

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

W. H. JACOBY, Proprietor.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

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Choice Poetry.

SPRING.

A flush of green is on the bough,
A warm breath patters in the air,
And in the earth a heart-pulse throbs
Throbs underneath her breast of snow.
Life is astir among the woods,
And by the moor, and by the stream,
The year, as from a torpid dream,
Wakes in the sunshine on the buds.
Wakes up in music as the song
Of wood bird wild, and loons a fill
More frequent from the windy hill
Comes greening forest ale along.
Wakes up in beauty as the sheen
Of woodland pool the gleams receives
Thro' bright flowers, overbraided leaves
Of broken sunlight, golden-green.
She breaks the outlaw'd winter stay
Awake, to gather after him
Snow robes, frost crystal diadem,
And then in soft showers pass away.
She could not love rough winter well,
Yet cannot choose but mourn him now;
So swears awhile on her young brow
His gift—a gleaming icicle.
Then turns her, loving, to the sun
Unheaves her bosom's swell to his,
And, in the joy of his first kiss,
Forgets for aye that sterner one.
Old winter's pledge from her he reaves—
That icy-cold, though glittering—put—
And zones her with a green cymar,
And girdles round her brow with leaves.
The primrose and the wood violet
He tangles in her shining hair,
And teaches elfin breezes fair
To sing her some sweet canonet.
All promising long summer hours,
When she in his embrace shall lie,
Haster the broad dome of bright sky,
On mossy couches start it with flowers.
Till she smiles back again to him
The beauty beaming from his face;
And, robed in light, glows with the grace
Of Eden placed cherubim.
O earth, thy glowing loveliness
Around our very hearts has thrown
An undimmed joyance all its own,
And sun'd us o'er with happiness.

The Last Days of Charles II. of Spain.

The prince on whom so much depended was the most miserable of human beings. In old times he would have been exposed as soon as he came into the world, and to expose him would have been a kindness—From his birth a blight was on his body, and on his mind. With difficulty his almost imperceptible spark of life had been screened and lapped into a dim flickering flame. His childhood, except when he could be rocked and sung into sickly sleep, was one long piteous wail. Till he was ten years old his days were passed on the laps of women, and he was never once suffered to stand on his rickety legs. None of those tawny little arches, clad in rags stolen from scarecrows, whom Murillo loved to paint begging or robbing in the sand, owed less to education than this despotic ruler of 30,000,000 of subjects. The most important events in the history of his kingdom, the very names of provinces and cities which were among his most valuable possessions, were unknown to him. It may well be doubted whether he was aware that Sicily was an island, that Christopher Columbus had discovered America, or that the English were not Mohammedans. In his youth, however, though too imbecile for study or business, he was not incapable of being amused. He shot, hawked and hunted. He enjoyed with the delight of a true Spaniard two delightful spectacles: a horse with its bowels gored out, and a Jew writhing in the fire. The time came when the mightiest of Insults ordinarily wakens from its repose. It was hoped that the young king would not prove invincible to female attractions, and that he would leave a Prince of Asturias to succeed him. A tonsor was found for him in the royal family of France and her beauty and grace gave him a languid pleasure. He liked to adorn her with jewels, to see her dance, and to tell her what spot he had had with his dogs and falcons. But it was soon whispered that she was a wife only in name. She died, and her place was supplied by a German princess nearly allied to the imperial house. But the second marriage, like the first proved barren, and long before the king had passed the prime of life all the politicians of Europe had begun to take it for granted in all their calculations that he would be the last descendant in the male line of Charles V. Meanwhile a sullen and seditious melancholy took possession of his soul. The delirium which had been the serious employment of his youth became distant to him. He ceased to find pleasure in his nets and boat sports, in the sturgeon and the beluga. Sometimes he shut himself up in an inner chamber from the eyes of his courtiers. Sometimes he looked alone from sunrise to sunset, in the dreary and foggy wilderness which sur-

rounding the city, and in the distance, each in a massy sarcophagus, the departed kings and queens of Spain. Into this mausoleum the king descended with a long train of courtiers, and ordered the coffins to be unclosed. His mother had been embalmed with such consummate skill that she appeared as she had appeared on her deathbed. The body of his grandfather, too, seemed entire, but crumbled into dust at the first touch. From Charles neither the remains of his mother nor those of his grandfather could draw any signs of sensibility. But when the gentle and graceful Louise, of Orleans, the miserable man's first wife, and who he lighted up his dark existence with one short and pale gleam of happiness, presented herself, after the lapse of ten years, to his eyes, his sullen apathy gave way—"She is in heaven," he cried, "and I shall soon be there with her;" and, with all the speed of which his limbs were capable, he tottered back to the upper air.

