

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

W. H. JACOBY, Proprietor.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

[Two Dollars per Annum.]

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STAR OF THE NORTH

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Choice Poetry.

THE SCAR OF LEXINGTON.

With cherub smile, the prattling boy,
Who on the tyrant's breast reclines,
Has thrown aside his favorite toy,
And round his tender finger twines
Three scattered locks that with the flight
Of four score years are snowy white;
And as a scar arrests his view,
He cries, "Grandpa, what wounded you?"
My child, 'tis five and fifty years
This very day, this very hour,
Since from a scene of blood and tears,
Where valor fell, by hostile power,
I saw retire the setting sun,
Behind the hills of Lexington;
While pale and lifeless on the plain,
My brothers lay for freedom slain!
And ere that fight the first that spoke
In thunder to our land was o'er,
Amid the clouds of fire and smoke
I felt my garments wet with gore!
'Tis since that wild and dreary fray,
That trying, dark, eventful day,
From this calm April eve so far,
I wear upon my cheek the scar.
When thou to manhood shalt be grown,
And I am gone in dust to sleep,
My freedom's rights be still thine own,
And thou and thine in quiet reap
The unlighted product of the toil,
In which my blood bedewed the soil,
And while those fruits then shalt enjoy,
Beware these of this scar, my boy.
But should my country's voice be heard
To bid her children fly to arms,
Gird on thy grand sire's trusty sword,
And undismayed by war's alarms,
Remember on the battle field
I made the hand of God my shield,
And be thou spared like me to tell
Who bore thee up while others fell.

Letter from Camp Gibson.

MA. EDITOR:—Again we have changed our position. On the 23d ult. this Regiment, accompanied by the 7th Penna., according to orders of General McCull, marched for this Camp. The march—a distance of about nine miles—was a severe test of our "metal." The heat was intense, and I must confess, confused mine as well as the ideas of many others of soldiering. We were detained a short time at Washington, where Colonel Biddle, Aid-de-Camp to General McCull, joined us.
This Camp is in the District of Columbia, but near the line dividing it from Maryland. It is four miles west of Georgetown, near the public highway, leading to the city, within three miles of the Potomac, and of but two hours march of the "long bridge." Altogether, it is a desirable position, and if any attempt is made by the foe to cross the river in this direction, they will certainly be saluted by musketry and Sherman's Battery, in a becoming manner. A portion of this battery, under command of a Lieutenant, (the Captain having been taken prisoner in the engagement at Bull's Run) is now encamped near us.
At present there are ten Regiments of the Penna. Reserve Corps in this immediate vicinity,—among them the third under Col. H. G. Sickles; sixth, Col. W. W. Ricketts; seventh, Col. E. B. Harvey; eighth, Col. G. B. Hays; ninth, Col. C. T. Jackson; tenth, Col. J. S. McCallmont. In addition to this number, Campbell's Light Field Artillery, of which R. B. Ricketts, of Orangeville, and C. B. Brockway, of Bloomsburg, are members, now at Washington, is daily expected. It consists of strong, well drilled, and reliable men, and will be an ornament as well as strength to our Regiment.
Since here I find vigilance as indispensable as my musket or ammunition. Not long since all the Regiments here were called out at two o'clock in the morning. The cause, we were told, was that the rebels were advancing in this direction. Each Regiment in turn, is obliged to act as a picket guard for twenty-four hours. On Sunday last, our Regiment, with the exception of one company, was of five—a Corporal and four privates—about one mile from Camp. The object of this is, to hold all suspicious persons and thus intercept despatches that might be carried between this and the city.
The *Don Guards* are in good spirits, and anticipate a "brush" soon. To-day they have exchanged the old, heavy and useless musket, for the Springfield rifled musket.—They are lighter and in every respect superior to any in the service.
Colonel Ricketts is yet unfit for duty.—He is still in Washington city, although it is believed he will soon be with us.
Yours, &c.,
C. S. H.
August 20, 1861.

Two Irishmen were going to fire off a cannon, just for fun; but being of an economical turn of mind, they did not wish to lose the ball. So one of them took an iron kettle in his hand to catch it, and stationed himself in front of the loaded piece, exclaiming to the other, who stood behind it holding a lighted torch:
"Touch her away, Pat!" and away went

Incident of Camp life.

