

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.

WHOU' WILT FIND NO CHANGE IN ME.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

I part from thee, my own beloved,
In sorrow and in pain;
For many days must come and go
Ere we shall meet again.
And many changes time will bring
Ere that best day will see;
But though all things should pass away,
Thou wilt find no change in me.

My future may be fair and bright,
My path be filled with flowers;
And peace and plenty spread their wings
Across my earthly bowers;
But come what may, or come what will,
Upon the land or sea,
Thou wilt find that I am true to love,
Thou wilt find no change in me.

Whatever may thy lot be,
To thee I'll closely cling;
And round thy fair and fragile form
Love's simple mantle fling;
And, oh, let not thy faithful heart
Fall in its love for me;
For come what may, or come what will,
Thou wilt find no change in me.

A THRILLING SEA TALE.

The Rogue Trug or Pheebe the Pluckie.

An Exciting Romance of Land and Water.

CHAPTER I.

If you love me as I love you, [PENTON, No Knife can cut our love in two.—BILL Reader, have you ever stood on the beet path side of the Penna. Canal, on one of those mild January evenings peculiar to the early autumn, and watched the sun rise from his gorgeous couch athwart the western sky, and listened to catch the warble of the distant coil heavers, mingled with cries of a ragged canal diver encouraging a pair of attenuated calico mules? (If you don't remember at once whether you have or not, take time to consider and in form us through the post office enclosing a stamp.) It was at such a time and on such a spot that two solitary youths might have been seen walking arm in arm in that vicinity about that time. Need we tell you the one was a daughter of poor but healthy parents, and the other was her lover?

After considerable time passed in reflection, it appears rather necessary that we should state the circumstances of the case because you wouldn't know it if we didn't. The young man had seen 19 springs, yet did he urge his suit with a passion and ardor of one who attained the ripe age of four-score years and ten, and not withstanding his weight did not exceed one hundred and twenty-five pounds, he couldn't have pleased harder had he weighed a ton. The maiden was fair. Toothbrush handles could not compare with her beautiful teeth made by Dr. Locke; the raven's wing had no more business by the side of her gloomy curls than a stove brush. Can we wonder that the young man swore that he would cheerfully catch the measles for her sake and expressed a willingness to have the scarlet fever the second time to prove his devotion?

Alas! the perversity of whom. Although loving him devotedly, she replied to his ardent declaration by sitting down on a stone boat and writing him an introduction to the marines, to whom she recommended to repeat the narrative. Driven to frenzy, Caleb turned to red in the face he tore all the buttons off his vest, and frothed at his mouth to such an extent that he split a bran new vest down the back. Then casting upon her a look of unutterable anguish, through a pocket telescope, he cried—"I see one farweller for ever!" threw a double hand-spring, and disappeared behind a high board fence. Pheebe Ann pined.

CHAPTER II.

"Where are you going, Lovel? She said 'Oh, where are you going?' Said she; 'I'm going, my lady Nancy Belle. Strange countries for to see, see, see, strange countries for to see.'—Saxon's Ooze.

We left Pheebe Ann in a swoon, or rather Caleb did. As soon as consciousness came Pheebe Ann came too, and then she remembered with a pang that she had driven Caleb away. She called aloud—"Caleb! Caleb!" but no Caleb answered.—However well other Calibs might answer for others, none but her Caleb could answer for her, and he couldn't because he wasn't in his hearing. Then she recalled his love for the briny deep which induced him, when a mare led, to run away from home and drive on the canal. Afterwards his father driving his passions for riding on the mountain wave and climbing towering masts, procured for him, through his influence with the President of the United States, the appointment of third assistant jack leader. What most natural, thought Pheebe, than for him to follow his youthful passions and go for a sailor? After deep reflection his face brightened up, and she hurried away to execute a suddenly formed design. What was it? We shall see.

One for the money, two for the show, Three to make ready, and four for to go.—WHAT'S THAT?

