

# 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.

#### GOD IS LIGHT.

Eternal Light! Eternal Light!  
How pure the soul must be,  
When placed within thy searching sight  
It shrinks not, but with a calm delight,  
Can live, and look on Thee!

The spirits that surround Thy throne,  
May bear the burning bliss;  
But that is surely their's alone,  
For they have never, never known  
A fallen world like this.

Oh! how shall I, whose native sphere  
Is dark, whose mind is dim,  
Behold Thee ineffable appear,  
And on my naked spirit bear  
That uncreated beam!

There is a way for man to rise  
To that sublime abode;  
An offering and a sacrifice—  
A Holy Spirit's energies—  
An advocate with God.

These—these prepare us for the sight  
Of majesty above;  
The sons of ignorance and night,  
Can stand in the "Eternal Light,"  
Through the "Eternal Love!"

### What Caused Disunion.

The North American says that the "controlling" majority of the Democratic party are "disunionists," and labors to hold that party responsible for the secession of the Southern States. This is an old story, repeated with many variations both before and since the Presidential election, and may be disposed of in a very few words.

In the first place, it is necessary to have a clear understanding of what constitutes a disunionist. We suppose the term to mean the man or the party who favors disunion as in itself a desirable thing, or who has pursued such a course, politically, as to cause disunion.

The Democratic party did neither. It did not desire disunion, or do anything to promote it. On the contrary, it strove most earnestly to avert the calamity of disunion. Had its warnings been followed, and its counsels heeded, the secession of seven States, and the formation of a Southern Confederacy out of parts of the Union, would not now be a disagreeable truth; and instead of a feeble and irresolute Administration at Washington, hesitating what policy to pursue toward States defying its authority, we should now have an Administration quietly conducting the affairs of an unbroken and prosperous nation. It cannot be denied that this would have been the benign result of Democratic success at the Presidential election, for obvious reason that the principles of the Democratic party were national; therefore it is not anything contained in Democratic principles that has caused disunion.

Where then shall we seek for the cause but in the disregard of those national principles—adherence to which would have spared us the evil and mortification of disunion? Where but in the Republican party, whose abandonment of the great national ideas, and whose severance of the slave and free States in principle, produced their severance in fact? The success of this party was the true cause of disunion. The fact is patent, disunion could have occurred in no other way than by its success. It purchased triumph at a price of which it was warned in advance; and yet it did not hesitate. Now, when the people hold it accountable for the consequences of its acts, it seeks to shift the responsibility upon those who would have maintained the Union intact had their advice been heeded.

There is just one other point to be disposed of. Secession was not carried in the South by the Democratic party as a political organization. It was not a party movement but was affected, without regard to previous divisions, by the life-long enemies as well as the former friends of the Democratic party. Disunion was the spring of one section to throw off the evils—real or imaginary—apprehended from the domination of another section. It was not the work of a party, accomplished under a party name and organization. The movement has obliterated party distinctions in the seceded States, where the Democratic organization is practically dead, because its vitality consisted in its nationality.—*Harrisburg Union.*

Alone.—It is a truth which ought to be impressed upon every heart, that we should pray alone, for we have sinned alone, must die alone, and be judged alone. Alone we will have to appear before the judgment seat. We can be free before God, for we are not going to tell Him any secret. We may be sure He will not betray our confidence. Whatever reasons there may be for any species of devotion, there are more and stronger reasons for secret devotion.

### Speaking His Mind.

Old Deacon Hobhouse had a habit of frequently thinking aloud. Especially if any matter troubled him, he had to talk it over with himself before his peace of mind could be restored. One day he was alone in his barn, pitching hay from the scaffold to the mow, when his neighbor Stevens went to find him. Stevens heard a voice and listened. It was the deacon, talking to himself. He was condemning, in the strongest terms, the extravagance of the minister's wife.

"She sets a worse example than Satan!" exclaimed the deacon by way of climax.

And having freed his mind, he was preparing to come down from the loft, when Stevens glided out of the barn, and came in again just as the deacon landed on the floor.

