

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.

MISSING.

Not among the suffering wounded;
Not among the peaceful dead;
Not among the prisoners. "Missing!"
That was all the message said.

Yet his mother read it over,
And through her painful tears,
Fades the dear name she has called him
For these two and twenty years.

Round her all is peace and plenty;
Bright and clean the yellow floor;
While the morning glories cluster
All around the kitchen door.

Soberly, the sleek old house cat
Droves in his patch of sun;
Nestly shines the oaken dresser;
All the morning's work is done.

Through the window comes the fragrance
Of a sunny harvest morn,
Fragrant songs from distant reapers,
And the rustling of the corn;

And the rich breath of the garden—
Where the golden melons lie;
Where the blushing plums are turning
All their red cheeks to the sky.

Sitting there within the sunshine—
Leaning in her easy chair;
With soft lines upon her forehead,
And the silver in her hair—

Blind to sunshine—lead to fragrance—
On that rosy harvest morn;
Thinking, while her heart is weeping,
Of her noble-browed first-born.

How he left her in the Springtime,
With his young heart full of flame,
With his clear and ringing footsteps,
With his love and supple frame.

How with tears his eyes were brimming,
As he kissed a last "Good-bye,"
Yet she heard him whistling gaily
As he went across the rye.

MISSING. Why should he be missing!
He would fight until he fell;
And if wounded, killed, or prisoner,
Some one there would be to tell.

Messrs. Still a hope to cheer her!
Safe, triumphant, he may come,
With the victor army shouting,
With the clamor of the drum!

So through all the days of Autumn—
In the eve and in the morn—
She will hear his quickening footsteps
In the rustling of the corn.

She will hush the busy household,
While her heart goes leaping high,
Thinking that she hears him whistling
In the pathway through the rye.

Far away, through all the Autumn,
In the lonely, lonely glade—
In the dreary desolation
That the Battle Storm has made,

With the rust upon his musket—
In the eve and in the morn—
Lies her noble-browed first-born.

Marriage in Lapland

It is death in Lapland to marry a man
without the consent of his parents and
friends. When a young man has formed
an attachment for a female, it is the fashion
for her friends to meet, to behold the
young parties run a race together. The
maiden is allowed in starting, one-third of
the whole distance, so that it is impossible,
except willing herself, that she should be
overtaken. If the maid outruns the sutor,
the matter is ended; he must never have
her, it being criminal for the young man to
regard the notion of marriage. But if the
virgin have an affection for him, though at
first she run quite fast to try his love, she
will without Atlanta's golden balls to retard
her speed, pretend casualty and a voluntary
halt before she comes to the mark at
the end of the race. Thus none are to marry
against their will; and that is the reason
that in this poor country the married people
are richer in their contentment than in other
lands where so many feign love and cease
unhappily.

The Calmucks, a Tartar tribe, have the
same custom, only with the agreeable dif-
ference that the amorous race is performed
on horseback. Generally it is said among
these Asiatics that the leading horse loses
the race. In pursuing this interesting sub-
ject, we note a coincidence between the Cal-
muck wooing and those of the most civilized
people, for it often falls out that in enlight-
ened matrimonial races, like those of the
Calmuck, at the end of the heat the most
trained and elegant paces find that he
has only caught a tartar.

We would pursue this interesting sub-
ject, but the terrible directness of the joke
already perpetrated makes our pen blush.

A young married woman, whose hus-
band has gone to the war, heard in con-
versation the remark that the Government
wanted more cavalry and infantry. She
replied that she knew nothing about cav-
alry, but added with a sigh, that if more in-
fantry were needed, the Government had bet-
ter send some of the volunteers home.

In most quarters there is a full on both
sides.

Gourds and Cleaning House.

