

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

W. H. JACOBY, Proprietor.]

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

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National Air.

FOR THE UNION!

Tune.—"Gay and happy."

Hark! The trumpet calls to duty,
 See, our glorious flag unfurled;
 The Stars and Stripes unite in beauty,
 The pride and glory of the world.
 So let the world jog as it will,
 We are for the Union still.
 For the Union, For the Union,
 We are for the Union still.

If we wish that flag respected,
 We must answer honor's call;
 Duty must not be neglected,
 Tho' our dearest friend should fall.
 So let the world jog, &c.

Traitors have betrayed the nation,
 But we will by the Union stand;
 Let every patriot seek his station,
 With the gallant warlike band.
 So let the world jog, &c.

To the Rebels have exulted,
 To their treason and their shame;
 Yet the flag they have insulted,
 Still retains its honor's name.
 So let the world jog, &c.

Long its folds shall float above us,
 While we shout our battle cry;
 "We will fight for those who love us,
 But let every traitor die."
 So let the world jog, &c.

Pennylvanians to your station,
 Boldly meet the Trait'or foe;
 Fight as bravely for the nation,
 As you did at Mexico.
 So let the world jog, &c.

Then your names shall live in story,
 And echo'd be from strand to strand;
 Then fight for Liberty and Glory,
 The Union and your Native Land.
 So let the world jog, &c.

From the New York Home Journal.

TEACHINGS OF WASHINGTON.

BY BENSON J. LOSSING.

INDEPENDENT and supreme state sovereignty, the political error of the disinterested fathers that so nearly destroyed the Republic in its infancy, and which was magnified by Hayne, Hamilton, Calhoun and other politicians of South Carolina, thirty years ago, into a formidable political heresy, is now, under the management of vastly inferior and less scrupulous men, producing its natural fruit in the form of positive endeavors to destroy the Republic in its vigorous youth. This error was discovered and abandoned in the Convention of 1787, and the budding heresy was utterly discarded by the founders of this nation when they framed the National Constitution, and the people, the source of sovereignty, declared it to be the supreme law of the land.

Our political progress as a nation, and our material prosperity as a people, have caused us to look so eagerly and proudly forward for greater national aggrandizement and individual success, that we have seldom looked backward. The events of yesterday become not only history, but half-forgotten history, to-day. In the pride of our conceit we have felt no necessity for retrospection for our instruction. We have spurned tuition as a work of supererogation. Because of our progress and prosperity, we have indulged half-acknowledged contempt for the so-called wisdom of precedent generations; and instead of turning to them frequently, or even at wide intervals, for instruction or warning, we have walked proudly and talked boastfully because of our supposed omnipotence, and felt confident of invulnerability against every assault. That confidence in our strength, based upon more material prosperity, was our weakness.

We are now humbled. Our material prosperity is paralyzed. Our national strength is menaced. Folly and wickedness in our own household have brought us to the verge of ruin. We are now more thoughtful; and in our humility we are more willing to turn our eyes toward the past, and earnestly seek instruction from the wisdom of our fathers. Let us question the chief of patriots, and listen reverently to his responses.

I have called the doctrine of independent and supreme state sovereignty, which is the chief moral ailment of the present rebellion a political heresy; and have asserted that it was utterly discarded by the adoption of the National Constitution by the people.—The inhabitants of the United States were then, by their own act, made a consolidated nation, and the only sufficient state sovereignty was reserved for the satisfaction of municipal wants. Allegiance to the National Government was made supreme, and care for the national welfare was made paramount to the special interests of individual states. In support of this position I might cite the opinions of many of the fathers, all coinciding with the sentiment expressed by Edmund Randolph, of Virginia, to his constituents, at the close of the convention that framed the National Constitution, when he said in referring to the dangers of mere con-

ederation—"I come, therefore, to the last, and perhaps only, refuge in our difficulties, a consolidation of the Union, as far as circumstances will permit. To fulfil this desirable object, the Constitution was framed by the federal convention."