"How'd' do, deacon?" cried Stevens—"I want to borrow your half-bushel an hour or two."

"Oh, sartin, sartin," said the deacon.

The measure was put into the neighbor's hands and he departed.

It was a peaceful community,—the minister's wife was an excellent woman, notwithstanding her love of finery, and Deacon Hobhouse was of all men the least disposed to make trouble in the society.—Hence the sensation which was produced when the report circulated that he had used almost blasphemous language in speaking of that amiable lady. The sweetest tempered lady would not like to hear of a grave influential deacon declaring that "She sets a worse example than Satan!" The minister's wife, whose car was in due time reached by the report, felt in a high degree incensed, and sent her husband to deal with the honest old man.

The latter was astonished when told of the grave charge against him.

"I never said so!" he solemnly averred.

"Your quite positive that you never did?" said the minister.

"Heaven knows! It is as false as can be!" exclaimed the deacon. "Whatever thoughts I may have had about your wife's extravagance—and I am now free to think she has set our wife's and daughters a running after new bonnets, shawls, and such vanities—whatever thoughts I've had though, I've kept them to myself; I never mentioned 'em to a living soul, never!"

The good man's earnestness quite convinced the minister that he had been falsely reported. It was therefore necessary to dig to the root of the scandal. Mrs. Brown who told the minister's wife, had heard Mrs. Jones say that Mr. Adams said that Deacon Hobhouse said so; Mr. Adams, being applied to stated that he had the report from Stevens, who said he had heard the deacon say so. Stevens was accordingly brought up for examination, and confronted with the deacon.

"It's an outrageous falsehood!" said the deacon. "You know, Stevens, that I never opened my lips to you on the subject—nor to any other man."

"I heard you say," remarked Stevens, coolly, "that the minister's wife sets a worse example than Satan; and I can take my oath of it."

"Where? where?" demanded the excited deacon.

"In your barn," replied Stevens, "when I went to borrow your half-bushel."

"There never was such lie!" Stevens—Stevens, said the quivering deacon—"you know—"

"Wait till I explain," interrupted Stevens. "I was on the barn-floor, you was up on the scaffold pitching hay, and talking to yourself. I thought it too good to keep; so just for the joke, I told what I heard you say."

The deacon scratched his head, looked humbled, and admitted that he might, in that way, have used the language attributed to him. To avoid trouble in the society, he afterwards went to apologise to the minister's wife.

"You must consider," said he, "that I was talking to myself; and when I talk to myself, am apt to speak my mind very freely."

### Don't be Discouraged.

Don't get discouraged! Who ever gained anything by drawing down the corners of his mouth when a cloud came over the sun, or letting his heart drop like a lead weight into his shoes when misfortune comes upon him? Why, man, if the world knocks you down and jostles past you in its great race, don't sit whining under people's feet, but get up rub your elbows, and begin again. There are some people whom, even to look at, is worse than a dose of calomel tea. What if you do happen to be a little puzzled on the dollar and cent question? Others beside you have stood in exactly the same spot, and struggled bravely out of it, and are neither halt, lame or blind, that you cannot do otherwise. The weather may be dark and rainy—very well—laugh between the drops and think cheerily of the blue sky and sunshine that surely come to-morrow. Business may be dull, make the best of what you have, and look forward to something more hopeful. If you catch a fall, don't lament over your bruises, but be thankful that no bones are broken.—If you can't afford roast beef and plum pudding, eat your codfish joyfully, and bless your God for the indigestion and dyspepsia you have thereby escaped. The luckiest fellow that ever lived might have woes enough if he set himself seriously to work looking them up. They are like invisible specks of dust; you don't see them till you put on your spectacles. But then, it is worth while to put on spectacles to discover what is a great deal better let alone!