Before explaining the meaning of this thrilling ejaculation, let us take a review of things at the period of our story. 'Old Bodrion, who is now in Kentucky engaged in the Whiskey business, swayed the sceptre of France. Gin ruled Holland, and Sweden was governed a good deal by the price of Sweden's iron. Wales was just beginning to be celebrated for her 'Prints of Wales,' and Spain was getting up excursions to Pot-in-bay. Glancing at the New World Jerry Baldy was weighing candles on Staten Island and had not then dreamed of driving the pope in 'Rome Swamp' in the name of the Continental Congress; and Christopher Columbus, having completed his labors by discovering Sandusky, had retired to the Hermitage at the north bend of Ashland on Mount Vernon, and was writing for the New York Ledger.

CHAPTER IV.

Now comes the tug.—Jacob Smith. When Caleb left the pluckie Pheebe, it was with the determination never to see her again. He would be a wanderer. He would land on the other lands and climb foreign climes; he would go and be an ancient mariner. Filled with this desperate resolve he sought his boarding house, put a clean shirt and collar in a cotton valise, and started for the river. A gallant tug lay at the dock, which he boarded and requested to see the captain. A sailor, whose voice was deeply bronzed by exposure to the Tropie of Barleycorn, appeared at the top mizen gangway, and informed him that the captain was engaged in the cabin. He was being presented with a bosom pin and a gold headed cane by a ferryman who was about to retire from office. The presentation was wholly unexpected.

After a considerable delay Caleb was invited to descend. When he entered the cabin he was struck with the youthful and delicate appearance of the captain. He was about to tell him he had come to ship before the well, smokstack, when the supposed, captain raised his cap, and a shower of corkscrew curls fell upon his shoulders.

"What exclaimed the lover in amazement, 'Pheebe Ann?'"

"They rushed into each other's arms.—After an embrace which caused the thermometer in the cabin to rise to ninety-nine degrees in the shade mutual explanations followed. She had designed his purpose to go for a sailor, and resolved to thwart it. The captain of the tug, being and aunt of hers, had allowed her to be captain for that day, and chance had done the rest. Pheebe Ann was penitent, Caleb forgiving, and that very day they agreed before a minister to share the tug of life together.

But little more remains to be told. Caleb couldn't be persuaded to give up his passion for the raging main, not withstanding the entreaties of his wife, and she compromised the matter by allowing him to tend a saw mill, and he still follows that daring and perilous profession.

Philosophy of Rain.

To understand the philosophy of this beautiful and often sublime phenomenon, so often witnessed since the creation, and essential to the very existence of animals, a few facts derived from observation and a long train of experiments must be remembered:

1. Were the atmosphere everywhere, at all times at a uniform temperature, we should never have rain, or hail, or snow.—The water absorbed by it in evaporation from the sea and the earth's surface would descend in an imperceptible vapor or cease to be absorbed by the air when once fully saturated.
2. The absorbing power of the atmosphere, consequently its capability to retain humidity, is proportionally greater in cold than in warm air.
3. The air near the surface of the earth is warmer than it is in the region of the clouds. The higher we ascend from the earth the colder do we find the atmosphere. Hence the perpetual snow on very high mountains in the hottest climates. Now, when from continual evaporation the air is highly saturated with vapor, though it be invisible and the sky cloudless, if its temperature is suddenly reduced by cold currents of air rushing from above, or from a higher to a lower latitude, its capacity to retain moisture is diminished, clouds are formed, and the result is rain. Air condenses as it cools, and like a sponge filled with water and compressed, pours out the air which its diminished capacity cannot hold.

MADE THEM SQUAT.—A widow woman's only son went to the Great Bethel slaughter, fought well, and returned home on a furlough. His mother is pious, and after he had answered numerous inquiries as to his health, &c., she said:—"Now tell me, Henry you did not kill any one did you? You didn't pint your gun at any one of them, and commit murder, right again the Bible, did you?" Said he:—"I don't know as I killed any one, but I made eight or ten of them squat."

A Dutchman that describes an accident:—Once a long vile ago, I vent into mine able orchard, to climb a tree to get some bushes to make mine row a Blum bud, Ding mit; and when I gets on tobermost branch, I fall down from the lowestmost limb.

Character of Gen. McClellan as a Commander.

