess that he does not under-
stand the subject, but promises to give it his
closest attention, and endeavor to compre-
hend it fully. This is the sort of man who
was elected because of his supposed devo-
tion to the principle of a protective Tariff.
Instead of having fixed opinions on this
subject, it turns out that he has cared so lit-
tle, and thought so little about it, that he
has no strong and settled convictions. The
Tariff has been with him a secondary con-
sideration. His mind has been so much ab-
sorbed with the negro question that he has
not had leisure to study political economy,
to determine whether protection is right or
wrong—but he will think over the matter;
and he coolly advises a Pennsylvania au-
dience, and Pennsylvania members of Con-
gress, to do likewise—study the question—
What do the protectionists of Pennsylvania
think of Mr. LINCOLN by this time?

It is well known that the Tariff plank in
the Chicago platform received different and
conflicting interpretations during the Presi-
dential contest. While the "People's party"
of Pennsylvania said that it meant pro-
tection, and would have committed the
Administration to that principle, the New
York *Evening Post* and other representatives
of the free trade element in the Republican
party were equally satisfied that it meant
free trade; and they asserted that the party
would never dare to pass a protective Tariff,
or Mr. LINCOLN to approve of it. We fre-
quently alluded to the double-faced charac-
ter of this Tariff resolution, and warned the
people that it was a cunningly constructed
fraud, intended to cheat Pennsylvania by
ambiguous expressions. But our People's
party rejected all such imputations upon
the sincerity of the Chicago Convention, and
expressed themselves entirely satisfied that
this plank, at least, was constructed of good,
sound, honest material. Well, the first ex-
pression of opinion from Mr. LINCOLN, on
this subject, is a confession that there are
shades of difference in construing even this
platform. So the Tariff plank is not so clear,
positive, direct and explicit in favor of pro-
tection to Pennsylvania interests, as the Re-
publicans represented it to be during the
last canvass. LINCOLN says there are shades
of difference on the subject—and these
shades cover all degrees of opinion between
free trade on the one hand, and absolute
protection on the other.

Mr. LINCOLN, usually so cautious in ex-
posing his opinions, has thrown light upon
at least two points:
First—His own ignorance. He knows
nothing about the Tariff question; and
promises, when he obtains leisure, (and
that cannot be until the offices are distrib-
uted,) he will set about informing himself,
and endeavor to arrive at some conclusion.
Second—The Chicago platform is suscep-
tible of different constructions and is not
clearly and distinctly a pledge in favor of
a protective Tariff.

But let us listen to his own words in re-
ference to the Morrill bill, now pending in
the Senate, and now put in extreme peril
by the exertions of New York merchants
against it:
The Tariff bill now before Congress may
not pass at the present session. I confess I
do not understand the precise provisions of
this bill. I do not know whether it can be
passed by the present Congress or not. It
may or may not become the law of the
land, but if it does that will be an end of
the matter until modifications can be ef-
fected, should it be deemed necessary. If it
does not pass—and the latest advices I have
are to the effect that it is still pending—the
next Congress will have to give it their ear-
liest attention. According to my political
education I am inclined to believe that the
people in the various portions of the coun-
try should have their own views carried
out through their representatives in Con-
gress. The consideration of the Tariff bill
should be postponed until the next session of
the National Legislature. No subject should en-
gage your representatives more closely
than that of the Tariff. If I have any re-
commendation to make it will be that every
man who is called upon to serve the peo-
ple in a representative capacity should
study the whole subject thoroughly, as I in-
tend to do myself—looking to all the varied
interests of the common country—so that
when the time of action arrives adequate
protection shall be extended to the coal and
iron of Pennsylvania, the corn of Illinois
and the reapers of Chicago. Permit me to
express the hope that this important sub-
ject may receive such consideration at the
hands of your representatives that the in-
terests of no part of the country may be
overlooked, but that all sections may share
in the common benefit of a just and equi-
table tariff.
Not a word here to help the passage of
the Morrill bill, but many to defeat it. It
may pass, and then again it may not. He
doesn't precisely understand it. If it becomes

The Ragged Schools of Scotland.

