

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

W. H. JACOBY, Proprietor.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

[Two Dollars per Annum.]

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Choice Poetry.

OUR UNION.

BY BELLA MUMFORD.

Ye sons of Freedom, hear the call,
Hark! 'tis our Union's cry;
Haste thee, haste thee, one and all,
To our Country's rescue fly!

Let the flag of our Union wave,
Let the world admiring see,
That, though the dangers may be brav'd,
Thou wilt fight for our Country and be free

Sons of Freedom, march thee on,
Put forth thy noblest powers;
With faith in God and courage,
The victory shall be ours!

May cowardice within thee die,
May courage be instilled in thee;
May Hope be bending from the sky,
And cheer thee on to victory!

Free countrymen, defend thy rights,
Be faithful and be brave;
Let this one thought reign in thy breast,
Our Union we must save!

But let us hope the time is near,
When all this strife shall cease;
When mutual love shall move our hearts
To love again in peace.

THE HUSBANDS TRAP.

BY A YOUNG CLERGYMAN.

I hid myself behind a log in a western swamp, waiting for ducks. Hunters generally go after their game; I prefer reading or enjoying the delightful scenery until it comes to be shot in a regular and reasonable way. Ducks must be as fond of nature as of acorns and tadpoles; the sequestered lakelet near which I was ensconced, one of their favorite resorts, being surpassingly picturesque. Silver gray trunks of enormous dead trees were reflected in its surface as in polished black marble, which broken into rippling waves of light by the purple, green, and golden drake, or the plainer, but not less lovely duck, made too exquisite a picture to be broken by noise, unsavory smoke, blood, broken wings, and feathers. Everything round me was rich and strange, the arrowy polished tubes of the cane, the thick black vines, like anacondas, hanging as it were, from the skies; the light open fretwork of swamp foliage above, from which many birds poured forth flute-like and actually chromatic warblings; comic birds, uttering short, odd notes; crimson and azure birds, not down in the ornithology; and mysterious woodpeckers, sounding as if all fairy-land were carpentering—I was resolved in my mind indeed, to take my abode in this enchanted solitude, when the discovery of an immense old hollow stump of cotton wood decided me. It was a perfect miniature palace—in style, I named on the spot, the anti-arabesque. The guard rooms spread in triple pedestals like paws of mammoth loins, and in its knots and excrecences might be discerned the faces and forms of beasts, monsters, hydras and chimeras dire. Here, beneath a roof of plained cane and bark, I might pass my time in peace. (I was only eighteen, and subject to terrible fits of misanthropy.) Even the winds should not disturb my contemplation. Aquilone, Notus, Eurus, Euroclyon, the storm-wind, all are forever kept out of the peaceful vales by the strong and stalwart cotton-wood and oak.

The son Sheikh Mohammed Ali Hazin, (may the soil lie lightly on his tomb,) relates with infinite naïveté,—(may Allah ventilate his evidence,) how that, having determined to lead a hermit's life, he went about searching for a suitable cave. Certain family considerations operated adversely to Mr. Hazin's design. I was not so summary. Hungry, I certainly was, and my first care being to provide dinner, and not wishing to disturb my beautiful duck pond, I searched the riverflats for wild geese. This proved, literally, a wild goose chase. As usual with game, its willingness to be shot seemed inversely as its value. Re-entering the timber, to hunt smaller and surer quarry, what was my astonishment at beholding, winding along a cow-trail, a grave, orderly procession of these very wild geese following after a middle-aged, severe looking woman, who was leading them towards a clearing.

"Why, madam, you seem able to bewitch those animals. I have been trying all the morning to get within a mile of them."

"Wal, my boy,—she ruseled round among 'em and caught these, one way or another, 'I bring 'em up every night to feed, on account of 'possums and coons, which is mighty bad among the poultry. I reckon you're a preacher."

"I thought you was a preacher, sure—You look like one. You ain't a doctor?"

"No."