But I will quote only from the writings of Washington, which show his comprehension of the value of consolidation, as well as his apprehension of dangers incident to the practical assertion of independent state authority, in other words, a dissolution of the Union:

1. "There are four things which I humbly conceive, are essential to the well-being of the Union, and to the existence of the United States, as an independent power: First, an indissoluble Union of the States under one federal head. Second, a sacred regard to public justice. Third, the adoption of a proper peace establishment. Fourth, the prevalence of that pacific and friendly disposition among the people of the United States, which will induce them to forget their local prejudices and politics."

***** These are the pillars, on which the glorious fabric of our independence and nationality must be supported. Liberty is the basis. And whoever would dare to sap the foundation, or overturn the structure, under whatever specious pretext he may attempt it, will merit the most bitter execration, and most severe punishment which can be inflicted by his injured country.

2. "Whatever measure have a tendency to dissolve the Union, or contribute to violate or lessen the sovereign authority, ought to be considered as hostile to the liberty and independence of America, and the authors of them treated accordingly."

3. "It is only in our united character, as an empire, that our independence is acknowledged, that our power can be regarded, or our credit supported, among foreign nations."

4. "To the efficacy and permanency of your Union, a government for the whole is indispensable. No alliance, however strict, between the parts, can be an adequate substitute."

5. "This government—the offering of your choice, uninfluenced and unswayed, adopted upon full investigation and mature deliberation, in the distribution of its powers, uniting security with energy, and containing within itself a provision for its own amendment—has a just claim to your confidence and support. Respect for its authority, compliance with its laws, acquiescence in its measures, are duties enjoined by the fundamental maxims of liberty."

6. "The very idea of the power and the right of the people to establish government, presupposes the duty of every individual to obey the established government."

7. "Unless the principles of the federal government, are properly supported, and the powers of the Union increased, the honor, dignity, and justice of the nation will be lost forever."

8. "Common danger brought the states into Confederacy; and on their union our safety and importance depend."

9. "The name of AMERICAN, which belongs to you in your national capacity, must always exalt the just pride of patriotism, more than any appellation derived from local discriminations."

10. "A nominal head, which, at present, is but another name for Congress, will no longer do. That honorable body, after having the interests and views of the several states fairly discussed and explained by their respective representatives, must dictate, and not merely recommend, and leave it to the states afterward to do as they please."

11. "We have probably had too good an opinion of human nature, in forming our Confederation. [1784] Experience has taught us, that men will not adopt and carry into execution measures the best calculated for their own good, without the intervention of a coercive power."

12. "The disinclination of the individual states to yield powers to Congress in [1784] for the Federal Government, their unreasonable jealousy of that body and of one another, and the disposition which seems to pervade each, of being all-wise and all-powerful within itself, will, if there is not a change in the system, be our downfall as a nation."

circumstances of our country, has been most happily effected by the influence of reason alone. In this change, the liberty of the citizen continues unimpaired, whilst the energy of government is so increased, as to promise full protection to all the pursuits of science and industry, together with the firm establishment of public credit, and the vindication of our national character."

14. "While every part of our country feels an immediate and particular interest in Union, all the parts combined cannot fail to find, in the united means and efforts, greater strength, greater resources, proportionally greater security from external danger, and less frequent interruption of their peace by foreign nations; and what is of inestimable value, they must derive from the Union an exemption from those broils and wars between themselves, which so frequently afflict neighboring countries, not tied together by the same government, which their own rivalship alone would be sufficient to produce, but which opposite foreign alliances, detachments, and intrigues, would stimulate and embitter. In this sense it is, that your Union ought to be considered as a main prop of your liberty, and that the love of the one ought to endear to you the preservation of the other."

18. "In contemplating the causes which may disturb your Union, it occurs as matter of serious concern, that any ground should have been furnished, for characterizing parties by geographical discriminations—Northern and Southern; Atlantic and Western; whence designing men may endeavor to excite a belief that there is real difference of local interests and views. One of the expedients of party to acquire influence, within particular districts, is to misrepresent the opinions and aims of other districts. You cannot shield yourselves too much against the jealousies and heart-burnings, which spring from these misrepresentations."