His stomach failed; nor was this strange, for in him the malformation of the jaw, characteristic of his family, was so serious that he could not masticate his food, and he was in the habit of swallowing ollas and sweetmeats in the state in which they were set before him. While suffering from indigestion he was attacked by ague. Every third day his convulsive tremblings, his dejection, his fits of wandering, seemed to indicate the approach of dissolution. His misery was increased by the knowledge that everybody was calculating how long he had to live, and wondering what would become of his kingdom when he should be dead. The stately dignitaries of his household, the physicians who ministered to his diseased body, the divines whose business it was to soothe his not less diseased mind, the very wife who should have been intent on those gentle offices by which female tenderness can alleviate even the misery of hopeless decay, were all thinking of the new world which was to commence with his death, and would have been perfectly willing to see him in the hands of the embalmer, if they could have been certain that his successor would be the prince whose interest they espoused.

In a very short time the king's malady took a new form. That he was too weak to lift his food to his misshapen mouth; that at thirty-seven he had the bald head and wrinkled face of a man of seventy; that his complexion was turning from yellow to green; that he frequently fell down in fits, and remained long insensible—these were no longer the worst symptoms of his malady. He had always been afraid of ghosts and demons, and it had long been necessary that three friars should watch every night by his restless bed as a guard against hobgoblins. But now he was firmly convinced that he was bewitched, that he was possessed, that there was a devil within him, that there were devils all around him. He was exercised according to the forms of his church, but this ceremony, instead of quieting him, scared him out of almost all the little reason that nature had given him. In his misery and despair he was induced to resort to irregular modes of relief. His confessor brought to court impostors who pretend that they could interrogate the powers of darkness. The devil was called up, sworn and examined. This strange deponent made oath, as in the presence of God, that his Catholic majesty was under a spell, which had been laid on him many years before, for the purpose of preventing the continuation of the royal line. A drug had been compounded out of the brains and kidneys of a human corpse, and had been administered in a cup of chocolate. This portion had dried up all the sources of life, and the best remedy to which the patient could now resort would be to swallow a bowl of consecrated oil every morning before breakfast.

Unhappily, the authors of this story fell into contradictions which they could excuse only by throwing the blame on Satan, who the said, was an unwilling witness, and a liar from the beginning. In the midst of their conjuring the inquisition came down upon them. It must be admitted that if the holy office had reserved all its terrors for such cases, it would not have been remembered as the most hateful judicature that was ever known among civilized men.—The subaltern impostors were thrown into dungeons. But the chief criminal continued to be master of the king and of the kingdom. Meanwhile, in the distempered mind of Charles one mania succeeded another.—A longing to pry into those mysteries of the grave from which human beings avert their thoughts had long been hereditary in his house. Juana, from whom the mental constitution of her posterity seems to have derived a morbid taint, had sat, year after year, by the bed on which lay the ghastly remains of her husband, apparelled in the rich embroidery and jewels which he had been wont to wear while living. Her son Charles found an eccentric pleasure in celebrating his own obsequies, in putting on his shroud, placing himself in the coffin, covering himself with the pall, and lying as one dead till the requiem had been sung and the imburers had departed, leaving him alone in the tomb. Philip IV. found a similar pleasure in gazing on the huge chest of bronze in which his remains were to be laid, and especially on the skull which encircled with the crown of Spain, grinned at him from the cover. Philip IV., too, hankered after burials and burial places, gratified his curiosity by gazing on the remains of his great grandfather, the emperor, and sometimes stretched himself out at full length, like a corpse, in the niche which he had selected for himself in the royal cemetery. In that cemetery his son was now attracted by a strange fascination. Europe could show no more magnificent piles of sepulchre. A staircase intrusted with jasper led down from the stately chancel of the Escorial into an octagon situated just beneath the high altar. The vault impervious to the sun, was rich with gold and precious marbles, which reflected the

