

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 YOUNG WIDOW.

She is modest, but not bashful;
Free and easy, but not bold;
Like an apple—ripe and mellow;
Not too young, and not too old;
Half inviting, half repulsive;
Now advancing and now shy;
There is mischief in her dimple,
There is danger in her eye.
She has studied human nature;
She is schooled in her art;
She has taken her diploma
As the mistress of all hearts;
She can tell the very moment
When to sigh and when to smile;
O, a maiden is sometimes charming,
But the widow all the while.
Are you sad? how very serious
Will her handsome face become;
Are you angry? she is wretched,
Lonely, friendless, fearful dumb;
Are you merry? how her laughter,
Silver sounding, will ring out!
She can lure, and catch, and play you
As the angler does the trout.
You epy bachelors of forty,
Who have grown so bold and wise,
Young Americans of to-day,
With the love-locks in your eyes,
You may practice all your lessons
Taught by Cupid since the fall,
But I know a little widow
Who could win and loof you all.

THE PATRIOTIC DEAD.

"How sleep the Brave, who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.
"By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There honor comes a pilgrim gray,
And Freedom, shall awhile repair
To dwell a weeping hermit there."

Are They Misrepresented?

A correspondent of the *Easton Argus*, in speaking of the complaints of Republicans that they are misrepresented, says: "Did Democracy misrepresent you by informing the people of your hostility to the peculiar institutions of the South? And in doing so, did Democracy do aught else than repeat all your sentiments? Was not hostility to slavery the most vital issue upon which your party rose into existence? Didn't you always consider slavery 'the sum of all villainies'?" Didn't every one of your own party organs abound in low abuse and bitter invective against the people of the South and Southern institutions? If not then indeed has Democracy not only wronged you, but has also been instrumental in bringing on the present crisis. But if you are honest, you will concede that Democracy has always done you justice, and that the present troubles are for the most part chargeable to the blind fanatical zeal of your own party. We hold that secession is but the effect of Black Republican Abolitionism, the cause. It is in vain to attempt deceiving the people. Democracy had made the country what it was. Democracy preserved—they destroy. The truth of the adage that "a great empire and little minds go ill together" is fully confirmed by the actions and measures of those now in power. Had they been sensibly that "magnanimity in politics is not seldom the truest wisdom," secession might have been arrested in the start and peace and prosperity restored ere this. We did not expect of our rulers that they would act in spirit of that well known maxim of Fox, "Iniquism on *quam justissimo bello antefera*," yet we did hope that they would have preferred an advantageous peace to the hope of victory. Such a peace might have obtained by some timely concessions and guarantees, and the country saved from the horrors of civil war. Vain were our hopes! The happiness of thirty-one millions of freemen is being sacrificed to the platform of a political party! The glory and lustre of our once proud and happy land are fast fading away! Our last and only hope rests with the people; for our rulers, "far from being qualified to be the directors of the great movement of empire, are not fit to turn a wheel in the machine."

Mrs. Partington says, that when she was a girl she used to go to parties, and always had a bean to escort her home. But now, she says, "girls undergo all sorts of declivities; the task of escorting them revolves on their own dear selves." The old lady threw down her specs, and thanking her stars that she "had lived in other days, when men could depreciate the female sex." "Besides," she added, "so many men are made every day, that you gals must make haste and get husbands as soon as you can, or there won't be any left." "Why so, aunt?" "Why, I see by the papers that we must have almost thirty thousand post-offices, and all of 'em dispatches a 'mail' every day."

Men wounded by the explosion of bomb shells are mortally.

Incidents of the Battle.

When Colonel Slocum, of the Second Rhode Island, was wounded, his men, not supposing it to be mortal, crowded around him for further orders, but he died in a minute or two after being shot, his last words being, "Don't wait for me; avenge my death." And he was avenged. From that instant the Rhode Islanders made charge after charge, each time bringing a host of rebels to the ground.

"Always gay is a soldier's life. A volunteer's recent letter says: "My wife came on to see me at our camp. Thank Heaven she brought needles and thread with her. My raglan had nearly played out; my pants have been drilled to death; I have been walking in my boot legs for three weeks. I wish my wife was a shoemaker. The boys will soon have their new harness. We are as happy as bob tail horses in fly time."