It was the most golden and glorious of
September days. The veil of blue haze
hanging like a canopy over the distant hills
seemed absolutely to quiver in the radiant
glow autumn sunshine, and the grapes,
whose amethystine clusters blushed through
the trellis of clinging leaves, to grow deeper
in color and more gloomy, as if they had
absorbed the imperial dye of a thousand
purple sunsets and brilliant dawns, as the sun
mounted higher in the cloudless dome of
heaven. No frescoed ceiling, hung with
jeweled pendants was ever more beautiful
than this arbor of grape leaves where the
light and shadow played in fitful arabes-
ques with every moving wind—and so
thought Richard Mayfield, as he came
slowly up the garden path that led to his
brother's house.

The mansion itself, however, was far
from presenting the gala aspect that pre-
vailed all nature, and our hero's counte-
nance underwent a ludicrous transforma-
tion as he eyed the open windows and
doors.

"By all the powers," said he to himself,
"if Isabel ain't cleaning house again! Well,
women are the most unaccountable beings!
I do believe they delight in turning things
upside down, and making themselves and
the rest of the world uncomfortable.—
What's the use of choking people with dust
and defiling them with soap and water
twice a year? However let the dear eni-
gmas have their own way. I'm sure I am
the last person to oppose them."

With these philosophical reflections yet
in his mind, Mr. Mayfield deftly threaded
his way through a colony of white wash
pails and lime kettles that surrounded the
front door, and entered upon the scene of
action. It was quite plain from the sput-
ter with which the children greeted his ap-
pearance that he was a general favorite.

"Hallo, Uncle Dick, we're cleaning house!"
cried Master Henry Augustus Mayfield,
who was mounted astride of a doubled-up
leather bed; castigating it fearfully with his
mother's best silk parasol.

"Ain't it splendid Uncle Dick?" exclaimed
Miss Julia, who was endeavoring to pry
out the principle of sound from a thirty-
dollar music box, by introducing a carving
knife into its exterior works, while Mrs.
Mayfield, half-distracted by calls from divers
directions, was totally unconscious of the
mischief being wrought.

"Dick, I am so puzzled and annoyed," she
said. Here is John called to the city by a
pressing law suit, and the whole house up
side down!

"Thought that was what you ladies liked,"
cried Dick, perching himself upon the top
of the dining table, and rescuing a shell
basket from the destructive grasp of the
smallest Mayfield of all.

"And my cook has gone and the fire won't
burn, and the wall whitens haven't come
this morning, and the parlor ceiling is half
unfinished, and you know the sewing soci-
ety is to be here to-morrow night—and Dick
what shall I do?"

"Don't fret!" said Richard, soothingly,
"I'll make the fire burn, or I'll know the
reason why, and I'll finish the ceiling for
you."

"You?"

"Yes, me. Didn't I whiten my own room
at college, when we boys smoked it into
the color of an old snuff box? And then I'll
tack the carpet down and see about putting
those dislocated bedsteads together."

"But Dick, you must be too tired after
dancing till twelve o'clock at the pic-nick
last night!"

"No tired? Fiddlestick! Where's the
refractory stove?"

The very fire was not proof against an-
ny determination. It broke into a cheerful
blaze the moment he attacked it, and
Isabel's face brightened simultaneously.

The skill with which he next erected a
scaffolding and mounted thereon, with a
panoply of white-wash pails and brushes,
was perfectly astounding, the more so, as
his slender figure, and rather pale complexion,
aristocratically small feet and hands,
conveyed the idea of one who was adapted
only to Broadway pavements and glittering
ball rooms.

"I suppose the workmen didn't leave their
wardrobe, when they went away last even-
ing, Bell?" he asked, when he had scaled
the rather perilous height.

"No," said his sister-in-law.

"Then just hand up that old sheet—and a
piece of that bed cord yonder. Now, don't
you admire my tout ensemble?"

"Uncle Dick looks like a ghost," said Mas-
ter Henry Augustus.

"No he don't—he looks like the old mil-
ler down at the pond," struck in Miss Julia.

"Upon my word, I don't know which is
the most complimentary," observed Richard
dryly.

"Now, then, clear the track, every soul of
you, and give me a chance!"

