

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 MEN WHO FELL IN BALTIMORE.

BY JOHN W. KORNET.

Our country's call awoke the land From mountain height to ocean strand, The Old Keystone, the Bay State, too, In all her direst dangers true, Resolved to answer to her cry, For her to bleed, for her to die; And they marched, their flag before, For Washington, through Baltimore.

Our men from Berks and Schuylkill came—Lehigh and Mifflin in their train; First in the field they sought the way, Hearts beating high and spirits gay; Heard the wild yells of Finnish spie, Of armed mobs on left and right; But on they marched, their flag before, For Washington, through Baltimore.

Next came the Massachusetts men, Gathered from city, glade and glen; No hate for South, but love for all, They answered to their country's call. The path to them seemed broad and bright; They sought no foe and no fight, As on they marched, their flag before, New England's braves through Baltimore.

But when they showed their martial pride, And closed their glittering columns wide, They found their welcome in the fire Of maddened loots and demons dire, Who, like the fiends from hell sent forth, Attacked these heroes of the North; These heroes bold, with travel sore, While on their way through Baltimore.

From every stifling den and street, They rushed the gallant band to meet—Forgot the cause they came to save, Forgot that these their strikers brave—Forgot the dearest ties of blood, That bound them in one brotherhood—Forgot the flag that floated o'er Their countrymen in Baltimore.

And the great song their son had penned, To rally freemen and defend, The banner of the stripes and stars, That makes victorious all our wars, Was laughed to scorn, as madly then They greeted all the gallant men Who came from Massachusetts shore To Washington, through Baltimore.

And when, with wildest grief, at last, They saw their comrades falling fast, Foul on the hell-hounds in their track They wheeled, and drove the cowards back, Then, with their hearts overwhelmed with Mead's dirge, stern and slow; woe, Their wounded men, their shoulders bore To Washington, through Baltimore.

Yet, while New England mourns her dead, The blood by treason loathly shed, Like that which flowed at Lexington, When Freedom's earliest fight began, Will make the day, the month, the year, To every patriot's memory dear, Sons of great fathers gone before, They fell for Right at Baltimore!

As over every honored grave, Where sleeps the "unretained brave," A mother sob, a young wife moans, A father for his lost one groans; Oh! let the people never forget Our deep, enduring, lasting debt To those who left their native shore And died for us in Baltimore.

Colapse of the American Union.

From the London Times of May 7th.

So shortlived have been the destinies of the American Union that men who saw its rise may see its fall. Lord Lyndhurst, who is happily spared to us, was born in Boston a British subject, for Massachusetts was then one of the United Provinces. Indeed, we are still pensioning the loyalists of 1775, when the conquerors in that war are destroying the work of their own hands.

But the collapse and ruin of this renowned political edifice is in itself a thing insignificant when compared with the proceedings by which the work has been brought about. It is difficult to believe in the reality of such intelligence which now reaches us from the Union Civil war, or, in other words, war of the most frightful and barbarous kind, has been accepted and undertaken by a people among the most enlightened and best educated in the world. To get to the days of "civil war" in Europe we must go back to the dark ages of history. No parallel to the American war can be found in mere dynastic struggles or local insurrection. This is a deliberate division of a great people into two hostile camps, such as has not been in Western Europe since the highest questions of religion and polity were first presented to the half-informed minds of those ages. Nor can the proceedings of the Americans, sustain a comparison with these ancient contests.

When Frenchmen fought Frenchmen at Jarnac and Moncontour, it was for lofty principles of religious faith. When Englishmen fought Englishmen at Marston Moor and Naseby, it was for high principles of political right.