The officers who took Mr. Pryor prisoner say that among the other prisoners taken was a very badly wounded rebel officer, who wore the eagle of Colonel on his shoulder strap. He appeared to have got beyond his regiment, and got separated from them, and so cut off. His left arm had been shattered above the elbow, and the useless member was dangling in his coat sleeve. He was also bleeding profusely from a wound in the side, yet waving his sword in the air, and would not give up until surrounded, and a big fellow of one of the Maine regiments rushed up to him, threw down his own gun, and then clasped the officer around the body. His sword then dropped from his grasp, and he sank upon the ground. The first words he said were, "What fools you Yankees are to attack us with such a handful of men." "Why," replied his captors, "how many have you got?" "There are 90,000 on the field," he replied, "besides —" Here his strength failed. He sighed heavily, the blood gushed from his side in a torrent; he called out in a faint tone, "Emma, Emma," repeated the name twice; stretched out his limbs and expired. He was a very handsome man, about thirty-five years of age.

The Ohio Regiments were in the thickest of the fight, but fortunately lost but few men. The first regiment, under Col. McCook, has covered itself with glory. They were detailed at an early hour in the day to put up batteries, and they seemed to understand the work to perfection. The Greys were sent out as skirmishers, early in the morning, and drove in the pickets of the rebels, and commenced the fight. These two Ohio regiments have been trained by Col. McCook, and were frequently brought right into the very range and front of the enemy's most terrible and formidable guns; but no sooner would they see the flash than every man was prostrate upon his face, and the balls and grape would pass harmlessly over them; they then would up and at them with a vengeance in double quick time — Col. Cook was as cool and collected as when drilling his men upon the parade ground, and issued his orders, with bullets and cannon balls whistling about his ears as thick as hailstones, without any apparent excitement whatever. Twice was he hemmed in by the enemy's cavalry and ordered to surrender, but he was away in a tangent, coolly remarking "that ball had not been moulded yet to take his life!"

His younger brother seventeen years old, was a member of the Second Ohio regiment and was left as guard to the hospital. One of the enemy's cavalry dashed upon him and ordered him to surrender. The brave youth, with fixed bayonet, steady nerve and cool bearing, replied, "I never surrender!" The father, Judge McCook, who had all the day been ardently engaged in assisting and taking care of the wounded, bringing them in from the battle field, and that, too, in the imminent peril of his own life, was in the hospital tent and heard the order to his son, and saw others of the enemy's cavalry near by, and rushed out, and speaking in a loud tone, said, "Charley, surrender, for God's sake, or you are lost!" Charley turned to his father, and with all the lion in his countenance, replied, "Father, I will never surrender to a rebel." In a moment a ball pierced his spine, but he instantly discharged his musket at the rebel horseman and laid him low in death; and then fell himself. The rebels then undertook to drag him on, but his father rushed in and released him, and he died soon after.

After the battle had been raging for some hours, an immense body of Mississippians, accompanied by some (believed to be) Baltimoreans, rushed furiously over the Confederate ramparts. They at once saw the conspicuous uniforms of the Zouaves, and made at them. The Mississippians, after approaching near enough, sent a terrible volley from their rifles into the Zouave ranks. This done, they threw their guns aside and charged onward until each contending enemy met face to face and hand to hand in terrible combat. The Mississippians, having discharged their rifles after the first fire, fell back upon their bowie-knives. These were of huge dimensions, eighteen to twenty inches long, heavy in proportion, and sharp or two edged at the point. Attached to the handle was a lasso, some eight to ten feet in length, with one end securely wound around the wrist. My informant says when these terrific warriors approached to within reach of their lasso, not waiting to come in bayonet range, they threw forward their bowie-knives at the Zouaves after the fashion of experienced harpooners striking at a whale. Frequently they plunged in, and penetrating through a

to strike again, while the first victim sunk into death. On several occasions the terrible bowie-knives were transfixed in a Zouave and the Zouave's bayonet in a Mississippian both impaled and falling together. So skillfully was this deadly instrument handled by the Mississippian that he could project it to the full lasso length, kill his victim without it again with a sudden impulse, and catch the handle unerringly. If by any mischance the bowie-knives missed its aim, broke the cord fastening it to the arm, or fell to the earth, revolvers were next resorted to and used with similar dexterity. The hand to hand closing in with both pistol and bowie knife, cutting, slashing, carving and shooting almost in the same moment, was awful beyond description. Blood gushed from hundreds of wounds, until amid death, pitiful groans and appalling sights, it staunched the very earth.

