

# 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.

#### THE EARLIEST ROBIN.

Among the cherry branches  
A bird is singing clear;  
A ruddy breasted robin,  
The first bird of the year.

The sky is dark above him,  
And snow is on the ground;  
No spring warmth in the breezes,  
Nor pleasant sights around.

Yet cheerful from his station,  
Upon the leafless tree,  
He sings the song of summer  
And gladness yet to be.

The robin on the sidewalk,  
Soon as he hears the lay  
Looks up, and for a moment  
Forgets both task and play.

The little school girl pines;  
While pleasure and surprise  
Peep out between the fringes  
That shade her merry eyes.

The slender, fair haired maiden  
Walks on with slower pace,  
A look of tender longing  
Upon her lovely face.

Each breathes the wish most cherished;  
They know the simple spell  
Familiar to our childhood,  
And all believe it well.

"Soon as the earliest robin  
Of spring your eyes shall view,  
Wish—before the year is out  
The wish is granted you."

The boy has asked for treasure  
Of top, and kite, and ball—  
The little girl for lullabies  
For tea-set or for doll.

The maiden—but her lances  
How poorly can I guess!  
If long she for a lover,  
A bracelet or a dress.

And I—a wish the fondest,  
Arose when first I heard  
The clear notes of thy singing,  
Thou happy-omened bird!

So soft and raptly uttered,  
Yet still of life a part—  
O, give me back the dear, lost place  
In my beloved one's heart!

#### "Take Hold of My Hand."

"Take hold of my hand," says the little one, when she reaches a slippery place, or when something frightens her. With the fingers clasped tightly around the parent's hand, she steps cheerfully and bravely along, clinging a little closer, when the way is crowded or difficult, and happy in the beautiful strength of childish faith—"Take hold of my hand," says the young convert, trembling with the eagerness of his love. Fall well he knows that if he rely on any strength of his own, he will stumble and fall; but if the Master reach forth his hand, he may walk with unwearied foot, even on the crested wave. The waters of strife or of sorrow shall not overwhelm him if he but keep fast hold of the Saviour.

"Take hold of my hand," falters the mother, feeling that she is all too weak for the great responsibilities that throng in her path. Where shall she learn the greatness of the mission—the importance of the field that has been assigned to her? And learning it, how shall she fulfill it, if she have not the sustaining, constant presence of One who loves His people?

"Take hold of my hand," whispers the aged one tottering on through the shadows that grow dimmer. In the distance, and the darkening eye looks forward, to see if it can discern the first glimmer of the heavenly home, the weary pilgrim cries out, even as the child beside its mother, for the Saviour's hand.

O, Jesus! Friend and elder Brother when the night cometh, when the feet are weary, when the eyes are dim, "Take hold of our hand."—*Christian Intelligence.*

MIXING UP THE BABIES.—Some time ago there was a dancing party given up north. Most of the ladies present had little babies, whose noisy perversity required too much attention to permit their mothers to enjoy the dance. A number of gallant young men volunteered to watch the young ones while the parents indulged in a breakdown. No sooner had the women left the babies in charge of the mischievous rogues than they stripped the infants and changed their clothes giving to use the apparel of another. The dance over, it was then time to go home, and the mothers hurriedly took each a baby in the dress of her own, and started, some to their homes ten or fifteen miles off and wore far on their way by daylight. But the day following there was a prodigious row in that settlement; mothers discovered that a single day had changed the sex of their babies, observations disclosed startling physiological phenomena, and then commenced some of the tallest female pedestrianism. Living miles apart, it required two days to mix the babies, and as many mouths to restore the women to their naturally sweet dispositions. To this day it is a mystery for any of the baby mixers to venture within the territory.—*California Pioneer.*

### The Gipsies.

The idea that the Gipsies are not of Egyptian, but of Hindu origin, is very popular though erroneous. It rests on two facts: First, "the general resemblance between them and the ordinary natives of India," proves nothing. Second, the "similarity of languages" also proves nothing, for this reason, that the speaking of the English language by the Africans of Monrovia does not prove that they are Englishmen.

