

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

W. H. JACOBY, Proprietor.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

[Two Dollars per Annum.]

VOLUME 13.

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY NOVEMBER 13, 1861.

NUMBER 45.

STAR OF THE NORTH,

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY BY
W. H. JACOBY,
Office on Main St., 3rd Square below Market.
TERMS:—Two Dollars per annum if paid within six months from the time of subscribing; two dollars and fifty cents if not paid within the year. No subscription taken for a less period than six months; no discontinuance permitted until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the editor.
The terms of advertising will be as follows:
One square, twelve lines three times, \$1 00
Every subsequent insertion, 25
One square, three months, 3 00
One year, 8 00

Choice Poetry.

OUR BOYS GOING TO THE WAR.

BY MISS E. M. OLMSTED.
As down the red October hills
Their swollen torrents leap their mills
Past broken flames and waiting mills
With rushing noise
So, hand in hand, with parting thrills,
Sweep forth our boys.
Not fierce to hate but strong to dare,
They hunt the traitor in his lair;
The loneliest cot has one to spare
From home's sweet joys;
The fondest heart still breathes the prayer,
God speed our boys!
No hirelings from Oppression's hold,
No lawless mob in rapine bold,
No patriot east in Freedom's mould
With base alloys;
Fresh from the mint, earth's finest gold,
Our sterling boys!
What hopes, what faith engird them round,
What songs of cheer to heaven resound,
What prayers that peace may yet abound,
Each heart employs;
While tears fall on the hallowed ground
Where sleep our boys.
One thought, one prayer to Him all-wise
At morn and evening sacrifice,
Till Freedom, stooping from the skies,
Her wings shall raise;
And one victorious anthem rise,
God bless our boys!

A Queer Story.

The Philadelphia North American says, at the head of a file of men on their way from New York to Washington, through this city, we encountered a man who has probably seen as much of real life as any other person living. Louis Napoleon alone excepted, Captain B ten years ago was a log cutter or wood chopper in the Clearfield pineries, working in the employ of ex-Gov. Bigler. He lived in a cabin entirely alone, many miles away from any settler, and where the silence of the forest was broken by no other sounds than the strokes of his axe or the baying of his dog when upon the track of a deer. He was bitten one day by a monstrous rattlesnake, but never losing his presence of mind, he dug out the wound with his hunting knife, and ponding into powder his blackened tobacco pipe he moistened it with saliva and bound it upon the wound. The poison was drawn to the surface by the application, and excepting a rigidity of limb which still remains, he experienced no further ill effects from the deadly bite.
On one of his few visits to the town of Clearfield, for a supply of tobacco and whiskey, he chanced to save from drowning the child of a wealthy citizen, who rewarded him by a present of three hundred dollars. The man never returned to his cabin but receiving the wages due to him he set out for Philadelphia, where he engaged a teacher, and in a brief period taught himself to read. He was preaching shortly after this but finding himself pursuing a mistaken vocation he blossomed out as a cancer doctor, in which capacity he traveled over the entire west and south, returning to New York with about three thousand dollars. He married a wealthy widow in New York, who died a month after her marriage, leaving him heir to every dollar. He made a second venture six months afterward, his wife eloping at the end of the honeymoon with a native of Hamburg returning with a pile to his own city. Disgusted with the sex he eschewed woman's society, and went to speculating in patent rights, and with a sort of success that in a year secured him out of the last dollar. He secured a position upon the police force of New York, and in the course of his duty came upon a discharged convict. The convict gave him certain information, the truth of which he could not doubt. A heavy robbery had been committed on the continent. The convict had been engaged in it, and knew where the plunder was still secreted. The rover purchased the secret from the fellow, went to Europe, disclosed it to the public authorities, and was made the possessor of a reward amounting to about \$8000.
With this money he returned to New York and then to Philadelphia. At the Girard house one night he met a Texan, who won from him four thousand dollars at a single sitting. The society of the gambler charmed him, and he went with him to Galveston, taking the remainder of his capital with him. He went upon a rancie, and was engaged in sheep grazing, with Hon. Amos Kendall as a near neighbor. Secession at last broke out, and our rover was compelled to fly by night to Galveston, where he got upon a vessel bound for Cuba without any other possessions than the clothes upon his person. He was wrecked twice in returning to New York, where he arrived a mere bundle of skin and bones.
A young lady lately appeared in male attire in Baltimore, and one of the editors says that her disguise was so perfect that she might have passed for a man, "had she had a little more modesty."