When the Fire Zouaves stormed the masked battery at Bull's Run, and were forced to fall back by the grapeshot and cavalry charge, one of them was stunned by a blow from a sabre, and fell almost under one of the enemy's guns. The Secessionists swarmed around him like bees, but feigning death, in the excitement he was unnoticed, and when a sally was made managed to crawl back into the thicket inside the Confederate lines. Here he waited some time for an opportunity to escape, but finding none, concluded he would make the best of a bad bargain, and if he was lost would have a little revenge beforehand. Hastily stripping the body of a Confederate near by, he donned his uniform, and seizing a rifle made his way to the entrenchments, where he donned the secessionists, and watching his opportunities, succeeded in picking off several of their most prominent officers whenever they advanced upon the troops. Here he remained some time, until, thinking it best to leave before his disguise was discovered, he joined a party, who were about to charge upon our forces, and was, to his gratification, again captured, but this time by his own men. Our fire proved very destructive to the enemy, and cut down their men by hundreds. In the battery where the Zouaves fell he afterwards counted thirty-five dead bodies lying close together, and the bushes were full of the wounded who had crawled off to get out of the way.

A member of the fifth Massachusetts regiment named Robinson, writes from his own personal experience of the barbarities of the rebel soldiers in the last Bull's Run battle. He says that when the orders to retire were received, they passed some of their dead who had been mangled after they fell. One man had been bayoneted in seven places and others hacked and cut in a terrible manner. The writer says that he could not believe before that such fiends existed on the face of the earth. He himself was struck in the head by a spent ball, and fell. A rebel soldier rushed up to bayonet him, but he caught the bayonet in his hand cutting it badly. Finally, he succeeded in killing his opponent. He is now in the hospital, but will soon be able to resume his duties.

Female Secessionists.

The rebel women of the South seem to give our army more trouble than the men. Some time ago a handsome young lady called at the Headquarters of Capt. Goodwin of Connecticut and requested to be escorted to her home stating that she was afraid to go home alone. The Captain gallantly tendered his own services, and accompanied the lady, but never returned. He had been entrapped and was taken off a prisoner. It was ascertained that the name of this young lady was Scott and that she has several sisters. Recently Lieut. Upton, who was out on a scouting party in the vicinity of the house occupied by the Misses Scott, who are rampant secessionists, and who captured Capt. Goodwin, of the Connecticut regiment, entered their house and asked for a drink of water. The young ladies desired to know who he was. He informed them that he was a Secessionist, and desired to know whether there were any in that vicinity. They informed him that there were plenty, and gave him the names of several whom he could rely upon. He took the names of several. Soon after this, however, some of our pickets came in, and the young ladies began to "smell a rat." He then told them that they were prisoners, and that they must go with him to General Tyler's quarters. After arriving there the General took them into his private room, and gave them thorough examination. He desired to know what had been done with young Goodwin. They assured the General that they did not know, but supposed he was at Richmond. They pretended to tell everything they knew in regard to affairs in the rebel camp, but it was perfectly apparent to General Tyler that they did not tell the truth. He informed them that he should hold them prisoners until Captain Goodwin had been returned.

They are quite pretty, and very possessing in their manners. What will finally be done with them is not known.

Another case.—A woman, young, pretty, prepossessing in manners and well dressed, was detained at the Relay House and searched, and on the inside of that garment which is generally worn next the dust and ashes of humanity were found the letters of great importance. As government had not entered into an engagement with this female to carry any portion of the letter mail, she was accordingly sent to Washington with 'males' of a different gender.

The Last Days of School.