The origin of the Gipsies is the following: When the Jews left Egypt under Moses, a large body of people, who were not Jews, left with him, or as it is said in Ex. xii, 38, "a mixed multitude went up also with them." There is no mention made in the Bible of what became of this "mixed multitude," beyond our being told that, after the reading of the law, the Jews "separated from them." (Neh. xiii, 3.) No commentator that we are aware of gives a plausible reason for the exodus of the "mixed multitude," or even an idea of whom or what it consisted, except it be Hengstenberg, who supposes that they were an inferior order of workmen, employed like the Jews, as slaves in the building of the pyramid. But that they were refugees like the Jews, taking advantage of escaping with them from slavery, may be assumed as a question beyond doubt.

It may be assumed as a certainty that the "mixed multitude" did not enter Palestine—the promised land—with the Jews. As slaves of Egypt, they would not return to that country; they would not go north, for that was the heritage of the people of Israel which had to be wrested from the fierce tribes of Palestine; they would not go north east, for there lay the powerful empire of Assyria, or the germs out of which it sprung; they could not go south, for the ocean hemmed them in in that direction; and their only alternative was to proceed east through Arabia Petraea, along the Gulf Persia, through the Persian Desert, into northern Hindostan, where they formed the Gipsy caste, and whence they issued, after the lapse of so many centuries, in possession of the language of Hindostan, and spread themselves over the face of the earth. What a strange sensation passes through the mind when such a subject is contemplated! Jews and Gipsies have in a sense the same origin, and after such vicissitudes meeting each other face to face, under circumstances so greatly alike, in almost every part of the world, upward of 300 years after they parted company!

The destiny that awaited the Jews after escaping from Egypt was one of the following: They had either to subdue and take the place of some other tribe, or be subdued to a state of slavery by it, and perhaps others combined; or they might have been befriended by some great empire as tributaries; or, failing these three, what remained for them was the destiny that befel the Gipsies—they being broken up into bands, and becoming vagabonds, without a country they could claim as their own. The position in which these "strange Egyptians" would find themselves placed, and the circumstances surrounding them, would necessitate them to rob, steal, or appropriate whatever they found to be necessary to their existence; for whether they turned to the right hand or the left, they would always find territory previously occupied and properly claimed by some one or other; so that their presence would always be unwelcome, their persons an intrusion everywhere; and having once started on their weary pilgrimage, as long as they maintained their personal independence, they would never attain, as a body, to any other position than they have done in popular estimation for the last four hundred and fifty years in Europe. In the first generation, their new habits and mode of life would become chronic; in the second generation, they would become hereditary; and from this strange phenomenon would spring a race that is unique in the history of the human family.

The subject of the Gipsies has been treated very superficially by almost all who have written upon it, none being apparently able to advance a single step upon his predecessor, and so erroneous have been the ideas put forth, that a writer in a very late number of Chambers' Edinburgh Journal, asserts that "before the end of this century there will not be a Gipsy in Western Europe." Such writers have imagined that as the race leave the tent, and more or less conform to the ways of civilized life, they "cease to be Gipsies," while, in fact, there cannot be less than four millions of Gipsies in Europe and America, of various mixtures of blood, shades of color, degrees of education and positions in life.—*New York Dispatch.*

ONLY A PRINTER.—"He is only a printer!" was the sneering remark of a leader in the circle of aristocracy. Well, who was the earl of Stanhope? He was only a printer. What was Prince Frederick William, who married the Princess Royal of England? He, too, was only a printer. Who was William Caxton, one of the fathers of literature? He was only a printer. Who are G. D. Prentiss, Chas. Dickens, M. Thiers, Douglas Jerrold, G. P. Morris, N. P. Willis, and Senators Dix, Cameron, Bigler, Vice President Hamlin, Ex-Poetmaster General King, Ex-Governor Parker, Horace Greeley, and many other leading men of the day? They were only printers. What was Benjamin Franklin? Only a printer! Every one cannot be a printer—brains are necessary.