light on the right and on the left, reposed, each in a massy sarcophagus, the departed kings and queens of Spain. Into this mausoleum the king descended with a long train of courtiers, and ordered the coffins to be unclosed. His mother had been embalmed with such consummate skill that she appeared as she had appeared on her deathbed. The body of his grandfather, too, seemed entire, but crumbled into dust at the first touch. From Charles neither the remains of his mother nor those of his grandfather could draw any signs of sensibility. But when the gentle and graceful Louise, of Orleans, the miserable man's first wife, and who he lighted up his dark existence with one short and pale gleam of happiness, presented herself, after the lapse of ten years, to his eyes, his sullen apathy gave way—"She is in heaven," he cried, "and I shall soon be there with her;" and, with all the speed of which his limbs were capable, he tottered back to the upper air.

The Duty of Democrats.

We can cordially endorse the following articles from the Chambersburg Valley Spirit. We feel that as Democrats we had no part nor lot in bringing on this war, and that if our efforts to restore peace had been met by a proper spirit on the other side, it might have been avoided; but the war is here and must be fought through. Let us give a generous and hearty support to all measures to preserve our government and restore peace to our distracted country; and settle political differences afterwards. This is the only course the true patriot can pursue.

THE DUTY OF DEMOCRATS.—In the present awful condition of affairs in our beloved country it becomes the duty of every man to assume that position best calculated to allay excitement, and restore tranquility to the nation, at the earliest possible period.—Every hour of civil war in the land is one of ruin and horror. It behooves every man then, in these fearful times, to drop the partisan and become the patriot that a speedy peace may be conquered. We need hardly admonish members of the Democratic party to give up for the time being their party predilections and stand by the government under which they live, and which it is their bounden duty to support. This loyal position the Democratic party has ever maintained, and it will not now prove recreant to all its former devotion to the country by abandoning it. In assuming this attitude it requires no surrender of our political principles, no acknowledgment of the rights of a sectional party in the North to invade the Constitutional rights of the South—it requires no sacrifice of this sort, it requires us simply to do our duty by our Government. Let us not imitate the bad example of the Republican party, or the material out of which that party is composed, by arraying ourselves against the government in time of war. They were opposed to the war of 1812, and denounced the government all through the Mexican war, with a bitterness that knew no bounds. They voted against furnishing supplies to our soldiers, and hoped that our gallant soldiers might meet with hospitable graves. There cannot be found a Democrat to utter as wicked a wish as this—no not one.—And yet this is the party that talk so fiercely of 'traitors' to the country in time of war. For consistency sake they had better permit their patriotism become full-fledged before they attempt such loyal flights.

Let us prove now, as the Democratic party has ever done, that we are better patriots than the Republicans. Let us stand up for the government in power and not be found giving 'aid and comfort' to the enemy in time of war. Had this war occurred under a Democratic administration, as it might readily have done had it not been for the wise policy pursued by Mr. Buchanan, we would have expected the Republicans to sustain the government. They can ask and expect nothing more and nothing less of us. If we are divided among ourselves, and arrayed against the government, it will only create bad blood in the community and have the effect of prolonging the war and adding to all its horrors. We want a short war, now that it has begun, and hope negotiations for peace on a basis satisfactory to all sections, may be speedily commenced and definitely decided. It were better to settle our difficulty by diplomacy than the bayonet at all times and under all circumstances. This course it was hoped the present administration would adopt and not plunge the country into civil war, the most horrible, cruel and relentless of all wars. It has, however, seen fit to accept the dreadful alternative of war—war against our own countrymen. This every lover of his country, and of humanity, will regret; but while he may deplore it, at the same time imposes a duty upon him, from which it would be traitorous to shrink—he must sustain the government under which he lives. It is the motto of all true patriots—my country, may it always be right, but right or wrong, my country.

Prayer.

I often say my prayers,
But do I ever pray?
Or do the wishes of my heart
Suggest the words I say?
I may as well kneel down,
And worship Gods of stone,
As offer to the Living God,
A prayer of words alone.
"So far so good," as the boy said
when he had finished his prayer.

Doom of Home Traitors.