In those days, too, war was not thought so hateful as now. Nobody then doubted but what the appeal to the sword was as allowable as any other kind of appeal, and each party took up arms, without scruple or misgiving, in defense of convictions which could not otherwise have been maintained. Little, however, of such exaltation can be pleaded for the Americans. They are liv-

full blaze of day. They have no high principles to fight for. The North may be justified in its denunciation of slavery, but it is not fighting for the purpose of driving slavery out of the land. The South may be justified in protecting its independence, but the independence was not assailed. Stripped of its pretenses and trappings, the contest stands out as a mere quarrel for territory, or a struggle for aggrandizement. The people of the South desire to settle new regions and organize tariffs without reference to the wants of the North, while the people of the North want to retain the Southern provinces under the Federal Government as contributaries to the strength and grandeur of the Union. We might say something, perhaps, for either side, though most for the North, but nothing that we could say would be a justification of civil war. The machinism is dreadful. Battles between such combatants, and in such a cause, will be the most unnatural and incredible of conflicts. Free, enlightened, self-educating and self-governing Americans will be slaying each other like the very Indians whom they supplanted on the soil—like the very savages whose bones lie buried under the barrows, the monuments of "civil war" in days when nothing better was known.

It is a mournful thing to reflect upon—too mournful, indeed, to allow of any malicious moralizing. We cannot afford to discourse on the shipwreck of democracy, for more than democracy, is involved in the ruin. Every appliance and advantage which could render a community wise, every institution which was reputed to render men prudent, has been found utterly insufficient to preserve them from even the worst of follies. There is not one of the much praised institutions of the Union but appears in this day of trial to be operating in a wrong direction. The Americans have comparatively no standing army and no warlike estimates; but the result of their usages in this respect is that every man, being a soldier on his own account, takes naturally to fighting, and that armies are raised for the most shocking of purposes with a celerity that could hardly be paralleled under the most absolute military governments. The Americans are habituated to sell Government, but that only renders them less amenable to control, and communicates the passions of popular insurrection to the proceedings of a regular campaign. They are wealthy but that enables them to support a war, and the merchants and money dealers of the capital have been foremost in their approval of the President's proclamation. They are given to the pursuit of trade which are but to divert men from ideas of strife, but they outstrip all the nations of the Old World in warlike fury. They have no aristocracy. "Delude" them into war with such a tremendous alacrity as leaves the scrupulous and "drifting" policy of European nations behind. These enlightened Democrats are sent across the ocean to purchase from those very implements and munitions of war which were reviled for providing, and will probably impress into a suicidal struggle the great ship which we have built as the most wonderful instrument of commerce and peace. Resolutions from which Old World statesmen would have recoiled in horror have been promptly adopted by magistrates of a Republic. On our great soldier, with all his iron mind as inflexible will, was said to say that there was nothing which should not be done or done rather than that the country should lose an hour of Civil War; but President Lincoln and President Davis have closed abruptly with an alternative at which the Duke of Wellington stood aghast. It is his contrast of position and practice which renders the proceedings of the American at once so shocking and so incredible. The free citizens of free States, to which we were bidden to look with envy and admiration, are resorting to extremes far more terrible than the "last appeal" of Kings. They are commencing, not foreign conquests, but campaigns against countrymen. The "bloody belt" is circulating through the States of the Confederation as it used to circulate through the tribes of a Red Indian league. Professed peace-makers are all in war paint; the hatchet is dug up, and the talk of model commonwealths is all of scalping and tomahawking.

It is too late to advise, and indeed our advice would go for nothing. As if to show is the most pointed manner their utter scorn of all the qualities which have been attributed to the Democracy by a certain section of our politicians, the Americans have distinctly refused to accept any arbitration, and have refused beforehand the good offices of others towards a settlement of the quarrel. They are resolved to fight it out, and they must do so. We deplore their decision, but we cannot interfere with it. We can but lament over the errors and miseries of our own kinsmen. The Americans may rest assured that England would desire nothing so much as to see them once more united. They come of our own stock they speak our language, they reflect our own faults, and up to this time they appeared to be continuing our national grandeur. We cannot without the deepest sorrow see such a people precipitating itself into civil war like the half-breeds of Mexico. That this should be the end of the great American Republic, is a prospect against which every friend of humanity and progress would gladly close his eyes.

The man who minds his own busi-

The Temptation.