Dr. Guthrie's description of the Edinburgh
ragged schools and their fruits is exceed-
ingly graphic, as reported in the *London Re-
cord*—
A SCENE IN A RAGGED SCHOOL.
"The children came at seven in the morn-
ing—and come in rags and not in decent
clothes, for that wouldn't do; they would
go to the pawn shop too soon. The first
thing they do is to strip—not to be thrashed,
but washed; and we have a long bath, as
long as this gallery, and we make them
march along it as slow as if they were at-
tending a funeral, and the consequence is
that they get, what many people are fools
enough not to get, a delightful bath. What
comes after the bath? Some of you are, I
dare say, Scotchmen and will understand
me. They get a grand breakfast of por-
ridge and milk. Then comes prayer, and
a portion of the scripture is read; then the
work of the school begins, and occupies
four hours of the day; the children learn
to read, and to write and to cipher; and
they learn carpentering, and box-making,
and shoe-making. They come to us at half
past seven in the morning, and at half past
seven at night we take off their school dress
and give them back their rags, and they go
home—and the rags are not worth the
pawning. We never keep a child from
home unless the house is an infamous den
of iniquity or the parents cruel; we know
that in the bosom of the child, worthless as
the parents may be, God has planted a link
of affection, and what we want to do is to
improve and strengthen that tie; and we
have known instances where these poor
children have even carried salvation to their
homes. But all this, ladies and gentlemen,
requires expense; we must feed and we
must clothe them; it entails the expense
of teaching and of housing a few of them;
and I say that they deserve this fostering
care—they deserve the most fostering pro-
tection and help of the government.
"You will very naturally say, 'You have
told us what these ragged boys do in school;
now tell us what they do out of school.'
"Well, they just get on as well out of school
as they do in—they get on in a way we
never expected." When they were getting
up banquets to the soldiers of the Crimea,
and to all the grand members of parlia-
ment, we thought we'd give a banquet to
our ragged boys, who had fought as great
a battle as any Crimean soldier and far har-
der too. All of a sudden the thing was
reversed on; all of a sudden the thing was
done. We have them, you know—these
ragged school scholars that were—cutting
down the forests in America; we have them
herding sheep in Australia; we have them
in the navy; and—what d'ye think!—there
was an odd thing in this way—we had a
competition among boys in the navy, and
the ragged school boys carried off the
highest prize. We have them in the army,
too. Just the other day I had in my draw-
ing room one of my ragged school scholars.
"What was he doing there? you ask—
Well, he was just standing beside a very
pretty girl, dressed like a duchess, with an
enormous ermine, and all that. There he
was; on his breast he carried three med-
als. He had fought the battles of his coun-
try in the Crimea; he had gone up the
deadly march to Lucknow, and rescued the
women and the children and our soldiers
there—and I was proud of my ragged school
boy when I saw him with his honors.
"Well, as I said, we resolved to give a
banquet; we furnished one of our best
rooms, and had it brilliant with gas, and
laurel, and ivy, and the coral beaded holly
—and the quantity of tea and toast! It isn't
to be told. We just went away through Ed-
inburgh, and in a day we got one hundred
and fifty, all doing for themselves. I was
master of the ceremonies. So I heard a
great rush of feet—I was standing at the
door, you know, to receive my company—and
I could not believe my eyes when I saw
the succession of good looking respect-
able young men, and the succession of
comely, virtuous-looking, happy young wo-
men. A girl came up to me smiling, and
she said, 'You will remember me, Dr.
Guthrie; this is my man'—and then a
great, big, honest-looking, burly fellow
came up, and he said, 'You will remember
me, Doctor; this is my wife.' And they
filled the room. I never saw a more re-
spectable company. And how they laughed
and sung; and we prayed, too—we prayed
and we gave them good advice. I never
spent a happier night—no, not in the great-
est, noblest house I ever was in—than I
spent when I entertained my Ragged School
children."

The Printer's Dollar.