19. "The unity of government which now constitutes you one people, is now dear to you. It is justly so; for it is a main pillar in the edifice of your real independence, the support of your tranquility at home, your peace abroad; of your safety, of your prosperity, of that very liberty you so highly prize. But as it is easy to foresee that, from different causes, and from different quarters, much pains will be taken, many artifices employed, to weaken in your minds the conviction of this truth; as this is a point in your political fortunes, against which the batteries of internal and external enemies will be most constantly and actively (though often covertly and insidiously) directed, it is of infinite moment that you should properly estimate the immense value of your National Union to your collective and individual happiness; that you should cherish a cordial, habitual, and immovable attachment to it; accustoming yourselves to think and speak of it as a palladium of your political safety and prosperity; watching for its preservation with jealous anxiety; discountenancing whatever may suggest even a suspicion that in any event, be abandoned, and indignantly frowning upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest, or to enslave the sacred ties which now link together the various parts."

I might cite other interesting passages of like tenor. It will be observed, that Washington speaks of the National Constitution not Federal. In this he makes a proper discrimination, which it is important for us now and henceforth to observe; for the peculiar significance of terms should be remembered. I would therefore, respectfully suggest to the press, the use of the word National instead of Federal, in speaking of our Constitution, Government, and troops. Federal expresses a league of several powers or parties, and more properly applies to the states in rebellion. We cannot, in too many ways, impress upon the minds of all, and especially the young, the idea that we are a nation, not a Confederacy; and there is no more efficient way than in habitually speaking of the National Constitution, National Government, National Troops, &c. &c.

OUR COMMON SCHOOLS.—They give the keys of knowledge to the mass of the people. I think it may with truth be said, that the branches of knowledge taught in our common schools, when taught in a finished masterly manner—reading—in which I include the spelling of our language—a firm, slightly, legible hand-writing, and the elemental arithmetical—of greater value than all the rest which is taught in school. I am far from saying that nothing else can be taught in our district schools; but the young person who brings these from school can, himself, in his winter evenings, range over the entire field of useful knowledge. Our common schools are important in the same way as the common air, the common sunshine, the common rain—invaluable for their commonness.—They are the corner-stone of that municipal organization which is the characteristic feature of our social system, they are the foundation of that wide spread intelligence, which, like a moral life, pervades the community. From the humblest village school there may go forth a teacher, who, like Newton, shall bind his temples with the stars of Orion's belt—with Herschel, light up his cell with the beams of before undiscovered planets—with Franklin, grasp the lightning—Everett.

The editor of the *Cleveland Plaindealer*, says he has been a "Hail Columbia" Democrat all his life, and proposes to die a "Hail Columbia" Democrat.

Adventure of a Spy.

[From the New York Evening Post.]

I have lately returned from the South, but my exact whereabouts in that region, for obvious reasons, it would not be politic to state. Suspected of being a Northerner, it was often to my advantage to court obscurity. Known as a spy—a "short shirt"—and a ready rope would have prevented the blotting of this paper. Hanging, disguised, on the outskirts of a camp, mixing with the idlers, laughing at their jokes, examining their arms, counting their numbers, endeavoring to discover the plans of their leaders, listening to this party and pursuing that, joining in the chorus of a rebel song, betting on rebel success, cursing abolitionism, reviling Lincoln, traducing Scott, extolling Beauregard, despising Northfighters, laughing at their tactics and sneering at their weapons, praising the beauty of Southern belles and deifying that of Northern, calling New York a den of cut throats, and New Orleans a paradise of immaculate chivalry, is but a small portion of the practice of my profession as a spy. This may not seem honorable or desirable. As to the honor, let the country that benefits by the investigations and warnings of the spy be judge; and the danger, often incurred, is more serious and personal than that of the battle field, which may perhaps, detract from its desirability.