A letter from Washington thus speaks of General McClellan, and the soldiers serving under him:—
The only portion of the forces who have achieved the late victories under General McClellan, that came to this city with him, is a company of thoroughly drilled riflemen, mostly from Chicago, Illinois, called the Sturges Rifles, who act as the body guard of the General. They are under the command of Capt. Siele, of Chicago, and number 83 men, all of whom have been through the entire victorious campaign in Western Virginia, have been in all the battles, and have been tried in the fire and have never flinched.

Gen. McClellan is regarded by these men as invincible—they say he never made a mistake, and I verily believe these 83 men would cheerfully march forth to night, alone, to attack the entire Rebel army at Manassas, if Gen. McClellan should give the order and lead the attack. Col. Lander, the aid of the Commanding General, now here, is also highly esteemed by the men, who say he is the most fearless of mortals, a thorough soldier, and an admirable leader of an army.

Gen. McClellan is one of the least pretensions of men—he generally wears the simple blouse of the riflemen, with not even the starred shoulder-straps to denote his rank—a man who never wastes time—who is indefatigable in his pursuit of an attack of the enemy, and equally untiring in his efforts to secure the utmost comfort of his men, compatible with the circumstances of a soldier's life. When his line is on the march, he is ever among the men, with a kind cheering word for every company; a pleasant look, or kind salute, or hearty grasp of the hand for every officer or private with whom he is brought on speaking terms by business; and in a fight he is always at the front of the column, in the thickest of the Janger, encouraging his men by cheering word and fearless deed. He takes soldier's fare with the rest, asking no better food, and no more luxurious bed than the newest recruited private under his command. If he sees a man without proper shoes or clothing, he has that man with his captain sent to his own quarters, where the man is served with the garments he needs and the captain receives a reprimand that leads him to look more closely after the comfort of his men in future.

That such a man should be the idol of his soldiers is not surprising. The measure of their adoration for him words fail to express, though the following slightly profane, but uncommonly emphatic statement of one of his men, will, perhaps, approximate it. "We would, every one of us, fight for old Mac till hell froze over, and then die on the ice," which frigid sentiment was cordially indorsed by all who heard it uttered.

Of the battles of Rich Mountain and Exeter Hill the men say that some of the rebels fought well, but the majority ran away early in the action, and appeared to be stricken with astonishment that the Union men could fight at all. They had been led to believe that the Federals would never stand fire, but would run away at the first opposing shot. Their chief care seemed to be, after each defeat, to get their dead men out of sight of their own men and of our forces.

An interesting incident of the surrender of Col. Pegram is thus related. When Pegram advanced to hand his sword to Major Laurence Williams, each instantly recognized the other, and both were moved to tears and turned away unable to speak for several minutes. They had been college classmates and had met, thus, for the first time in many years.

One captain of a gun, which had given our men much annoyance, held his ground after every one of his men had deserted him and, by his own unaided exertions, he loaded and fired the piece three times.—Col. Lander called to one of his men to load a rifle for him, which the man did, and gave it into his hands. The Rebel gunner was preparing to fire the fourth time; he was alone, and Col. Lander, leaping to gallant a foe, cried to him to surrender; the captain refused, and continued loading his piece (a six-pound cannon), when Col. Lander reluctantly yielded to the necessities of the case, and shot his brave enemy dead.

In every instance did Gen. McClellan and Col. Lander behave with similar gallantry, being always the foremost in making dangerous reconnoissances, or in leading hazardous advances, and always the first to grieve with men who had lost friends, and always anxious to give them every feasible opportunity for rest and recreation, though always insisting on and maintaining the most strict and thorough discipline.

Is it any wonder that such officers should have such men? Though they have been here but two or three days, the city is reassured, the utmost confidence is expressed in the new commander, and even now the evidences of the master's strong hand are visible, in the perfect order preserved in the city, in the newly-enforced rigidity of camp discipline, and in such an advantageous disposition of our forces as without question makes the city impregnable to any attack the rebels may muster courage to attempt.

A rough individual, whose knowledge of classical language was not quite complete, has been sick, and on recovery was told by his doctor that he might have a little animal food. "No, sir, I took your great easy

General Patterson.