Past twelve o'clock!—sang out the watchman, as young Delamere staggered down liberty street towards his lodgings. His attire was of the finest material, but from there was none. He had been drinking, and had fallen once or twice, so that his elegant toilet was now most inelegantly disarranged. Still he was not drunk, by no means. It was the street commissioner's fault, there were so many obstacles in the way. How could lamps burn brightly in such a smoky atmosphere? He would complain to the mayor, to-morrow morning, and have Watchy removed for insulting him. Show him to his lodgings? He was paid to mind his own business, and not for troubling gentlemen. The watchman however, guided him home, assisting him in finding the key hole, and departed, singing lustily. "Past twelve o'clock, and a cloudy morning!"

Late in the morning Delamere woke with a bad headache—a parching thirst—a sense of weakness—loneliness. The boards were all gone out. The servants were busy. He washed in cold water, drank copiously of the healthy beverage—met the landlady in the hall, who, instead of scolding, mildly said—

"I am glad your mother did not see you last night."

"So am I!" he lightly said, but the expression was like a dagger in his heart. He was then an object of pity.

At dinner some of the boarders jeered him, some cautioned him, a few advised him to persevere until he became more seasoned. Turning to one who was his friend indeed, he asked what he would advise in this interesting case.

"Sign the pledge," his friend bluntly replied.

This was received with laughter by all the rest.

"Oh! yes," said one, singing, "we have no confidence in your resolution."

"Does your mother know you are out?" sneered a second.

"The pledge has a magic power," exclaimed a third; "it is so much more binding than your word of honor."

"Sign," said his friend earnestly.

"Yes do," added the landlady.

"I will," he exclaimed, "this very night of the meeting."

All was silent, now they knew his resolve was taken.

"How did you get home last night?" jealously asked the doggerly keeper, as Delamere passed his door in the evening.

"Your business is infernal," replied Delamere; "you drained me last night of twenty-five dollars, and then sent me home unattended, caring not whether I was lodged in the watch-house, or crushed by the locomotive. How did you treat other victims?"

Boniface was taken aback. Had he been a man, such a speech would have excited repentance, or brought on a fight, but such creatures are half friends so he merely remarked, "Come in and take a drink; we are all friends here."

"Drop the r from the word friends," contemptuously added Delamere, "and you accurately describe your crew."

Delamere signed the pledge, and would have kept against all temptations save one. On earth no influence, save one, could have shaken his resolve. Poor fellow!—One being could overcome any resolution of his. Delamere was in love! One of the prettiest sprightliest of Eve's daughters had woven a net of silk and gold around him, and might have led him anywhere! This beautiful creature had heard that her lover had signed the pledge, and was proof against all temptation, and conceived in her silly heart the desire to show her influence over him was paramount.

"Take a glass of wine with me, Delamere," she suddenly said, at a party; "I feel fatigued."

"My dear, I cannot, in honor; for I have signed the pledge."

"Cannot! Fiddlesticks! do you think I would ask you to do anything unreasonable?"

Neither of these young creatures were aware of the fact, but amidst all those lamps and devils awaits the result. Good angels gathered anxiously around the side-board. She drew him reluctantly to the fatal spot, and while the fiends gibbered, and the angels made signs of warning, she poured out the deadly poison. They drank. In one moment she repented of her triumph, for he instantly filled again, saying, "Drink now to my dishonor!" Laughingly he led her to seat, and poured out all the eloquence of his in praise of beauty and wine. She became restless, feigned illness, and he took her home. Returning, the old landlady died him. No resistance now! His taste was excited. Honor no longer guarded. Late at night the watchman assisted him to his lodgings. Next morning not but liquid fire would drown his conscience. His career was rapidly downward.

The last, what of her? Ye angels and fiends witness the temptation, what of her? Alas! who read this article, as you fear God and love humanity, sign the pledge.

Beautiful Women.

Every woman has a right to be beautiful; that is the secret of her power, her mission, the key that unlocks her destiny. But while she has a right to be beautiful, she has no right to be the opposite—that is an injustice to society, which has a right to exact from her its loveliness, its grace, and its attraction. There are many different kinds of beauty, and it is a great mistake to imagine that it consists wholly, or even mainly, of color, form or texture. There is the beauty of innocence and the beauty of childhood and the beauty of matron, the beauty of wisdom and the beauty of simplicity. The lowest kind of beauty is of merely physical perfection and splendor, which receives no aid from voice, look, or expression, but it is marred by the action of the mind upon its fair and smooth surface; just as the mud is stirred in a shallow pool by any slight circumstance that touches its depths.