And he worked on, now pausing to sur-
vey his achievements, but oftentimes of all
relapsing into thoughts of the beautiful young
damsel at the picnic last night who had
been so studiously cold and reserved to-
wards him.

"She won't like me," thought he, "and I
can't for the life of me tell why. Well, as I
said before, women are unaccountable con-
ceits."

"Amy," said Miss Brownleigh to her pret-
ty young cousin, "I wish you would just run
over to Mrs. Mayfield's with this note. The
children are at school and I have no one to

"Oh, no," said Amy, while a fresh tinge
suffused her delicate cheek. "I don't want
to encounter that supercilious collegian."
"Nonsense, he isn't there—he is staying
with Harry Franklin!"

"Oh, then I will take the note," said Amy
rising, and looking round for her coquettish
little gipsy hat.

"You are the strangest girl, Amy," said
her cousin. "What can be the reason that
you dislike Richard Mayfield? He is so
handsome and so talented?"

"I don't fancy these merely ornamental
people," said Amy demurely. "My hus-
band must be of some use in the world!"

"How do you know but that Mr. Mayfield
is?"

"Can't be possible," said Amy, archly
shaking her curls. "His hands are too small
for anything but lemon colored kid gloves.
I'll wear a new bonnet, Alice, that he never
did anything more laborious than to carry
a box of cigars in his life!"

Miss Brownleigh laughed, and Amy pass-
ed out of the vine-wreathed porch wonder-
ing within herself whether Mr. Richard
Mayfield had been very much vexed be-
cause she had refused to dance with him
the evening before.

Mrs. Mayfield's house was at no great
distance, and as Amy was quite intimate
with that lady, and understood the domestic
saurialia that was at present transpiring
within her domains, she did not think it
necessary to knock, but opened the door
and walked in without ceremony.

There stood Dick, the apex of a pyramid
of scaffolding of boards, his fine broadcloth
raiment obscured by a lime-splashed sheet
which was girtled about his waist by a
ponderous knot of rope, and his black curls
over shadowed by a coarse old straw hat,
working away as if for dear life. His back
was toward the door, and supposing the
step to be that of his sister-in-law, he said
gaily, without turning his head—

"What! is the carpet ready so soon, Bell?
I'm just down here, and I'll come and
tack it down in just one minute."

Not receiving an answer he threw down
the brush and turned around.

"Miss Brownleigh!"

He had never looked so handsome in his
life—and that was the first thought that
rushed through Amy's mind. In the midst
of her embarrassment; for Dick had the
advantage of the young lady in this respect
—she was embarrassed and he was not.

He sprang hastily to the ground, and
threw off his glibly habiliments.

"You must think I have a curious taste in
customs," he said archly, "but the truth is
Isabel has been disappointed in her hired
help, and mother is away from home, so I
am helping her to clean up the house!"

"I did not know—I thought you had no
taste!"—ammered Amy, unconsciously
speaking out her thoughts.

"You supposed that I was nothing more
than an ornamental piece of furniture!"—
ask Isabel about that," said Dick half-piqued
half-smiling. "But can I be of any use to
you now?"

"I have a note from my cousin, for Mrs.
Mayfield," said Amy, still speaking above a
breath.

"She has gone down to the farther or
chard," said Dick. "It is some distance and
not a very straight path. If you will wait
until I remove a little of time, I shall be
happy to escort you down there."

Half an hour ago, Amy, would have
haughtily informed him that it was unne-
cessary for her to trouble him—now she
stood and waited.

It was a long walk, under the overspread
shadow of noble apple trees, bending with
their weight of crimson and russet fruit, and
through meadows ankle deep in purple and
bloom, and nodding pines of golden red,
yet for all that, Amy was quite surprised
when Mrs. Mayfield came in sight, bearing
a basket of rosy cheeked peaches from a
pet tree beyond the rest.