The following extract from the speech of Col. JANKETT, at the Mill Hill oration to the returned soldiers, fully vindicates Gen. Patterson from the charges that have been made against him in this locality:—
And now in conclusion let me say a few words in behalf of our brave and skillful commander, Gen. PATTERSON; you have all seen with what venom some of the newspaper Generals have been endeavoring to bring this noble soldier and patriot into discredit before the public. Much has been said about his tardiness in moving upon the enemy, and that had he pressed forward and attacked the enemy in his strong hold at Winchester, Gen. Johnson could not have formed a junction with Beauregard, and the fate of McDowell would have been reversed at Bull Run.

This looks all very well on paper, but what are the facts in the case? The newspaper heroes forget one thing that is very important in his particular case; they forget that the soldier in order to be efficient, must be well fed, how food is to be obtained and transported through an enemy's country we are not informed, the cry is only forward to Richmond, forward to Manassas and forward to Winchester, forgetting those points are many miles from the depots containing supplies for the army, and making no provisions whatever for bringing the same forward to sustain an army that is moving to meet the enemy.

It is well known to every soldier in the 11th Regiment that our supply-train was not sufficient to keep the army in provisions over three days. Now had General Patterson attempted to pursue or harass Gen. Johnson on his march towards Manassas, it is very evident that our limited wagon train could not have kept our force in supplies for such an undertaking, besides this we could not have spared a force sufficient from the main body to protect the train, consequently it would have fallen an easy prey to the enemy left at Winchester. The wagon train once lost our army would soon have been compelled to surrender at discretion.

Again, suppose General Patterson, instead of moving from Bunker Hill to Charleston, had marched to Winchester, that would have been the consequence? I think it would not have required a prophet to have foretold the result; the fact is, had we marched upon Winchester our army would have met with a signal defeat; at that place the enemy was strongly posted, having fortified himself with certain bastions, rifle-pits and numerous heavy batteries, besides throwing very formidable obstructions in our line of march. Every approach to Winchester was carefully guarded and defended by an obitiss and heavy artillery.—This alone would have rendered it impossible to have made a successful assault upon the enemy's works at that time.

The enemy boastingly said give us a fair field and a fair fight, it's all we ask. Gen. Patterson offered them a fair field and a free fight at Hoke's Run. He again offered them a battle at Martinsburg, and also Bunker Hill. He was ready and willing, nay anxious, to fight them even with an odds of two to one against him, but the cavalry had no stomach for a fair field or a fair fight. Instead of meeting us on a fair field for battle they chose to pursue a course that would inevitably lead to our destruction; by making mastery and precipitate retreats the enemy sought to lure us into the toils he had prepared for us. Now had we followed the Rebel in his retreat from Bunker Hill, I am convinced we would have been repulsed with great loss; but our noble and prudent commander was not so easily circumvented. He knew the object the enemy had in view, and also that their force was double his own, both in men and artillery. General Patterson therefore acted the part of a prudent and skillful strategist by leaving the enemy at Winchester to enjoy the fruits of his labors in the shape of useless and expensive bastions and redoubts. Our General has accomplished a great deal, he has not only saved his entire army with all the camp equipage, artillery and arms, but also returns about twenty thousand men who have had the experience of a three months campaign, and who are now nearly all ready to serve their country again in the field, and stand by her until peace is restored and our Star Spangled Banner floats once more over our glorious country.

Lo! I AM WITH YOU.—O! amid that prostration of earthly hopes, when unable to glance one thought on a dark future, when the stricken spirit, like a wounded bird, lies struggling in the dust, with broken wing and wailing cry, longing only for pinions to fly away from a weary world to the rest and quiet of the grave; in that hour of earthly desolation, He who has the keys of death at His girdle, nay, who has tested death himself, and better still, who hath conquered it, draws near in touching reassured saying, "Lo I am with you." I will come in the place of your loved ones, I am with you to cheer you, to comfort you, to support and sustain you. I, who once wept at a grave, am here to weep with you; I will be at your side in all that trying hour, I will make my grace sufficient for you, and my promises precious to you, and my love better than all earthly affection.—The one is changeable, I am unchangeable—the one rusts periah, I am the strength of your heart and your portion forever!

