

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

W. H. JACOBY, Proprietor.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

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Choice Poetry.

[It is not often that the name of Stephen A. Douglas is connected in our minds with literature, or anything outside of the fierce contentions of the political arena, but here is a poetical effusion which is credited to him.]

Bury Me in the Morning.

Bury me in the morning mother—
O let me have the light
Of one bright day on my grave, mother,
Ere you leave me alone with the night;
Alone in the night of the grave, mother;
'Tis a thought of terrible fear—
And you will be here alone, mother,
And stars will be shining here;
So bury me in the morning, mother,
And let me have the light
Of one bright day on my grave, mother,
Ere I'm alone with the night.

You tell me of the Saviour's love, mother,
I feel it in my heart—
But oh! from this beautiful world, mother,
'Tis hard for the young to part;
Forever to part, when here, mother,
The soul is laid to rest;
For the grave is deep and dark, mother,
And heaven seems far away.
Then bury me in the morning, mother,
And let me have the light
Of one bright day on my grave, mother,
Ere I'm alone with the night.

A Gentle Humorist.

The North British Review has an appreciative criticism of Dr. John Brown's gossiping book, *How Subversive*, the second series, which has just been published in Edinburgh. The Review says:

The preface to the first series of the Horn Subversive contains a very unnecessary apology for what the author describes as "the tendency in him of the merely ludicrous to intrude, and to insist on being attended to and expressed." This is a very inadequate account of a rich and penetrating humor, not unworthy of so enthusiastic an admirer of Charles Lamb. He has not indeed—who ever had?—the wild yet tender imaginative wit of Elia, so subtle and wonderful that even Scotchmen adore him when he is "bleating libels against their native land." But he has the genuine humor, which, in his own words, is "the flavor of the spirit, its rich and fragrant ozonemaze, having in its aroma something of everything in the man, his expressed juice." Dr. Brown's humor illustrates admirably the definition of a thoughtful writer, whose own wit, by the way, was rather leathery—Archdeacon Hare—who explains humor as a "sense of the ridiculous, softened and meliorated by human feeling."

This is a true but hardly an adequate definition! for it fails to express how thoroughly the humor and the feeling interpenetrate each other. The two elements cannot be separated by the most searching analysis. Nor is the result, though always humbling, so invariably gentle as one might suppose. Dean Swift, at least, is an illustrious example to show that some slight infusion of gall is by no means inconsistent with the humor; and it might not be impossible to name another instance almost as striking among our great living authors. But we have quoted Archdeacon Hare chiefly to show how broad a distinction there is between such humor as Dr. Brown's and the mere tendency to be always joking, with which he seems modestly afraid that it may be confounded. There is a great deal of fun in Dr. Brown; his gravely comic power is inimitable; but is hardly ever, as it seems to us, the purely ludicrous, which gives occasion for its exercise. The incongruity which moves him is that of ideas, and not of words.

THE DOCTOR ON DOGS.

His descriptions, or rather characters of dogs, for example, are really like nothing so much, either in the result or in the mode of treatment, as the Ellisons and the Captain Jacksons of Elia. We do not put Toby on a par with Captain Jackson; but the peculiarities of his mental organization are made known to us in much the same way. The most impalpable niceties of the character are seized with the same firm and delicate touch, and brought out, one after another, with the same gradual art, till the picture is complete. And we know nothing anywhere, except in Charles Lamb, which in the least degree resembles the grave fun with which the whole dog is then presented to us.

A STORY OF A DOG.

There are two characteristic anecdotes which we cannot resist. Our readers must understand that Dr. Brown, when a boy, had brought a shepherd's dog from Tweed-side to Edinburgh:

"She came, and was at once taken to all our hearts—our grandmother like her; and though she was often positive, as if thinking of her master and her work on the hills, she made herself at home and behaved in all respects like a lady. When out with me, if she saw sheep in the streets or road she got quite excited, and helped the work-

and was curiously useful, the being so making her wonderfully happy. And so her little life went on, never doing wrong—always blith, and kind, and beautiful. But some months after she came there was a mystery about her. Every Tuesday evening she disappeared. We tried to watch her but in vain. She was always off by nine P. M., and was away all night, coming back next day weary, and all over mud, as if she had traveled far. She slept all next day. This went on for some months, and we could make nothing of it. Poor, dear creature, she looked at us wistfully when we came in, as if she would have told us if she could, and was especially fond of walking through the mud. Well, one day I was walking across the Grassmarket, with Wylie at my heels, when two shepherds started, and, looking at her, one said, "That's her, that's the wonderfu' wee bitch that naebody kens." I asked him what he meant, and he told me that for months past she had made her appearance by the first daylight at the "bushes," or sheep pens, in the cattle market, and worked incessantly, and to excellent purpose, in helping the shepherds to get their sheep and lambs in. The men said, with a sort of transport, "She's a perfect meercle—flees about like a speerit, and never gangs wrong—wears but never grups, an' beats a' our dogs—She's a perfect meercle, and as soopie as mawk." Then he related how they all knew her, and said, "There's that we feel yin; we'll get them in noo." They tried to coax her to stop and be caught, but no; she was gentle but off; and for many a that "we feel yin" was spoken of by those rough fellows. She continued this amateur work till she died, which she did in peace."

A SIMPLE DOG.

We do not intend to quote more about dogs; but there is not something at once very absurd and very touching about this: "Peck had to the end of life a simplicity which was quite touching. One summer day, a dog day, when all dogs found straying were brushed away to the police office and killed off in twenties with strychnine, I met Peck trotting along Princes street, with a policeman, a rope round his neck; he looking up to the fatal official, but kindly countenance, in the most artful and cheerful manner, wagging his tail and trotting along. In ten minutes he would have been in the next world; for I am one of those who believe dogs have a next world—and why not! Peck ended his days as the best dog in Roxburghshire. *Floidee quiescat.*"

A SCOTCH PASTOR "UNCLE EBENEZER."

Perhaps we could find nowhere a more quiet and graceful picture, without any exaggeration or straining for effect, than the touching and beautiful character of "Uncle Ebenezer," the well-known pastor at Inverkeithing. It is little to say that such things as this give a truer insight into the life and nature of a certain class of Scotch divines than any amount of lives and church histories.

"Uncle Ebenezer flowed *per saltum*; he was always good and saintly, but he was great once a week. Six days he brooded over his message, was silent, withdrawn, self-involved. On the Sabbath, that downcast, almost timid man, who shunned men, the instant he was in the pulpit stood up a son of thunder. Such a voice! such a piercing eye! such an inevitable forefinger, held out trembling with the terrors of the Lord! such a power of asking questions, and letting them fall deep into the hearts of his hearers, and then answering them himself with an "Ah sirs!" that thrilled and quivered from him to them. * * *

Nothing was more beautiful than my father's admiration and emotion when listening to his uncle's rapt passages, or than his childlike faith in my father's exegetical progress. He used to have a list of difficult passages ready for "my nephew," and the moment the oracle gave decision, the old man asked him to repeat it, and then took a permanent note of it, and would assuredly preach it some day with his own proper unction and power. One story of him I must give. * * * Uncle Ebenezer, with all his mildness and complaisance, was, like most of the Browns, *tenax propositi*, firm to obstinacy.

He had established a week day sermon at the North Ferry, about two miles from his own town, Inverkeithing. It was, I think, on the Tuesdays. It was winter, and a wild, drifting and dangerous day; his daughters—his wife was dead—besought him not to go, he smiled vaguely, but continued getting into his big coat. Nothing would stay him, and away he and the pony stumbled through the dumb and blinding snow. He was half way on his journey, and had got out the sermon he was going to preach, and was utterly insensible to the outward storm; his pony getting his feet balled, staggered about, and at last upset the master and himself into the ditch at the roadside. The feeble, heedless, rapt old man might have perished there, had not some carters, bringing up whisky casks from the ferry, seen the catastrophe and rushed up. Raising him and *drinking* him with much commiseration and blunt speech: "Pair auld man, what brash ye here in sic a day!" There they were, a rough crew, surrounding the saintly man, some putting on his hat, sorting and cheering him, and others knocking the balls off the pony's feet and stuffing them with grease.