### The Question of Allegiance.

A remarkable instance of the painful emotions which are produced by mental excitement, in regard to a real or supposed conflict of duty, occurred in this city on Friday. A commander of the United States Navy committed suicide at the Merchant's Hotel. He was a native of the State of Georgia, but has resided near Bristol, Pa., when not engaged in active service. It is supposed the motive which prompted this fearful act, was an aversion to acting either in hostility to his native State or the Federal Government whose commission he held. However much we may deplore his sad fate, and pity the delusion which led him to become the victim of the demoralizing doctrines of the apostles of Secession, his resolution not to employ the ability which had been educated by the General Government against its authority, was that of a brave, honorable and conscientious man.

It is easy for us to imagine the system of sophistry which those officers of Southern nativity adopt: when they throw up their commissions, and range themselves under the banner of rebellion. It results from that pernicious theory of State allegiance, which has been taught to the two last generations of Southerners—a theory which to obtain force must admit a position fatal to the integrity of the Republic, and eventually subversive of every law but that of a mere township, town, or municipality. It was to discriminate too nicely for us to draw the parallel between State allegiance and National allegiance, to show where the citizens of Pennsylvania may cease to be a citizen of the United States. But we think that no positions of social life or national service present a clearer path of duty than those of the army and navy. They are national institutions to every intent and purpose. They exist by the will of the General Government, and whoever enters them becomes its servant. The General Government educates, protects and provides for its soldiers, and they swear to it in return, life, ability, and obedience. The military and naval institutions are so peculiarly national, and the duty they enjoin is so distinct from that required by a mere State, that nothing but the most absurd reasoning can create a resemblance.

This theory of State allegiance, like most of the Secession theories, indeed, is peculiarly Southern, and has been almost fatally indulged by our good mother the nation—We make military obedience in America a question of honor—other nations make it a question of treason. If a province of France rebelled against the empire, it would be equivalent to a drum-head court-martial for a general to refuse obedience to the Emperor's order, because he happened to be a native of the rebellious district. Nor do we think that the British Government would have any hesitation in hanging at the yard-arm a captain who refused to blockade a port in one of the Irish provinces, because he happened to have been born in Cork or Londonderry. The concession once made is fatal to all military effectiveness, and to all law, order, and discipline in a government. We have partly recognized it in the United States, and the demoralized condition of our army and navy shows how terrible in its effects the recognition has proved.

The melancholy instance cited in the opening paragraph is an exception to the general rule which has prevailed among those officers who have abandoned our flag on grounds of State allegiance. The case of General Timmer shows how closely these notions of honor are allied with what every other civilized nation on the globe calls treachery. If honor compels an officer to spurn his allegiance to the Government, it surely does not compel him to remain at his post long after the conflict between the State and nation has arisen; to obtain every secret which confidence can procure; to paralyze the hand which has nurtured him; to draw his salary from the "tyrannical" coffers of the nation; to live in apparent allegiance until the moment of action arrives, and then cross over the Potomac and draw the sword of a traitor. So long as many of these officers are permitted to live on half-pay without service, they are willing to receive their pay and waive the immediate question of allegiance, but when the command of duty comes, they collect the arrears of their salary up to date, plead their duty to their State, send in a resignation, and next appear at Fort Pickens or Fort Sumpter, trying to steal a Government fort with stolen cannon and pilfered powder.

We certainly do not condemn a native of South Carolina for loving that State, any more than we censure ourselves for cherishing a fondness towards dear old Pennsylvania. But the soldier is the son of the nation. She is his military mother—and he owes her his life and sword. The rule recognizes no exception and can admit of no deviation. To abandon the nation in its hour of peril, when it needs all that valor and skill can afford, is to be guilty of ingratitude and treason. The Great Soldier of the Age, whose loyal arm now wields the sword of Washington, is an example for all to follow. WINFIELD SCOTT loves Virginia; but he loves his country more, and in giving his great mind to his country, even in antagonism to this State, he teaches the soldier what true allegiance is.—*Press.*

An Irishman who was engaged at a drain and had his pick-axe raised in the air just as the clock struck twelve, determined to work no more till after dinner, let go the pickaxe and left it hanging there!