We believe it is one of woman's special
and reconiterior privileges to change her
mind—therefore nobody was much as-
tonished when three months subsequently
there was a rumor of the engagement of Mr.
Mayfield and Miss Brownleigh! Still,
however, Dick always declared that it was
an insoluble mystery to him that when ser-
enades and stichittishes, poetry and per-
fumes, had all failed to gain an entrance to
the maiden's heart, a whitewash brush
should have been the automatic weapon
which at last brought down the barricades!

"PLAYED OUT" CHARACTERS.—Since the
return of some of the regiments which took
part in the Bull Run engagement, our ex-
changes, particularly in New England, be-
gin to be rich in interesting anecdotes of
personal adventure and escape. It would
be well enough to avoid the following con-
ventional characters, who turn up after every
noteworthy battle, viz:—1. The con-
ventional pious soldier, whose little bible
carried in his breast pocket received the
bullet and saved his heart. 2. The wicked
militia man with a gin flask in one pocket
and a pack of cards in the other, and he
with a bad wound in the groin between the
two; for, of course, no "well directed" bul-
let would consent to act as a "special priv-
ilege" in such a case. 3. The very old
soldier of tales, who comes out of action
with a bullet in his watch, the fortunate in-
terposition of time having prevented the
soldier's entrance upon eternity. One or
two of these stock actors appear in a New
Haven paper of yesterday, and it is un-
derstood that they are engaged for the sea-
son.

A View Behind the Scenes.

Before every important election charges
of the use of money for the purpose of in-
fluencing the result, are so common on
both sides, that they are generally received
by the people as electioneering tricks. It
will be recollected that on the eve of the
last Presidential election the partisans of
Mr. Lincoln were particularly loud in
charging the Democratic party with using
the public money to perpetuate their power.
From recent revelations it appears that
the leading New York Republican politi-
cians while charging corruption upon the
Democrats, were themselves engaged in
using money to an extent that casts all pre-
vious performances of that kind completely
in the shade. Some time ago Mr. Opdyke,
a prominent New York politician of the Re-
publican school, charged publicly that Mr.
Weed, the Prince of the Albany Lobby, had
avowed his purpose in carrying the New
York city railroad charters through the Le-
gislator, to be to raise a fund of one million
of dollars to elect the candidate of the Chi-
cago convention. In the libel case of Lit-
tlejohn against Greeley, Mr. Opdyke was
ready as a witness to swear to his avowal,
and it was made use of by the defence, in
the opening of the case.

Mr. Weed admits the charge, and with
his accustomed hardihood defends it in the
columns of his own paper, the Albany Jour-
nal. He says:

"Obnoxious as the admission is, to be a
just cause of fight, and to a better condi-
tion of the political ethics we stand so far, im-
peached? We would have preferred not to
disclose to public view the financial histo-
ry of political life, nor should the Tribune
have constrained such disclosures. Public
men know much of what the test of man-
kind are ignorant. We suppose it is gen-
erally understood that party organizations
cost money, and that Presidential elections,
especially, are expensive. Painful as the
confession is, we are bound in truth—and
from knowledge—to say that James B.
Buchanan was elected President, and this
great, and then happy and glorious, Repub-
lic ruined, simply because Messrs. Wen-
dell, Forney and Belmont raised \$50,000
more money to be expended in Pennsylv-
ania than William A. Hall, Truman Smith,
and the writer of this article, could procure
for the same object. While millions of free-
men exert their influence and cast their
votes from patriotic influences, results are
too often controlled by less creditable means.
Nor are the impatience found alone among
the ignorant and base. The wealthy and
exalted are quite as ready as the low and
abject to pollute the elective franchise.

"It has been our duty and task for nearly
forty years to raise money for elections.—
During more than half that time we did so
in consultation and co-operation with Mr.
Greeley. Believing that railroads were es-
sential to the city of New York, and that
legislative grants for them would be obtain-
ed, we conceived and attempted to carry
out the idea of making those grants avail-
able politically. We did so with Mr. Gree-
ley's knowledge, and he did not then see
the enormity of the offense. We avowed
this purpose to leading political friends.—
Among others, to Mr. George Opdyke, with
the remark, that while the avowal was not
for the public, we had no desire to conceal
it from associations. It so happened that the
avowal appeared in the next morning's
Herald!