The following amusing paragraph from the *Knickerbocker*, will be readily appreciated by all those who have taken part in the "last exhibition," at the close of school days:

"Well, a few years pass, and school days are coming to an end. The last performance is to be an exhibition, and a grand affair is expected. Our parents, brothers and sisters are to be there, and we look forward to the day with joyful anticipation. "What great preparations we make! Taking attitudes and making grimaces before the glass; rehearsing our pieces, out behind the wood-shed, and up on the hay-loft; vainly attempting to catch the intonation and superb gestures of the large boy who had been to the city, and say that is the way they do at the theater; putting on our new trousers, dislocating our vertebrae in trying to get a rear view of them, and only succeeding in making out an indistinct, baggy outline. At last the long-looked-for evening comes, and the little country church is brilliantly illuminated with tallow candles, and gorgeously decorated with sprigs of asparagus. The scholars, highly polished by much washing and redolent of deodorized soap, are seated on the platform, and the performance begins. It consists of declamations from Webster, Barks, Spartacus, Rienzi, and other eminent men; with essays on "The Seasons" (taken individually and collectively,) on "Napoleon," on "Our Country," etc., interspersed with moral dialogues and choral singing.

"It passes off pleasantly enough, although some of the boys find themselves victims of misplaced confidence in trusting to their memories; and in their embarrassment make all sorts of irrelevant gestures, and shuffle about in a most disconcerting manner. "One, in speaking of the Past and Future forgets what gestures to make and keeps his arm oscillating while he tries to recall it: in studying this up, he forgets what to say next, and retires, blushing with mortification. Don't laugh at him, boys; this very incident may rouse his spirit; and you at your rustic fire side may yet read his eloquent speeches in Congress.

"Between the parts, an officious gentleman, in attempting to snuff one of the candles with his fingers, pulls it out of the tin sconce, and drops it into the lap of an old lady in bombazine; whereas the old lady is incensed, and the gentleman apologizes; the scholars begin to titter; and the teacher turns around and frowns terribly, ineffectually squelching a small boy who is rising up to maintain a better view of the proceedings.

"The young ladies' essays embrace every topic, from "Dress" up to "Patriotism," and abound in euphuistic aphorisms, generally misquoted, and diminutives in *let*. In describing a soil upon the lake, "genially gliding boatlet" is alluded to, whereupon a crusty old cuss—tomer, who is a deacon in the church, and a practical man, suggests to his neighbors that *skifflet* would do just as well.

"The large boy from the city gives us Mark Antony's oration over Cæsar's body in what we suppose is the most approved theatrical style. He astonishes and captivates the scholars, especially the weaker vessel to whom his annotated locks, city-made clothes, and "miraculous tie," are irresistible: but he by no means pleases the older portion of the audience. His antics are likened to those of a wet hen, a short-tailed—ovine in fly time and other ludicrous objects, familiar to rustic eyes. Unfortunately his vehement efforts disturb the slumbers of one or two maids, whose cries do not at all enchain the tragic effect, but are much too violent for the occasion: being quite audible, though smothered under shawls and partially jolted down by a vigorous trotting on maternal knees.

And now the last piece is spoken, the doxology is sung, the weedy old sexton coughs out the candles and locks the door and "school days are over."

Old Hickory vs. Old Abe.

"It is well known that there have always been those amongst us who wish to enlarge the powers of the general government; and experience would seem to indicate that there is a tendency on the part of this government to overstep the boundaries marked out for it by the Constitution. Its legitimate authority is abundantly sufficient for all the purposes for which it was created; and its powers being expressly enumerated, there CAN BE NO JUSTIFICATION FOR CLAIMING ANYTHING BEYOND THEM. EVERY attempt to exercise power beyond the limits should be PROMPTLY AND FIRMLY OPPOSED. For one example will lead to other measures still MORE MISCHIEVOUS; and it the principle of constructive powers, or supposed advantages, or temporary circumstances, shall ever be permitted to justify the assumption of a power not given by the Constitution, the general government will before long absorb all the powers of legislation, and you will have, in effect, but one consolidated government."—Andrew Jackson's Farewell Address.

"If such a struggle is once begun, and the citizens of one section of the country are arrayed in arms against those of another in doubtful conflict, let the battle result as it may, THERE WILL BE AN END OF THE UNION, and with it the hopes of freedom. The victory of the injured would secure to them blessings of liberty; it would avenge their wrongs and they would themselves share in the COMMON RUIN."—Jackson.