The humors of camp-life are worth printing very often, as in the case of the following side-splitting incident narrated by the Washington gossip of the New York Mercury:
For the last two months as you are aware our city has been one vast camp; and as all the public departments had organized military companies for the protection of the buildings, the Government printing office employees, no less loyal to the Union, determined to follow in their wake and organize a company also.
The intention was no sooner circulated among the men than a long list of names was received of the ablest young men in the office. But among them was one individual, named 'Nubbs', who, by some means or influence, was admitted in the company against the wish of nearly three-fourths of the members; not that he was not a good Union man, but because he loved his bit of better than his duty, and they were afraid to trust him on duty when he had been drinking.
It so happened that the very first night the company went into active service, it fell to the lot of 'Nubbs', among six others, to stand guard outside the building; and as he was no friend of the corporal, the latter, determined to give him the most solitary post in his power, and placed him on the north side of the building, next to an old graveyard.

'Nubbs' being possessed of no extraordinary share of courage, fortified himself with a large bottle of his favorite beverage—whiskey—to keep his company, and give him consolation during the two long weary hours he was compelled to keep guard.—Before going on duty, he was provided with an old flintlock musket, which for the want of balls, was loaded with some old 'pi.'
It was twelve o'clock when he was marched out to his post; and after receiving instructions to 'let no one pass without it', he was left alone with his fears, reflections, and whisky.
The time, place, and hour all conspired to make poor 'Nubbs' send his 'best friend', the bottle, on frequent excursions to his mouth; and before the first half of his two hours expired, he had kissed his best friend to death, and consigned it to an uncovered grave in the burying-ground opposite.

'Nubbs' courage by this time being equal to any emergency, he walked his post like a Roman sentinel, but, unlike one, he wandered far out of his limits, and halted not until he came to a well known resort of his, a public house, kept by one Flanagan, and kept guard for at least two hours, thinking it was the office that he was watching so vigilantly, cursing the corporal for keeping him on duty so long. He had already driven off two intruders—boarders of Flanagan's, who had been out pretty late—because they refused to give the counter sign, when a third party approached, and was quickly challenged by our attentive sentinel with,
"Who goes there?"
"No answer."
"Who goes there, I say! Stand, or I'll fire!"

As no answer was returned, 'Nubbs' brought his 'shooting-stick' to his shoulder, and fired at the approaching object, which he could dimly see in the distance.
No sooner had he discharged his musket than the terrible deed flashed upon his mind with such vividness that it caused him to recover his sober senses; and throwing down his old flint-lock, he ran to see if he could be of any assistance to the unfortunate victim of his rashness; for he was quite sure he had struck the object, as it had not moved since he fired; but what was his astonishment when, on coming up to it, he discovered he had shot, not a traitor, but a fine large hog!

'Nubbs' first thoughts were to bury the hog, and say nothing about it; but as he had nothing to dig a hole with, he concluded to drag it to Flanagan's yard, and leave it till morning, with the hope that he could get it away before any one discovered it.
But Flanagan, having seen some one guarding his house in the night, got up much earlier than usual to discover the cause of it; and the first object that met his view was the dead hog, with a lot of old type 'sticking' in his head.
It was not long before the affair leaked out and Nubbs was compelled to undergo an examination before the captain, who sentenced him to 'hunt for the owner of the hog until found, and pay the value of it.'

Although Nubbs strenuously contended that he was only following his instructions to 'let no one pass without the countersign,' he was compelled to see the owner and pay for the hog. And he says, to this day, that he spent more money, drank more whiskey, and travelled over more ground than ever he did in one day before in his life, just to find the owner of a damned dead hog!

AN UNSINKABLE SHIP.—A ship built upon an entirely new plan, and pronounced by the patentee to be unsinkable, has been launched at Deptford, Eng. She is constructed with three decks, each being in itself a distinct ship, so that even if her bottom was destroyed, she would still float buoyantly.

A country gardener, who had threatened thieving boys with "spring-guns," "man-traps," etc., in vain, at length tried "Who-ever is found trespassing in this orchard shall be speckled!" and was successful. None of the scoundrels would run the risk of

The Fogs of London.