Husbands and Wives.

The world is filled with singular men and women, longing and contriving, more or less, to get married; and it unhappily appears that there are also a considerable number of married people who would be glad to be separated. Some think they made a mistake, and wish to rectify it; some would be glad to be quit of it altogether. We have many husbands deserting their wives; a few wives escaping from their husbands.
Surveying the whole ground, we find that there are, and can be, no marriages which are absolutely and entirely happy. The imperfections and evils of humanity forbid it. To have a perfect marriage, the parties must not only be perfect in themselves, but perfectly adapted to each other, which would be expecting two impossibilities—in the nature of things.
But a great majority of marriages have certain elements of happiness, and can be made not only endurable but beneficial if the parties will make proper efforts to that end. A man can generally overcome his bad habits and faults, if he will make an earnest and persevering effort to do so. A woman can still more easily conform to the requirements of her position. Probably nine couples in ten are, on the whole happier than they would be apart.
There are, no doubt, many cases of extreme and violent incompatibility. Where, all things considered, greater harm than good comes of two persons living together, they may separate. We do not say they may be divorced, as that is a theological and moral question we do not choose to discuss. But a woman is not compelled to live with an insane man. There are crimes and outrages which must justify her in refusing to live with him. Doubtless, much must be borne. We have need of patience, forbearance, charity, and great resignation; but something short of actual martyrdom may be considered the place at which patience ceases to be a virtue.
Perhaps the great mischief and chief cause of their social troubles is, that men and women marry in haste, and so repent at leisure. Boys and girls, scarcely acquainted with each other, rush into an engagement for life, without considering whether they are ready to assume the duties and responsibilities of marriage, or whether they are adapted to make each other suitable partners for the long, and often weary, journey of life. And the reason for this is, that a vast number of our young people never get any proper instruction in their duties. Who is to teach them? At school they learn all the sciences, except how to live. Then parents, conscious, perhaps, of their own imperfections, rarely ever, instruct their children upon their most important duties. The clergy seldom preach on such subjects; or, if they do, preach discourses of fine sentiment rather than plain common sense.
The consequence is, that our young people are left to their instincts and passions—happy if these are not perverted. And they find, too late, perhaps, that the young lady who was a charming partner at a ball may make a very indifferent house-keeper, or that the gallant and fascinating young gentleman who looked and talked like a hero of romance, is poorly qualified to get a living and perform his duties as the father of a family.
In many cases advice is useless; but to the sensible portion of youthful and still unmarried readers we may say, "Be sure you are acquainted with the partner of your future life. Use, at least, as much care and foresight as you would in buying a house, a farm, or a horse. Do not despise good counsel, and that of people older than yourself. It is better to suffer a broken heart single than a broken head and heart married. Marry for love by all means; but be sure to love what is lovely. Look ten or twenty years ahead. Consider not only what the relation will be next week, or next year, but all the way along life's troubled journey.
And, after reading all our good advice, and meditating upon its wisdom, you will probably fall head-over-heels in love with somebody, and forget all about it, or think it very good advice for people in general, but not at all applicable to your particular case. Therefore, we shall not waste our time farther in giving advice which is sure not to be heeded.
A CLEAR CASE OF FRAUD.—It is related by one of the dispatches from the battlefield at Edward's Ferry, that when our brave boys were trying to make their way from the trap into which they had been foolishly led, back across the Potomac, a poor negro with a small skiff employed himself the whole night in ferrying over the fugitives. He succeeded, in this way, saving the lives, or in securing the escape, at least of no less than one hundred persons. His master all the while was probably on the Virginia shore trying to send a Minnie ball into the hearts of our men.
Now, as the "service" of this fellow did not belong to himself, but his master, what right had he to lead his labor to our suffering soldiers? Was he not defrauding his owner? Will not some of our Generals insist upon delivering him up? To be properly punished for so audacious a use of his muscle? Of course, no one will be so insane as to propose that he should be emancipated for this timely rescue of so many loyal troops. That would be abolitionism; that would be interfering with the sacred institution; that would be confessing that negroes are men and entitled to a decent respect.—*Evening Post.*

The Duke of Athol's Dairy.