"But if we have sinned in this way, Mr.
Greeley ought not to cast the first stone.
He has not always been fastidious in the
use of money at elections, or in legislation.
He knows how much it cost—and out of
those pockets the money came to elect
the Speaker in Congress. He knows how
he expected to be reimbursed. He knows
for what purpose a \$1,000 check was hand-
ed to him. And he knows—as we believe
—that while in this latter particular he was
blameless—how easily it is to mystify and
malign—how swiftly falsehood travels, and
how tardily truth follows."

This quarrel between Greeley and Weed,
the leading Republican editors of New York,
is quite serviceable to the public as it raises
the curtain hitherto concealing much corrup-
tion and rascality. These extremely virtu-
ous patriots, it now appears, were engaged
in engineering legislation for the purpose
of raising an immense sum of money to be
used as a corruption fund to secure the
election of their favorite candidates for the
presidency; and while these scenes were
transpiring behind the curtain, they appear-
ed before the public to be actuated by the
loliest motives of patriotism and justice. At
the very time were engaged in disbursing
this fund, they actually had the hardihood
to charge the Democratic party with the cor-
rupt use of money, the better to divert pub-
lic suspicion from the disgraceful business
in which they were engaged.

MUNSON'S HILL.—When the rebels took
possession of Munson's Hill, even some
army officers were alarmed, and went to
McClellan to remonstrate against his pass-
ive conduct in the matter. To whom the
altruistic young General is said to have re-
plied—"I know Munson's Hill very well; the
enemy cannot so strengthen it but that I can
take it whenever I need it in an hour, and
with three regiments. Meantime it is a
great advantage to new troops to see the
enemy before them; it makes them watch-
ful, gives them occasional rifle practice, and
puts them in spirits. The event has proved
the correctness of General M. C. Smith's

Killing a Gorilla.

M. de Chailia thus describes the killing
of a gorilla:

Suddenly, as we were yet creeping along, in
a silence which made a heavy breath seem
loud and distinct, the woods were at once
filled with the tremendous barking roar of
the gorilla.

Then the underbrush awayed rapidly just
ahead, and presently before us stood an im-
mense male gorilla. He had gone through
the jungle on his all-fours; but when he
saw our party he erected himself and look-
ed us bold in the face. He stood about a
dozen yards from us, and was a sight I
think never to forget. Nearly six feet high
(he proved four inches shorter,) with im-
mense body, huge chest, and great muscu-
lar arms, with fiercely glaring large deep
grey eyes and a hellish expression of face
which seemed to me like some nightmare
vision; thus stood before us the king of the
African forests.

He was not afraid of us. He stood there
and beat his breast with his huge fists till it
resounded like an immense base drum,
which is their mode of offering defiance;
meantime giving vent to roar after roar.

The roar of the gorilla is the most singu-
lar and awful noise heard in these African
Woods. It begins with a sharp bark, like
an angry dog, then glides into a deep base
roll, which literally and closely resembles
the roll of distant thunder along the sky,
for which I have sometimes been tempted
to take it where I did not see the animal.
So deep is it that it seems to proceed less
from the mouth and throat than from the
deep chest and vast p. aitch.

His eyes began to flash fire as we stood
motionless on the defensive, and the
crest of short hair which stands on his fore-
head began to twitch rapidly up and down
while his powerful fangs were shown as he
again sent forth a tremendous roar. And
now truly he reminded me of some hellish
dream creature—a being of that hideous
order, half man, half beast, which we find
pictured by the old artists in some repre-
sentations of the infernal regions. He ad-
vanced a few steps—then stopped to utter
that hideous roar again—advanced again—
and finally stopped when at a distance of
about six yards from us. And here, as he
began another of his roars and beating his
breast in rage, we fired and killed him.