Now let me speak of the London Fog.—That is to be seen in London and nowhere else. Dickens in his description of a London fog has failed to convey any idea of its true and odious nature. It gets into your throat; it gets into your eyes; it is down in the cellar; it is up in the garret; if you shut the door, it comes shivering and coo-old through the window. And if you shut the window, it comes yellow and smoky down the chimney. You can't get it out. I remember, when speaking, one day in 1853, in Exter Hall, all of a sudden the fog came in, and before twenty minutes from the time we first saw it, I could not see the people in the gallery; and they said it was a queer sensation to hear somebody speaking somewhere but to see him nowhere. I have seen it standing, just like a wall, in the middle of the street, all brightness upon one side and a thick fog upon the other. I have known the gas to be lighted up in one part of the city, while in another the people were congratulating themselves on the beautiful day!

Upon a foggy morning you wake late, and you think it is early. It is cold, dirty, damp and dreary. The streets are very quiet, for the fog is a poor conductor of sound. You get up, and everything goes wrong. You attempt to wash your hands and away goes the soap under the table.—You undertake to shave, and you can't get up a lather, and when you try your razor you feel as Sheridan did when he said to his son—"Tom, if you open oysters with my razor any more I kill you!" I have read of a man who was taken up by an elephant and chucked through a barn door; and, said he, 'I went all ends fustward.'—And so you find, on a foggy morning, things go 'all ends fustward.' The servants are behindhand; the eggs are half boiled.—You look out of the window, and the fog seems to get thicker. The best thing you can do is to close the shutters and light the gas.

Then if your business calls you to town don't go in a bus; go afoot. Everybody has a cold, disagreeable look—the cheeks are lily, the eyes rosy, the nose ditto and running. You proceed and find everything in danger. Cabs run into each other; omnibuses drivers about to one another in language not the most polite, and chums seems to have come again. Your office is dingy and dark. You light your gas, and are reminded of Timothy Titcomb's description of gas; and the sooner you take yourself to the bosom of your affectionate family—if you have got one—the better. But how will you get there?—The steamers have stopped running; there is no cab to be found; it is like wading through illuminated bean soup; and how will you find your way? I have gone out in a fog for curiosity and fun, knowing every street around, and in two or three squares have 'lost' myself. I have seen the fog so thick that I had to scuff with my feet to find the curbstone. Get under a lamp-post and you can see no light—only a 'glory.' As you go home, the mishaps of the morning are repeated on an exaggerated scale. Then comes around you the boys with links or torches, crying—"a penny a light," and if you won't give them a penny they will sing your trousers for you. And when at last you get home, you have little desire to venture out again in a London fog.

It is said that the London fog is caused by the granite particles of dust arising from the traffic on the streets and the million bituminous coal fires, the smoky matter of which mingles with the vapor from the river, and when the barometer falls it comes down upon the city. When the barometer rises, it will ascend and perhaps wholly disappear. But these fogs never rise more than two or three hundred feet. They come principally in November, and are seldom seen after February. They tell us sometimes that the sun never shines in London; but it does. It shines gloriously, shines brightly; and gay equipages, filled with beautiful women, visit Regent street and the Strand, while scores of well dressed persons are to be seen in the streets. It finds its way into the nooks and corners, and cheers the stray plant of the needlewoman's window; and the sparrow gives an extra chirp. Old Blucher said—"What a city to plunder! and upon a sunshiny day, you say so too!"—Gauguin's Lectures.

ENJOYING LIFE.—I must pity that young man, who, with a little finery of dress and recklessness of manner, with his coarse passions all daguerrotyped upon his face, goes whooping through the streets, driving an animal much nobler in its conduct than himself, or wagers into some haunt of shame, and calls it 'enjoying life!' He thinks he is astonishing the world; and he is astonishing the thinking part of it, who are astonished that he is not astonished at himself. For look at that compound of flesh and impudence, and say if on all this earth there is anything more pitiable. Does he know anything of the true joy of life? As well say that the beauty and immensity of the universe were all inclosed in the field where the prodigal lay among the hucks and swine.

CONVENTION.—I never love salamanders that are never well but when they are in the fire of contention. I will rather suffer a thousand wrongs than offer one—I will suffer many, ere I will complain of one, and endeavor to right it by contending. I have ever found that to strive with my superior, is furious—with my equal, doubtful.

More Civilian War.