It was a dark night. Not a star on the glimmer. I had collected my quota of intelligence and was on the move for the northern line. I was approaching the banks of a stream whose waters I had to cross, and had then some miles to traverse before I could reach the pickets of our gallant troops. A feeling of uneasiness began to creep over me; I was on the outskirts of a wood fringing the dark waters at my feet, whose presence could scarcely be detected but for their murmurs as they rushed through the gloom. The wind sighed in gentle accordance. I walked forty or fifty yards along the bank. I then crept on all fours along the ground and groped with my hands—I passed—I groped again—my breath thickened perspiration oozed from me at every pore, and I was prostrated with horror! I had missed my landmark and knew not where I was. Below or above, beneath the shelter of the bank lay the skull I had hidden, ten days before, when I commenced operations among the followers of Jeff. Davis.

As I stood gasping for breath, with all the unmistakable proofs of my calling about me, the sudden cry of a bird or plunging of a fish would act like magnetism on my frame, not wont to shudder at a shadow. No matter how pressing the danger may be, if a man sees an opening for escape he breathes with freedom. But let him be surrounded by darkness, impenetrable at two yards distance, within rifle's length of concealed foes, for what knowledge he has to the contrary, knowing, too, with painful accuracy, the detection of his presence would reward him with a sudden and violent death, and if he breathes no faster and feels his limbs as free and his spirit as light as when taking in favorite promenade, he is more fitted for a hero than I am.

In the agony of that moment—in the sudden and utter helplessness I felt to discover my true bearings—I was about to let myself gently into the stream and breast its current, for life or death. There was no alternative. The Northern pickets must be reached in safety before the morning broke, or I should soon swim between heaven and earth from some limb of that black forest in which I stood.

At that moment the low sullen bay of a bloodhound struck my ear. The sound was reviving; the fearful stillness broken. The uncertain dread fled before the certain danger. I was standing to my middle in the shallow bed of the river, just beneath the jutting bank. After the pause of a few seconds I began to creep, mechanically and stealthily, down the stream, followed, as I knew from the rustling of the grass and frequent breaking of twigs, by the insatiable brute; although, by certain uneasy growls, I felt assured he was at fault.—Something struck against my breast. I could not prevent a slight cry from escaping me as stretching out my hands I grasped the gunwale of a boat moored beneath the bank. Between surprise and joy I felt half choked. In an instant I had scrambled on board and began searching for the painter in the bow, in order to cast her from her fastenings.

Suddenly a bright ray of moonlight—the first gleam of hope in that black night—fell directly on the spot, revealing the silvery stream, my own skill hidden there ten days before, lighting the deep shadows of the verging wood, and on the log half buried in the bank, and from which I had that instant cast the line that had bound me to it, the supple form of a crouching bloodhound, his eyes gleaming in the moonlight, jaws distended and poised for a spring.—With one dart the light skill was yanking in the stream, and the savage after it.—With an oar I aimed a blow at his head, which however he eluded with ease. In the effort thus made the boat careened towards my antagonist, who made a desperate effort to get his forepaws over the side, at the same time seizing hold of the gunwale with his teeth.

Now or never was my time to get rid of the accursed brute. I drew my revolver and placed the muzzle between his eyes, but hesitated to fire, for that one report might bring a volley from the pickets.

the frail craft so much that the water rushed over the side, threatening to swamp her. I changed my tactics, threw my revolver into the bottom of the skiff, and grasped my "bowie" keen as a Malay creese, and glittering, as I released it from the sheath, like a moonbeam on the stream. In an instant I had severed the sinewy throat of the hound, cutting through brain and muscle to the nape of the neck. The tenacious wretch gave a wild convulsive leap half out of the water, then sank and was gone.

Five minutes' pulling landed me on the other side of the river, and in an hour after, without further accident, I was among friends, encompassed by the Northern line. That night I related at headquarters the intelligence I had gathered, and in a few days shall again be gleaming knowledge in a Southern camp.