The Louisville Journal beautifully says:—
"There are times when the pulse lies low in the bosom and beats slow in the veins; when the spirit sleeps the sleep, apparently that knows no waking in its house of clay, and the window shutters are closed, and the door hung with the invisible crape of melancholy; when we wish the golden sunshine pichly darkness, and very willing to fancy 'clouds where no clouds be'—This is a state of sickness when physic may be thrown to the dogs, for we will have none of it. What shall raise the sleeping Lazarus? What shall make the heart beat music again, and the pulses dance to it through all the myriad thronged halls in our house of life? What shall make us, with all his own awaking gladness and the night overflow with 'moon-light, music, love, and flowers?' Love itself is the great stimulant—the most intoxicating of all—and preforms all these miracles, but it is a miracle itself, and it is not at the drug store, whatever they say. The counterfeits the market, but the winged god is not a money changer, we assure you.

Men have tried many things, but still they ask for stimulants. The stimulants we use, but require the use of more. Men try to drown the floating dead of their own souls in the wine cup, but the corpses will rise. We see their faces in the bubbles.—The intoxication of drink sets the world whirling again, and the pulse playing wild-vent music, and the thoughts galloping, but the fast elock runs down sooner, and the unnatural stimulation only leaves the house it fills with wildest revelry, more silent, more sad, more deserted, more dead.

There is only one stimulant that never fails and never intoxicates.—Duty. Duty paints a blue sky over every man: up in his heart may be into which the skylark, happiness, always goes singing.

They get up model love-letters in Cleveland, short and sweet, and spelled upon the principle of complete scission from dictionary rules: Here is one read in court last week:—"Dar—, thow absent not forkottya theras a good time wate a little longer."

The Firing of the Confederate Artillery.

A correspondent of the New York Tribune, (one of the 79th regiment) describing the late battle, remarks:—

First of all we observed what had been all day conceded—the deadly accuracy of the Confederate artillery. Scarce a shot failed to bring down its horse, man or gun-carriage. As one regiment I think the Brooklyn 14th, was advancing to the charge a shot from a rifled cannon brought down the flag, color, guard and all. It was seized instantly by other hands, and borne rapidly on. Whenever men would lie down under the slope of a hill to screen them the whirring fire of the batteries the gunners would get their range so accurately that balls and shells would come skimming over the hill side, not six inches from the ground alighting in the hollow, amid a nest of crouching soldiers. Many and many a poor fellow was killed while lying on his face or in a gully to avoid the shot.

Speaking of a charge made by the Federal troops on a battery, the writer says:—
Numbers of our men went down as the hurricane iron swept by us, and it was with no little difficulty that we could close up the line so as to charge effectively. Soon this terrible gulf was passed, and our men charged up the hill with renewed vigor.—The Confederates waiting until we approached above the brow of the hill, and then poured such a volley upon us as decimated the regiment in an instant. Scores of our men fell forward on their faces with a peculiar supine motion as a wave falls on a beach. Captain Brown being in advance and seeing the Confederates running from their guns to the cover of the trees, rushed forward waving his sword, and shouted "Now boys, rally!" Scarcely were the words through his lips when a rifled bullet pierced him through the neck; at the same instant a cannon ball entered his side, and he fell to the earth, pinned as it were to the ground.

Some of his men tried to take a watch, by order of the lieutenants, but found it buried in his vitals. He died bravely and as he had wished, having often expressed the hope that he might never survive the defeat of the regiment. Capt. Shilliglaw was shot through both knees, and immediately after one of his men lifting him up—(or he was lying on his face—found him dead, with his beard dabbled with blood from a wound in the head. At this time the storm of the battle redoubled, the regiment wavered, then fell back and retreated slowly, still firing at every step, having lost several of its best officers. A general retreat then commenced.