The Printer's Dollars. Where are they?
We will suppose one of them is in some-
body's pocket in Alabama; another in
Mississippi, and a third in Georgia, while
others are resting serenely in Missouri.
A dollar here and there; scattered all over
towns; all over the country; miles upon
miles apart. How shall they be gathered to-
gether! The type founder has his hundreds
of dollars against the printer; the paper
maker; the building owner; the journey-
man compositor; the grocer; the tailor;
and all his assistants in carrying on the
business; have their demands; hardly ever
so small as a single dollar. But the mites
from here and there must be diligently and
patiently hoarded, or the wherewithal to
discharge the large bills will never become
bulky. We imagine the printer will have
to get up an address to widely scattered
dollars something like the following:
"Dollars, halves, quarters, dimes and all
manner of fraction into which ye are divid-
ed, collect yourselves and come home!
You are wanted! Combinations of all sorts
of men that help the printer to become a
proprietor; gather in such force and de-
mand with such good reasons your appear-
ance at his counter, that nothing short of a
sight of you will appease them! Collect
yourselves, for valuable as you are in the
aggregate, single you will never pay the
cost of gathering! Come in here in silent
single file, that the printer may form you
into a battalion, and send you forth again to
battle for him and vindicate his feeble credit!"
Reader, are you sure you haven't a couple
of the printer's dollars sticking about your
clothes?

LOAD PALMERSTON, in his seventy-fifth
year, is unaffected by the weather. Dur-
ing the summer he is accustomed to leave
the House of Commons after his rising, and
walk home to his house, in Piccadilly, alone
two, three, and even four o'clock in the
morning—with all the cares of the State on
his back, and all the salient points of the
night and morning's discussions in his head.
During the winter he is here, there, and
everywhere, discharging the duties which
belong to his station; now lecturing the
farmers on improved modes of culture, now
giving advice to farmer's laborers as to how
they may rise in the world on nine shillings
per week, and now discoursing, trowel in
hand, on the blessings of education, when
laying the foundation of a new literary in-
stitution which a benevolent gentleman,
out of his liberality, has bequeathed to a
rising seaport of England.

I had stopped at a store in Missouri
to purchase some little article, when my
attention was directed to an old lady who
was examining a piece of calico. She pulled
it this way and that, as if she would
tear it to pieces, held it up to the light in
different positions, spat on a corner and
rubbed it between her fingers to try if the
colors were good. She then stood still
awhile, seemingly not entirely satisfied.—
At last she cut off a piece with the clerks
scissors, and handing it to a tall, gawky-
looking girl, of about sixteen, standing be-
side her, said:
"Here, Liz Jane, you take'n 'dow that 'n
see ef 't fades." And Liz Jane put it into
her mouth, and dutifully went to work.

A traveller stopped at a farm house
for the purpose of getting dinner. Dis-
mounting at the front door he knocked, but
received no answer. Going to the other
side of the house, he found a little white-
headed man in the embrace of his wife,
who had his head under her arm, while
with the other she was giving her little
lord considerable "bringer." Wishing to put
an end to the fight, our traveller, knocking
on the side of the house, cried out in a loud
voice.
"Hallo here, who keeps this house?"
The husband, though much out of breath,
answered:

WHEN I MEANT TO MARRY.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.
When do I mean to marry?—Well—
'Tis idle to dispute with fate;
But if you choose to hear me tell,
Pray listen while I fix the date:—
When daughters haste, with eager feet,
A mother's daily toil to share;
Can make the puddings which they eat,
And mend the stockings which they wear.
When maidens look upon a man
As in himself what they would marry,
And not an army-soldiers seen
A sutler or a commissary;
When gentle ladies have got
The offer of a lover's hand,
Content to share his "earthly lot"
And do not mean his lot of land.
When wives, in short, shall freely give
Their hearts and hands to their spouses,
And live as they were wont to live
Within their sires' one story house;
Then madam—if I am not too odd—
Rejoiced to quit this lonely life,
I'll brush my beaver cease to scold;
And look about me for a wife!

A Short Chapter of History.