An old Story.

Did you ever read that affecting little novel written by an actress, named Rovercroft, and published half a century ago, called "Charlotte Temple"?—Certainly you have heard of it. On the day of the funeral of Bishop Onderdonk, I wandered about the church-yard of old Trinity, noting the quaint inscriptions on stones and monuments erected some of them, a hundred years ago, and now covered with moss or defaced by the hand of time. I could not but think how true are the words of that fine old song, the *Ivy Green*, sung so wonderfully well twenty years ago, by Henry Russell:

"A daisy plant is the *Ivy Green*,
 That creepeth o'er ruins old;
 A right choice food for his meals I ween,
 In his cell so lone and cold.—
 The wall must be crumbled, the stone decayed,
 To pleasure his dainty whim,
 And the mould'ring dust that years have made,
 Is a merry meal for him."

The particular slab which set me moralizing was one which probably not one of the countless throng that huries past it down Broadway, is aware covers the remains of a once beautiful and fascinating woman, the record of whose romantic and sad career has touched the hearts of hundreds of thousands. The slab itself, the place where it lies, the strange excavation made in its upper part, and the simple name:—
 CHARLOTTE TEMPLE.
 cent near the centre of the stone, is in itself material sufficient for a half a dozen fictions such as are now-a-days manufactured "on the shortest notice, and most reasonable terms," for the sensation press. No date of death appears on the slab;—nothing but "Charlotte Temple."

The legend runs, that while only sixteen, she was seduced by a dashing, young British officer, by whom she bore a child.—He deserted her, and then—the old story—she died. The little one, a daughter, was tenderly cared for, at a proper age was taken to England, and a fortune of twenty thousand pounds settled upon her by the head of her father's family, the Earl of Derby. She, true daughter and true woman, came back to New York and erected this monument to the memory of her parent.—The inscription upon it was engraved on a solid tablet of brass an inch in thickness, heavily plated with silver, and thus it read:

This filial duty performed, the daughter returned to England and lived a life of unobtrusive piety and usefulness until the history of her family was closed with the plate of the late Earl. But the story of the plate or tablet is left to be told. Supposed to be of silver and of much value, it tempted the cupid of those who leered not to desecrate the place of sepulture. On a dark night two men, with hammer and chisels, stealthily crept to its side, and succeeded in prying it from the slab; but, while making off, hearing, or fancying they heard some in pursuit they dropped it in the grass where it was subsequently found. They never were detected. The plate was not restored to its original place, and it was by some good heart, doubtless who had known the deceased in her days of childhood, that the simple name
 CHARLOTTE TEMPLE
 was afterwards cut just underneath the excavation. There it may be seen, at any moment, within twenty feet of Broadway, by any one who will take the trouble to raise himself on the stones in which the iron force is set, and glance towards the slab now almost imbedded in the turf.

The *London Times* has an editorial on the sending of troops to Canada. It says that it is one of those steps that it is difficult to pronounce an opinion upon as the facts of the case are unknown, and Government may have excellent reasons which are unknown to the public.

Looking, however, at the state of affairs, both in America, and Canada, so far as they are publicly known, the *Times* sees no good reason for the movement, and regrets that the step has been taken. It thinks there is little reason for apprehending an attack by the United States upon Canada, and fears that in her present state of mind America is more likely to regard the movement as a challenge than as a precaution.

A greenhorn standing by a sewing machine, at which a young lady was at work, looking alternately at the machine and at his fair operator, at length gave vent to his admiration with, "by golly! it's purty, specially the part with caliker."

IF YOU HAVE a large family of vices to

Corruption! Corruption!