Col. Cameron, who had succeeded in rallying the men twice, seemed paralyzed at this new reverse—the sword which he had been waving dropped from his hand—he stood a moment looking at the retreating mass, some of the men still obstinately firing, and one of the lieutenants coming down from the battery to ask advice about the wounded officers, he turned suddenly toward him, and faced the battery, and the same instant a Minnie bullet pierced his breast. He fell without a groan. After his fall the rout became complete.

Simulants.

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Obituary.

There are certain facts in regard to the life of Henry King, who died on the 13th ultimo, at his residence in Allentown, Pennsylvania, which afford so striking a contrast to the history of his rebel brother, T. Butler King, now a commissioner of the Southern Confederacy in Europe, that we cannot do better than put them on the record.

Henry King was born in Hampden county, Massachusetts, on the 6th day of July, 1790. His brother, T. Butler King, born fourteen years later, in the same county and State. In the same county they received their preliminary education. In 1810 Henry King commenced the study of law under the then eminent W. H. Brainerd, of New London, Connecticut, and remained in his office until the disturbed condition of the neighborhood, arising from the hostilities of 1812, compelled him to remove to Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, where he completed his studies, and was admitted to the bar during the same year. He immediately opened an office in Allentown, being at the time, and for long after, the only resident lawyer in Lehigh county, and measuring blades on circuit with the first advocates of the State.

In 1823 the career of the brothers divided. T. B. King having finished his legal education at the age of nineteen, while his brother at thirty-three was engaged in the combat of life at Allentown, emigrated to Georgia, where he shortly after engaged in the business of the plantation, and married a lady who had a large fortune of negroes.

Two years after, in 1825, Henry King was elected to the Pennsylvania Senate, and again re-elected in 1829. Before his second term expired he was chosen to represent his district in Congress, and filled the position from 1831 to 1835.

Meantime T. Butler King was in the State Senate of Georgia, and four years after his brother left Congress filled a Representative's chair for his adopted State, between 1839 and 1849, being out only from 1843 to 1845.

While T. Butler King was becoming more and more that subversive creature of flattery and patronage—a Northern man with Southern principles, being, in 1833, a member of the Milledgeville Convention, and, in 1840, of the Young Men's Convention at Baltimore—Henry King was a steadfast advocate of freedom in its largest sense. To him is due the entire renovation of that shameful system of favoritism which appointed the cadets at West Point in the proportion of four-fifths from the South and the remainder from the larger Northern cities, and the equal distribution among all our districts of a patronage which has even now proven only too partially distributed for the safety of a nation whose pampered children are in arms against her.

He was the father of the present admirable prison system of Pennsylvania—so undeniably so, that years after his Maysmensing reforms, the Prussian Commissioners sought him out in his retirement at Allentown, and asked his assistance in the direction of their disciplinary inspection—he resisted throughout his whole career every passive oultry for more private good—and while at once a Whig, and the warmest friend of the Pennsylvania canals and rail-ways, opposed to his utmost the incurring of a debt which has hampered the Keystone Commonwealth.—N. Y. Post.

A cooper, finding considerable difficulty in keeping one of the heads of a cask he was finishing in its place, put his son inside to hold the head up. After completing the work much to his satisfaction, he was astonished to find the boy inside the cask and without a possibility of getting out, except through the bung-hole.

An old maid who has her eye a little side-ways on matrimony, says the curse of war is, that it will make so many widows, who will be fierce to get married, and know how to do it, that modest old maids will stand no chance at all.

Talking of political chances, a Vermont Democrat remarked that he once came "within one" of being elected to the highest office in the State. A friend inquired what he meant by "one?" "The candidate of the other party!" was the reply.

If your sister, while she is engaged with her sweetheart, asked you to bring a glass of water from an adjoining room, start on the errand, but you need not return. You will not be missed. Don't forget this, little children.

"My name is Summerset. I am a miserable old pacheler. I cannot marry, for how could I hope to prevail on any young lady possessed of the slight set delicacy, to turn a Summerset."

A German gentleman wrote an obituary on the death of his wife, of which the following is a copy: "If mine wife had lived until next Friday she would have been dead about two weeks. Nothing is possible with Almighty. As de tree falls so must it stand."

Observations on Storms.