He was most polite and grateful; and one of these cordial ruffians having pierced a cask, brought him a horn of whisky, and said, "Take that it'll hearten ye." He took

let us give thanks;" and there, by the roadside, in drift and storm with these wild fellows, he asked a blessing on it, and for his kind deliverers, and took a tasting of the horn. The men cried like children.—They lifted him on his pony, one going with him; and when the rest arrived in Inverkeithing they repeated the story to everybody, and broke down in tears whenever they came to the blessing. "And to think o' askin' a blessing on a tass o' whisky!"

"Next presbytery day, after the ordinary business was over, he rose up—he seldom spoke—am" said, "Moderator, I have something personal to myself to-day. I have often said that real kindness belongs only to true Christians, but—and then he told the story of these men—but more true kindness I have never experienced than from these lads. They may have had the grace of God—I don't know; but I never mean again to be so positive in speaking of this matter."

Mad Anthony Wayne.

From the inscription on a monument in Radnor churchyard (St. David's Episcopal church,) we learn that—"Major General Anthony Wayne was born in Chester county, Pennsylvania, in 1745. After a life of honor and usefulness, he died in December, 1796, at Erie, Pennsylvania, then a military post on Lake Erie, commander-in-chief of the United States. His military achievements are consecrated in the history of his country and in the hearts of his countrymen. His remains are here deposited." The above is on the north side of the monument. On the south is inscribed: "In honor of the distinguished military services of Major General Anthony Wayne, and as an affectionate tribute of respect to his memory, this stone was erected by his confederates in arms, the Pennsylvania State Society of Cincinnati, July 4th, 1809, thirty-fourth anniversary of the independence of the United States of America, an event which constitutes the most appropriate eulogium of an American soldier." It may not be generally known that the remains of Anthony Wayne were first interred near the block house, which now stands on the high bluff which commands the entrance to the harbor of Erie, they lay there until 1800, when his son went on from Chester county, Pa. to Erie, in a sulky (a two wheeled carriage) and removed them to their final resting place. On arriving at Erie, he employed "Old Doctor Wallace," so called to distinguish him from the present Dr. Wallace, to take up his father's remains, pack the bones in as small a space as possible, and lash them on to the hind part of the sulky.

Doctor Wallace took up the remains, and found them in a perfect state of preservation, except one foot. He had been buried in full uniform, and the boot of the decayed foot remained sound; and a man by the name of Duncan had a mate to it, and wore them out. Duncan's foot, like the General's was very large. Dr. Wallace cut and boiled all the flesh off the bones, packed them in a box, lashed them on to the carriage, and they were brought and deposited beside the rest of his family, in the above named churchyard. I visited Gen. Wayne's old residence in the summer of 1857, and found everything as he had left it. The house is an elegant old two story mansion, now occupied by his grandson. The parlors and sitting room, they informed me, were as in the days of the General himself. There are portraits and engraving of the mer of the Revolution, hanging on the walls, as they were when appointed to the command of the western army, on the 3rd of April, 1792.

Around the house and over the farm, the fences and buildings are in good condition, yet they assured me it is about as he left it. Everything appeared as though it had belonged to a gentleman of the old school—a race said to be now extinct. The premises looked, and I felt as though the old hero, whose very name was once a terror to the murderous red man, might be expected back in an hour or so, and a dreamy impression seemed to steal over me that if I waited a little I should see him. I should like much to have questioned him about Three Rivers and Bandywine, and Germantown, and Monmouth, and Stony Point, Yorktown and the Indians, and how Erie appeared when she was only a year old. And I seemed to hold my breath and listen, as many an old Indian had done, for his footsteps and his fearful oaths; yet he didn't come, and after a little, I passed on some three miles to his resting place.

Tax Boston Traveller receives the following story, told by one of the New York Seventh Regiment:—

"While in Maryland I wandered off one day and came to a farm-house, where I saw a party of Rhode Island boys talking with a woman who was greatly frightened. They tried in vain to quiet her apprehensions. They asked for food, and she cried, 'O, take all I have, take everything, but spare my sick husband.' 'O,' said one of the men, 'we ain't going to hurt you; we want something to eat.' But the woman persisted in being frightened in spite of all efforts to reassure her, and hurried whatever food she had on the table. When, however, she saw this company stand about the table with bared hands, and a tall gaunt man raise his hand and invoke God's blessing on the bounties spread before them, the poor woman broke down with a fit of sobbing and crying. She had no longer any fears, but bade them wait, and in a few moments had made hot coffee in abundance. She then emptied their canteens of the muddy water they contained and filled them with coffee. Her astonishment was increased when she

A Turkish Bath.