It is not a modern show thing; a would be palace for animals. No, no, it is characterized by airiness, proper temperature, cleanliness and usefulness. Five of M. Kimmel's ventilators pour in the pure air and suck away the foul. The walls are paneled all round, some four feet from the bottom.—Each stall holds two cows; and the stalls are divided by low wooden partitions like small table trevises, so that the cows do not grind and injure their horns, as where stone is used. There is a strip of wood half way between the panneling in face of the cows and the ceiling, and on the strap is fixed the name, well printed of each cow, a bore where she stands, so that a person unaccustomed to cows might think that they went correctly to their places from seeing their names. Each cow has a fixed square feeding trough formed of slates; and between the two feeding troughs is a similar crinkling trough for both cows. The floor is of Arbroath pavement, which is covered with soft matting on two-thirds forward of the space where the cows stand or lie. The strips in their whole length, are perforated iron, so that all liquid drains off the tank.—At each end of the byre is a water tank near the ceiling to supply water to the drinking trough by a direct communication with each and also to enable the floor to be flushed and made thoroughly clean and sweet.—Connected with the byre are places for holding hay, straw, roots, meals and also the apparatus for crumpling, steaming and otherwise preparing the food through which and the byre, from end to end, is a continuous railway for the conveyance of food. All the woodwork is painted with a mixture of asphaltic and linseed oil giving it a fine glossy appearance, and showing distinctly the natural makings of the wood.—*A Refresher Dairyman.*
Moral Suggestion on a Ram.—When a friend of ours, whom we call Agricola, was a boy, he lived on a farm in Berkshire-Co., the owner of which was troubled by his dog Wolf. The cur killed his sheep, knowing perhaps, that his master was conscientiously opposed to capital punishment, if he could devise means to avoid it.
"I can break him of it," said Agricola, "if you will give me leave."
"Thou art permitted," said the honest farmer; and we will let Agricola, tell the story in his own words.
"There was a ram on the farm," said Agricola, "as notorious for butting as Wolf was for sheep killing, and who stood in as much need of moral suasion as the dog. I shut Wolf in the barn with this old fellow, and the consequence was that the dog never looked a sheep in the face again. The ram broke every bone in his body, literally. Wonderfully uplifted was the ram at the sight of his exploit: his insolence became intolerable, he was sure to pitch into whomsoever went near him. I rigged an iron crowbar out of a hole in the barn, point foremost hung an old hat on the end of it. You can't always tell when you see a hat whether there is a head in it or not; how, then, should a ram? Aries made it all full butt, and being a good marksman from long practice, the bar broke in between his horns, and came out under his tail. This little admonition effectually cured him of butting."
THE CHURCH MILITANT.—A good thing is told of Father Quin, one of the Chaplains to the Rhode Island Regiment, now at Washington. Father Quin met at the house of a friend, a Southern gentleman who indulged in some severe expressions about the Northern troops. After listening; while Father Quin reminded the gentleman that he was attached to the Rhode Island Regiment, and asked if he included them in his censure; to which the Southerner replied, "that he did not see any reason to stake exceptions."
Whereupon Father Quin very plainly said to the gentleman, "Then, sir, I must tell you that you are a liar." Whereat the Southerner became wrathful, and told the Reverend Padre that if it were not for his coat he would give him a thrashing.
"Well, sir," said Father Quin, "if you don't like the cut of my coat, you can see me in my shirt sleeves, now or at any other time; and," continued he, rising to leave, "I shall go from here direct to the headquarters of my regiment, where I shall be ready to receive any message from you, personally or by the hand of a friend."
The matter soon got out, and the Colonel spoke to Father Quin about it, to which he answered:
"Well, Colonel, if I am a priest I am none the less a man."
Here the matter rests. The Southerner has not as yet sent his friends to look after the delinquent priest.
An Irishman who had been but a few months in this country, and in the employ of a gentleman in a suburban town, being sent with a note, with the command to make all possible haste, picked up his way a turtle, which he fastened up supposing it to be a pocket-book. Determining to be faithful to his errand, he did not stop to examine his supposed prize, but placed it in his pocket, anticipating a rich reward when his errand was finished. Before he had reached home the turtle had made its way nearly out of his pocket, and Patrick quietly reconsigned him to his pocket. On his arrival at the house he took it out, and to his great disappointment, but full of excitement, he rushed wildly into the kitchen, exclaiming to the cook: "Bessie, Bessie, I have just seen a beautiful pocket-book."