"Then walk in and take a chair. My old man's poorly. He's stopped work ever since last fall, and this spring the garden was took down with kukle bugs and dock,

and me and my little girl's been cuttin' steamboat wood, but the steamboats don't run much now—thar ain't been no rise these two months, Jane, drive them hogs away from the styew [stew.] I don't know what I'll do if thar ain't no steamboat soon. I want to go up to town, bad, to git some groceries."

"What is the matter with your husband?"

"Fovernager."

"Fe—oh, the fever and ague. Yes, I understand."

"Oh, its some here this fevornager, you'd better believe. You might almost cut it into chunks. I thought my old man would a begged out last night, but he holds on wonderful."

"You do not mean to say that he is dying?"

"I don't mean to say nothing shorter—And I'm mighty sorry to lose him, too. He cleared all this field all round back of the house, and them thar two fields in the bottom. He kept these acres a goin, to Joe Stebbins' one, but he warn't a patchin' to Joe at cuttin' timber. Poor Joe! I buried him in the far corner of the turnip patch."

"You buried him?"

"Married him one year and buried him the next."

"What did he die of?"

"Fevornager."

I was shocked at the mechanical manner and facile emphasis (diminishing with geometrical rapidity toward the last syllable) with which she uttered this fearful word.

"Joe warn't much at hoin, but he could knock the spots out of things, with an axe. He could cut more steamboat wood in one day than Bill Sparks could in a week."

"And who was Bill Sparks?" asked I, with a dread presentment.

"Bill was a husband of mine, too. He had money, Bill had, and he rented two forties of upland, and bought four head of cattle. Yonder's two of them, now. I'm going to take 'em up on the next boat, to swap for groceries."

"Did Mr. Sparks die, too?"

"Now, you don't think I'd a gone and got married, and him alive? Of course he died. He was took down sudden, ketchin' drift-wood. My boy ran home about him, and went down with Jane, and we packed him to the house, and made him as comfortable as we could; but it warn't no use."

"Fever and ague, I suppose?"

"Fevornager? You'd a said so, if you'd seen him shake. I gave him all the quinine there was in the kubbard, and then sent Jane to Mr. Skeggs' to bring all the quinine he had, and his hymn-book. He went off peaceable, and his last words was, 'where's Jimmy?'"

"Meaning your little boy?"

"No; Jimmy Sands, my husband before him. They had been good friends and I think poor Billy must have seen his spirit, for the owls was whooping awful that night. Them two males in the cabbage-path was Jimmy Sands, and that thar mare, whose head is poken' out o' the corn-crib, is the same mare he married me off from."

"Married you from off horseback?"

"Well, you'd a said so if you'd seen us. It was when I lived down to Stony, at the crossin', with Sal. Sal, she heard some one a hollerin' and shakin' the gate one night, and thinking it was just some stranger wantin' to git to stay all night, she never minded; but the noise kept on so, that at last she poked her head out o' the dividin' and asked what was wantin'."

"Are they any young gals here, as wants to get married? I'm goin' down to the river bottom, I am, to live in the timber. I've got a mare and a mole, and lots of traps, and don't ask nothin' in return but plain cookin' and kerrect behavior."

"Jane," says Sal, "what do you say?"

"Sez, I, I'm willin', but I can't be married without a preacher."

"He says there's a preacher out there with him."

"Ask him if it's Mr. Skeggs; I won't be married by nobody but Mr. Skeggs."

"Yes, it's him."

"Well, I struck a light and put on my Sunday dry-goods mighty quick. Sal, she carried out a frying-pan of grease with a rag for a candle, and we woke up Sal's uncle, old man Solomon, and so I got married. Jim and I had to jine hands, and be on the mare; he couldn't git down on account of the furniture and things bein' hitched all round him."

"But is this Mr. Skeggs a regular clergyman?"

"Oh, reg'lar built. He and Jimmy met together at the crossin', and it was him recommended me. He got a sight of tin for the job, too?"

"A large sum, was it?"