The Scout on Tuesday Morning.

After the engagement on Monday night it was deemed necessary, by our officer in command of the town, to send out a scouting party to ascertain if possible the amount of damage done to the rebels, accordingly Lieutenant Means with twenty-four men was detailed to act as such. They left Piedmont Tuesday morning and taking a path leading directly over the mountain, east of the town, after a tedious climb, (for it could not properly be called a march, as the mountain was so steep,) they finally reached the top where they found a house and quite a large barn (which by the way are very scarce in this part of the country.) Both of which had evidently been occupied by the rebels the night before, after making a thorough search about the premises nothing of importance was found. They then took a northerly direction, following the trail of the retreating party of the night before, and judging from appearances that they had retreated in great disorder, after the warm reception given them by our picket guards. After a few miles march in this direction they came upon a house occupied by a Union man by the name of Hamilton, who seeing them coming and taking them to be rebels, flew to the woods with his family. The good woman of the house was at their approach making preparations to churn, having a churn full of nice cream ready, the sight of which made the boys mouths fairly water, and not wishing to commit any depredations of any sort, more especially upon the property of Union men, Lieut. Means sent a squad of men to invite the family to return and to assure them of their friendliness. They expressed much joy in finding that the party was friends, and immediately set about providing them something to eat. The boys being very anxious to get some good butter milk and fresh butter, Barnwell volunteered his services as churn master, and under his management, the whole party soon had the satisfaction of receiving a bowl of fresh buttermilk. While Mrs. Hamilton was baking bread for the party, Lieut. Means sent a squad of six men to examine a house about a mile further on the road, after reaching it, the party set about searching for arms, &c., after being assured that there was nothing of the kind in the house, they thought it best to examine the beds and in one of them they found an old U. S. musket carefully wrapped up in the clothes which they seized as contraband.

They next proceeded to the barn, and after a thorough search, brought to light six pint bottles, which had been snugly stowed away in the bottom of an old sleigh, they had a tremendous smell of old rye, but to the disappointment of some of the squad, were entirely empty. In a field close by the barn they discovered a large gray horse which showed the marks of severe labor—supposing by them to have been done the night before, and they came to the conclusion that it was the same one that was fired at three times, by the pickets, on Monday night, but not having positive proof of the fact, they thought best to leave him until another time. The fact of the musket, bottles and horse at the same place confirmed the belief that the rebels had encamped very near for some time.

Not meeting with anything of interest, the squad returned to Mrs. Hamilton's where they, with the balance of the party, partook of some nice fresh bread, butter and milk. Lieut. Means having instructions to return to Piedmont before night, got his men in order and marched to this place about 4 o'clock, p. m., of the same day.

Everything taken in that direction by Lieut. Means shows conclusively that the presence of the troops here had driven the rebels away from the vicinity of Piedmont.

Ellsworth's Presentment.

The Philadelphia Gazette says: On the night before his regiment left Washington for Alexandria, Ellsworth and some of the Captains of his regiments were in quarters preparing for the morrow's march. Captain John Wilsey, of company I, was perhaps, the favorite of poor Ellsworth.—The soldiers in the same room, were selecting their apparel for the next day's march. Captain Wilsey laid out his ordinary dress, and was preparing to put it on when Ellsworth had done the same thing, but as Wilsey was robing, Ellsworth stood in a musing attitude.

"Why don't you dress yourself?" asked Wilsey, who was robing with considerable expedition.

"I was thinking," said Ellsworth, slowly, "in what clothes I shall die."

"Die, my dear fellow! What do you talk of dying for? Before you die you will see the American flag flying over every city in Union, and all secession leaders will have been hung or exiled."

Ellsworth shook his head sadly, and said nothing for a moment. He then smiled his peculiar sweet smile, and opening his trunk produced an entire new uniform, as yet fresh from the hands of the tailor.

"If I am to be shot to-morrow," said he, "and I have a presentment that my blood is immediately required by the country—it is in this suit that I shall die." and smiling the action to the word, he donned the handsome uniform, and in a few minutes was as gay and jocular as though he was preparing for the festivities of a wedding party, instead of preparing for battle.