Advices from the Great Kanawha Valley Army under Gen. Cox represent the brigade in a wretched condition, from the want of military experience and power of command in that officer. "Insubordination, disorganization, inefficiency, and incompetency are so palpable that it would be wrong to pass them over in silence. Several times within twenty-four hours large bodies of the men have helped themselves freely to whiskey, and displayed the most disgraceful drunkenness. The camp last night was in a locality affording neither comfort nor safety. The precaution of throwing out pickets was neglected in some directions; and five hundred resolute, well-disciplined men could have routed the command.—This morning everything was in dire confusion, and there was extreme dissatisfaction both among officers and men. The only safety of our troops lies in the fact that the rebels are even worse disorganized than we. A timely junction with General Rosecrantz who is an able officer, if affected may save this unfortunate body of men from inflicting humiliation and discouragement in the national cause in Western Virginia. At present the rebels are flying faster than the Union army can pursue, and their remaining force in those parts is said to be completely surrounded. If military men can be speedily put in place of Cox, and some of his subordinate political officers possibly Rosecrantz, may be able to make effective troops of those disorganized materials in time to render the expected service to the oppressed people of East Tennessee. We cannot but tremble, however, for this interesting and vitally important part of the campaign, when we hear accounts like above from our army.

The correspondent of the *Tribune*, with this army, gives from his journal instructive and touching specimens of the state of things and of public feeling in that part of Virginia.

At a farm house two miles west of Charleston, the approach of our army was welcomed by the waving of two Union flags. The men of the house shook hands with us cordially. 'I am glad to see the Federal army,' said he, 'I have been hunted like a dog from my house, and compelled to hide in the mountains, because I loved the old Union; but now the running is on the other side.' His wife exclaimed, 'Thank God, you have come at last, and that day of our deliverance is here. I always said that the Lord was on our side, and that He would bring us through safely.'

Two of the ladies proved to be strong secessionists. One of them was very apprehensive that the slaves would be set free, as Gov. Wise had assured them that the Northern army was accompanied by five thousand emancipated negroes. Upon reaching Charleston—a town of 2,500 people—we found two fine Union flags flying, one planted on the Court House and the other raised by a citizen, who kept it concealed behind his mattresses while Wise's army was here. The troops were cheered very lustily, and many small Union flags waved as they passed.

Men, women and children in groups upon the shore, displayed a marvelous number of little Union flags, and hailed the troops with the most unmistakable enthusiasm. At Malden, an old gentleman who had been imprisoned for Union sentiments, was hardly able to contain himself, but mounted a rock and extemporized a speech of thanks to the Union troops and the Lord. Women, with tears in their eyes, told us how anxiously they had looked for the Federal army; how their husbands had been robbed, their husbands hunted through the mountains, imprisoned, and in many cases impressed into the southern army. Negroes of all ages joined in the huzzing with most extravagant demonstrations of glee, swinging flags as a wooden swings his axe, bending themselves almost double with delight, sending shouts of laughter echoing through the glens.

A NEW REGIMENT, TO BE ARMED WITH SCYTHES.—A large meeting of German citizens was held on Thursday evening, the 25 inst., at Stadelberger's Hall, No. 624 Eighth avenue, New York, for the purpose of taking energetic steps to support our Government. Mr. Adam Roediger, being called to the chair, explained briefly the object of the meeting. He introduced Mr. Frederick Kapp, delivered an eloquent speech, and expressed the hope that the people would respond nobly to the call for more troops. He spoke in favor of the proposition made by Mr. Roediger, to organize a regiment to be armed with scythes. Such a regiment would not cost much, and be of great service, if properly directed. They would be a terror to the enemy's cavalry. Similar regiments were fighting in the Polish revolution, and no doubt there are plenty men here who could handle a scythe. A committee was appointed, consisting of Messrs. Roediger, Koon and Stone, to confer with the other Waris. The meeting then adjourned, subject to the call of the Chair.

The following is a pretty good take-off on the fulsome style of our public speakers:

A negro orator thus concludes an account of the death of a colored brother: "De last word dat he heard to say, de last word he was known to speak, de last word he was noticed to utter, de last word he eber pronounced, de last syllable he heaped, de last idea he eber ejaculated; yes my brethren, de berry last word he eber was known

A Shameful Affair.