"It warn't in money; it was tin cups Jimmy paid him with. Jimmy peddled tin cups round the country, and had two dozen left. Mr. Skeggs put 'em round his neck in a string, and we heard 'em rattle' on the prairie a mile off!"

"Well, madam, I did have some idea of living down in the bottom myself, but—"

"Down in the bottom! What among those ponds of water? I see you livin' there! A pound of quinine a minute wouldn't keep you alive two days! If you want a good buildin' lot, there's my two forties, I'll sell 'em cheap—a dollar and a half an acre."

might stand it a couple o' year 'anyhow, Squire Spring. I reckon you know him, he's got a splendid wagon and team, and, they do say, he's got a hundred head o' hogs. You never heard, did you?"

Could the woman possibly mean to compass the deliberate murder of Squire Spring? I wanted nothing farther to hasten my departure.

The shades of evening were falling fast! the owl had already begun to utter his long-drawn, frighful cry, a mingled whoop and howl, and receiving a few general directions as to my nearest way to A——, I rapidly left my newly chosen residence to rearward debating within myself whether or no it was my duty to inform the authorities of the existence of this horrible husband trap.

Tone of the Southern Press.

The news from the North, as it gradually works its way down to the South, provokes expressions of violent resentment. The spleen of the rebels at the discovery of the sudden change of sentiment among their former supporters produce some curious effects.

A NEW VIEW OF FORT PICKENS.

The reinforcement of Fort Pickens displeases the Confederates. They don't like the act, nor the way in which it was done. It was unpleasant for General Bragg to cease bragging and turn his back upon Lieutenant Slemmer—but it had to be done. The only consolation that is left to the rebels is this we find in the *Mobile Advertiser*:

"The Lincolnian army on Santa Rosa Island will have an extra agreeable time this summer, and we do not think that President Davis need trouble himself to run them off. There is a volunteer and gratis soldiery peculiar to the climate that are whetting their weapons for the assault. These are the mosquitoes and sandflies, which will effectively attack the Lincolnians, in utter contempt of their Fort Pickens and their sand redoubts. They do not care for Columbiads or rifled cannon but rush on to the attack regardless of danger, and are worse than any one of the seven plagues of Egypt. We can assure the Lincolnians who expect summer watering place experiences on Santa Rosa Island that they will be gladly willing to exchange the unremitting annoyance of these plagues for the excitement and danger of a regular bombardment—There is no place on the face of the universe where mosquitoes and sandflies are more pestilently atrocious than on Santa Rosa Island."

Moreover, they are to be a thirst. The *Advertiser* adds:

"We pity those eighty horses of the flying artillery, as the poor creatures are not to blame. There is no green thing for them to eat, they will be on allowance of water and soon be tormented to death by the insects. We do not know that a more ingeniously cruel warfare could be practised upon the Lincolnians than allowing them to maintain their camp on Santa Rosa Island for the summer. They would beg us to come and whip them away before the summer was over."

A WAIL OVER GENERAL SCOTT.

The same paper regrets that General Scott has made up his mind to fight against the South. It says:

"We did not expect, nor in truth did we desire, his active co-operation with our armies—but we did hope that at least he would retire with dignity from the head of the Lincoln army, and refuse to lend them either countenance or support in the war which that government has so unnecessarily and flagitiously provoked. We desired this quite as much for his sake as for our own."

WORK CUT OUT FOR THE NEW YORK SEVENTH.

The *Mobile Register* (John Forsyth's paper) indulges in this paragraph:

"A New York paper says: New York loves the Seventh. It has distilled all its best blood in it. We are glad of it, for it will meet the best blood of the South in and around Washington. This city [Mobile] has just sent forth four hundred of the flower of its youth to the same field of struggle. Not a hiring among them, but our brave brothers and sons, who have left homes and comfort friends and peace behind, to fight for liberty of their people and honor of their flag. The North will fight this war with hired troops, the seam of her cities and rural districts, made starting by its war upon the South. We rejoice that New York has sent one corps of 'its best blood' for every life of our youth sacrificed, the loss of ten northern ruffians would be no equivalent."