With a groan which had something ter-
ribly human in it, and yet was full of
brutishness, it fell forward on its face. The
body shook convulsively for a few minutes,
the limbs moved about in a struggling way
and then all was quiet—death had done its
work, and I had leisure to examine the
huge body. It proved five feet eight in-
ches high, and the muscular developments of
the arms and breast showed what immense
strength it had possessed.

How THE WIDOW FIXED HIM.—A young
widow who resides in Maryland is pestered
with suitors. One day one of them came
along. She was up to her elbows in sud-
she opened the door with a determination
to say something harsh but she thought bet-
ter of it, and said to the young man, "Good
morning, I am very glad to see you, and
should be very glad to have you come in,
but the fact is I am in the kitchen washing."
"Ah, no matter," he answered, "I will sit
a while there you can go on with your
work the same. I delight to get into the
kitchen it is so pleasant and homelike."
Presently she took up a large sized wash
basin, and filled it full of hot suds from the
boiler on the stove, and stepping up to the
table, took up a bouquet that was lying there-
on, and in the most innocent manner con-
ceivable, asked the gentleman if he could
tell the botanical name of one of those flow-
ers. Of course he rose from the chair to
examine it. The woman set the basin on
the vacated seat. Then she riveted his
gaze with one of her sweetest smiles, and
presented to him the bouquet, and begged
he would keep it for her sake—and resume
his seat. He obeyed. That widow has
not had a caller in her kitchen since.

A CONSISTENT TRAITOR.—On the Fairfax
turnpike, west of Bayley's Cross Roads, re-
sides an old farmer named Skidmore. He is
a violent Secessionist, and has never ceased
to utter his imprecations against the Gov-
ernment. A guard is stationed near the
house—only, however, for a surveillance
over the road—and Skidmore rather than
communicate with them, has locked himself
in the upper story of his house. Two days
since he called his slaves—seven in number
—together and told them to leave his house
and never return—that they were "a pack
of d—d Unionists, and he would not
have anybody about him with such infernal
sentiments." The slaves grudgingly sub-
mitted to the infliction, and departed for
the camp of the New York Eighteenth,
where they are now quartered.

THE RIGHT SORT OF RELIGION.—We want
a religion that goes into the family, and
keeps the husband from being spiteful
when the dinner is late, and keeps the driv-
er from being late—keeps the wife from
fretting when the husband track the newly
washed floor with his muddy boots, and
makes the husband mindful of the scraper
and floor mat; keeps the mother patient
when the baby is cross, and keeps the baby
pleased; amuses the children as well as
instructs them; wins as well as governs;
projects the honeymoon into the harvest
moon, and makes the happy hours like the
eastern fig tree, bearing in its bosom at once

TO MY MOTHER.

BY WM. H. EVANS.

I'll think of thee dear mother,
While on the battle field,
When these defending our loved flag,
With my sword and shield,
Yes! my mother.

I'll think of thee dear mother,
When I am far away
And wish that I was by your side,
To hear what you would say,
Yes! my mother.

I'll think of thee dear mother,
And father who is no more,
Yes! I'll think of those dear sisters,
When the cannons loud do roar,
Yes! my mother.

I'll think of thee dear mother,
In my a lonely hour,
And gladly would be with thee,
Were it in my power.
Oh! my mother.

I'll think of thee dear mother,
Though in this strife we're not alone;
No, I never shall forget thee,
Who are still in our old home,
Oh! my mother.

I'll think of thee dear mother,
Perhaps I'll never return again,
Then think of my dear mother,
As one among the many slain.
Farewell my mother.

The Importance of Missouri.

The interests now imperilled in the
Southwest are in the eye of a statesman,
far more important than the safety of Wash-
ington. If the rebellion should be success-
ful, we should never continue the national
capital on the frontier where it would be con-
stantly liable to menace; and the worst that
would result from its fall now (aside from
the loss of prestige) would be the loss of
Maryland, whose Southern sympathies cause
it to gravitate towards the Slaveholding Con-
federacy. But the success of the rebels in
Missouri, would in case the rebellion is
successful, entail the loss of our whole mag-
nificent western domain, extending from
the right bank of the Mississippi to the coast
of the Pacific.