Don't get discouraged, little wife! Life is not long enough to spend inflaming your eyes and reddening your nose because the pudding won't bake, and your husband says the new shirts you worked over so long, "set like meal bags." Make another pudding—begin the shirts anew! Don't feel "down in the mouth," because dust will settle and clothes will wear out, and crockery will get broken. Being a woman don't procure you an exemption from trouble and care; you have got to fight the battle of life as well as your husband, and it will never do to give up without a bold struggle. Take things as they come, good and bad together, and whenever you feel inclined to cry, just change your mind and laugh! Keep the horrors at arm's length. Never turn a blessing round to see if it has got a dark side to it, and always take it for granted that things are blessings until they prove to be something else.

Never allow yourself to get discouraged, and you'll find the world a pretty comfortable sort of a place after all.

### A French Amazon.

The Daughters of the Regiment, who swing the flags and canteens so gaily to the music of their own youthful songs, become in time Amazons, if we may believe the stubborn facts narrated in the *Moniteur*—Witness the adventures of Marie Dugard:

She was married at the age of seventeen, and served in the campaigns of Milan, Wagram, Borodino, Moscow, Beresina, and Smolensko. Her biography is given in the petition which she presented to the President of the Republic in 1850: "Prince: Encouraged by the kind and gracious reception you gave me in 1849. I again come to present you the homage of one whose life has been consecrated to the service of your uncle. In 1802 I united my fortunes to those of Nicholas Beaudot, a soldier of the Fourth Regiment of Cavalry, and subsequently overseer of ambulance services in Prince Eugene's corps d'armee. I was successively one of the garrison of Lyons in 1802, of Milan in 1803, and of Udine in 1805. To follow my husband I disguised myself as a soldier, and served in the ranks under the name of Maurice. Before Raab I afforded succor and distributed soup to two hundred and eighty-seven wounded.—Being remarked by Prince Eugene. I revealed to him the secret of my disguise, and, in return, had the honor of being complimented by his mouth. At Wagram I extinguished a fire that tortured the wounded who were lying about the plain, and that threatened to burn up the gathered harvest. After the battle I remained in an isle in the Danube, where the ambulance corps was stationed; from thence I returned to Udine, where I remained till 1812, when I took part in the campaign of that year and served in every battle where the 4th corps de la grande armee was ordered.—I was at Smolensko, at Borodino; I was at Moscow, and even beyond it. During the retreat I shared in all the dangers of the first attack of the Cossacks. Under the fire of the enemy I passed the Beresina upon a block of ice. Before Wilna, on the 16th of November, I received seven lance wounds and fainted in the arms of my husband, who was also wounded. Under cover of night we dragged ourselves to the rampart, and entered the town through a sewer.—When we came to Glogan my husband sank under his wounds. Prince Eugene, with his own ears, heard my cries of despair.—Remembering the care which I took of the 287 wounded at Raab, he had the goodness to send his aid-de-camp to me with the assurance that he would always take care of me; but, frightened when my misfortunes alone, and plunged in sorrow, I only demanded to be carried to Strasburg, where I quit the soldier's habit, abandoning, in my precipitation, three months' pay. Returned home, I brought nothing but a premature loss of sight, with the pride of a soldier, that I am a wreck of the great army, and by virtue of this title I hope, Prince, to share in your accustomed liber-

### Taken in Her Own Net.

A few Sundays ago a young man belonging to one of the very first families in Virginia and imbued with that description of early piety which induces youthful masculines to attend fashionable tabernacles, attended morning service in one of the principal churches in Richmond. The affable and gentlemanly sexton of the institution met him at the door, and escorted him with all due solemnity to a luxuriant pew.

The pew was uninhabited at the time; but scarcely had the young gentleman taken a seat when there entered a beautiful young lady of the most fashionable pattern, who gracefully waved her hand in token of her unwillingness to disturb him and subsided delightfully into a seat near the head of the private box—we mean pew.

Our hero was as pious as a Virginian can afford to be, and entertained a due sense of the solemnity of the time and place; but he could not help casting a glance now and then toward the fair stranger; and when she was so kind as to hand him a hymn-book, an overpowering sensation caused his vocal praise to resemble anything but music.