A NEW FRIGHT AT THE SOUTH.

A letter to the *Mobile Register*, dated at Shopiere, Wisconsin, on the 18th of April, develops a plan for invading the South, whereat the *Register* becomes valiant and somewhat frightened. The following is the correspondent's story of the plot of the invaders:

"Their plan of operation is as follows:—Five or six hundred men will meet at the place of rendezvous in Kansas, somewhere near the mouth of the Pawnee fork of the Arkansas river. Some three or four of the leaders will proceed to Pike's Peak to drum up what additional recruits they can there. They will then return to the place of rendezvous and take up their line of march to the frontier of Texas, where they hope to stir the Indians to hostilities, and with their aid they intend to carry on the work of plunder in that section.

"The object of the expedition is that of

land pirates, who will endeavor to advance their own pecuniary interests under the present distressed condition of the country. They intend to commence operations about the tenth of May. The other portion of the company intend to carry on their operations somewhere along the west coast of Florida. I have not been able as yet to ascertain the exact place of operations of the last wing of the company, but I have found out this much: they are fitting out a vessel at Boston—they will clear from that port with a load of ice, and as soon as the get to sea, throw the ice overboard and repair to Florida."

A LINE SHARPLY DRAWN.

The New Orleans *Delta* seeks to convince the people of Louisiana that two nationalities must hereafter exist. It says:

"The fact is, the line is becoming distinctly marked between the two nationalities—the North and the South. There is absolutely no middle ground. The border itself political separation once declared, will be perhaps the most intensely national of all parts of the South. The gulf will by faithfulness and impassable, so long as the North shall cherish the insane idea of subjugation—except for loathing and hate and warlike defiance and retribution."

Whistle Your Way.

Solomon, when he became used up, when his running gear was given over to rheumatism and gout, said all was "vanity and vexation of spirit." Solomon couldn't whistle. If he could have pucker'd his lips into a vent-hole for a regular whistle, he never could have felt so unconsciously blue as to condemn the good things of this world as vanity.

The man who can whistle and sing is snug in his boots. Let care, age, poverty, and a cart-load of ills overtake him, and if he can whistle his way through the darkest hours of his troubles, go on his course rejoicing, and eventually turn up a trump of the first water.

Folks who can whistle, and do not, are mean, avaricious and unhappy. Judas Iscariot was not a whistler. We'll venture to assert that the owners of those wretched death-traps the tenement houses up town, can't whistle, and that no man ever heard them attempt it. There is too much genial outpoken goodness in a genuine whistler, to suit the disposition of a mean man—That's so. If you are trading with a man and he whistles jovially over his business, he won't cheat you. He can't do it. He thinks too much of turning his tune to bother about turning the tables on you. So, too, with the woman who is about her daily task singing. She makes her home a paradise of good dinners, cosy comfort and white curtains. Nothing will go wrong with her. If she is vexed, she will sing off the vexation. If she is possessed of vanity, she will sing away the worse part of it, and sing the other into a species of loveable pride. There are no squalling babies, cross cats, snarling dogs, buttonless shirts, and marrow-bone suppers, in the house presided over by a woman who sings at her toilet.

Singing men are worth treble that who go about their work morose and grumpy and moodily, as if they were going to bury their dearest friend. The "Yo-heave-oh" of the sailors, accomplishes as much in hoisting the anchor, as their music. There is a world of strength in that same "Yo! heave, oh!"

The Albany Times, in referring to the science of whistling says: "Whistling is an institution. It oils the wheels of care, and supplies the place of sunshine. A man who whistles has a good heart under his shirt-front. Such a man only works more constantly. A whistling cobbler will earn as much again money as a cordon-waiver who gives way to low spirits and indigestion—Who ever heard a whistler among the sharp practitioners of Wall street? We pause an answer. The man who attacks whistling, throws a stone at the head of hilarity, and would, if he could, rob June of her roses—August of its meadow larks. Such a man should be looked to."