The ideals of the ancient poets are all beautiful, but their characteristics are distinct and separate, so that there is no flat and wearisome sameness; and the beauty of form with which they are endowed is simply the vehicle or expression of the mental idea they wish to convey. Thus the serene matron, the brilliant coquette, the imperious queen, the delicate maiden, the timid young wife, and the thoughtful nurse, have all an individuality of their own, to which their outward appearance is the visible sign or index. Their dress should naturally correspond to those mental and physical indications, so as to preserve a sense of musical harmony and fitness throughout the entire structure.

There is nothing that disenchants so soon as the discovery of folly, ignorance, stupidity, bad temper or vile passions beneath a fair and seductive form. The possession of any fine and noble qualities, on the contrary, illuminates the plainest features and dulls the complexion much better than scores of costly powders and cosmetics. Women who desire to be beautiful make a great mistake in trying to increase their attractions, or to make themselves charming, after any other person's pattern. What is adapted to one style would destroy the effect of another; and for every woman to adopt an arbitrary mode or standard of dress is fatal to the aggregate of feminine beauty whose great charm is variety.

It is natural to love admiration, power and influence, and almost all women may not only obtain these, but retain them, by being themselves in the very highest and most perfect sense of which they are capable; instead of a weak, diluted imitation of somebody else. When freshness of youth and girlhood has departed, let them be successful, naturally, by the matured grace of womanhood, and these by the dignity of middle age. The affectation of pretty coquettish and juvenile simplicity by shallow specimens of ancient spinsterhood—or, worse, by women who bear the name of wife and motherhood—not only outrage all true ideas of taste and propriety, but deprive those who indulge in them of their natural claims to attention and consideration. When all women are natural and true, then they will all be beautiful.

Queen Elizabeth's Letter of Flattery.

With many of her attendants she was so unguarded in the marks of her favor, that reports were spread abroad injurious to her reputation. Party spirit has continued the discussion up to the present time, the advocates of the hapless Mary maintaining that the lover of Leicester, and Hatton, and Essex, was not entitled to make any over-virtuous allusions to the levities attributed to her heroine. Her defenders appeal to the little influence exercised over her by the suspected sharers of her guilt; and say that in all likelihood the friendships of Elizabeth went no further than the gratification of her insatiable love of admiration and appetite for fulsome praise. Of all these temporary and capricious attachments we have only to dwell on that toward Essex, for it was the only one that influenced her public acts, and seems to have been really sincere, but at the time of his greatest favor she was nearly seventy years of age; and even after his unhappy death, when her own demise was near at hand, she is reported by the French Ambassador to have been captivated by the looks of a tall young Irish earl, and to be as anxious as ever for flattery and devotion. The habit of being courted became her second nature, and the same person who as Queen could withstand a coalition of all Europe against her throne, was wretched if she had not a handsome, designing cozenager at her side, to tell her her brow was not wrinkled with seventy-two years of toil and care, and that her locks were as rich and as burn as when her earlier adorer had assured her they were unburned woven into ringlets, and clustered round the forehead of the chaste Dana—*Rev. James White's History of England.*

"The times are hard, wife, and I find it difficult to keep my nose above water."

"You could easily keep your nose above water, husband, if you didn't keep it so often above brandy."

"Quoth Smith to Jones 'really is a sin You do not get your woe fenced in.'"

"Quoth Jones, 'You're wrong, the place is fenced, confound you! My wife is all the time a raving round.'"

At a concert recently, at the conclusion of a song, "There's a Good Time Coming."

"The times are hard, wife, and I find it difficult to keep my nose above water."

"You could easily keep your nose above water, husband, if you didn't keep it so often above brandy."

"Quoth Smith to Jones 'really is a sin You do not get your woe fenced in.'"

IF YOU LOVE ME, SAY SO.

You praise the color of my eyes,
You say my face is fair,
And that the raven's wing alone
Can match my waving hair,
And oft you linger by my side,
Pray what can make you stay so?
Why can't you speak your mind at once?
Do, if you love me, say so!