Five hours afterward, a bullet sped thro' his heart, first cutting into a badge of engine

THE UNION.

The following extract from a beautiful poem breathes a sentiment that finds a resonance in every patriotic heart. It is so peculiarly appropriate at this time, that we are satisfied every reader of the *Union* will thank us for reproducing it: "Sail on! sail on! O Ship of State! Sail on, O Union, grand and great! Humanity with all its fears, And all its hopes for future years, Its hanging breathless on thy fate! We know that masters laid thy keel, What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel, What Made each mast, and sail, and rope, What Adams rang, what hammers beat, In what a forge, and what a heat, Were shaped the anchors of our hope! In spite of false lights on the shore, Sail on, no fear to breast the sea! Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee, Our faith triumphant o'er our fears, Are all with thee—"

A Peep Into the Bank of England.

The Bank of England must be seen on the inside as well as out, and to go into the interior of this remarkable building to observe the operations of an institution that exerts more moral and political power than any sovereign in Europe, you must have an order from the Governor of the Bank. The building occupies an irregular area of eight acres of ground—an edifice of no agricultural beauty, with not one window towards the street, being lighted altogether from the room of the enclosed area.

I was led, on presenting my card of admission, into a private room, where, after a delay of a few moments, a messenger came and conducted me through the mighty and mysterious building. Down we went into a room where the notes of the bank received the day before, were now examined, compared with the entries in the book and stored away.

The Bank of England never issues the same note a second time. It receives in the ordinary course of business, about £800,000 or \$4,000,000 daily in notes; these are put up into parcels according to their denominations, and are kept ten years; at the expiration of each period they are taken out and ground up in the mill which is run running, made again into paper. If, in the course of these ten years, any dispute in business, or law suit, should arise, concerning the payment of any note, the bank can produce the identical bill.

To meet the demand for notes so constantly used up, the bank has its own paper makers, its own printers, its own engravers, all at work under the same roof, and it even makes the machinery by which the most of its own work is done. A complicated but beautiful operation is a register, extending from the printing office to the banking offices, which makes every sheet of paper that is struck off from the press, so that the printers cannot manufacture a single sheet of bank notes that is not recorded in the bank. On the same principle of neatness, a shaft is made to pass from one apartment to another, connecting a clock in sixteen business wings of the establishment, and regulating them with such precision that the whole of them are always pointing to the same second of time. In another room was a machine, exceedingly simple for detecting light gold coin. A row of them are dropped one by one upon a spring scale. If the piece of gold was of the standard weight, the scale rose to a certain height and the coin slid off upon one side of the box; if less than the standard it rose a little higher, and the coin slides off upon the other side. I asked the weigher what was the average number of light coins that came in to his hands, and strangely enough he said it was a question he was not allowed to answer.

The next room I entered was that in which notes are deposited which are ready for issue. "We have thirty-two millions of pounds sterling in this room," the officer remarked to me; "will you take a little of it?" I told him it would be vastly agreeable, and he handed me a million sterling, which I received with many thanks for his liberality, but he insisted upon my depositing it with him as it would hardly be safe to carry so much money into the street. I very much fear that I shall never see that money again. In the vault beneath the door, were a director and cashier counting bags of gold which men were pitching down to them, each bag containing a thousand pound sterling, just from the mint—This world of money seemed to realize the fables of eastern wealth, and gave me new and strong impressions of the magnitude of the business done here, and the extent of the relations of this one institution to the commerce of the world.

GENERAL PATTERSON turned over his command at Harper's Ferry to Gen. Banks, on Thursday week, under the instruction of the War Department, and left for home the same day. The officers and men of the Division were very reluctant to part with their veteran commander, for whom they had the greatest regard and affection.

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

The latest description of the difference between a good soldier and a fashionable young lady, is, that one faces the powder and the other powders the face.

How a Soldier Feels in Battle.