### Strike at the Heart of Secession.

It cannot be long before the most threatening of our dangers will give way to the overwhelming force enlisted on the side of the law. Turbulent and violent as many of the local gatherings of traitors are, even on our very borders, we can still regard them merely with pain, and not with fear. We can and will crush them if they persist in murdering the supporters of the law and the flag of the United States. We can sweep the whole length of the dark line that separates the peaceful and law abiding from the States given over to terrors and dangers. They have brought ruin on themselves, and we will not suffer ourselves to be destroyed because they choose to harbor traitors, and to permit those who choose to become such to riot in the blood of the loyal and honorable. It will not do to make Virginia dangerous as a residence for a Pennsylvanian, simply because he quietly adheres to Union. If nothing but military force will teach Virginia to respect the rights of citizens of other States, we will send a military force there which shall outnumber as many thousand as they can gather hundreds, and which shall reassert the supremacy of the law in every corner as well as every city of that State.

We are abundantly taught by the events of every day that force alone can now settle this great trouble, and that force alone could ever have settled it. The depth of guilty preparation for destroying the nation was beyond all conception. The fangs of the great treason had fastened on everything within their reach up to the very limit of Mason and Dixon's line. Men had become fiends, had prepared themselves for deeds of blood from which barbarism might shrink with horror, had gathered their secret conclaves under the shadow of the Capitol at Washington, as well as at the armory of Harper's Ferry. All this preparation has for months, if not years, been going on under the lead of traitors in the Cabinet, traitors in the army and traitors in the civil service. It is, as we now see it almost a miracle that we were not destroyed before we could be roused by the actual presence of open assault. We have at least been roused, and there will now be a recoil which will have salutary terrors and decisive results.

Let the government hurry forward troops to strike at the heart of the great rebellion—strike at the ports and cities of the coast—strike at Richmond, and hold the Chesapeake from head to mouth. There need be no concern for the northern border. This we will keep in order with our reserves.—Send the strong regiments forward to the ultimate points of decisive action without an hour's delay. A blow as terrible as the nation's vengeance can make it should fall on Charleston instantly. Let that city be swept from the earth if it refuses obedience to the law. There are a hundred thousand men burning to avenge the infamies and insolence we have endured at that nursing place of treason. The organ of the fiends who have destroyed the government, so far as they have power, asks, in a tone remarkably moderated, whether we will have war. We answer that they will have war—terrible war—annihilating war—unless they atone for the outrages of so many months and years. There will be few to call for mercy to even the misguided, and none to appeal in behalf of those who have rioted in arms against us there for the past four months. We will see if the tens of thousands who support the right cannot compel obedience from the scattered handbills of desperadoes with which the southern towns abound.—*North American.*

A JOKE.—On one occasion, two or three friends came down for a day's shooting and as they often did, in the evening they rowed out into the middle of the little lake in an old punt. They were full of spirits and had played off one or two practical jokes, till, on getting out of the boat, leaving him last, one of them gave it a push, and out went my father into the water. Fortunately it was the landing-place and the water was not deep, but he was wet through. It was playing with edged tools to venture on such tricks with him, and he quietly determined to turn the tables. Accordingly he presently began to complain of cramps and stitches, and at last went indoors. His friends, getting rather ashamed of their rough fun, persuaded him to go to bed, which he did. His groans and complaints increased so alarmingly, that they were almost at their wits' ends what to do. My mother had received a quiet hint, and was therefore not alarmed, though much amused at the terrified efforts and prescriptions of the repeated jokers. There was no doctor to be had for miles, and all sorts of queer remedies were suggested and administered, my father shaking with laughing, while they supposed he had got fever or ague.—One rushed up with tea-kettle of boiling water hanging on his arm, another tottered under a tin bath and the third brought the mustard. My father at length, as well as he could speak, gave out in a sepulchral voice that he was dying, and detailed some most absurd directions for his will, which they were all too much frightened to see the fun of. At last he could stand it no longer, and after hearing the penitent offenders beg him to forgive them for their unfortunate joke, and to beseech him to believe in their remorse, he burst into a perfect shout of laughing, which they, thought at first delirious frenzy, but which ultimately betrayed the joke.