"Four hundred million dollars" is the sum required by the administration to pay the expenses of the war until the regular session of Congress. To this we have no objection if it will only bring the war to a speedy and successful end, again restore to our beloved country peace, prosperity and union. But if we are to judge the future by the present and past, may we not fear that this immense sum will often find channels that will become leaders to schemes of fraud and corruption. Will this four hundred million of dollars be expended to enhance the interest of the country—or to line the pockets of politicians? Is it not to be feared that much of the mushroom patriotism manifested by those who will have nothing but war, finds its zeal in the hope of a "deep dip" into these millions? Our country is now full of patriots whose cry is "still for war," while they are filing fat government contracts. For instance, buying our farmers' horses at \$75 and \$80 which they quickly turn over to the government at \$125, making a snug profit of \$40 or \$50. We hope that love of gain has nothing to do with the zeal and patriotism of those most boisterous for the Union, but warn the people to be vigilant, that they are not made to regard mercenary cunning for genuine love of country. There is only hope for the country now in the purity and patriotism of Mr. Lincoln and his cabinet, and it is to be hoped that they will not suffer themselves to occupy the disgraceful position of our State administration.

In conversation with an intelligent and reliable gentleman, just from Harrisburg, we were enlightened as to the mode in which some of the government contracts are filled. A son of Secretary Cameron's has a contract to buy several thousand horses for the government, at that place. Horses of all kinds—many of a very indifferent character are brought in and purchased according to quality from sixty to ninety dollars a head. As these horses have to be inspected, and it is necessary for the interest of the contractor that all should pass the following is adopted. A large, fine horse is brought out and passed upon and returned to his stall without being branded, but in his stead an indifferent animal is passed out at the other end of the building, where the branding shop is, and receives the U. S. mark—the good horse after a score of other examinations, is again led out, and in the great number is not recognized, and is passed upon this time to be branded as United States property. And when the inspector makes out his certificate he names so many horses, including the "halt, lame and blind," as well as good ones. We hope such cases are not numerous, but too much care cannot be exercised, and the administration should see that they seldom occur, lest in the future the war should be regarded as a speculation of partisans rather than a defense of the Union and the Constitution.—*Washington Review.*

Genuine Patriotism.

Senator Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee, was serenaded on the evening of his arrival in Washington, on which occasion he made a brief speech, which would occupy too much of our space at this time. In reading it as published in the *Philadelphia Press*, we were particularly struck with the following sentiment:

"They may confiscate my little property I own in Tennessee. My life may be required to lay upon the altar of my country, but let my country be saved! She is right, and right and justice must prevail, while the stars and stripes may continue to float over us."

We of the Northern States, where all are loyal, know little of the actual hazards which men in the seceded States encounter who entertain or venture to express such sentiments as these. Our patriotism demands no sacrifice of personal security and its expression leads us not into danger.—We speak, and think, and feel, as our neighbors speak, and think, and feel, and their is no espionage set upon us, to catch our words and carry them to self-constituted vigilance committees, who are on the hunt for our lives. We sleep quietly at night and pursue in conscious security our avocations by day. But with men situated as Senator Johnson was at his home in Tennessee, it required a Roman courage to be a patriot. Treason, remorseless, blood-thirsty, was all around him; his dwelling might at any moment be given to the flames, his person to outrage or his life to destruction. To have drifted along with the current of rebellion would not only have been safe and easy, but would have been popular. Still, with his life in his hand, he spoke plainly, courageously, definitely in favor of the Constitution. He wavered not one moment in his loyalty to the Union. In Tennessee, as in Washington, he avowed his allegiance to the glorious Old Flag, and denounced secession as alike wicked in principle and ruinous in policy. Such men should be respected and honored by the true-hearted millions of the Republic.—*Lucie Examiner.*

A young lady in company, who had been fishing for compliments very unsuccessfully was surprised by the young gentleman who sat beside her affectionately putting his arm around her neck and kissing her. Filled with indignation, she angrily demanded why she was thus insulted. "My dear lady," replied the young man gasping with excitement, "I hope I have not offended.—Really, I supposed that those who habitually

Rifled Ordnance.