The Venango Spectator published at Franklin, gives us the following account of one of the most reckless, brutal and fiendish outrages that have yet resulted from the lawless attempts to crush the freedom of speech. To what state must a community have arrived that tolerates such an atrocious condition of public sentiment as this report shows? Bad as it is, it is but an index of the inevitable results that must follow the continued teachings of the abominable sentiments that have been instilled into the public mind of late, by the leaders and presses of the Republican party. The Spectator says:

"A gentleman, whose veracity is undoubted, informs us of the particulars of an outrage committed upon the family of Mr. Jacob Dietrich, of Pinegrove township, on the 22d of June last. The substance of our informant's statement is, that on that day there was a pole raising at Centreville, near Mr. D's residence, in which all parties assisted, and that all things proceeded in harmony until about 5 P. M. About that time two boys, one a son of Mr. Dietrich, commenced renewing an old quarrel, which resulted in several other persons taking part against young Dietrich. A crowd of persons, several of whom were armed, chased young Dietrich to his father's house. On arriving at the fence, in front of the house, several of the mob seized Mr. D, across the fence and tore his shirt from his back. Some half dozen then crossed the fence and commenced an attack upon this one unarmed man. During this melee a portion of the gang entered the house, one of whom was scalded by Mrs. D, and another knocked down by a stove lid in the hands of her son. They seized Mr. Dietrich's gun, which they brought out and broke to pieces on the fence. A gun was pointed at him by one of the mob and his life saved by a man knocking the gun aside as it exploded.

"Mr. Dietrich, with the weapons that nature gave him, drove the mob from the house. He is a stout man and was in a fair way of whipping the whole party. The leader of the armed portion of the mob then ordered his men to load with ball. Mr. Dietrich, informed of his danger, made his escape from the back part of his house and ran towards the woods, a short distance.—While running, some ten shots were fired at him, but he fortunately was not hit. After Mr. D's escape the mob again entered the house, seized Mrs. D and told her the only way to save her life was to come out and carry the flag they had with them.—They threatened to kill her if she refused, and to burn the house. The mob, however, dragged her out, forced the flag into her hands, and compelled her to carry it. They then took their departure, threatening to return and sweep all the Democrats from Pinegrove township."

A Story of Butchery and Blood.

[Washington Correspondence of the Chicago Journal.]
Since the battle of Bull Run, I have conversed with many officers and soldiers that participated in the contest and of these, scores have testified to the most shocking acts of torture and barbarity, practiced upon our wounded by the Rebel soldiers. Two fine appearing men of the Massachusetts 5th told me of the inhuman butchery of one of their comrades—a Lieutenant in the company to which they belong. He was wounded in the knee and fell into the hands of the enemy after crawling some rods in his attempt to escape. He was surrounded by a small squad of Rebels, one of whom demanded of the wounded loyalist his name and place of residence.

"My name, Sir, is Franklin Smith," replied the prostrate and bleeding soldier, "and I belong to the 5th regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers."
"Why don't you say at once that you're a G—d—d Yankee!" retorted one of the rebel assassins, at the same time displaying a long, murderous looking knife, and with it making such demonstrations as to show his bloody intentions.

The young Lieutenant made no cowardly appeals for mercy, yet expressed his surprise at the treatment thus extended to a wounded prisoner of war. "You understand," said he, "that I have surrendered, and you cannot mean to kill me?"
The immediate response to this was not heard by our informants, but they heard several of the rebels cry out, "kill him!" "He's a d—d blue bellied Yankee. Knife him."
"And where were you that you did not shoot the villain?" I inquired.
"We were cut off from our regiment," replied one of my informants, "and were hiding in a thick clump of bushes, within a few yards of straggling bands of the enemy, and were watching an opportunity to make our escape. The least noise would have cost us our lives. Indeed, we expected every moment to be discovered, and share the fate of our comrades. Besides, one of our muskets was broken so that we could have fired but a single shot. We staid till all was over with poor Frank. He did the best he could to defend himself, but his arms were held by the cowardly devils, while the infernal butcher with the bowie-knife, cut his throat, as near as we can judge, almost severing the head from the body!"