"The Improved Turkish Bath," as exemplified and represented by the one at St. Ann's Hill, consists of three chambers. The first, or "Divan" (the apodyterium of the ancient Romans) is a large, well ventilated room, furnished with sofas and couches.—Here the bather divests himself of his clothes, and puts on a light bathing-dress and wooden slippers, and passes on to the second (the calderium of the Romans); this room is furnished with marble slabs, and mattresses, and (in the centre) a large marble seat or ottoman, so that the bather can recline or sit, as they please. The light is partially dimmed by frosted and colored glass, which tends to produce a tranquilizing, dreamy state of mind, favorable to the equalization of the circulation. This room is heated to 112 deg. (and here it may be remarked once for all, that from the approximate dryness of the atmosphere, and complete system of ventilation, the air of this and the next—the "hottest"—room is respired with perfect ease, so that the delicate and nervous person). Here the bather remains until perspiration is fully induced, and not till then should the third room be entered. The time requisite varies—depending mostly on the state of the skin—from ten to thirty minutes.

The third chamber (the laconium of the Romans) is also furnished with marble slabs, upon which are placed light frames of wood, as protection against the heat of the marble. The temperature of this chamber is 140 deg. to 150 deg.

It is here the process of "shampooing" (if desired) is performed. It is a process which has so often been described, that it is unnecessary to enter into that subject at present, beyond stating that a modification of the Eastern system is found to assist in removing impurities from the pores of the skin, while it calls into activity (as in the "Swedish Movement System") sinews and muscles often left inert, and the benefits of friction to the body in most cases is generally admitted. After perspiration has commenced, cold water may be drunk with great advantage. Under the increased temperature of the skin is brought into full action, and no material rise is observable in the pulse.

Contiguous to this chamber are recesses *Invarium tepidarium* of the Romans) containing fountains and simple apparatus, so arranged that the hot and cold water may be mixed to any temperature required—and here "doucheing" or washing process take place; after this refreshing operation the bather returns to the third (hottest room) chamber for a minute or so (inter seep reaction), and then proceeds to the first room (divine) and remains on a sofa or couch, only partially enveloped in his sheet, to enjoy the tonic influence of the pure atmosphere. After remaining from fifteen to twenty minutes he resumes his garments, and experiences an elasticity of mind and body, and a feeling of invigoration which proves to him that the bath is as beneficial as delectable.

It is hardly necessary to remark that the above description of the "bath-talking" refers to the ordinary bath; in cases of some patients the mode is varied, in minor respects, according to the condition of the or the directions of their medical advisers. Many persons pass from the third chamber to the cold "plunge bath," or use the "cold douche."

With reference to the effect of what may be called extreme heat on human beings, it may be stated that at the Patent Steam Engraving Establishment near London, the workmen sustain a temperature of 200 deg. to 300 deg., for six hours daily, not only without inconvenience, but with positive advantage to health, the men being reported "free from bodily ailments." That exposure to a high temperature is not debilitating, may be further demonstrated by reference to the shampooers in the Turkish baths of Constantinople, who are, according to Mr. Urquhart's inquiries, a peculiarly healthy class. They enter the bath at the age of eight, and enjoy long life. And the porters, who carry weights beyond the usual of those in this country, use the bath as a "refreshment," and resume their work "better men." The attendants of Dr. Barter's establishment are employed for six hours every day, and some have been so employed for six hours every day, and some have been so employed for more than a year, not with diminished, but with increased health and strength.

It is probable that some may say, "in a country such as America, or at least New York, the time could not be spared which requires;" but, even assuming that there is a necessity for the hurry-scurry which often prevails among men of business—when the merchants and traders (often dyspeptic) find the advantages which the bath would produce on the fatigued bodies and over-worked brains, they would make time for an occasional bath. In the great manufacturing towns of England, like Manchester and Bradford, etc. the working classes frequent the baths in numbers, and the effects have been found practically to aid the endeavors of that class of philanthropist, (which in this country ought, and no doubt will, advocate the construction of these baths) namely, the Promoters of Temperance.—*Water-Cure Journal.*

An **ISHMAR** remarked to his companion on observing a lady pass, "Pat did you ever see a woman so thin as that before?" "Thin," replied the other, "botheration,

THE RED WHITE AND BLUE.