Therefore, take heart and whistle. Methusalem was a whistler, and whistled his age out nine hundred years. Solomon couldn't whistle, sang only with his styles, and therefore soon pegged out. The man with a "light heart and a thin pair of breeches" is always whistling.

A War Incident.

While one of the Massachusetts regiments was in this city, on its way to Washington, a gentleman residing here met one of its members on the street.

"Is there anything I can do for you sir?" said the New Yorker, his heart warming toward the representative of the brave Massachusetts militia who had so promptly answered the call of their country.

The soldier hesitated a moment, and finally raising on his feet exhibited a boot with a hole in the toe, and generally worse for wear.

"How came you here with such boots as that, my friend?" asked the patriotic citizen.

"When the order came for me to join my company, sir," replied the soldier, "I was ploughing in the same field at Concord where my grandfather was ploughing when the British fired on the Massachusetts men at Lexington. He did not wait a moment, and I did not, sir."

It is unnecessary to add that the soldier was immediately supplied with an excellent pair of boots.—*N. Y. Post.*

LETTER FROM GEN. HARNEY.

WASHINGTON, May 1, 1861.

MY DEAR SIR:—The report of my arrest at Harper's Ferry, by persons assuming to act under authority of the State of Virginia, has no doubt reached you. Upon my arrival at Richmond, under military escort, Gov. Leitcher immediately directed my release, with assurances, disavowing the act of his subordinates, and expressing regret at their mistake or abuse of his authority. The kind attention and civility received from him, from the escort that accompanied me, and other distinguished citizens of Virginia and esteemed friends whom I there met, compensated for any personal trouble or annoyance; yet I cannot but feel deep mortification and regret that our country should be in a condition to expose any one to such an incident. It has furnished occasion for mistake or misrepresentation in respect to my views and sentiments, which a sense of duty requires to be promptly corrected. No better mode occurs to me than by a letter addressed to yourself, as an esteemed personal friend.

It has been represented through the public press that I was a willing prisoner to the State of Virginia; that I designed to resign my commission in the United States Army, throw off my allegiance to the Federal Government, and to join the forces of the Confederate States.

Forty-two years I have been in the military service of the United States, and have followed during all that time but one flag—the flag of the Union. I have seen it protecting our frontiers, and guarding our coasts from Maine to Florida; I have witnessed it in the smoke of battle, stained with the blood of gallant men, leading on to victory; planted upon the strong-holds, and waving in triumph over the capital of a foreign foe. My eyes have beheld that flag affording protection to our States and Territories on the Pacific, and commanding reverence and respect from hostile fleets and squadrons and from foreign governments, never exhibited to any other banner on the globe. Twenty stars, each representing a State, have been added to that banner during my service, and under its folds I have advanced from the rank of Lieutenant to that which I now hold. The Government, whose honors have been betowed upon me, I shall serve the remainder of my days. The flag, whose glories I have witnessed, shall never be forsaken by me while I can strike a blow for its defence. While I have breath I shall be ready to serve the Government of the United States, and be its faithful, loyal soldier.

Without condemning, or in any degree criticising, the course other persons have deemed proper to pursue in the present juncture, my line of duty is plain to my own heart and judgment. The course of events that have led to the deplorable condition in which our country now stands has been watched by me with painful interest. Perceiving that many of my fellow-citizens in the Southern States were discontented with the Government, and desired some change to protect them from existing evils, my feelings have been strongly averse to coercion, and anxious for some compromise or arrangement that would restore peace and harmony. The provisions of the Federal Constitution afforded, in my judgment, ample means of redress through a Convention of all the States, which might adopt amendments that would reconcile all differences, or if that could not be accomplished, might provide for peaceful separation in a manner becoming friends and brethren. So long as this hope of peaceful settlement of our troubles could be indulged I have felt it to be the wise duty of the General Government to bear with patience outrages that no other Government could have endured, and to forbear any exertion of force until the last hope departed.