The hymn being finished, the clergyman raised his hands in prayer; and straightway the lady and her admirer sank upon their knees in the manner prescribed by polite standards of devotion.

It is believed that the young man heard little of the petition, as the worshippers in other pews observed that instead of looking devoutly upwards he stared persistently in an oblique direction over the left wing of his mustache. At any rate, he looked boldly in that direction on rising from his knees, and was somewhat surprised to find that the young lady still remained in the attitude of deep devotion and made no apparent attempt to resume her seat. At first he fancied that the minister's prayer, which was of a particularly soothing character had hushed her to sleep; but upon looking more closely at her he discovered that she was trembling violently, and betrayed every symptom of great mental agitation.

"Can it be," thought he, "that some eloquence of the preacher, which I have failed to perceive has touched the innocent heart of this young creature that she dare not arise lest her dewy tears should attract the attention of the congregation?"

"And still he gazed, and still the wonder grew."

until the beautiful kneeler's emotion was suddenly augmented to such a degree that she actually threw one of her fair hands behind her, and made divers convulsive clutches at her dress! Purely devotional fervor would not account for this, and the young man's astonishment was fast leading him toward idiocy, when the young devotee spasmodically beckoned him to approach her. Virginians are not generally troubled with bashfulness; and when we say that our hero slid in the direction of his kneeling companion with unparalleled alacrity, it will be perceived that he was no exception to the general rule.

Finding him beside her, the fair girl turned to him a face rivaling the most glorious sunset in its rosy hue, and falteringly subjoined:

"Please help me, sir. My dress has caught, and—oh, dear!—I can not get up."

The bewildered youth "saw the point at once." Though properly pious, the devout maiden was not above those vanities of the world which induce woman kind to worship Fashion and their Maker at the same time, and she had honored the former by coming to church in an extensive hoop-skirt and a pair of high-heeled gaiters.—While in the kneeling attitude, the heels of her gaiters had caught in one of the upper hoops of her skirt, and thus rendering her unable to rise, each effort to release herself making the matter worse. Her only recourse was to ask the aid of her companion and that the promptly and efficiently rendered, no one will hesitate to believe. In short the young gentleman achieved the feat in a way that would have caused the lady to call him an "awkward, stupid thing," had he been her husband, and she thanked him, as she regained her seat, with a blush more eloquent than words.

HAVE YOU ENEMIES!—Go straight on and don't mind them. If they get in your way walk round them regardless of their spite. A man who has no enemies, is seldom good for anything—he is made of that kind of material which is so easily worked that every one has a hand in it. A sterling character is one who thinks for himself, and speaks what he thinks; he is always sure to have enemies. They are as necessary to him as fresh air; they keep him alive and active. A celebrated character who was surrounded by enemies used to remark: "They are sparks which, if you do not blow, will go out themselves." Let this be your feeling while endeavoring to live down the scandal of those who are bitter against you. If you stop to dispute, you do but as they desire, and open the way for more abuse. Let the poor fellows talk; there will be a reaction if you perform but your duty, and hundreds who were once alienated from you will flock to you and acknowledge their error.

Troy girls are great on skates. One beauty, while skating, was embarrassed by the falling away of her "panties." Took them off quietly and pocketed them. Some one tried to console with her. "Don't care," says beauty; "got another pair on."

### STANZAS.

BY MRS. ADELAIDE FARNSWORTH.  
IN DOUBT.  
Wildwood shadows, mirk and chill,  
Mystic glades and haunted rill,  
Rocks with baneful vine o'erwrought,  
Scarlet berries all unthought,  
Gloomy nooks and charms dire,  
Venomed reptiles writhed in ire,  
Digging winds the tree-tops awaying—  
Cheerless thro' the wood I'm straying.