O! Columbia the gem of the ocean,
The land of the brave, and the free;
The shrine of each patriot's devotion,
A world offers homage to thee;
Thy mandates make Heroes assemble,
When liberty's form stands in view,
Thy banners make tyrants tremble,
When borne by the red white and blue.
When borne by the red, white and blue,
When borne by the red, white and blue,
Thy banners make tyrants tremble,
When borne by the red, white and blue.

When war winged its wide desolation,
And threatened the land to deform,
The ark then of freedom's foundation,
Columbia rode safe thro' the storm;
With her garland of victory around her,
When so proudly she bore her brave crew,
With her flag proudly floating before her,
The boast of the red, white and blue,
The boast of the red, white and blue,
With her flag proudly floating before her,
The boast of the red, white and blue.

The wine cup, the wine cup, bring hither,
And fill ye it true to the brim;
May the memory of Washington ne'er wither,
Nor the star of his glory grow dim.
May the service uncolored ne'er sever,
But they to their colors prove true,
The Navy and Army for ever,
Three cheers for the red, white and blue,
Three cheers for the red, white and blue,
The Navy and Army for ever,
Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

Waterloo After the Battle.

On the surface of two square miles, it was ascertained that fifty thousand men and horses were dying! The luxurious crop of ripe grain which had covered the field of battle, was reduced to litter and beaten into the earth, and the surface trodden down by the cavalry and furrowed deeply by the cannon wheels, strewn with many a relic of the fight. Helmets and cuirasses, shattered fire-arms and broken swords; all the varieties of military ornaments, lance caps and Highland bonnets; uniforms of every color, plumes and pennons; musical instruments, the apparatus of artillery, drums, bugles, but good God! why dwell on the harrowing picture of a foughen field—each and every ruinous display bore mute testimony to the misery of such a battle. Could the melancholy appearance of this scene of death be heightened, it would be witnessing the researches of the living, amid its desolation, for the objects of their love. Mothers and wives and children for days were occupied in that mournful duty; and the confusion of the corpses—friend and foe intermingled as they were—often rendered the attempt at recognizing individuals difficult, and sometimes impossible.

In many places the dead lay four feet deep upon each other, marking the spot some British square had occupied, exposed for hours to the murderous fire of a French battery. Outside lance and cuirass were scattered on the earth. Madly attempting to force the serried bayonet of the British, they had fallen in countless numbers; the musketry of the inner files. Further on you trace the spot where the cavalry of France and England had encountered; chasseur and huzzar were intermingled; and the heavy Norman horses of the Imperial Guards were interspersed with the gay charges which had carried Albion's chivalry. Here the Highlander and Tiralleur lay side by side together; and the heavy dragon, with green Ern's badge upon his helmet, was grappling in death with the Polish lancer. On the summit of the ridge, where the ground was cumbered with the dead and trodden felloe deep in the mud and gore by the frequent rush of rival cavalry, the thick strewn corpses of the Imperial Guards pointed out the spot where Napoleon had been defeated. Here, in column, the favored corps, on whom his last chances rested, had been annihilated, and the advance and repulse of the guard was traceable to a mass of fallen Frenchmen.—In the hollow below, the last struggle of France had been vainly made; for there the Old Guard attempted to meet the British and afford time to their disorganized companies to rally.

WHAT MAKES A GOOD EDITOR?—A good editor, a competent newspaper conductor, is like a general or poet—born, not made.—Exercise and experience give facility, but the qualification is innate, and it is never manifested. On the London daily papers, all the historians, novelists, poets, essayists and writers have been tried, and nearly all have failed. We might say all; for after a display of brilliancy, brief and grand, they died out, literally. Their resources were exhausted. "I can," said the late editor of the *Times*, to Moore, "find any number of men of genius to write for me, but very seldom one man of common sense." Nearly all successful editors have been men of this description. Campbell, Carlyle, Bulwer and Disraeli failed; Barnes, Stirling, Phillips, succeeded; and Delane and Lowe succeeded. A good editor seldom writes for his paper: he reads, judges, selects, dictates, directs, alters and combines; and to do this well he has but little time for composition. To write for a paper is one thing—to edit a paper, another.—*Exchange.*

POLITE CHILDREN.—A writer in the *Illustrated London Times* says that "American children are much handsomer than English children and much more polite. They have greater confidence in their parents, which is the result of freedom of intercourse." We believe this to be strictly true although most Americans are always praising the politeness of English children.