The Republican speakers are accustomed
to say that the exclusion of slavery from
the Territories was the policy of the Fa-
thers of the Republic. This is one of the
favorite and stereotyped declarations of
Horace Greeley. He endeavors assiduously
to affect the lodgment of this idea in the
public mind, so as to impress the belief
that the Republican leaders aim to carry
out the policy of Washington, Jefferson,
Madison, and those other great statesmen
who shed lustre on our early history. The
constant repetition of this falsehood has
won many believers in the free States, and
in the obstinate refusal of the Republicans
to settle on a constitutional basis the ques-
tion of slavery in the Territories, we are
now reaping some of the fruits of this per-
nicious fallacy. An article in the Boston
Courier of a late date, deals with this mat-
ter in a very clear and satisfactory manner,
and revives some history incidents which
we think it worth while to spread before
our readers.
In 1798 (says the *Courier*) the Missis-
sippi territory was formed, including at first
the lower part of the present Alabama and Mis-
sissippi. By the organizing act, slavery was
not to be prohibited in the Territory.—
Her Congress was not fettered by any re-
strictions imposed by a cession from a State.
Mr. Thatcher of Massachusetts, moved to
strike out the exception as to slavery. The
debate which ensued is very briefly re-
ported. Mr. Thatcher used very much the
same arguments which Republicans now
use. He regarded slavery in the United
States as the greatest of evils; and that
Government had a right to take all due
measures to diminish and destroy that evil.
Property in slaves is founded in wrong and
never can be right. Slavery ought not to
be tolerated or sanctioned by a government
which originated from and is founded upon
the rights of man. Mr. Rutledge, of South
Carolina, hoped the motion would be with-
drawn, and that the gentlemen would not
indulge himself and others in uttering phil-
ippic against the usage of most of the
States, merely because his and their philo-
sophy happened to be at war with it. Mr.
Otis, of Massachusetts, hoped the motion
would not be withdrawn, because he wanted
gentlemen from his part of the country
to have an opportunity to show by their votes
how little they were disposed to interfere
with the Southern States as to the species
of property referred to.

No question appears to have been raised
as to the power of Congress over the sub-
ject; but on taking the question, only twelve
persons voted in support of Mr. Thatcher's
amendment. It strikes us that this vote of
the House of Representatives in 1798 is an
awkward fact in the way of those who
maintain the proposition that exclusion of
slavery from the Territories of the United
States was the policy of our fathers.
This passage in our political history il-
lustrates two facts: First, that the men of
'98 did not regard the exclusion of slavery
from Territories as the policy of the Govern-
ment, and the men of '98 were the men
of '85. Secondly, it shows that the whole
anti-slavery force in the House of Repre-
sentatives was *twelve*. Are we wiser and
better than our fathers? From that misera-
ble minority of not a baker's dozen, have
sprung that horde of Goths and Vandals
who threaten to destroy the Union of our
fathers, because the South demands that
the policy of those fathers shall be carried
out.

Mrs. Partington says, that "when she
was a gal she used to go to parties, and al-
ways had a bean to exhibit her home. But
now," says she, "the gals undergo all sorts
of deprivations: the task of extorting them
home revolves on their dear selves." The
old lady drew down her specs, and thanked
her stars that she had lived in other days,
when men could depreciate the worth of
the female sex. "Besides," she added,
"so many men are murdered every day,
that you gals must make haste and get hus-
bands as soon as you can, or there won't
be any left." "Why so, aunt?" "Why, I
see by the paper that we must have got al-
most thirty thousand post offices, and nearly
all of 'em dispatches a mail every day."

Franklin seized lightning by the tail,
held it fast, and tamed it. Morse put clothes
on it, and taught it how to read and write,
and do errands.

Important from Japan.