But when the Confederate States with seven thousand men, under cover of strong fortifications, or impregnable batteries, assailed a starving garrison of seventy men in Fort Sumpter, compelled the banner of the United States to be lowered, and boasted of its dishonor before the world, the state of the question was immediately changed. Instead of the Government cooperating States demanding redress of grievances by constitutional means, the case was presented of revolutionists waging war against their Government, seeking its overthrow by force of arms, assailing public property by overwhelming force, laboring to destroy the lives of gallant officers and soldiers, and dishonoring the national flag. The question before us is, whether the Government of the United States, with its many blessings and past glories, shall be overthrown by the military dictatorship lately planted, and now bearing sway in the Confederate States? My hand cannot aid in the work.

Finding ourselves in a state of civil war actually existing or fast approaching, some of my brethren in arms, citizens of seceding States, and for whom I have the highest personal respect, have considered it their duty to throw up their commissions and follow their States. In that view of duty I cannot concur. As an officer of the army and a citizen of the United States, I consider my primary allegiance to be due to the Federal Government and subordinate to that is my allegiance to the State.—This, as you are aware, has been the concurring opinion of the most eminent jurists of this country. It was the judgment of the Court of Appeals of South Carolina in the

highest court of South Carolina deliberately decided that the soldier's and citizen's primary duty of allegiance is due to the United States Government, and not the Government of his State. Of late it has been contended that the allegiance due by a citizen to the Federal Government was dissolved when his State seceded from the Union. Into that snare many have fallen. But in my judgment there is and can be no such right as secession of a State by its own act. The Government of the Union can only be dissolved by the concurrence of the States that have entered into the federal compact. The doctrine of secession is destructive to all government and leads to universal anarchy.

But supposing States may secede, and destroy the Government, whenever the fancy takes those who are strong enough to set up any arbitrary power in the State. Missouri, the State of my residence, has not seceded, and secession would, in my opinion, be her ruin. The only special interest of Missouri, in common with the Confederate States, is slavery. Her interest in that institution is not protected by the Federal Constitution. But if Missouri secedes, that protection is gone. Surrounded on three sides by free States, which might soon become hostile, it would not be long until a slave could not be found within her borders. What interest could Missouri then have with the cotton States, or a Confederacy founded on slavery and its extension?—The protection of her slave property, if nothing else, admonishes her to never give up the Union. Other interests of vast magnitude can only be preserved by a steadfast adherence and support of the United States Government.

All hope of a Pacific Railroad, so deeply interesting to St. Louis and the whole State, must vanish with the Federal Government. Great manufacturing and commercial interests with which the cotton States can have no sympathy, must perish in case of secession, and from her present proud condition of a powerful, thriving State, rapidly developing every element of wealth and social prosperity, Missouri would dwindle to a mere appendage and convenience for the military aristocracy established in the cotton States. Many other considerations might be offered to show that secession would be to ruin to Missouri. And I implore my fellow-citizens of that State not to be seduced by these designing men to become the instruments of their mad ambition, by plunging the State into the vortex of revolution.

Whether governed by feelings inspired by the banner under which I have served, or by my judgment of duty as a citizen, or by interest as a resident and property owner in Missouri, I feel bound to stand by the Union, and remaining in the Union, shall devote myself to the maintenance of the Federal Government, and the perpetuation of its blessings to posterity. Yours, truly,

WM. S. HARNEY.

Col. John O. Fallon, St. Louis.

The Flight of Time.