The following important bill, fixing severe penalties to the enlistment of men and the fitting out of privateers to assist the Secessionists, was passed by both Houses of our Legislature at Harrisburg and signed by the Governor on Saturday, and is now a law.—

An act supplementary to an act to consolidate, revise and amend the penal laws of this Commonwealth, approved the thirty first day of March, Anno Domini one thousand eight hundred and sixty.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted &c. That if any person or persons belonging to or residing within this State and under the protection of its laws shall take a commission or commissions from any person, State or States, or other enemies of this State or of the United States of America, or who shall levy war against this State or Government thereof or knowingly and willingly shall aid or assist any enemies in open war against this State or the United States, by joining the armies, or by enlisting, or procuring or persuading others to enlist for that purpose or by furnishing such enemies with arms or ammunition, or any other articles for their aid and comfort, or by carrying on a traitorous correspondence with them, or shall form or be in any wise concerned in forming any combination or plot or conspiracy for betraying this State or the United States of America into the hands or power of any foreign enemy, or any organized or pretended government engaged in resisting the laws of the United States, or shall give or send any intelligence to the enemies of this or of the United States of America for that purpose, every person so offending and being legally convicted thereof, shall be guilty of a high misdemeanor, and shall be sentenced to undergo an imprisonment for a term not exceeding ten years, and be fined in a sum not exceeding five thousand dollars, or both at the discretion of the Court. Provided, That this Act shall not prohibit any citizen from taking or receiving civil commissions for the acknowledgment of deeds and other instruments of writing.

SECTION 2. That if any person or persons within this Commonwealth shall build, construct, altar or fit out, or shall aid or assist in building, constructing, altering or fitting out any vessel or vessels for the purpose of making war, or privateering, or other purpose, to be used in the service of any person or parties whatsoever to make war on the United States of America, or to resist by force the execution of the laws of the United States, such person or persons shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and on conviction thereof, shall be sentenced to undergo imprisonment at labor, not exceeding ten years, and be fined in a sum not exceeding five thousand dollars, or both, at the discretion of the Court.

A STRANGE DELUSION.—A respectable lady of Albany applied, a few days since, to a physician, and stated to him the singular circumstances of her case. The lady in question has for many years been afflicted with an irresistible penchant for depicting everything she may have to do. If she desires to go out, she does so, and then as carefully unrobes, folds her clothes and deposits them, in the place from whence they were taken—after which, she can dress and proceed wherever inclination or business may lead her. Having reached the termination of her walk, whether it be to the house of a friend, or the store, to transact her business, and returns home the same as any other person would do, but here, however, the synonym terminates; for no sooner does she reach home than she must immediately retrace her steps—no matter whether the weather be fair or stormy, cold or warm. But this time she is satisfied with simply going to the door of the place she has just visited, when she can again return home, with the conviction that she has done her duty, or performed the involuntary penance which some invisible power has imposed upon her. After breakfast, dinner or supper, she can exercise no volition of her own, until she has repeated, in pantomime, each distinct meal. If she steps to the door to answer the bell, to witness some passing pageant or other display in the street, she must return to her room, sit down in the same position she has previously occupied, and again go the door in the same manner as she has done at first. If, in raising a cup of tea or coffee to her lips, by some accident it should fall from her hand the casualty, slight as it is, must be immediately repeated.

Forty years once seemed a long and weary pilgrimage to tread. I now seem but a step. And yet along the way are broken shrines where a thousand hopes have wasted into ashes; foot prints sacred under their drifting dust; green mounds, whose grass is fresh with the watering of tears; shadows even, which we would not forget.—We will garner the sunshines of those years, and with chastened step and hopes, push on towards evening whose signal lights will soon be seen swinging where the waters are still, and the storms never beat.—T. W. Brobin.

It is said that "Old Abe" eulgered the Baltimoreans. This is not so, but the facts are, that he saw their "hand" and merely said "I Pass." The Baltimoreans then gave him the "deal."

"So far so good," as the boy said when he had finished his prayer.

Husband: Mary, my love, this is

Rock at the Bottom.