How Old Hickory Imprisoned the Judge.

Soon after General Jackson arrived in New Orleans, in the latter part of the year 1814, he placed that city, and the whole district within his lines, under martial law. This was considered a wise, and even a necessary precaution, and was zealously submitted to by the patriotic portion of the population. After the great battle of the 8th of January, 1815, in which the British were so totally routed, the malcontents of the city began to murmur at the maintenance of martial law, declaring that as the British had fled, and there was no danger from any foe, the continuance of the military regime was downright tyranny. Old Hickory paid no attention to these murmurs, but went on his iron way, with an eye single to the safety of his country. But soon news came, vague and unauthentic, that peace had been declared, and then the murmurs of the malcontents became frequent and loud. The French portion of the population were especially clamorous, and finally they began to get certificates of French citizenship from the French Consul, hoping thereby to be able to set Old Hickory at defiance. But they mistook their man. As soon as the old hero learned what they were about he ordered them and their Consul to leave New Orleans within three days, and not to come nearer than one hundred and twenty miles of the city until peace should be officially announced. He at the same time took judicious notice of the rumors of peace, and hinting that they might have been circulated by the enemy for the purpose of throwing him off his guard he assured his army and the inhabitants that the fruits of their glorious victory should not be snatched from them by reason of any lack of vigilance on his part; and that, until he received official notification from his government that peace had been declared, he should maintain within his lines the most inflexible discipline.

This proclamation produced a prodigious excitement. A Frenchman named Louailier, who was a member of the legislature, published in one of the city papers a defiant commentary upon it, and declared, in substance, that the French citizens would not obey such a tyrannical order. The General at once had the editor of the paper brought before him, and demanded the name of the author of the "mutinous article." The editor gave the author's name; and a few minutes afterwards, Louailier was tapped on the shoulder, as he was promading the street, by a sergeant at the head of a file of soldiers, and informed that he was "my prisoner." He protested against the arrest, engaged a lawyer on the spot, named Morrill, to take charge of his case, and was marched off to prison. Morrill at once applied to the United States Judge, named Dominick Hall, for a writ of *habeas corpus*. The Judge granted the writ; but when the official went to serve it on the General, he seized it, kept possession of it "as evidence against the Judge," gave the officer a certified copy, and at once issued an order for the "arrest of Dominick Hall, on a charge of aiding to excite mutiny in the camp." "Be careful to permit no escapes," wrote the General to the officer detailed to arrest the Judge, "as the emissaries of the enemy are more numerous than we suspected." Rather a hard hit, that, for the United States Judge. Old Hickory's pen was sometimes sharper than his sword.

Judge Hall was speedily arrested, and imprisoned along with his friend Louailier, where they could talk over the matter at their leisure. But in a short time, the General had the Judge escorted beyond his line, and set at liberty, with a command not to come within the lines until peace should be officially declared. Not long afterwards peace was officially declared, and then the General, in an eloquent and heart-rending proclamation, disbanded his heroic army, permitted the civil power to resume its legitimate sway, and released all prisoners confined for disobedience to military orders.

Judge Hall returned to the city and determined to have his revenge. He soon had the General served with an order to show cause why he should not be attached for contempt of court, &c. &c. On the day of the return, the General, in citizen's dress, and accompanied by the renowned Edward Livingston as his counsel, went to the court-room, which was packed with an eager multitude, anxious to get a glimpse of the "old hero." As soon as his tall and majestic form was seen, the audience burst into such a tempest of enthusiasm that the Judge, not knowing what the excited throng might do, gave orders to adjourn the court. But the General entertained different views. Springing upon his seat, he waved his arm, and at once a silence as of the grave pervaded the hushed multitude. Then, in a few words, he remanded the audience where they were, and besought every man who was a friend to him, to behave with the decorum due to the place and the occasion. Then turning to the scared Judge, he said, "The same arm that protected this city from the invader will also protect this court in the discharge of its duty, or perish in the attempt." So, under the protection of the General, the court went on.