WITH HOPE.  
Beaming light thro' tender leaves,  
Mellow, blissful glory, waves,  
Scented moss and bending spray  
Wavelets trilling all the day,  
Flitting bird and jewel'd fly,  
Bosoms' fragrance wand'ring by,  
Echoed cadence softly blending—  
Joy to all its grace is lending.  
—*Household Journal*

### Romance of a Planter.

A correspondent of a Brookville, Indiana, paper, says, that about fifteen years ago, a Presbyterian clergyman of New York had a wayward son. Before he was seventeen, he became so reckless and unruly that his father could no longer control him. He left for the city of New York, where he became a clerk in a drinking saloon, but his character was too bad to be retained there. He next was a barkeeper in a theatre, but was dismissed. He went lower, and still lower, until he slept in empty cellars and on the wharves of the city, a perfect nuisance and a disgrace to his race. At this state of his career, an old colleague—for our hero was a graduate of one of the best colleges in the state of New York—determined that he would hunt him up and make one more effort to save him. He went to New York, and after a week of diligent search, with the aid of the police, he found him. He washed and clothed him, took him back to the country, and by every inducement that could be held out to him, persuaded him to try and be a man. He made the effort and was successful.

The friend who sought him out, and who saved him, are well acquainted with.—They both determined to come to Tennessee to teach school. They soon reached here, and with high recommendations they both, soon obtained good places. The reclaimed son of the Presbyterian clergyman, married an orphan girl worth \$40,000 in cash. She had a younger sister and brother, who each had equal amounts. The sister soon afterwards died, leaving one-half of her estate to our hero and his wife, and the other half to her brother, thus increasing his estate to \$60,000. When the Mexican war broke out, the brother enlisted, and made a will leaving all his estates to his brother-in-law and his wife, in case he never returned from the war. He, like many other of our noble youths, was killed at Buena Vista. Thus our hero came into possession of the entire estate of the family which, at first, was \$120,000. He is now one of the richest planters of Middle Tennessee and does not live twenty-five miles from Nashville.

We may add, that another clergyman of New York had a son, who commenced a somewhat similar career about fifteen years ago, and is now reaping the reward of his folly in a poor log-cabin on an Illinois prairie. In fact, clergymen's sons, generally are the wildest blades in existence. A few of them "reform" after a long course of dissipation, and become the most "bigoted of clergymen;" but a majority either meet with accidental good fortune in the way of heiresses, or die in poverty and destitution. The cause of all this is evident; our clergymen generally keep their boys cooped up like prisoners until they become of age, and then, of course, when the prison doors are unbolled by law, the youngsters go in for life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, with a vengeance.

CUPPING OF THE RAVEN.  
In the narrative of the Arctic Voyage of Capt. McClure, of the British Navy, is the following story of two ravens which became domesticated on board the Investigator. The raven it appears, is the only bird that braves a polar winter, and in the depth of the season he is seen to flit through the cold and sunless atmosphere like an evil spirit, his sullen croak alone breaking the stillness of the death-like scene. No one of the crew attempted to shoot the ravens, they consequently became very bold, as will be seen from the following story:

"Two ravens now established themselves as friends of the family in Mercy Bay, living mainly by what little scraps the men might have thrown away after meal times. The ship's dog, however, looked upon these as his special perquisites, and exhibited considerable energy in maintaining his rights against the ravens, who nevertheless over-witted him in a way which amused every one. Observing that he appeared quite willing to make a mouthful of their own sable persons, they used to throw themselves intentionally in his way, just as the mestines were being cleaned out on the dirt heap outside the ship. The dog would immediately run at them and they would just fly a few yards; the dog then made another run, and again they would appear to escape him but by an inch, and so on until they had tempted and provoked him to the shore a considerable distance off. The ravens would then make a direct flight for the ship and had generally done good execution long before the poor mortified looking dog,

### Tiger Chase by Baboons.

The following account of a tiger chase is extracted from the North Lincoln *Sphinx*, a regimental paper, published at Graham's town. The writer after alluding to his sporting experience of all kinds, and in all quarters of the Globe, declares that he never witnessed so novel and extensively exciting a chase as that about to be described:

Not long ago I spent a few days at Fort Brown, a small military post on the Banks of the Great Fish river, where my friend W. was stationed. One evening as my friend and I were returning home, after somewhat fatiguing day's buck-shooting, we were startled by hearing the most extraordinary noises not far from us. It seemed as if all the demons in the infernal regions had been unchained, and were amusing themselves by trying to frighten us poor mortals, by their horrid yelling. We stood still in breathless expectation, not knowing what could possibly be the cause of this diabolical row, with all sorts of strange conjectures flashing across our minds. Nearer and nearer the yelling and screaming approached, and presently the cause became visible to our astonished eyes. Some three or four hundred yards to our right, upon the brow of a hill, a spotted leopard (commonly called in this country a tiger, though much smaller than the lord of the Indian jungles) came in view, bounding along with all the speed and energy of despair, while close behind him followed an enormous pack of baboons, from whose throats proceeded the demoniac sounds that had, a few seconds before, so started us.

Our excitement in the chase, as you may suppose, was intense. On went the tiger making for the river, the baboons followed like avenging demons, and evidently gaining ground upon their nearly exhausted foe, though their exerting yell seemed each moment to increase his terror and his speed. They reached the stream, the tiger still a few yards in advance, and with a tremendous bound he cast himself into its muddy waters and made for the opposite bank. The next moment his pursuers in admirable confusion, were struggling after him, and as the tiger) now fearfully exhausted) clambered on the land again, the largest and strongest of the baboons were close at his heels, though many of the pack (the old, the very young and weekly) were struggling in the water. In a few moments all had passed from our sight behind the brow of the opposite bank; but their increased yelling, now stationary behind the hill, told us that the tiger had met his doom, and their strong arms and claws were now tearing him limb from limb. As the evening was far advanced, and we were some miles from home, we did not cross the river to be in at the death; but next morning, a few bones and scattered fragments of flesh and skin showed what had been the tiger's fate. On our return home we were told by some Dutch gentlemen that such hunts are not uncommon when a tiger is rash enough to attack the young baboons, which often happens. All these creatures for miles around assemble and pursue their enemy with relentless fury to his death. Sometimes the chase lasts for days, but it invariably closes with the destruction of the tiger—a striking instance that the idea of retributive justice is not confined to man alone.

Is Consumption Contagious.  
It is most probable that consumption is not of itself communicable, that it cannot beget consumption in one who has vigorous health and is perfectly free from all taint of the disease. But if any person who has not a vigorous constitution, whether inclined to consumption or not, lives, eats and sleeps with a consumptive, as a man, and wife do, as a sister, or a mother with consumptive children, such a person will very generally die of consumption themselves, not from the communicability *per se*, but from the foulness of the atmosphere about a consumptive, from warm rooms decaying lungs, large expectorations, sickening night sweats, and bodily emanations; but the same amount of exposure to air made foul in other ways would light up the fires of consumption in one feeble vitality or broken constitution.

It is necessary, therefore, that the nurse of the consumptive should possess the most vigorous health, and to make assurance from infections doubly sure, that the most scrupulous cleanliness possible should be observed and carried out in every minutia, maintained with the most inveterate constancy through every hour, of the twenty-four, not allowing any exertion, even a single expectation, to remain about the person, bed or room, for one instant. An incessant ventilation should be going on in the chamber, the best method for which under most circumstances, is simply to keep a fire on the hearth and an inner door open; even in mid-summer, this is better for the patient as well as for the nurse, than a room kept closed all the time from an almost insane dread of taking cold.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

PRIDE AND SKIRTS.—Little Alice A., dressed and prepared for a walk, was skipping back and forth through the entry, waiting for her mother to go out. Her little cousin said he was going out, too. "No," said Alice, "you can't go—you are not dressed up." Her uncle laughingly remarked, "That the pride stuck out quite early." "No," answered Alice, "it isn't my pride, it's my new moreen skirt that sticks out so."

There is one thing a drunken man

### Voices from the Spirit Land.

Soft voices from the spirit land and blending harmoniously with earthly strains, lead us on in our pilgrimage below.