When my Willie was sixteen he accidentally dropped a valuable watch into the well. His father was absent from home; and without consulting me, he resolved to recover the treasure. Providing himself a long handled rake, he gave it in charge to his sister Jennie, two years younger, and bid her lower it to him when he called, he stepped into the bucket and, holding fast by the rope, commenced his descent. The bucket descended more rapidly than Willie expected, and struck heavily against the side of the well; the rope broke, and he was thrown into the water.

"Mother, I shall be drowned!" was his despairing cry, which Jennie re-echoed with a wail of anguish. But I knew the depth of the water, and shouted to him as calmly as I could. "Stand upon your feet, Willie; the water isn't over four feet deep."

"But I shall sink in the mud," said the poor boy, still striving to keep himself afloat by clinging desperately to the slippery stones.

"No, Willie, there's rock at the bottom. Let go the stones and stand up."

The assurance of a hard foundation, and the impossibility of holding much longer to the slimy surface of the stone wall, gave him confidence. He felt for the rocky bottom, placed his feet firmly upon it, and to his great joy found that the water scarcely reached to his shoulders. I sent Jennie to the house for a new strong rope, and fastening one end of it securely I lowered the other to him to be tied into the bucket, and we drew him safely up.

"O mother!" said the dear boy when he was rescued, "those were precious words to me—"there's rock at the bottom!" I shall never forget them."

Two years after, in a commercial panic, my husband's property was swept away, and we were reduced to poverty. At first I bore bravely up. I did not prize wealth and luxury for my own sake, neither did I covet it for my children. I chivaly mourned for my husband's disappointment as his crushed hopes, and strove by unflinching cheerfulness to chase away the gloom which settled so heavily upon him. I endeavored to assist him, not only by the utmost economy in household expenses, but by devising plans for the future. Willie and Jennie were old enough to earn their own support, and even to assist in the education of the younger children. I succeeded in putting them in the way to do this. I felt strong and brave, and almost wondered at my husband's despondency.

But new reverses. The bank in which Jennie had deposited her quarter's salary, which might partially meet our necessities, suddenly failed, and her money was lost. I could bear this too; she would soon be able to replace it. Next, the school in which she taught was disbanded, and Jennie had to take much lower wages; but she still earned a little, and I said cheerfully, "We will not murmur; half a loaf is better than no bread." Next Willie's hand was disabled by an accident, and he lost his situation. My courage began to give way; but rallying myself for one more effort, I resolved to brave the reproaches of friends and the world's dread laugh, and seek remunerative employment for myself. I sorely tried my womanly delicacy, yet it brought the needful aid, and I battled with my wounded sensitiveness, and again screwed up my failing courage. But the last blow came; sickness suddenly laid me prostrate. "I shall give up now; we must all sink together!" was the language of my despairing soul.

"Dear mother," said Willie, when he heard my lamentation, "do you remember what you said to me when I was at the bottom of the well? I have often thought of it of late. I know we are in deep waters, but God has promised that they shall not overflow us; and is not his word a solid foundation? Let us plant our feet upon his promises, and stand firmly. We cannot sink, for 'there's rock at the bottom.'"

I heard and took the lesson to my heart. I saw that I had been clinging to the slippery stones of human strength and self-dependence; and so, when the providence of God bade me let go my hold, I was in despair. But the Bank of Heaven had not failed; God was able to redeem his promises; and though I stood in deep water it should not overwhelm me, neither should I sink, for "there's rock at the bottom."

So from the chamber where pain and illness still hold me prisoner, I send to each burdened and weary child of God, who is tempted to feel that all is lost, the key-note of my new and grateful psalm, whatever your sorrow or strain may be, plant your feet trustingly upon the Rock of Ages, and with me, "thank God and take courage."—American Messenger.

POLITENESS.—Politeness is a redeeming part, in a person's character. It is the most beautiful illustration of the refining power which a higher development of humanity always exerts upon our race. By politeness is meant that behavior of man towards man that he would ask for himself. It is but a part of the mode of carrying out the great Christian precept which lies at the base of order and harmony among men.—"Do unto others as you would that others should do unto you." Do what we may in life, the wheels of society can never move smoothly and well, where the spirit of politeness does not actuate the thoughts and deeds of man in his intercourse with

Lines on the Death of W. A. Scott.