Rifled ordnance is likely to play an important part in the war for the Union. The rebels have without doubt, a large supply of the most approved rifled cannon than we have hitherto possessed. They have been preparing themselves for the struggle which they long intended to force upon the nation, and have given every energy of themselves and steal from the Government, to provide themselves with the best arms of all kinds. In the battery at Great Bethel, from which our troops were unfortunately repulsed, the most effective gun was a rifled cannon, which, according to the latest accounts, was fired with great rapidity and accuracy. One of the officers of Fort Sumter describes the splendid accuracy of the only rifled cannon the rebels had at Charleston. When Captain Donibody had succeeded in dislodging from the carriages and rendering useless four guns in one of the rebel floating batteries, this rifled cannon was turned upon the port from which so much destruction was done. Fortunately, the rebels could not place the gun, so as to fire square in the port but the accuracy of the aim and the fearful force of the shot may be judged from the fact that they hit the side of the port so constantly as after a number of shots to knock away the entire side of solid brick work and masonry, and make a hole as wide on the outside as on the inside.

A correspondent from Williamsport writes that the rebels, firing across the Potomac with Minnie rifles, cut boughs and twigs off of trees on the Pennsylvania side, at 1,100 yards distance.

However they may be lacking in money or provisions, it is clear that the enemies of the Union are supplied with the best rifled arms; and as our own forces are also well supplied with the most approved arms, we shall see in this war certain novel phases—of which two will probably be prominent; the greater use and advantage of field artillery, and the decreased importance of cavalry. In the wars of the first Napoleon a brilliant cavalry charge under the leadership of such a dashing soldier as Murat could be relied on to decide the fate of the day; and it was a proverb that he who wished to live long must enlist in the artillery. Even then, however, Napoleon was proud of large parks of cannon, and used to say that the army which had the most cannon would win the battle, but the artillery of those days was cumbersome, and could be fired but slowly. Field guns were untenable against a resolute assault of cavalry, because they could be loaded and fired fast enough, and were too heavy to move quickly. Now a days, owing to the reduced weight of the rifled gun, many more pieces will be taken in the field, and can be directed to all points, should the occasion arise—Of what avail would the most brilliant cavalry charge be against guns which can fire three rounds a minute, and would empty every saddle ere there was a chance of reaching the battery. Our battles will in all probability, be terminated by the bayonet; but ere the final charge, a frightful slaughter must take place. Individual explosions give way to the heavy masses and a heavy artillery fire.

This being the case, the artillery department becomes of great interest to the public, and we are glad to take from an English periodical and able summary of what has been done in Europe toward important branches of the service.

Our own government has not been behindhand in improvements of artillery, though our engineers have turned their attention chiefly to the perfecting of heavy guns for ships, forts and stationary batteries. The American light and flying artillery earned a great reputation in the Mexican war, where it proved a most efficient arm of the service. The Dahlgren guns are not suited for service in the field. But the inventive genius for which our people are distinguished has turned its attention in this direction also, and there are in the Patent office record at least a dozen different kinds of rifled cannon, several of which have received the commendation of competent judges. Meantime, the fact that our guns can easily be rifled, and an answer excellently makes it easy to obtain any required number of serviceable cannon at short notice, and it is stated that several machine shops in the North are now employed in rifling cannon for Government service.

QUILL SAYS when a woman is more chary of offending her hired girl than her husband it is owing to the difference of the tenure by which she holds them. It doesn't prove that she is indifferent to her spouse, but only that her worldly policy is stronger than her conjugal affection that's all.—*Boston Post.*

"I SELL peppermints on Sunday," remarked a good old lady who kept a candy shop, "because they carries 'em to church and eats 'em and keeps awake to hear the sermon; but if you want pickled lines you must come week days. They're secular commodities."

ESPERANTO is to make violent love to a pretty girl under the table, and pressing the wrong foot—that of your wife, whose corns are tender—is described as one of the miseries of married life.

As old Conant paid his dress to one of the richest heiresses of Paris. On asking her hand in marriage, he frankly said to her—