You say no music sounds to you
So sweet, so silvery clear,
And when my joyous laugh rings out
Upon your eager ear;
My voice is sweeter in the song,
And charmeth care away so,
There's magic in it you declare,
Yet if you love me say so!

You often hold my hand in yours,
Your voice is soft and low;
And when you come you stay and stay,
And still seem loth to go.
I wonder if you love me, Tom,
I wonder why you stay so,
Why can't you tell me what you mean?
Do, if you love me say so!

I love you—love you dearly, Tom,
I often think with pride,
That soon the happy day will come,
When I shall be your bride.
I know 'tis love that makes you come,
'Tis love that makes you stay so,
Love speaks in every act and look,
Yet, O dear Tom! do say so.

The Slanderer.

The slanderer! the stabber in the dark! the venomous serpent whose trail leaves poison, and whose slime corrupts even corruption! O! who can count the tears that have been shed, the hearts that have been broken, the souls that have been lost through the agency of this moral destroyer of goodness and virtue. I had rather live with a madman, break bread with a murderer, keep faith with a hangman, than cross the path of slanderer. His breath is hotter than the fires of hell, his eyes are wanton as the wind, his tongue cruel as the grave. He is the human infernal machine, filled with sharp razors, into which his poor victim, some stainless character, is thrust, and cut, and hacked and hewed, and ruined, so far as his agency can do it. We are commanded not to hate, but I trust we may dispise so foul a thing. There is no merit in effort made with a view to do him good, because the very act, he blackens and daubs, as a fool would spoil a fine picture with unsightly paint.

And then, look at him after he has accomplished his work. An infernal joy sits triumphant on his malignant face. His eyes gleam with horrible satisfaction. Sometimes the person distills through the lips of woman; it is a smile; it is a shrug—may, sometimes it is a tear, through which the red of her cheek gleams mockingly. O, God, can woman then descend to slander? Can crimson lips drop words, and news, and spiders, and vipers? Can woman's heart glow over the withering spirit she has brought to the dust? Aye! "pity his true," she can, and she does; aye, like the royal murderer, she can also pick it there with the shute of malice, and gloat over the quivering pulse of agony.

It is said that strong drink is the world's worst foe. Not so; it is heavenly to slander; there is no virtue that will eat and destroy like slander. It is Satan's crown, and hell's choicest ornament. The slanderer should live in swamps, where his miserable existence might be passed in the midst of congenial society, only his breath would poison every living object, and the trees and water and the very serpents be innocent, poor things!

What will be the hereafter of the slanderer? Merciful Heavens! what! Through the gloom of his despair shall gleam no light of mercy. That he denied to others shall be given to him—justice. God seeth all—maketh all the lonely graves that he hath filled of their most precious sweets, their good names. God seeth all; trust him, poor victim of destruction; thy triumph may be slow, but it shall be.

A WAR SIGN IN THE HEAVENS.—Gov. Black of Nebraska, gives the following description of a remarkable display witnessed at Omaha, at the close of last year:

Shortly after the moon rose, a very distinct and bright cross was visible, of which the moon was the centre. The arms of the cross extended on either side, apparently about one degree; at the extremity of each arm was an upright column, seen through thin clouds. The pillars were variegated like a rainbow. When the moon was about three hours high, the cross and columns disappeared and several bright and distinct circles succeeded; at one time as many as six great circles were visible. From ten to eleven, (when I went to bed,) two circles only were displayed, but those were very bright and beautiful; and what to me, seemed most strange, part of the circumference of one ran through the centre of the other—a clear and complete belt. I am not able to describe the manifestations as they were seen, but they were quite enough to excite our special wonder.

An old Dutch lady, at a religious meeting became very much concerned for her soul, and went about sighing and wailing not be comforted. Upon being asked by the minister what the matter was, she replied:

"That she could not read English, and she was afraid the Lord couldn't understand Dutch."

At a concert recently, at the conclusion of a song, "There's a Good Time Coming."

Old Abe's wife is big, but Old Abe is

Great Salt Lake.