Myriads of angels bright, walk the earth both when we sleep and when we wake—And O, how sweet to think, when at night we pillow our heads that the pure spirit of some loved one from the spirit world is hovering near our bedside.

Perchance it may be a sister beloved!—Sweet Lillie! A plant too fragile for the earth, angels bore her away to a more genial clime, the Elen above. And now a ministering angel she is permitted to return and 'round our bedside, nightly vigil keep. But listen, in those houses of quiet—a voice soft as the balmy breeze of Summer, falls upon thee, whispering—"Sister come home." Years pass. Another string is broken.—Death, with ruthless hand, tears from our embrace the richest of Heaven's blessings—a mother. That mother's voice—how it thrills the soul! How oft we hear its sweet cadence! When the world looks on, cold, and frowningly it comes, breathing words of tenderness and directing our gaze Heaven-ward—whispers—"Thy home."

Traveler o'er the briny deep—hearest thou a voice, speaking from the blue waves beneath thee? Hearest thou in the winds mirth, a voice calling—"Come home—Come where the weary rest."

Care worn pilgrim with path beset with thorns, comes not a spirit voice to thee, whispering from its starlit throne on high—"Come home."

Dying saint—leaves not thy bosom with rapture as earth recedes from view, and the land of bright spirits opens upon the ravished vision? Shrink thy soul from its passage through Death's dark waters! Ah no! Joy ecstatic fills the soul as the sweet notes from angels bands salute thine ear and thine eyes decay sister spirits waiting to convey thee to thy home with the blest.

Sweet voices—those which breathe to us so much of Heaven—whispering—"Come, welcome home."

Is It So?  
Sombdy, we don't know who, and it makes no difference, thus warns the young men to look out for the women:

"Young men keep your eyes peeled when you are after the women. Is the pretty dress or form attractive? Or a pretty face even?"

Flounces, boy, are no consequences. A pretty face will grow old. Paint will wash off.

The sweet smile of the first will give way to the scowl of the tergumant. The neat form will be pitched into calico. Another and far different being will take the place of the lovely goddess whose smiles sweeten our sanity.

Keep your eye peeled, boy when you are after the women. If the little dress is cross, and scolds at her mother in the back-room, you may be sure that you will get particular fits all around the house. If she apologizes for washing dishes, you will need a girl to fan her. If she blushes when found at the wash-tub, with her sleeves rolled up, be sure, sir, that she is of the codfish aristocracy, little breeding and little sense.

If you marry a girl who knows nothing but to commit woman slaughter on the piano, you have the poorest piece of music ever got up.

Find one whose mind is rich, then pitch in. Don't be hanging around like a sheep thim as though you was ashamed to be seen in the day time but walk up like a chicken to the dough, and ask for the article."

Several months since, while traveling on the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad when they stopped at Prince's Tank, we overheard the following conversation between a young gentleman from Georgia, who was on the train, and a small boy in the road:

Passenger—"Young America, what place is this?"

Boy—"Pin Hook, sir."

Passenger—"What did the cars stop for?"

Boy—"To take in water."

Passenger—"What river is that?" pointing to the water in the ditch.

Boy—"I don't know."

Passenger—"What do you know?"

Boy—"I know the cars bring lots of d—d fools along this way."

The young gentleman drew his head in and was soon fast asleep.

We Hope So, Too!—A young lady of extraordinary intellectual capacities, recently addressed the following note to her cousin:

Dear Kuzzen.—The weather whar we is air kold, and I spose whar you is it air kolder. We is well, and mothers got the his Terricks, brother Tom has got the Hoppin Koff, and sister Susan has got a baby, and I hoap these few lines will find you in the same kundishun. Rite soon. Your ophcehanute Kuzz.

"My yoke is easy and my burden is light," as the young fellow said when a pretty girl was sitting on his lap with her arms around his neck. Our "Jop" says he would give a premium for that chap's "sit" or he would not mind acting as "sub" for him.

An editor acknowledges the receipt of a bottle of brandy, forty-eight years old; and says: This brandy is so old that we