Postponed.—The good times. Wait a little longer.

### Things that are Foolish.

A great many foolish things are said and done in the world, among which an unknown writer classes the following:

For a young man to think that he does himself credit by hanging round stores and taverns, smoking bad cigars, and paying for whiskey and oysters, in order to be called "liberal," by a clique of youths as soft in the brain as himself.

For a lady to be annoyed because gentlemen do not always give her the best half of the street and the nicest seat in the public assembly. She should not forget that these conventional courtesies are not her right any farther than they choose to concede them.

For an unfledged clerk to think that he must buy extravagant gloves and cravats for every festive occasion, because Jones, whose father is worth thirty thousand dollars does so. The best way of proving his manhood would be to leave such things entirely alone.

For a girl to stay away from a party because she has worn all her dresses and can't have a new one. Isn't it something a kin to self-conceit for her to imagine that people have nothing to do but to think about her and her dresses?

For a man to be extra fastidious about cologne, diamond finger ring, and scented pocket handkerchiefs, and then set society at defiance with his cigar case and tobacco-box.

For a girl to think that she is establishing her character as a young lady of fashion, by allowing her mother to toil through all the drudgery of the house, and the investing her money in gaudy broaches and artificial flowers.

For a man to suppose himself a gentleman because he touches his hat to a party of splendidly dressed young ladies, while he scorns to lend a helping hand to the old woman struggling along the street.

For a simple working girl to buy imitation jewelry, because her wealthy neighbor spends a small fortune in the real.

For an elderly young lady to think she renews her bloom by dressing in the style of sixteen, with pink roses in her bonnet and ermine robes on her cheeks.

For an old bachelor to attempt to darn his own stockings without a good stock of patience, or to venture where there are a dozen pretty girls.

### Cousins.

Uncle Toby says it is a favorite dodge of young and fascinating widows, and young widows are always fascinating, to get you to look into the feminine eye to discover the particle of dust that is irritating that delicate organ, but the man who looks is a sure "goner." Handsome girls inclined to flirt do not resort to that use exactly to entrap a fellow, but they will manage to get you to call them "Cousin," and under this tender term, but assumed relationship, they will play the very deuce with one's unsophisticated affections and even you at last. One can get along so rapidly in love making under the cloak of pretended Cousinship, for you can make the most ardent protestations and show the most assiduous attentions, it being understood that you are in fun you know—only keeping up the character of Cousin. Oh! the untold mischief that has been caused by a youth's recklessness consenting to be Cousin to a confirmed flirt. It is very pleasant at first, we grant you. You call to see your new relative, and she meets you with a smile and a blush that make her eyes look the brighter, exclaiming—"Oh, I am so glad to see you, dear Cousin." Then how bewitchingly she laughs at the joke and how rapidly you become entranced. You salute her good night with "Adieu, sweet Coz," and then laugh as if the kiss you had received in joke wasn't going to keep you staring wide awake all night in down-right earnest.

You are bewildered by the rapid manner in which everything appears to be advancing, and some fatal night, overcome by the combined influence of moonlight and a brandy cocktail, you fall upon your knees and declare your love in strains particularly turtle dovey to your pretended Cousin, who (being a flirt is tired of the force by this time) draws herself up with offended dignity and assures you in a tone that brings you at once to your senses and your feet that "you are presuming altogether too much on a jest, Mister Jones!" This is a clincher and if you are not a nippy you will be very careful how you call a bewitching flirt "Cousin" again.

PROMISING BOY.—"Tommy my son, what are you going to do with that club?" "Send it to the editor, of course." "But what are you going to give it to the editor for?" "Cause he says if anybody will get him a club he will send them a copy of his paper." The mother came near fainting, but retained consciousness enough to ask; "But Tommy, my dear, what do you suppose he wanted of a club?" "Well I don't know," replied the hopeful urchin, "unless it is to knock down the subscribers that don't pay for their paper."