Among the great natural curiosities of North America, the great saline body of water in Utah Territory, known as the Great Salt Lake stands in the first order. The Lake itself is not individually so great a curiosity as when viewed in connection with surrounding correlative indications, which give us a combination of natural wonders truly astounding. The water marks show that the lake is now a mere remnant of what was one of the mighty water collections of the earth—perhaps of a body of water that spread itself throughout the whole Utah basin. Provo Lake, a body of water distant perhaps 75 miles from the great Lake, is surrounded by indications of like character, that directly point to an early period when its individuality was lost within the limits of a mighty sea that absorbed both itself and Great Salt Lake. Along the base of the mountain walls of the valley, if we may so term the limits of the basin, are distinct water-marks of various elevations. They are clearly discernible at a distance of 25 miles, the more elevated order being from 75 to 100 feet above the level of the valley. They are almost conclusive evidence that a great sea once existed in Utah valley, whose breakers have left the marks of their power indented upon the rocky front of their mountain confines as a monument of their power. The different elevations of these water marks show the gradual declension of this sea from a body of water covering, may be, tens of thousands of square miles, to the present saline body of about 60 miles in length and 40 or 50 in width. This presumption is strengthened by the existence throughout the entire valley, of aquatic deposits, such as shells, petrified fishes, water-worn rocks, etc. Upon this theory the inference may be drawn that Great Salt Lake is gradually diminishing; but this is not the case; it is now reduced to a basis of fixed causes which will give it perpetuity in its present extent. The moisture of the atmosphere of those latitudes is sufficient to always keep it supplied with a uniform quantity of water. The melting snow of the mountains swell the river in the spring and summer that empty into it, and when this melting is prevented by the coldness of the fall and winter, those rivers fall, and by evaporation the lake rapidly declines the evaporation carrying off more water than the stream deposits. It is in this declining condition that coarse salt is obtained from the beach of the lake in quantities *ad infinitum*. Now, so long as the same meteorological system prevails, the lake must continue the same as now.

No theory is settled upon by scientific men as to the cause of the salty nature of the lake. We have an opinion of our own, which we believe to be rational. The rivers emptying into it—Canaan, Jordan, Webber, Malade, and numerous smaller streams—head in the mountains, where they are supplied by numerous mountain brooks, some of which undoubtedly have their source in salt springs. These brooks impregnate the great water carriers of the lake with salt—to so small an extent, though it be, that it is not perceptible to the taste; and they carry it into the lake where it must forever remain and accumulate, as evaporation increases the proportion of the salt to the water. The salt may have been carried to the lakes over a hundred miles, and it has perhaps been accumulating there a thousand years; and thus it must continue to accumulate forever should the supply be inexhaustible.

The volcanic indications surrounding the lake are peculiarly impressive, and could well be the subject of the natural philosopher's study. The whole face of the country appears to have passed through caloric influences of the intensest character. Enormous rocks fringe its margin, which are charred as ebony from the operation of heat, and their fragmentary condition bespeaks the mighty volutions which they have at some time passed through. Near the lake's centre is quite a large island upon which these volcanic indications are equally emphatic. This island is very fertile, and is owned by the Church, which institutions holds it for the exclusive purpose of grazing. All the stock which comes into the tithing office (all Mormons are compelled to pay one-tenth of everything that they make or raise to the Church) are taken to this island, and there must be thousands of head upon it. It is reached by small sailing vessels. So extremely salt is the water of Salt Lake that piscatory life is impossible. Its average depth is 50 feet.—*Portland (Oregon) News.*

DODGING A HATTER.—An individual purchased a hat in a shop kept by a tradesman by the name of Dodgion. The article was got in the absence of the proprietor, and the purchaser left the shop, entirely forgetting (by mistake, of course,) to pay for the article said "tule." The tradesman, upon hearing the facts, started after him, in hot pursuit of the delinquent. Upon overhearing him, the following scene occurred:

"See here sir, I wish to speak with you."

"Move on."

"I am Dodgion, the hatter."

"That's my fix."

"I tell you I am Dodgion, the hatter."