This is a difficult story to credit, and I should have listened to it with more of doubt than confidence, had not the tears and choked utterance of the narrators afforded me some ground for believing it. A woman down East has commenced a suit of divorce against her husband, because he would not allow her to apply her tongue to the neck of a man.

THE HEART'S STORY.

BY AGNES FORRESTER.
I'm musing on the happy past,
The spring-time of my life,
When every tone of wind and wave
With melody was rife;
When all youth's hopes and promises,
The rainbows of my sky,
Danced forth in fairy visions
Before my wandering eye.
My heart is with the leaping rills
That murmur round the home
Where first my lips were taught to speak,
My tiny feet to roam;
The sweet songs of the happy birds,
The whispering wild-wood breeze
That caught the faint breath of the rose,
And waved amid the trees.
Oh, for the bright and gladsome hours,
When, like a wandering stream,
My spirit chaunter from earth and sky
The light of every beam!

Collecting the Fare.

Jerusha came into the city yesterday, to see her cousin. Jerusha had never in her life ridden in a horse car, so Judathan took her to Cottage Grove to see the soldiers.—Jerusha is a fair maiden to look upon. Jerusha has been told the same by her sweet-heart as often as twice, and, as a natural consequence, and as the mirror reflected the same insinuation, Jerusha knows that she is fair. Well, this subject must have been Judathan in the country girl's head yesterday. Jerusha had found an acquaintance at the other end of the car, with whom he was busy discussing the war, when the bashful and very polite conductor came around for her tickets and small change. Conductor stepped up to Jerusha, and said, "Your fare miss!" And he said it in such a fascinating, tripping style, we thought it no matter of wonder that the maiden blushed slightly. She did not know he was conductor. He appeared to be anything but that. Not receiving the money the young man repeated "Your fare, Miss!" No change again, but a deep blush o'erspread the already rosy cheeks of the pretty country girl. "Your fare," the conductor repeated for the third time. "Do you think so?" was the unexpected and astonished query. "They say, not in Kane county, that I'll do when there's no handsomer around!" "This capped the climax, and the whole crowd male and female, in the car, burst into a fit of cachinnation hard to beat, as the modest conductor and innocent rustic, the one standing petrified, dumbfounded, and the other sitting with that pleased, simple expression, and that carnation hue still resting on her cheek, looking each other in the countenance inquiringly, and at a loss to know why the people laughed, and what they had said or done to create such a rumpus. At this juncture, Judathan came up, perceived the mistake his fair cousin had made, paid the fare, and immediately thereafter stopped the car, got out with his fair Jerusha, and concluded to wait awhile before going to camp. They took the next street car, which as good luck would have it, was managed by the ugliest and roughest conductor in the employ of the City Railroad Company, with whom there was no danger of a repetition of the fare contumelias.—Jerusha considers herself insulted now, and her friends cannot repress a smile, when any wicked one calls her "fare."—Chicago Times.

Three Chances for a Wife.

When a man has three chances for a wife it is a hard mischance if he should fail.—The following is a case which might have occurred down East, but it is doubtful if any similar occurrence was ever known in any other part of the world.
"I once courted a gal by the name of Deb Hawkins. I made up my mind to get married. Well, while we were going to the deacon's I stepped into a mud puddle and splattered the mud all over Deb Hawkins' new gown, made out of her grandmother's old chintz petticoat. Well when we got to the deacon's he asked Deb if she would have me for her lawful wedded husband?
"No," says she.
"Reason?" says I.
"Why," says she, 'I've taken a dislikin' to you."
Well it was all up then, but I gave her a string of beads, a few kisses, some other notions, and made it all up with her; so we went up to the deacon's a second time. I was determined to come up with her this time, so when the deacon asked me if I would take her for my lawful wedded wife, says I—
"No, I shan't do no such thing."
"Why," says Deb, 'what on airth is the matter?'
"Why," says I, 'I have taken a dislikin' to you now."
Well, then it was all over again; but I gave her a new apron and a few other trinkets, and we went up again to get married.—We expected that we would be tied so fast that all nature couldn't separate us; and when we asked the deacon if he would marry us, he said:
"No, I shan't do any such thing."
"Why, what on airth is the reason?" says we.
"Why," says he, 'I've taken a dislikin' to both of you."
Deb burst out crying, the deacon burst out scolding, and I burst out laughing, and such a set of busters you never did see."