Revolutions are but the thunder-storms of Justice. Civil war is necessary to try the stamina of a people. No nation ever became truly great without passing through this red ordeal. It is but the efforts of the body politic to throw off the corrupt humors which disturb its normal action. The result is the test of strength. If it becomes chronic, then the disease has eaten too deep; if the struggle is severe but final, then the State rises rejuvenated and reinforced.

### UNION.

BY GEO. P. MORRIS.

This word beyond all others  
Makes us love our country most,  
Makes us feel that we are brothers,  
And a heart united host!  
With hosannas let our banner,  
From the house-tops be unfurled,  
While the nation holds her station  
With the mightiest of the world!

#### CHORUS.

Take your harps from silent willows,  
Shout the chorus of the free;  
States are all distinct as billows,  
Union one—as is the sea!

From the land of groves that bore us,  
He's a traitor who would swerve!  
By the flag now waving o'er us,  
We the compact will preserve!  
Those who gain'd it and sustain'd it,  
Were unto each other true,  
And the fable well is able  
To instruct us what to do.

#### CHORUS.

Take your harps from silent willows,  
Shout the chorus of the free;  
States are all distinct as billows,  
Union one—as is the sea!

#### People we can Dispense With.

Does any enterprising individual wish to form a colony at the North Pole of Africa, or any far off place where the voyages will be warranted never to come back again? If so, we can point out quite a cargo whose export would never be lamented over in their native land. We are not sure but the Government would pay their entire expense to get rid of them finally and forever. Here is a list of the most promising:

The man who can't live within a salary, and is always waiting to borrow money, but who wears as fine broadcloth and expensive sleeve buttons as his millionaire employer.

The woman who brings up her daughters on a diet of curl papers and dancing school, and who "cannot account for Anna Maria's conduct when she elopes with a penniless dry goods clerk!

The man who would rather buy a new coat (on credit) and cheat the tailor, than to be degraded by a neat patch on his elbow.

The woman whose stocking toes resemble a cullender in their ventulating convenience, but who considers a nicely executed danc in the skirt of a dress to be vulgar beyond endurance.

The man who is "always making up his mind." "Wal, I don't know exactly!" and stands with his hands in his pockets until it is too late to do any thing else with them!

The woman who has always to stop and sew on her bonnet strings when she is going any where—who is universally behind-hand—who is too late at church, too late at market, too late to get her railroad ticket, and invariably arrives at the steamboat landing just three seconds after the plank has been taken up.

At what time was Adam created?—A little before Eve.

VOLUNTEERS.—Pray to God and keep your powder dry.

The Stars and Stripes—May they long wave from every house in the land.

In Fashion—Clean shaved faces.—This is bully for the barbers.

An Apostle of Democracy—Gunpowder. It makes rich and poor, prince and peasant, master and slave, all equal.

"You look," said a wag, to a pale haggard smoker, "as if you had come out of the grave to light your cigar, and couldn't find your way back."

The less a man knows, the wider he tears his mouth open. It is impossible for a fool to keep his jaws shut, as it is for a sick oyster to keep his shell closed.

A boarding-house keeper advertises to furnish "gentlemen with pleasant and comfortable rooms; also one or two gentlemen with wives."

"I think I have seen you before, sir; are you not Owen Smith?" "Oh, yes I'm owin' Smith, and owin' Jones, and owin' Brown, and owin' everybody."

"Look here, Jim, I got two brudders possessed ob wonderful genius." "Sam, what is dar genius?" "Oub am mighty smart skinning eels, do oder a squeezer for sucking eggs."

"Oh, pray let me have my way this time," said a young gentleman to his lady love. "Well, Willie, I suppose I must this once, but you know that after we have married I shall always have a Will of my own."

If four dogs with sixteen legs, can catch twenty nine rabbits with eighty-seven legs, in four minutes, how many legs must the same rabbits have to get away from eight dogs with thirty two legs, in seventeen and a half minutes?

An Irishman having a looking glass in one hand shut his eyes and placed it before his face. Another asked him why he did so. "Upon my sowl," replied Teddy, "it's to see how I look when I'm asleep."

A lady officer, if she wished to give the word "halt" to her troops, would do it somewhat in this wise:—"You soldiers, all of you, now mind, I order you, as soon as I have finished speaking to stand still, every one of you, on the spot where you may happen to be; don't you hear me I halt I."