"After death the judgement." We die; but intervening ages pass rapidly over those who sleep in the dust. There is no plate on which to count the hours of time. No longer is it told by days, months, or years; for the planets which mark these periods are hidden from their sight. Its flight is no longer noticed by the events perceived by the senses for the ear is deaf and the eye is closed. The busy world of life, which wakes at each morning and ceases every night, goes on above them, but to them all is silent and unseen. The greetings of joy and the voice of grief, the revolution of empires and the laps of ages, send no sound within that narrow cell.—Generation after generation are brought and laid by their side; the inscription upon their monumental marble tells the centuries that have passed away; but to the sleeping dead the long interval is unobserved. Like a dream of the night, with the quickness of thought, the mind ranges time and space almost within a limit. There is but a moment between the hour when the eye is closed in the grave and when it wakes to the judgement.

Woman's Advantages.

Some of the advantages of women over men are as follows:

A woman can say what she chooses without being knocked down for it.

She can take a snooze after dinner while her husband goes to work.

She can go into the street without being asked to treat at every saloon.

She can paint her face if it is too pale, and powder if it is too red.

She can stay at home in time of war, and can get married again if her husband is killed.

She can wear corsets if too thick—other fixins if too thin.

She can eat, drink, and be merry, without costing her a cent.

She can get divorced from her husband whenever she sees one she likes better.

She can get her husband in debt all over, until he warns the public by advertisements not to trust her on his account.

The celebrated Floyd gun at Fort Monroe, in Virginia, was cast at Pittsburg, Pa. It has a bore of 15 inches; its length is 14 feet, 12 feet length of bore. The ball weighs 420 pounds, and the weight of the gun is 49,000 lbs. This is an enormous

Mrs. Partington's Visit to the Tented Field.

We take the following from the *Boston Post*:—"Did the grand present arms to you, Mrs. Partington?" asked the commissary, as he met her at the entrance of the marquee.

"You mean the century," said she, smiling.

"I have heard so much about the tented field that I believe I could deplore an attachment into a line myself, and secure them as well as an officer. You asked me if the grand presented arms. He didn't; but a sweet little man with an epilepsy on his shoulder and a smile on his face did, and asked me if I wouldn't go into a tent and smile. I told him that we could both smile outside, when he politely touched his chateau and left me." The commissary presented a hard wooden stool, upon which she reposed herself.

"This is one of the seats of war, I suppose?" said she. "Oh, what a hard lot a soldier is objected to. I don't wonder a mite at the hardened influence of a soldier's life. What is that for?" asked she, as the noise of the cannon saluted her ear. "I hope they ain't firing on my account!" There was a volucidity in her tones as she spoke, and she was informed that it was only the Governor, who had just arrived upon the field. "Dear me," said she, "how cruel it is to make the old gentleman come way down here, when he is so feeble he has to take his staff with him where-ever he goes."

She was so affected at the idea that she had to take a few drops of white wine to restore her equilibrium, and to contract the dust from the "tainted field."

What Senator Doollittle Says.

Senator Doollittle, of Wisconsin, made a strong war speech at Racine last week, closing as follows:

"I would be as forbearing as any. I have hoped and prayed that this dreadful cup might pass; but if it must be drunk, God's will be done."

"I would hope and pray and labor still for a peaceful solution of this great national trouble, but if blood must flow, if it be His will that we must tread the wine press of the fierceness of His wrath; before we reach the end, be it so! We stand for the Union and the Constitution of our fathers; for the light and glory of nations. We stand for constitutional liberty and equal justice to all mankind."

"In such a struggle, if true to ourselves, God the Almighty must be with us."

"Go on, then young men; not a day, not an hour, should be lost; fill up the muster roll of your company, ready to make a part of the first regiment from Wisconsin. One of my sons, old enough to bear arms, is ready and eager to join you. My son, go, with God's blessing upon you; with strong arm and stout heart fly to its standard, resolved on victory or death."

"To 'shoot folly as she flies' requires a heavy load of common sense."

"A western editor complains of a constant buzzing in the head. Probably his brain is bottle flies."

"Every girl who intends to qualify for marriage, should go through a course of cookery. Unfortunately, few wives are able to dress anything but themselves."

"A Pittsburg paper says in an obituary notice of an old lady, that 'she bore her husband twenty children, and never gave him a cross word.' She must have obeyed the good old precept