The day had gone. The bright sun, that great luminary that shines so brightly and so sweetly down upon us, that warms and enlivens the earth, that cheers the heart of man in his pilgrimage through life, and makes the earth a pleasant dwelling-place for him, had slowly sunk behind the clouds that obscured the western horizon. The night came on apace, and darkness veiled the land. All nature seemed at rest. Man wearied with the toils of the day had joyfully hailed the return of night, and early retired to fit his body for the labors of the coming day. All, all seemed to rest; not a soul seemed to stir. But did all rest? Oh no! There was one who slumbered not, slept not; but ere long would sleep ne'er again to wake until the tramp of the Archangel should wake the dead in earth and sea, and bid them rise to meet the mighty Judge. Racked with pain, and weakened to utter helplessness, he lay on the borders of eternity, the grave would soon close o'er him, he feared it not; the Rock upon which his hopes were founded stood firm to the last, and sheltered him from the storm of terror, which often overwhelms, ere death makes sure its victim. He died, and soon the grass will wave above his grave; and that silent mound, and those two marble stones, placed there to mark his last resting place will be all to tell us that once he lived, and now reposes there beneath that sod. Oh! the silent but mighty eloquence of the grave stones, what a solemn lesson they teach us of the frailty of man, what a deep sense of our own nothingness pervades our frames, as we gaze upon the inscriptions which they bear; they tell us perhaps of one stricken down in the vigor of youth, as was my friend, cut off by the hand of death, when promises of a long and happy life were set before him, but he is gone; freed from the toils, trial, and troubles of earth. We trust he is in Heaven, where sufferings never enter and where sorrow is unknown.

"This hard to die, he said,
"This hard to leave my friends,
But soon in Heaven, I'll see
The joy that never ends."

How to Avoid a Bad Husband.

Never marry a man for wealth. A woman's life consisteth not in the things she possesseth.

Never marry a fop, or one who struts about dandy-like in his silk gloves and ruffles, with a silver-headed cane and rings on his fingers. Beware! there is a trap.

Never marry a niggard, a close fisted, wretch, who saves every penny, or spends it grudgingly. Take care lest he stint you to death.

Never marry a stranger whose character is not known or tested. Some females jump right into the fire with their eyes open.

Never marry a mope or a drone—one who draws and draggles through life, one foot after another, and let things take their own course.

Never marry a man who treats his mother or sister unkindly or indifferently. Such treatment is a sure indication of a mean and wicked man.

Never on any account, marry a gambler or a profane person, one who in the least speaks lightly of God or religion. Such a man can never make a good husband.

Never marry a sloven, a man who is negligent of his person or his dress, and is filthy in his habits. The external appearance is an index to the heart.

Shun the rake as a snake, a viper, a very demon.

Finally, never marry a man who is addicted to the use of ardent spirits. Depend upon it you are better off alone than you would be were you tied to a man whose breath is polluted, and whose vitals are being gnawed out by alcohol.

A NOBLE HORSE.—Grant Thornburn says: "I once saw a horse in the neighborhood of New York drawing a load of coal, twelve hundred weight, in a cart. The lane was very narrow. The driver, some distance behind, was conversing with a neighbor.—The horse, on a slow walk came up to a child sitting on his hind quarters in the middle of the road, gathering up dust with his hands, and making mountains out of mole hills. The horse stopped—he smelt of the child—there was no room to turn off. With his thick lips he gathered the rock between his teeth, lifted the child and laid him gently on the outside of the wheel track and "went on his way rejoicing."—And well might he rejoice—he had done a noble deed."

PROVISIONS PLENTY.—At the beginning of operations at Camp Curtin, Harrisburg, the commissariat was somewhat confused and defective. The people of Berks county hearing this, yesterday forwarded fifteen tons of provisions for the soldiers from that region. We are gratified to learn that the Commissary Department is now on a good footing. Several hundred tons of hams, beans and crackers have arrived, the groceries and warehouses have an abundance of flour, and the butchers are receiving cattle by the car load from the West.

The boy who undertook to suck an egg-plant and was choked by the yolk, has recovered.

What is the difference between a Persian and a Turk? One worships the sun and the other the daughter.

American Fall Scenery.

There can be nothing more beautiful in nature than an American scenery when it begins to show the effects of the gentle touch of autumn, or of the fall as we prefer to call it in spite of English lexicographers, for the sake of the tender associations embodied in the idea of the fall of the leaf.—England has her dowy spring.