A Weapon of Death.

A Whiskey bottle mounted on a gun carriage, as a field piece, is the latest conceit of Binninger the great, who is welcome to this advertisement we shall give him. The design is an excellent one and highly appropriate. Never cannon unlimbered, or columbiad brought to bear, that has equalled Whiskey as a weapon of death.
Talk of long range guns—three, four or five miles. Why, Whiskey once killed a brave young fellow on the Pacific coast and the same shot went clear across the Continent and killed the sailor boy's mother, in Maine. That's a range that will do to talk of.
We are in the midst of war and preparations of war. An immense activity prevails in the invention and manufacture of the weapons of death.
Rifle factories are busy and huge forges groan as the columbiads take shape beneath the hammer. Yet not a weapon shall go forth in this war more destructive to the armies of the Government and Rebellion alike, than that which is before us in the similitude of a cannon mounted upon a tiny truck—Whiskey.
The list of the "killed and missing" before the war is over, will be something fearful to contemplate, and what a list of "wounded" will come back to us, all to be laid down to this destroyer that will follow the camp and more than decimate every company of the brave fellows, who will meet no fiercer or more relentless foe. It will entrap and slay them singly, guerrilla fashion; it will muddle the brains of the field officers, whose ranks will be mowed down as the penalty.
It will do no harm to our soldiers to be warned of this in time; for the appointed power be times to advise of the necessity that no friend to this enemy of our troops, be placed in command, where the Colonel or the General of Brigade or Division may be wrought upon by whiskey and brave men pay the penalty.
GEN. McCLELLAN'S WAR HORSE.—A writer in *Porter's Spirit* thus describes the horse which some gentleman in Cincinnati bought in St. Louis and presented to Gen. McClellan, when he took charge of the army in Western Virginia.
"Dan Webster, or 'Handsome Dan,' the familiar sobriquet by which he was known to the men, women and children throughout the city, is a gelding of a beautifully dappled mahogany-bay color, with three white feet and a star, very heavy flowing black mane and tail, the latter a regular 'spout.' He is sixteen hands high, and weighs, in ordinary flesh, 1,260 pounds. He was sired by Gen. Jackson, dam of Sir Archy and Messenger blood. He has a fine, bony and intelligent head, delicately tapered ear, and a proud beautifully arched neck, capital shoulders, very long and muscular arms, whose symmetry could not be improved were they carved to order; his chest is broad and deep, his legs fine, flat and bony, with his locks and knees well down to his heels, and his fetlocks almost to the ground, with a round, well-ribbed barrel of tremendous length, and a line and hips remarkable for strength and beauty; indeed his fine points and evenly balanced proportions make him, in the fullest sense of the term, a model horse not only for symmetry, but for speed and stoutness. As a field horse, I never saw his superior, being very 'toopy' when in action, with a proud and nervous step, his riders when mounted, and his throat-latch and the tips of his fore feet almost on a perpendicular line when in repose. He possesses many characteristics common to no other one of his species I have ever known. For instance, he will not stamp his feet nor shake off a fly if there were a thousand on him, seeming to entertain a contempt for all lesser animals; and his confidence in and affection for the human species is such that he will not, under any circumstances, suffer his attention to be drawn from his master by any minor object. To his own species he pays no attention, passing among them without deigning them the slightest notice, even when turned loose in the same yard or field. He will follow his master up any flight of stairs, or along any precipice where he can get a foothold relying on his master's judgement for his safety; will stand anywhere he is left without constraint, and is as brave as a lion and as discreet as a judge. May he bear his noble master on to victory—conquering and to conquer—until this foul rebellion is crushed out and peace and union once more restored to our distracted country."
THE COW-BELL DODGE.—The rebels have resorted to an ingenious way of luring our men into their snares. It is known as the "cow-bell dodge," and it was very successful for a time, especially with newly arrived regiments and companies which were placed on picket for the first time. Approaching within thirty or forty rods of our outposts and concealing themselves in the woods, they commence the irregular tinkle of a cow-bell. The uninitiated picket, not suspecting the ruse, and not reconciled to drinking his coffee without milk, goes out to obtain a supply from the supposed cow of some Virginia rebel, flattering himself that he has got a "big thing on Secesh." Not until he finds himself surrounded by a half dozen or so armed rebels does he learn his mistake. In Richmond are nearly a dozen of our soldiers who are probably now regretting their ready credulity and appetite for milk.
When does a farmer act with great independence?—When he is killed on the battlefield.