The Judge refused, on technical grounds, to hear Livingston's argument in favor of the General's course, and ordered the attachment to issue. On the return day of the attachment, the Judge pronounced nineteen interrogatories, which the General de-

the decision of the court. The Judge then fined him one thousand dollars, for which amount the General at once drew his check on a city bank, and thus the matter was for the time ended. But twenty-seven years afterwards, A. D. 1842, the Congress of the United States voted to refund to General Jackson that \$1000, with interest to date amounting to some \$2700, and the money was paid over to the old man, amid the plaudits of the nation. And thereby Congress and the people set their seal of approbation upon the old hero's conduct, and gave judges notice to beware how in critical emergencies they interfere with commanders called into the field to defend the honor and the safety of the country.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

Is a Great Battle at Hand Near Washington.

To persons unacquainted with the science of war, it may appear strange that the two contending armies now in the field, in sight of each other, do not immediately come into collision; and no doubt many have come to the conclusion that there will be no great battle after all. That is a very unsafe conclusion. It is evident that the generals on either side are maneuvering in order to obtain some important point which would throw the chances of victory in favor of the army which had gained the vantage ground. The risk of a general battle with so many troops is immense, and neither side seems willing to take the initiative at a disadvantage, though either would gladly give fight on their own ground.

The responsibility is great, and the generals are naturally cautious. Davis, it appears to us, is too much so for success.—He seems to have lost his opportunity. In revolution and in war the assailing party, are, for the most part, animated with greater courage and fight better than the party who remain on the defensive. Napoleon never waited to be attacked.

That there will be a great battle, however, there seems to be no reasonable doubt.—When General Scott is ready he will make such an attack as will prove successful.—At present he is outnumbered by the enemy; but will not long be the case. There is only one thing can prevent a battle, and that is that the rebel generals lay down their arms and submit the questions at issue to the arbitration of the people or their representatives to the United States Congress, or to a convention of the people of all the States. By adopting this course they may save their necks from the halter, and the country from the effusion of blood. But if they will persist in settling the question by the arbitration of the sword, then they must perish by the sword. The integrity of the Union must be maintained at all hazards.—But General Scott, secure within his entrenchments, at Washington, as was the Duke of Wellington within his famous lines of Torres Vedras, will run no risk.—*New York Herald.*

PRIVATEER SAVANNAH.—When the privateer Savannah was at the dock in Charleston, just previous to her departure, the citizens and a detachment of the fair sex visited her. The Captain addressed the assembly, expressing his intention of capturing the Minnesota, and dispersing other vessels which hover about the harbor. These sentiments were received with enthusiasm.

Large quantities of wine were placed on board, some of which was immediately used, but the greater portion stowed away in the locker, to be used as occasion demanded. After seizing the merchant vessel and disposing of her, the Savannah sailed for the Perry, which purposely sailed away from her, but suddenly tacked, got to her windward and opened her port holes. Then the Savannah saw her mistake, and took to her heels. The Perry followed in full chase throwing several shot, to which the privateer paid no attention. At last a heavy shell was thrown, which burst just over the vessel, striking consternation in the hearts of the bold privateers.

In a moment nearly every man of them went below and found solace in the wines furnished them by their Charleston friends, and when the Perry captured the vessel nearly all of them were intoxicated. They knew enough, however, of their perilous situation to give the most abject signs of terror.

Persons who practice deceit and artifice always deceive themselves more, than they deceive others. They may feel great complacency in view of the success of their doings; but they are in reality casting a mist before their own eyes. Such persons not only make a false estimate of their own character; but they estimate falsely the opinions and conduct of others. No person is obliged to tell all he thinks; but both duty and self interest forbid him ever to make false pretences.

If you love others; they will love you.—If you speak kindly to them they will speak kindly to you. Love is repaid with love and hatred with hatred. Would you hear a sweet and pleasing echo, speak sweetly and pleasantly yourself.

A young miss of Belfast, Me., whose acquirements are rather beyond her four summers, was a few days since repeating the catchism at her mother's knee. In response to the question, "What did God create?" she said:—"The earth, the sun, the moon, the stars—and stripes."