"When birds be merry and shaves the green,"

but the glorious of our American autumn are unrivalled, incomparable. Visit the country upon some bright morning in October. There has been a slight frost already, and the stubble fields have down on their suit of sober brown. Along the lands we discover a thousand touching and lovely indications that autumn has already begun to trail her garments among us—stately, but most wealthy and rewarding queen.—She has plucked the leaves of the grapes, and has here and there touched the leaves of the maples with her wine-stained fingers. The cock quail calls up his mates at evening through the tall weeds to the matted purple brambles, and down swoops the keen-eyed hawk, like Satan, "seeking whom he may devour." The maize fields topped and stripped, assume a dull, dead yellow, touched here and there with mildew, and giving no token of the wealth and plenty that bear down their faithful stalks. Apples shine bright and rosy in the orchards, half hidden among the green leaves, like the blushes of merry damsels that they would conceal behind their veils, or among their dancing curls. The woodcock dips his long bill into the mud of the swamps, levying taxes upon worn-nature, the plover lifts his shrill plaintive voice at morn and even; the kildie sails erratic by, and flashes on your dazzled eye the snowy white of his bosom. Heavy and green hang the chestnut burs, touching already with gold, but waiting for a black frost to practice its obstetric arts upon them. Messieurs Squirrels have deserted the corn-fields, and are now exceedingly busy laying by their winter stores, filling up their poschy cheeks, and skurrying to the right and left from every hickory tree. On the rivers, the wild ducks begin to make their appearance, and the pulpy medasae sink down out of sight till the waters shall grow warmer again. The bushes in the woods are all full of sloes and baws red and waxy. Many flowers are gone, the queens and lords of the floral realm have passed away, but some very dear ones still lend us their hues and fragments. Every garden is beautiful with autumn crocus hangs out her yellow flag; the wild mine flowers and the wild thyme furnishes eager bees with dainty flavoring essences from their draining bells. The harebells away with each breeze.

"In the maiden meditation, fancy free," and the brown sod emulates the ripe grain fields of July. Still reigns the dahlia, lord of the garden though some of the petals may be black-tipped with frost marks—sunflowers droop their sun-drunken faces over the hedges, like broad visaged farmer's boys of a Sunday, leaning over a gate—hollyhocks lend their rich luxuriance of color here and there to enliven the scene and everywhere chrysanthemums rear themselves, proud at once of their beauty and their hardihood. And, oh! the glories, the various, rich, picturesque glories of the kindly forests. Gaze upon them at mid-day, when the air is mild and melting; when a faint blue veil of haze settles around the horizon, an gives a languid, soft, southern dreaminess to the landscape, out of which the woods come of your eyes, stealing out in all their gorgeously of color, as Cleopatra might have aroused herself from the noontide slumber, and come forth to bless her Anthony with ripe fruit kisses.—The birches meet you with gifts of yellow gold, glowing in the quivering air, with diaphanous, amber like, splendor—the oak's dark green in spots has put on a faded, dreary yellow that offsets finely the pine tree's sombre green, and elm's tall and Abronquin solemnity. Crimson and green berries deck the thick undergrowth, while the ground itself, brown and yellow with drying leaves, is all decked out with ten thousand fungi, of every hue, from milky white to all shades of crimson, to chocolate brown, and tumeric gaudy yellow and varnish striking blue—old dame Nature's gewgaws, these, which she puts on to conceal the ravages of age. And the ashes all dripping with crimson dyes, and hang about their like gouts of blood; and the red flecked dogwood, once so pearly white in spring, and, oh! the maples, the gorgeous maples of the lowlands, glowing at noonday, flaming at sunset as if they had stolen the very Promethian fire, and would rival the sun himself in painting—let the eye revel upon these mingled and sweetly painted splendors, taking in at once the artistic perfection of harmony 'twixt hill and valley, field and forest, plain and upland, land and sky, and it cannot fail to feel, with entranced aesthetic consciousness, that the autumn, the perfect American autumn, it is the loveliest time of the year.

A great poet says that "the mountains stand fixen forever." We know, however, that it is no uncommon thing for them to "slope."