Corustalks. Wheat Bran, &c.

Old Hurricane says, "there is a great evil and mistake in feeding too much coarse material to animals." If he means musty straw or mouldy, frost bitten corustalks, such as farmers had last fall he is right. But we have a farmer here who keeps nearly one hundred equines, great and small and many blood bovines, entirely on chopped corustalks, through the winter months, adding a little corn meal, and I have seen his heifers leave hay to eat the finely cut corustalks without meal. But all the stalks are cut up as soon as the corn was hulled, but in small stocks at first, and then two or three of these were bound together.
Cut up your garden sweet corn as soon as the ears are plucked, and throw the half dry stalks in the hay mow. Your cow in the winter will eat such stalks, butts and all, before she will touch a mouthful of law cut timothy hay. 'Tis true that straw and late cut stalks are poor in nutriment, compared with early hay cured in cock with its juices intact; but in winter coarse material will supply carbon to support animal heat and respiration as well as fine. How often you hear a farmer say, "my cattle won't touch straw until cold weather sets in," then if they don't have straw, they must have more hay or suffer.
Hamden contributes a capital article in the *last Co. Gen.*, on the "Comparative value of Wheat Bran and Indian Meal." I knew a horse fancier who said that wheat bran was the best substitute for oats, as it was both oats and hay. Its analysis shows that it contains much more nitrogenized matter, [protein compounds] than Indian Meal. When bran or oats cannot be had scalded Indian meal would be a safe substitute even for a working animal; yet as a fast trotter would have more nerve, and perform better if fed oats or even bran.—*Country Gentleman.*
DON'T HURT THE BOOTS.—Rather racy is the following incident of life on the cats as related by a clever letter writer:
Near at hand was a gentleman of a nervous temperament and excitable disposition who was guilty of the egregious folly of endeavoring to transport safely a new and glossy silk tile, more commonly denominated a "plug" hat, and which, through fear its shining surface might be ruffled, he had carried in his hand for a considerable number of miles. The hat was carefully wrapped in paper and deposited in what was deemed a safe place, where none would be apt to steal or molest it. The gentleman retired. Morning came, and his hat was nowhere discernable. After searching long and anxiously it was at last discovered in the rear of the car, with a brakeman standing upon it, looking out of the window at the beauties of the scenery as the glorious rays of the morning sun darted up from the eastern horizon.
The gentleman was angry—not to say mad! With a frantic rush at the offending employe, which nearly upset that individual's equilibrium, he seized the once shirring but now dilapidated hat, and holding it aloft exclaimed, "how dare you, how dare you, sir, I say stand with your boots on my hat!" The employe glanced first at the gentleman whose property he had injured, next at the hat which looked like a tin kettle after having passed through a charivari, and lastly at the boots which had given the deed, then slowly drew out, "give yourself no uneasiness, sir, the boot are old ones and I don't think it has hurt 'em any!"
"Crushed again," groaned the injured one, as he settled down in his seat with a look of agony which would have made the fortune of any play actor who could successfully have imitated it.
FAMILY TROUBLES.—Was there ever a family without its troubles? Adam and Eve had their troubles in Eden; and all families have had their troubles. Every family has a skeleton behind the door; every person has a thorn in his side. It is said that misery loves company, so take courage, hapless man wearied woman. You are in the majority. "Man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward." A useless family would yours be if it knew no trouble. Trouble is our great teacher. It nerve us with strength; it gives us courage; it tempers our mental; it develops our self control; it quickens our inventive powers. Troubles are to us what the winds are to the oak, what labor is to the muscle, what study is to the mind. Life is a school and trouble is one of the great lessons. Troubles are not to be coveted, but when they come we must get over them the best way we can, or bear them with the best fortitude we can arouse. Take courage, therefore, troubled one. Not in vain are your trials. They make you brave, strong, and, it is to be hoped, better. Be not cast down, cheer up; cast aside your weeds and woes. Look them in the face; do your duty; take every trouble by the horns, overcome it with the courage of a true soldier in life's great campaign, and stoutly contend for the victory of will and wisdom.
An Editor once, in attempting to compliment the now rebel General Pillow, after his return from Mexico, as a "battle-scarred veteran," was made by the types to call him a "battle-scarred veteran." In the next issue the mistake was so far corrected as to style him a "bottle-scarred veteran."
Why are the rebels like peas in the pod?—Because they must be killed on the battlefield.