Trouble with foreigners.—Advices from Ja-
pan to the last of December, report serious
troubles between the natives and the for-
eign residents. A letter in the *New York
Herald*, dated Yokohama, December 29th,
says:
Matters here are in a very bad state, I
can assure you—a war or a fight being cer-
tain between the English, French, and in
fact all the European residents on the one
side, and the Japanese on the other. The
cutting down of the French Consul Gen-
eral's butler by the Japanese, in the manner
they did, has excited the most deadly hat-
red—they are sworn to have revenge. The
French Consul has removed from Jeddo
down to Kanagawa, being afraid to reside
there any longer. Every one here carries
his sword and revolver whenever he goes
out after dark. There is no doubt the French
and English are going to compel Japan to
give Prussia a treaty, which certainly would
not be granted without compulsion. But
what is still worse is the quarrel going on
between the English residents and Mr. Al-
cock, the British Minister, and Captain
Vyse, the Consul. Neither of these gentle-
men dare go into the street alone after
dark, although they both carry pistols—
They appear to be universally disliked, al-
though both are of high standing at home.
At Kanagawa an Englishman named
Moss was arrested for mortally wounding a
Japanese police officer. The act is believed
to have been done accidentally and not by
Moss. Upon hearing of his arrest, the
British Ministry and Consul expressed great
indignation, and demanded his immediate
surrender, coupled with a threat to blow
up the Governor's Palace in the event of non-
compliance. There being at the time no
English vessel-of-war in port, the Minister
enlisted the aid of the Prussian commodore,
who placed men, howitzers and boats at his
disposal; but these were fortunately not
called into requisition. After twenty-
four hours imprisonment Moss was deliv-
ered up, and subsequently tried before the
Consular Court, and sentenced to three
months imprisonment, and to pay a fine of
one thousand dollars and suffer deportation
from Japan. The affair created much ill-
feeling between the foreign residents and
natives.
The Prince of Bungo, third ambassador
to the United States, or, as he was generally
called, "Censor or Adviser," has recently
been appointed one of the Governors for
Foreign Affairs. All three of the ambassa-
dors are now in the office of the Minister
of State, at Jeddo.
The next point of interest in the news is
the proposed embassy to England next
summer. The Japanese have applied to
Mr. Townsend Harris to know if American
officers could be procured to navigate a
steamer there and back.

The Dead Wife.

In comparison with the loss of a wife, all
other bereavements are trifles. The wife;
she who fills so large a space in the domes-
tic heaven; bitter, bitter is the tear that
falls on her clay. You stand beside her
grave, and think of the past; it seems an
amber colored pathway where the sun
shone upon beautiful flowers, or the stars
hung overhead. Fain would the soul linger
there. No thorns are remembered above
the sweet clay, save those your own hands
unwittingly planted. Her noble tender heart
lies open to your inmost sighs. You think
of her as all gentleness, all beauty and pu-
rity. But she is dead. The dear head that
has so often lain upon your bosom, now
rests upon a pillow of clay. The hands that
administered so untriflingly are faded, white
and cold beneath the gloomy portals. The
heart whose every beat measured an eter-
nity of love, lies under, your feet. And
there is no white arm over your shoulder
now—no speaking face to look up in the
eye of love—no trembling lips to murmur,
"Oh, it is to sad!" There is a strange hush
in every room! No smile to meet you at
nightfall—and the clock ticks, and ticks
and ticks! It was sweet music when she
could hear it. Now it seems to kneel into
the hours through which you watch the
shadows of death gathering upon the sweet
face. But many a tale it telleth of joys past
sorrows shared and beautiful words regis-
tered above. You feel that the grave can-
not keep her. You know that she is often
by your side, an angel presence. Cherish
these emotions they will make you happier.
Let her holy presence be as a charm to keep
you from evil. In all new and pleasant
connections give her a place in your heart.
Never forget what she has been to you—
that she loved you. Be tender to her mem-
ory.

As a steamboat was about to start
from Cincinnati, one day, a young man
came on board, leading a blushing damsel
by the hand, and approaching the polite
clerk, said in a suppressed voice:
"I say, me and my wife have just got
married, and I'm looking for accommodations."
"Looking for a berth?" hastily inquired
the clerk, passing tickets out to another
passenger.
"A berth! thunder and lightning, no!"
gusted the astonished man. "we ain't but
just got married; we want a place to stay
all night, you know."

We admire the ladies because of their
beauty, respect them because of their vir-

The Spread Eagle's Nest—A Fable.