"So am I I'm dodgin' the hatter, too—and very likely we are both of us dodgin, the same chap."

The scene ended with a "striking" tableau, in which Mr. Diddler found himself

The Difference.

Mr. Frank, who was a gentleman of good humor, used to with much pleasantness relate the following anecdote, as having occurred to himself when a young man. A lady in the neighborhood had won his affections, and he had commenced paying her his addresses. During the courtship he sometimes supped with the lady's family, when he was always regaled with a homely dish of trust and milk, and being of a serious turn of mind, was generally invited to say grace over the meal. The supper Frank did not take amiss, as the family of the fair one was in but moderate circumstances, and being himself poor, he much admired domestic economy; besides he was satisfied provided he could obtain the affections of his dulcinea. "The course of true love," is said, "never runs smooth," and Frank chanced to have a rival who was richer than himself. One evening when he was visiting his charmer, after the board had been spread with the frugal meal of mosh and milk, but before the family had taken their seats, some one spied Frank's rival riding up. Immediately a "change came over the substance of the meal." As if by magic, the table was cleared of its load, and ought remained to tell the tale but the clean white cloth. In the course of a short time, however, the table was again furnished, not as before, but with the enable appendages for making tea, and with warm bread, such as is hastily baked, and in common parlance called "short cake." When all was ready, as was the custom, brother A— was invited to say grace, who, with a due solemnity, hands folded and eyes closed, pronounced the following impromptu benediction:

"The Lord be praised,
How I'm amazed,
To see how things have mended:
Here's short cake and tea,
For supper I see.
Where mosh and milk were intended."

It is almost unnecessary to add, that after this grace Frank never returned to woo his lady love, but left her to the undisturbed possession of his more favored rival.

Night Hath its Songs.

Have you never stood by the sea side at night and heard the pebbles sing, and the waves chant God's glories? Or have you never risen from your couch, and thrown up your chamber window, and listened to these? Listened to what? Silence—save now and then a murmuring sound, which seemed sweet music then. And have you not fancied that you heard the harp of God playing in Heaven? Did you not conceive that you stars, that those eyes of God looking down on you, were also mouths of song—that every song was singing, as it shone, its mighty Maker, and his lawful, well-deserved praise? Night has its song. We need not much poetry in our spirit to catch the song of night, and hear the spheres chant praises which are loud to the heart, though they may be silent to the ear—the praises of the mighty God, who bears up the unpharised arch of heaven, and moves the stars in their courses.

THE Devil Repulsed.—Luther says: "One upon a time the Devil came to me and said; 'Martin Luther, you are a great sinner, and you will be damned!'" "Stop! stop!" said I, "one thing at a time. I am a great sinner, it is true, though you have no right to tell me of it. I confess it. What next?" "Therefore you will be damned!" That is no good reasoning. It is true I am a great sinner; but it is written, "Jesus Christ came to save sinners;" therefore I shall be saved.—Now go your way." So I cut the Devil off with his own sword, and he went away mourning because he could not cast me down by calling me a sinner."

A FREAK OF NATURE.—It is said that a child was born in the upper part of the city of Harrisburg a day or two since with teeth. Few instances of this kind are on record since the days of Richard II, and we think the war must have something to do with it. It would have been in accordance with the times if the youngster (providing it is a boy) had been "ushered into this breathing world" with a knapsack on his back, and a musket in his hand, but even as it is, bringing forth children rarely supplied with teeth is enough to terrify Jeff. Davis, "or any other man."

The great rock upon which all our fortunes rise is "rock the cradle."

A good man is kinder to his enemy than bad men are to their friends.

A piano affords a young lady a good chance to show her fingering and her fluggering.

A real lady never gossips. She is too thoughtful, too amiable, too modest, too wise, to gossip. Gossiping women are not womanly ladies.

Happy Folks.—A child with a rattle—schoolboy on a holiday—two lovers walking by moonlight—and a boy sucking candy through a straw.

In reply to an advertisement headed, "Use Cooper's Tooth Brush," a western editor says: "We'll see Cooper hanged first, the dirty fellow! How would he like to use ours?"

That was a wise nigger, who in speaking of the happiness of married peo-