Origin of the Hat.

We owe the hat, as we owe most of our manufactures, to Asia. It was in Asia that men first learned the art of felting wool, so as to compose the substratum of the fabric.—Wool, so long as it contains the natural yolk or animal grease, refuses to felt—that is, its fibres will not mat together into a compact and close grained mass, such as constitute felt. When the yolk has been extracted by chemical process, the wool has a tendency to interlace its fibres, and to adhere firmly to the union thus formed, and from a very remote period this secret was possessed by the Orientals. The hats which are constantly alluded to in scriptures—those, for instance which were bound upon the heads of Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego, when they were cast into the Assyrian furnace—were genuine hats, but probably adorned by turban cloths wound about them. I have seen the self same hats—tall, narrow cylinders of gray felt surrounded by a handkerchief or cloth—on the heads of the Jews of Asia.—Nor was the use of the hat a Hebrew monopoly. The Kurks, Persians, Armenians and some tribes of Turks and Tartars wear the hat, as their fathers did in Saladdin's day.—The high lamb's wool bonnet of the Persian is but a brimless hat, with a nap of exaggerated roughness. The Nestorian Christians of Kurdistan wear hats almost exactly similar to a battered Irish caubeen, only of a brown or dirty white color. Throughout the East, the dervishes and wandering fakins may be known by the tall, narrow hat of light hue felt, adhered by tag, and towering upward like a chimney-pot.
THE FORCE OF LANGUAGE.
It is of language to express what is consciously working in the soul; language is the express image of spirit. As soon as the mind is raised above the obscure state of spontaneous feeling, or the rude perception of sense, it begins to express its feelings and indicate its perceptions in audible language. In its whole training, words thought or uttered, are the great instrument as well as the result of its progress. And so it comes to pass, that though language be not life, yet there is not a deed or delicate emotion, not a subtle distinction or large concatenation of human thought, not an abstract principle or simple idea, which language, by simple words by imagery, by definition, by description, or by system, is not adequate to convey. And though single words, when taken singly, may have many a sense, yet the single words only give us the separate parts of speech; but take language as a whole, put the word in a sentence, qualify it by adjuncts, limit it by its relations define by logic, fix it in a system, and the single word may have such an immovable significance, that no other term can be exchanged for that simple sound.—It may have had its origin in the regins of sense; but, the action of the soul upon it, has been disfigured; it has passed through all inferior stages and at length has been claimed by or reason for its exclusive use; so that only a philologist knows its earthly origin, and to all others it is apt and direct symbol of the highest ideas of reason the loftiest objects of faith.
A PATRIOTIC NAP.—Day before yesterday, as the story goes, a devoted member of the Church, and a most devout Union man, attended divine worship, according to his invariable custom; but the weather being warm and oppressive, the worthy citizens fell asleep in his pew during the early part of the service.
He slumbered pleasantly, and just before he a service began, the choir and congregation sang a patriotic hymn, that filled the sleeper's mind with a love of country that could not be resisted. The text was, "And what think of ye Christ?" repeated emphatically several times by the minister.
This appeal to the slumberer was too direct and his thoughts becoming confused in his half waked, half dreaming state, he forgot where he was, and the exact nature of the question, and responded so loudly and distinctly that he could be heard through half of the church:
"Think I think and I know he's all right; he's for the Union all the time!"
The effect of this unexpected and altogether secular utterance upon the pious brothers and sisters may be better fancied than related.
AN EXPLANATION.—Some able and excellent men are never able to adapt their phrases to the comprehension of children. A man of this class, a learned theological professor, was once engaged to address a Sunday School. He read a number of verses from the Bible, and then said: "Children, I intend to give you a summary of the truth taught in this portion of the Scripture."—Here the pastor touched him, and suggested that he had better explain to the children what "summary" meant. So he turned around and said to the children: "Your pastor wants me to explain what summary means, and I will do so. Well, children, summary is an abbreviated synopsis of a thing."
The great cry with everybody is, "Get on! get on!" just as if the world were a travelling post. How astonished people will be, when they arrive in heaven, to find the angels, who are so much wiser, laying no schemes to be made arch angels.
"I'd just like to see you," as the blind man said to the policeman when he told him he would see him.