The State of Missouri is the key to an
embryo empire. Its defection to the Con-
federates would lose us all the fruits of Jef-
ferson's statesmanship in the Louisiana pur-
chase, all the rich territorial fruits of the
Mexican war, and the whole of Oregon,
for a mere strip of which we were ready to
go to war with England fifteen years ago,
when the popular cry was "fifty-four forty
or fight." It would end the great political
controversy respecting the non-extension
of slavery, by giving up to the enemy every
foot of the territory so long in dispute.
It would complete the circle of the national
quarrel on the slavery question, by bring-
ing it around to the point where it com-
menced in 1819, and cause the success of
the South in the admission of Missouri as
a slave State to culminate in the greater
success of its withdrawal carrying with it
all the territory which rendered that famous
controversy so important.

Making Steel Guns.

Arrangements have been completed at
the steel works of Hallman, Rahm, & Co.,
on the bank of the Allegheny, in the Fifth
Ward, for casting steel guns, and a large
number have been ordered for General
Frederick. The casting weighs 1,500 lbs.,
and is but the rough body of the gun-
being of octagonal shape. These lumps
are to be taken to Cincinnati, we believe,
and forged to the rough outline of a gun,
ready for turning and finishing. The pro-
cess of casting is much more difficult than
that of moulding cast iron guns, as the steel
is melted in pots, of which a number are
required for each piece cast. The two im-
portant forging hammers—"Elephant" and
"Whale"—which attracted so much atten-
tion, while being hauled from the foundry
to the works, some weeks since, will soon
be ready for work, one of them in a day or
two. Very few larger hammers than these
twin monsters are worked any place.—
Pittsburg Gazette.

SOLDIER.—If laughter begets fat, it is no
less true that scolding is the parent of me-
gareness. Who ever saw a plump megar-
ness? The virago is scraggy—scragginess
is it badge of all her tribe. It would seem
that the attrition of a fierce exacting temper
gives sharpness to the human frame as in-
evitable as a gritty grindstone puts a wiry
edge on a broadaxe. Artists understand
this fact, and guide their pencils accord-
ingly. They invariably represent ladies sup-
posed to be given to "the rampage" as re-
markably high in bone. Shrews are thus
depicted in comic valentines and all the il-
lustrations of "Curtain Lectures" have pre-
sented the "rib" of Mr. Caudle without a
particle of fat. Lavater, referring to fe-
male firebrands, says flattery to their faces
that their noses are sharp. We have a
timid idea that he mentions some excep-
tional cases of ladies with snub noses, who are
given to snubbing their husbands; but these
form a mild variety, and only a small pro-
portion of the genus scold.

A coarse ill-natured fellow died one day,
and his friends assembled at his funeral, but
no one had a good word to say about the
deceased. Even at the grave all were silent,
at length a good hearted German, as he
was turned to go home, said, "Vell, he was
a good smoker!"

It is always to be feared that they who

Gathering and Keeping Apples.

In order to secure soundness and preser-
vation, it is indispensably necessary that
the fruit should be gathered by hand. For
winter fruit the gathering is delayed as long
as possible, avoiding severe frosts, and the
most successful practice with our extensive
orchards is to place the good fruit directly
in a careful manner, in new, tight flow
barrels, as soon as gathered from the tree.
These barrels should be gently shaken,
while filling, and the head closely pressed
in; they are then placed in a cool shady
exposure under a shed open to the air, or
on the north side of a building, protected
by a covering of boards over the top where
they remain for a fortnight, or until the col-
d becomes too severe when they are carefully
transferred to a cool, dry cellar, in which
air can be admitted occasionally in brief
winters.