### The Worth of a Soul.

When we endeavor to estimate the worth of an immortal soul we are utterly lost in the attempt. The art of spiritual computation is not governed by the same principles and rule which guide our speculations concerning earthly objects. The value of gold, silver, merchandise, food, raiment, land, and houses is easily regulated by custom, convenience, or necessity. Even the more capricious and imaginary worth of a picture, medal, or statue, may be reduced to systematic rule. Crowns and scepters have had their adjudged valuation, and kingdoms have been bought and sold for sums of money. But who can fix the adequate price to a human soul? What will it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? or what shall a man gain in exchange for his own soul?

The principles of ordinary arithmetic all fail here, and we are constrained to say that He alone who paid the ransom for sinners, and made the souls of men His purchased possession, can comprehend and solve the arduous question. They are indeed bought with a price; but are not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold, but with the precious blood of Christ as of a lamb without blemish and without spot. We shall only ascertain the value of a soul when we shall be fully able to estimate the worth of a Saviour.

### The Return of Reason.

The Mayor and Police Commissioners on Saturday granted permission to the American telegraph company to connect their broken wires and resume communication with Philadelphia and the North.—We hail this movement as an evidence of wiser counsels than have governed our city during the past ten days, and hope that it is but the commencement of the undoing of much that has been done, and the rescinding of a policy that has brought our community to the verge of bankruptcy and disgrace. The destruction of bridges and the open war committed against the General Government have not met the sanction or approval of any considerable portion of those most deeply interested in the future of Baltimore. The real sentiment of the community has been overwhelmed by the array of an armed power coming upon us with such appalling suddenness as to establish a reign of terror worthy rather of Austria than of a free and Christian people.

The resumption of telegraphic operations is yet under a restraint that we hope will be promptly removed. Any attempt to exercise a surveillance over dispatches we apprehend to be an act of open hostility and war, and in the name of the people of Baltimore, we most earnestly protest against the assumption of such a power. It is in effect voting the State out of the Union without going through any of the ordinary formalities that have preceded such an act in the Gulf States. We profess to be a law abiding community, and utterly deny and repudiate the assumption of illegal powers by those whose duty it is to enforce and see that the laws are properly executed.—*Balt. American.*

### Feeding Horses—A Common Mistake.

The Southern Homestead says that, "The practice of regulating the food of horses by the amount of work they are required to perform, is a good one if properly followed. For example, a horse when lying comparatively idle, as in winter, should have less solid food than amid the hard work of spring and summer. Again, if a horse is about to perform a work of extra labor, it is well to fortify him with a little extra feeding beforehand. But the mistake we refer to is the practice of over feeding him an hour or so before putting him to work. If an extra service is required of a horse on any particular day extra feed is to be given him, let him have it the evening beforehand, rather than in the morning, an hour or two before being put to work. Why so? Because, if he is put to work so soon after eating, his food does not become digested, and he is obliged to carry about with him a large mass of undigested fodder, which is rather a burden than a help to him. If he is well fed the evening before, the food is assimilated—changed to flesh and blood—and sends health and vigor through all the system.—As a general rule, a working horse should be fed regularly, both as to the time and the amount.

A Noble Reply.—A gentleman from one of the "Border States" has a son on board the Steamer Harriet Lane, now off Charleston. He is a young man of fine talents and the highest cultivation. A few days since he wrote to his father, inquiring what course he should pursue in case his own State seceded, to which his noble hearted father replied: "My son, stand by the glorious stars and stripes as long as there is breath in your body." That father is not of the "Republican party," but a true patriot, who would not see this magnificent fabric dissolved but would stand by the Union at all hazards. He would have that flag which has been sustained by strong hands and stout hearts, which, amid the din of battle, has waved proudly in the breeze, protected by our brave sons, and these would sooner shed their heart's blood than see it lowered into the hands of an enemy. It has been wet with the tears of the widow and the fatherless and the winding sheet of the soldier on the field of battle.

"The standard of a gallant band,