Grace at Dinner.

"For these and all His mercies"—once began Mr. Johnson, whose good conduct it was always to thank Heaven for the good things set before Him; but he almost invariably found fault with the food given.—And of this see-saw process Mrs. Johnson grew tired; and on the occasion alluded to, she stopped her husband by remarking that it was a waste of time to be grateful for dishes which, in two minutes, he would pronounce to be as worthless as the worst of Jeremiah's figs! And so there was no blessing Mrs. Johnson might have supplied the one employed by merry old Lady Hobart at a dinner where she looked inquiringly, but vainly, for a grace-sayer.—"Well," remarked the good ancient dame, "I think I must say as one did in the like case, 'God be thanked;—nobody will say grace!' It is seldom that 'grace' is properly said or sung. The last is a terribly melodious melody at public dinners; but then even an should silently and fervently make thanksgiving in his own heart. He is an ungracious knave who sits down to a meal without at least a silent acknowledgment of gratitude to Him, without whom there could have been no spreading of the banquet. Such a defaulter deserves to be the bound slave of dyspepsia, until he learns better manners. Come gentlemen, Beau Nash used to say, 'eat and welcome!' It was all his grace and had he said, 'Come, gentlemen, be thankful and eat,' it would have been more like the Christian gentleman, and less like the 'beau.'"
THE FIRST VICTORY.
Our boys are full of fight. That is good, if it is on the right side. But remember, boys, your first victory must be a victory over yourself. Some soldiers objected to their Colonel in command, because, they said, "he could not command himself."—No person that cannot do that, is not fit to command others.
Two strands in the threefold cord which bound together Kane and his little crew, were the strands of self conquest; they were these—no swearing and no drinking. Master yourself and you can do brave deeds.
The heroic officer, Emer Ellsworth, began his brilliant career with self-conquest. When he and his band of Zouaves emerged from Chicago, and astonished the country by their wonderful evolutions, old officers, with experience in military drill, looked with delight and surprise on the precision, promptness vigor and obedience of their well-trained muscles. How was it done? They had first conquered their appetites. Not a drop of wine or beer or cider was drunk; no smoking or chewing was allowed—nothing to unmanly health and vigor. These indulgences weaken. They slowly but surely enfeeble the body and mind.—Let your first battles be waged against temptation to self-indulgence, against bad habits if they have their claws on you. This will prepare you for a brave and noble life, and fit you for either camp or council.—*Child's Paper.*
THE HISTORY OF HAIL COLUMBIA.—In the summer of 1798, a young man connected with the theatre at Philadelphia, as a singer, was about to receive a benefit on a certain Monday evening. On the Saturday afternoon previous, he called on Joseph Hopkins, a rising young lawyer, 25 years of age with whom he had gone to school when both were boys. The actor said he had but twenty boxes taken, and his "benefit" would be a loss unless he could get a patriotic song written to the 'President's March,' then a popular air. The poets of this theatrical corps had tried their hand, but were satisfied that no words could be made to suit the air. Hopkins promised to make the attempt.
At that time there was a great discussion in the country as to the policy of America joining either France or England in the war then waged between those two nations, and party spirit ran high. Hopkins endeavored to write a song that should be independent of and above the interests, passions and policy of both belligerents, and look and feel exclusively for American honor and rights. He wrote *Hail Columbia*. It was announced on Monday evening, and the theatre was crowded to excess, and so continued during the season, the song being encored and repeated many times each night, the audience joining in the chorus. It was also sung at nights in the streets, by large assemblies of citizens, including members of Congress, and has now become a National Song.
SEND YOUR CHILD TO BED HAPPY.—Send your child to bed happy. What ever cares press, give it a warm good night kiss, as it goes to its pillow. The memory of this in the stormy years which fate may have in store for the little one, will be like Bethlehem's star to the bewildered shepherds.—"My father—my mother love me!" Fate cannot take away that blessed heart palm. Lips parched with the world's fever, will become dewy again at this thrill of youthful memories. Kiss your little child before it goes to sleep.
A minister in New Jersey one day called on one of his deacons, "Were's your master?" asked the deacon's wife of her negro servant. "I don't know missus, but I 'spect he's at de barn, for I just heard somebody out our swearing pretty hard at de men!" That wife said—"O, no; it isn't him he is not at home, sir, at present."
The good deeds that most sons prefer