A cellar for this purpose, should be dug
in dry gravelly or sandy soil; with if possi-
ble slope to the north, or, at any rate, with
openings on the north side for the admission
of air very rarely in weather not excessive-
cold. Here the barrels should be placed on
tiers on their sides, and the cellar should be
kept as dark as possible. In such a cell-
ar one of the largest apple growers in Dutch-
ess county is able to keep the Greening ap-
ples, which, in the fruit room usually de-
cays in January until the first of April, in
the freshest and finest condition. Some
persons place a layer of clean rye straw
between every layer of apples, when pack-
ing them in barrels.—Downing.

THE VOICE OF HEAVEN.—The land of
silence surely extends no farther than the
gates of the heavenly city. All life and
activity within; but that from that world
populous with thoughts, and words and
songs, no revelation penetrates, through the
dark, silent land, which lies between them.
Our friends are their. Stars so distant from
us that their light which began its travel
ages, since, has not yet reached us; we
none the less worlds, performing their
evolutions, and occupied by their
population of intelligent spirits whose history
is full of wonder. Yet the first ray denoting
the existence of those worlds has never met
the eye of the astronomer in his incessant
vigils.

The Silence of the departed will, for each
of us, soon, be interrupted. Entering an-
other breaking shadows and sojourn unlighted
light, the border land, we shall awaken
the opening visions of things unseen and
eternal, all so kindly revealing themselves
to our unaccustomed sense as to make us
say, "how beautiful!" and, instead of
fearing fear, leading almost to hasten the
which is removing the veil. Some well
known voice, so long silent, may be first
to utter our name; we are recognized and
are safe. A face—a dear, dear face—breaks
forth amidst the crowded lines of dissolving
sight; a form—an embrace—assures us
it has not deceived us, but has delivered
us up to the objects hoped for, the things
so near.

THE LAWYER AND THE DUCK.—There is
not a more common offence against the
laws of common courtesy (we might say
offentimes, decency) than is practiced by
a certain class of lawyers now-a-days in the
examination of witnesses upon the stand.
Now and then, however, an impatient
lawyer gets it back" such a way that he
is fair to "call the next witness." Of such
was the following, not as yet "put down
to the books," but well worthy of being trans-
ferred from "the papers."

At a late term of the Court of Sessions
a man was brought up by a farmer, accus-
ed of stealing some ducks.

"How do you know that they are your
ducks?" asked the defendant's counsel.

"Oh, I should know them anywhere,"
replied the farmer; and he went on to de-
scribe their different peculiarities.

"Why," said the prisoner's counsel,
"ducks can't be such a rare breed; I have
some very much like them in my own
yard."

"That's not unlikely, sir," replied the
farmer; "they are not the only ducks I have
had stolen lately!"

"Call the next witness!"

Brevet Brigadier Gen. George Gibson,
Commissary-General of Subsistence, who
died in Washington on Sunday night, was
in the service upward of fifty-three years,
having been first commissioned as captain
in the Fifth Infantry on the 2d of May, 1812.
He took an active part in the various
wars which this country has been engaged
in since that date, and was breveted Brig-
adier General after the Mexican war in 1847.
Gen. Gibson had been in failing health for
some time past.

The Secretary of the Treasury says he is
expending \$1,200,000 a day. This amounts
to \$8,400,000 a week and to \$138,800,000
a year. It is equal to \$50,000 an hour, and
to a trifle over \$333 a minute. The amount
of interest on a year's expenditure, at that
rate will be about \$32,000,000.

HARD UP.—"About this time look out for
fleas," is an old quotation from a still older
almanac; but about this time "look out for
your clothes,"—especially the female por-
tion of our population—is not a quotation
but very good advice. The recent departure
of the "flower of our youth" to the "land
of war" is already being felt. Last night
a quantity of female wearing apparel was
forcibly torn and, with intention and afore-
thought, taken from a clothes line in this
neighborhood. The thief, however, was a
respectful person, having left what was
longed to the sternest man on the block. We
don't want to malign anybody, but we are