There was an Eagle which had a nest in
which there were many eggs, and the eggs
were of a number no man has counted; and
some of the eggs were white and some
were parti colored, and some were smaller,
and all were large. And from the eggs the
old Eagle, with a grateful beak, perceived
the young Eagles coming. And at first she
found thirteen in her nest; and she flut-
tered with joy and pride, and looked at her
god, the sun, and lifted her wing over them
with a mother's confidence; and the young
Eagles were happy in the nest—and the
mornings were precious and the evenings
were golden. Then slowly from the eggs
came forth the Eagles, one by one, two by
two, as day by day passed; and the nest
contained them all, and the Mother-Eagle's
wings overspread them.
But after many days, the young Eagles,
finding that they had beaks began to peck
at each other and quarrel in the nest. And
the Mother-Eagle was pained beyond ex-
pression, and she whispered, "My children
this is not well for you; be noble, for you
are eagles; and, see you, the hawk and the
buzzard and even the mocking-bird were
looking at you." But as the nest grew full-
er, and the Mother-Eagle spread her wings
lovingly wider, the young Eagles grew
more quarrelsome and more noisy, and a
few of them in one corner, where the parti-
colored eggs had been lying, threatened to
leave the nest.
And the sad old Mother Eagle lovingly
drew her wings closer.
And still the young Eagles quarrelled
and clamored, and the hawks and buzzards
and mocking birds looked at them, and the
crows, in their parliamentary *ow-ow-ow*, made
remarks concerning them.
And the Mother-Eagle was sad, and the
pride of her son-eye was down cast.
And lo, the Eagles which threatened to
leave the nest, being most noisy and most
quarrelsome, fluttered, over the brink of
the nest, and—was it a miracle? They
were born without wings! And the Mother-
Eagle said, "My dear children, since
you cannot fly, live contentedly here in the
nest, and I will guard you, for look you, if
you fall, how far below are the rocks upon
which you must fall!"
And still the eggs brought forth the Eg-
gles, and the Mother Eagle held in her beak
a banner on which was written, "E. Pli-
bus Unum."—[Louisville Journal]

"Hot, hot, hot!"—The following inci-
dent extracted from one of the Eastern pa-
pers, is designated by that luminary (and
we endorse the opinion) "as hot, but good":
A good deacon, away up in Maine re-
cently, in addressing a Sabbath School,
made a point by the following anecdote:
"Children," continued the deacon, "you
all know that I went to the Legislature last
year. Well, the first day I got to Augusta I
took dinner at the tavern; right beside me
at the table sat a member from a back town
that had never taken dinner at a tavern be-
fore. Before his plate, was a dish of pep-
pers, and he kept looking and looking at
them; and finally, as the waiters were
mightily slow in bringing things on, he up
with his fork, and in less than no time
soused down on one. The tears came into
his eyes, and he seemed hardly to know
what to do. At last, spitting the pepper
into his hands, he laid it down by the side
of his plate, and with a voice that set the
whole table in roar, exclaimed "Just lie
thar and cool!"

A correspondent of the Charleston
Mercury, says he finds intelligent men in
Washington, who believe the present troubles
in this country, in Europe, and in Asia,
foreshadow the coming of Christ. One of
these approached a politician the other day
and told him that our national disasters
would soon be quieted.
"By whom?" inquired the politician.
"By no less a person than Jehovah."
"Ah! indeed. But who is G. Hovey?
Is he a Northern or Southern man?"
This is an actual fact. The politician
really did not think that Deity was some-
times called Jehovah.

An editor down South says he would
as soon try to go to sea on a shingle, make
a ladder of log, chase a streak of lightning
through a crab apple orchard, swim up
the rapids of Niagara river, raise the dead, stop
the tongue of an old maid, set Lake Erie on
fire with a locofoco match as to stop two
lovers from getting married when they take
it into their heads to do so.

The birth of a fifth son to a gentle-
man in St. Paul was thus hastily announced
to an Eastern friend:
"St. Paul, July 8, 1860—Another boy."
The following reply was received:
"You've told that story five times without
variation—now dry up."

"What's the matter my dear," said a
wife to her husband, who had sat half an
hour with his face buried in his hands, and
apparently in great tribulation.
"O, don't know," said he, "I've felt like
a fool all day."
"Well," returned the wife consolingly
"I'm afraid you will never feel any better;
you look the very picture of what you fell."
Question—Supposing there is a well 21
feet deep, and a snail at the bottom, which
crawls up 4 feet in day time, and falls back
three at night, how many days will it take
the snail to get to the top?