The Tailor and Dean Swift.

A tailor in Dublin, near the residence of the Dean, took into his head that he was especially and divinely inspired to interpret the prophecies, and especially the book of Revelation: Quitting the shop board, he turned out a preacher, or rather a prophet, until his customers had left his shop, and his family was likely to famish.
His monomania was well known to Dean Swift, who benevolently watched for some convenient opportunity to turn the current of his thoughts. One night the tailor as he fancied, got a special revelation to go and convert Dean Swift, and the next morning took up his line of march for the deanery. The Dean whose study was furnished a glass door, saw the tailor approach, and instantly surmised the nature of his errand.—Throwing himself into an attitude of solemnity and his eyes fixed on the tenth chapter of Revelation he awaited his approach.
The door opened, and the tailor announced an unearthly voice, the message. "Dean Swift, I am sent by the Almighty to announce to you—" "Come in my friend," said the Dean, "I am in great trouble, and no doubt 'the Lord has sent you to help me out of my difficulty."
This unexpected welcome inspired the tailor, strengthened greatly his assurance in his own prophetic character, and disposed him to listen to the disclosure.
"My friend," said the Dean, "I have just been reading the tenth chapter of Revelation, and am greatly distressed at a difficulty. I have met with; and you are the very man sent to help me out. Here is an account of an angel that came down from heaven, who was so large that he placed one foot on the sea, and the other on the earth, and lifted up his hands to heaven— Now my knowledge of mathematics, continued Dean, has enabled me to calculate exactly the size and form of the angel; but I am in great difficulty, for I wish to ascertain how much cloth it will take to make him a pair of breeches, and as that is exactly in your line of business, I have no doubt the Lord has sent you to show me."

This sudden explosion came like an electric shock to the poor tailor he rushed from the house, ran to his shop, and a sudden revulsion of thought and feeling came over him. Making breeches was exactly in his line of business. He returned to his occupation thoroughly cured of his prophetic revelation by the wit of the Dean.

A LIAR.—Among the many anecdotes of Buena Vista one beats all others. An Arkansas soldier being wounded, asked an Irishman to take him off the field. The latter did so by assisting him to mount and strapping him on his horse, the Irishman riding before. During the ride the wounded Arkansian had his head cut off by a cannon ball, unknown to his companion. Arriving at the surgeon's quarters the Irishman was asked what he wanted.

"I brought this man to have his leg dressed," said Pat.
"Why," replied the surgeon, "his head is shot off!"
"The bloody liar!" exclaimed Pat, looking behind him; "he told me he was only shot in the leg!"

A YOUNG MAN lately volunteered his services to a lady from a party. On the way he beguiled his brains for some interesting topic of conversation to amuse her with; he could not hit upon nothing until they met several cows. Here was a topic which with swain immediately laid hold of, and with much simplicity remarked: "Now, ain't it strange what a motherly appearance a cow has?" To which the lady replied:
"I don't think it strange at all, 's'ir, that a cow should have a motherly appearance to a calf."

A RAT STORY.—We are assured that once, in Scotland, a thrifty laird, finding his store of eggs diminishing, watched to see how the thieves could carry them away. He saw three rats go together to the pile of eggs; when, one turning on his back, the others rolled an egg upon him, which he clasped safely to his bosom, and his companions, taking his tail in their mouths, started off like a team drawing a sledge, and disappeared behind some barrels which were the outer fortifications of their castle.

Our little Johnny, going to dine with his grandmother on his birthday, partook so freely of the good things on the table that a second piece of pudding became an impossibility. The old lady, seeing his eye dwell longingly on the tempting object said "Johnny, don't you think you could manage an other piece?" Johnny, looking doubtful for a moment, but a light gleamed over his face, immediately exclaimed, "Perhaps if I was to stand up I might eat another!"

A captain, who belongs to the regular army, and was in General Patterson's division, publicly made the following remarks: Any man who says that Gen. Patterson could have intercepted the Rebel General, Johnston, asserts a simple absurdity. It could not have been done. Johnston perfectly understood the country, and had with him over forty thousand men; while Patterson did not understand the country topographically, and had with him only sixteen thousand available men."

A CHANGE.—Gen. Lee has been assigned the command on the upper Potomac in

response to the following letter from the