The following, which went the rounds of the press some time ago, is possessed of additional interest now: "A young French officer thus writes of his first experience in battle: 'Our officers sent us back, for we were not numerous enough to charge upon the enemy. This was most prudent, for the murderous fire so fatal to the white coats, did us but little harm. Our cynical balls penetrated their dense masses, whilst those of the Austrians whistled past our ears and respected our persons. It was the first time I had faced fire, nor was I the only one. Well, I am satisfied with myself. True, I dodged the first balls, but Henry IV. did the same thing at the beginning of every battle. It is, in fact, a physical effect, independent of the will.

But, this tribute paid, if you could only feel how each shot electrifies you. It is like a whip on a racer's legs. The balls whistle past you, turn up the earth around you, kill one, wound another, and you hardly notice them. You grow intoxicated, the smell of gunpowder mounts to your brain. The eye becomes bloodshot, and the look is fixed upon the enemy. There is something of all the passions in that terrible passion excited in a soldier by the sight of blood and the tumult of battle.

Everybody who has tried it testifies to the peculiar intoxication that is produced by being in a battle. There is an intoxicating influence about the smell of powder, the shrill whistle of a bullet, and the sight of human blood, that instantly transforms men from cowards to heroes—from women sometimes to monsters. No one can tell of the nature or mystery of that influence but those who have been in the fray themselves."

MUSHROOM CULTURE.—As mushrooms are a delicacy most people are fond of, although soon universally grown, I think, as they would be were their culture known to be so simple that any one possessing the convenience of an out-house or cellar, with a temperature of from 48 deg. to 50 deg., a little short dung, may grow them. I will offer a few remarks to those who may not have attempted their culture, as to the way they may be produced in abundance and very little care.

In the first place, if short dung (fresh from a stable, is to be had, so much the better; but I have grown abundance on a bed made of short dung three months old. However, let it be which it may, procure as much as will make a bed of sixteen inches deep and any required size, throw the same together for a few days to heat and dispel the greater part of the moisture, then throw it down for a day or two to cool and dry, after which again throw it up together for a few days—generally about five or six will be found sufficient. It will then be fit to make the bed with, which, let the size be what it may, should be about sixteen inches deep. In making the bed, take care to tread or beat it firm. As soon as the bed shall have risen and declined to 75 deg., it is ready to spawn. I find Cutbush's Miltrec to be the best spawn I can procure. Half a bushel will spawn a bed ten feet square. This, broken in pieces the size of small apples, just in the dung and covered two inches deep, in any garden soil well-beaten down, will produce abundance of mushrooms in six or seven weeks, in a temperature of from 50 deg. to 55 deg.

A bed thus treated, twelve feet by seven, spawned by half a bushel of spawn obtained from Messrs. Cutbush, of Highgate produced me above eighty pounds weight of mushrooms of first rate quality—many not thoroughly open, weighing four ounces each. The bed is now in full bearing, and has been since the 7th of October, and likely to produce at least half as many more with no farther care than above enumerated, with the exception of an occasional watering when dry.—*College Gardener*.

FRUIT TREES IN SCREWBERRIES.—I should like to see the apple and pear in more general use as ornamental plants, and want to know why they are not more frequently planted in places of moderate, or even limited extent, as suburban and villa residences, by intermixing them with common shrubby plants. For culture ornies they are peculiarly adapted, and in the former places might be planted to a considerable extent, and would add greatly to the beauty of residences at this season of the year; and afford in the autumn some compensation by way of set-off by contributing a supply of fruit in places where there is generally a want of it. The great beauty of the bloom of some varieties of apples and pears would of themselves entitle them to a place in our grounds, solely as ornamental plants; and I wish you could persuade nurserymen to make a selection for this purpose, as I imagine many country gentlemen would be induced to purchase them for their parks and homesteads for this property alone, of good-sized plants could be procured and glad to introduce them. I say nothing of the Chinese apple and pears, which are just now in bloom and worthy of all the admiration they call forth; but having noticed for several seasons how really beautiful the bloom is of many varieties of apples, I venture to suggest to your readers. As for the pear, it is, when old, one of the most picturesque trees to be met with, and for parks and home grounds invaluable as an ornamental tree, when in bloom. I strongly advise planters to try the Beurre Rance pear, and three or four other new varieties; these have fine foliage and flowers and a strong growth, which, as they grow old, would present