1. The Atlantic ocean is the source of nearly all the rains which visit this part of the country. The moisture collected from the great lakes is small in quantity, travels but a short distance, and usually falls to the northward of this parallel. The Gulf of Mexico sheds its vapor on the great western valley. From the northern ocean and the rivers flowing into it, hardly any moisture is evaporated.

2. The heated air descending from the surface of the Atlantic, especially from the Gulf Stream, is walled over the land by winds which usually blow at a right angle to the general coast line.

3. No rain storms are experienced, or even heavy showers, after the wind has been blowing steadily from the north-west this being a dry current, and absorbing instead of giving out moisture.

4. After hot days, during the summer season, the sea breezes usually set in towards evening. On reaching the mountains this current comes in contact with a cooler one from the opposite direction, when there is apt to be a thunder shower, followed by the ordinary north wester. The storm occurs along the line of collision between those opposing currents, and of course travels in the direction of the ocean.

5. When a south-easter has prevailed for a time at any season, it is reasonable to expect a corresponding heavy rain, as the clouds have a great quantity of moisture to deposit. At the same time the coolness which succeeds will usually be in about the same ratio, the wet surface of the ground absorbing much of the caloric in the lower atmosphere.

6. The north-east storm is probably in every case caused by one of those circular storms termed "Cyclones," whose centre is some distance to the eastward. In such a case the storm travels from south-west to north-east, or in the contrary direction to that in which we feel the breeze blowing. If accurate observations were made as to the changes in the wind, the centre of the tempest might be calculated with tolerable accuracy. In proportion to the length of time and the strength and coolness of current, the storm will probably be more or less severe. A correspondent, who has long made this subject a study, remarks that the north easter is seldom experienced west of the Alleghenies.

7. It is remarkable that on this side of those mountains, storms scarcely ever blow from any of the cardinal points of the compass. Any exception are believed to be only cases when the wind is turning, or rather when persons are entering into or pass out of the track of the tempest.

These observations might be multiplied to a great extent; but probably comprise the most important facts in relation to the storms which are experienced in this part of the country. To those who are not familiar with the subject, they will serve to explain in part, the more immediate causes of those phenomena.

Hen's Nests—SURE REMEDY FOR EATING EGGS.

Fowls of all kinds, when laying, like a secret place, where their fellows cannot see them. Therefore, they do not like to squat down in the hennery, surrounded by a greedy flock, that are ready to pounce into the nest as soon as the egg is laid, and devour it. Therefore, to gratify the hen's secretiveness, and at the same time save the eggs from being devoured by any one of the flock, my practice has been, for some years, to make their nests of nail kegs—not those very small, nor the largest ones, but those that will hold about one hundred pounds of nails. In years past I have been accustomed to fill a keg about half full of straw for a nest, but the past winter, I have sawed all the kegs in two equal parts; knocking out the heads, and then nailing a piece of cloth over the large end of the half kegs for a bottom. During the winter these half-kegs are nailed up against the side of the hennery, about four feet from the floor. Hens that lay will soon learn that when they get into these nests their fellows cannot see them, as they are completely secluded in their cosy little nest; and if they themselves are disposed to eat eggs, they find that if they attempt it while standing on the edge of the keg they cannot reach them conveniently; and if they hop down into the nest and attempt to pick the eggs, they will roll down against their feet, and they soon learn that they are not able to pick hard enough, in such a position, to break the shell. I find that a cloth bottom is superior to a wooden one, covered with a nest of straw.

Hens like a great range, and they always do infinitely better to run at large most of the time, at least, than they will when confined in a spacious poultry yard. I allow my poultry yard gates to be open as much as possible; and when it is desirable to keep the poultry in their yard, we are sure to let them out for more than two hours before night. This enables them to obtain food that they cannot find in their enclosure, such as bugs, worms fresh grass, and such like; and by keeping them in their yard most of the day the eggs are all laid in the proper place; and as their time is limited for ranging about they seldom stop to scratch much, even when ranging in the garden. If they are let out in the fore part of the day they will soon be making nests in the grass and other secret places where

Any one may be a fool in the head or a fool in the heart and escape detection, but if he is a fool in the face, he is indubitably condemned.