

# 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 DECEMBER 18, 1861.

NUMBER 50.

## 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.

#### LADIES' BOOTS.

A little glove stirs up my heart,  
As it lies stir up the ocean,  
And snow white muslin, when it fits,  
Wakes many a curious notion.  
All sorts of lacy fixings thrill  
My feelings as they do rattle,  
But little female gaiter boots  
Are death, and nothing shorter.

And just to put you on your guard,  
I'll give you short and brief,  
A small hotel experience,  
Which filled my heart with grief.  
Last summer, at the Clarendon,  
I stopped a week or more,  
And marked two "booties" every morn  
Before my neighbor's door.

Two boots with patent leather tips—  
Two boots which seemed to say,  
"An angel trod around in us,"  
They stole my heart away.

I saw the servant take 'em off,  
With those of other booties—  
His soul was all in sixpences,  
But mine was in the boots.

And often in my nightly dreams,  
They sweep before my face—  
A lady growing out of them;  
As flowers grow from a vase.  
But ah! one morn I saw a sight,  
Which struck me like a stone;  
Some other name was on the boots,  
Those boots were not alone!

A great tall pair of all'er boots  
Were standing by their side!  
And of they walked that afternoon,  
And with them walked a bride!  
Enough, enough: my song is sung—  
Love's tree bears bitter fruits;  
Beware of beauty—bitter mind;  
But, oh! beware of boots!

#### Early Life the Golden Age for Military Leaders.

In glancing over the records of revolutionary history we find that the greatest military achievements of the world have been accomplished by individuals comparatively young in years. Alexander the Great who wept because there was no other world to conquer, was only 33 years of age when he conquered by the King of Persia. Hannibal who led the Carthaginians across the Alps, performing one of the greatest military marches upon record, was only forty at the period of his death. Napoleon and his great competitor Wellington, were upon the sunny side of forty when their greatest triumphs were consummated. Old Hickory was only forty-eight when he gained his great victory at New Orleans. Gustavus Adolphus died at the early age of thirty-one. Cortez was not 31 years old when he took possession of the Halls of the Montezuma, giving Mexico into the hands of Spain. Nelson's name was written with indelible characters upon the scroll of British fame ere he had attained the age of 45. The world's military battle fields are thickly covered with heroic deeds of valor, springing from the young life of commander and soldier, before they fell back into the dust of another earth.

These are but few illustrations pointing to early manhood as the golden period for military chieftains to make their names immortal.

Passing from the bloody grounds of contending loss, we find in the religious and political world a similar array of talent.— Luther gained his greatest victories over the powers of darkness that obstructed the rights of religious knowledge in the dawn of the reformation, years before the fortieth winter of life had been passed. Knox, Calvin, Huss, and Zwingli were throwing out their brightest thoughts and exercising their strongest influence before the shady side of forty overtook them.— John and Charles Wesley, the great preachers of Methodism created a religious church, and fully incorporated it in the great harvest fields of the world before the silver locks and wrinkles began to show signs of physical decay. Raphael the greatest painter of any age died at 37. Bolingbroke, O'Connell, Pitt and Russel were statesmen before many had gone through with the preliminaries for subsequent action, during their day and generation.

We might gather columns of examples where young life has been represented and won the premium achievements on the world's great battle grounds. With the subjects gathered up from the records of six thousand years, we have every reason to be of good cheer, and rely with implicit confidence upon the wisdom and foresight of our young commander, Gen. Geo. B. McClellan. May the blessing of Heaven, and the united petitions of a loyal people enable him with successful energy to discharge his high and responsible duties, ultimately rescuing our bleeding country from the hands of her destroyers, and firmer than ever establishing her Constitution and her laws in the hearts of the people.

A Texas paper says that "no body ever saw Wight" drunk. But Prentice says he has seen him when he wasn't sober by a long way.

### AN ELIGIBLE MATCH.

BY "TOM FRANK."

Very few persons in this work-a-day world are apt to lend the subject of matrimony that serious consideration to which it is entitled. We read with indignation, in the page of romance, of the cruel tyranny exercised by parents over their children in this relation, and sincerely do we deprecate for the moment that selfish and aversive spirit which would lead a father to sacrifice the happiness of a child on the altar of Mammon. But we are too apt to regard such matters as romance only, and to lose sight of the fact that such things do actually exist and that such events are transpiring every day around us. It is not in the lower and middling classes that we are to look for the full extent of speculation in matrimonial matters, though the spirit, more or less pervades all grades of society. It is among the more wealthy families that the custom obtains—with scarcely an exception—of estimating the human character by dollars and cents, and the following narrative, which is strictly true, develops the painful effects of the unholy and pernicious custom.

In a little town called Mere, in England, there lived, some time ago, a family of the name of Dorrington, consisting of four persons, viz: Mr. John Dorrington, his lady, and a son and daughter. Though quite wealthy, they did not spring from an aristocratic stock, Mr. Dorrington having commenced life as a tanner, from which pursuit, by strict economy and untiring industry, together with a run of great luck, he had amassed a large fortune. As generally happens, however, in such cases, the acquisition of wealth had entirely obliterated from the memory of the tradesman the fact that he had ever been a dealer in hides, and he assumed an arrogance that would have put to the blush the most aristocratic scion of the most pampered stock. His children were taught to look down upon their honest neighbors with a feeling of superiority, and the son, John Dorrington, Jr., was not slow to improve upon the lessons taught him by his proud parent, though the daughter was not so apt a scholar in the school of vanity, and had the audacity to regard the virtuous but poor people of Mere as human beings, to joyfully exchange greetings with them on meeting, and even occasionally to visit them at their dwellings, and to treat them in all respects as her equals. She was a gay, joyous, good-hearted girl, full of love for all the world, "and the rest of mankind," and could never understand why the mere possession of a few hundred pounds more or less should place a barrier between the members of one common family—striking at the root of earthly happiness by destroying every social and kind feeling. Her appearance fairly indicated her character. There was none of that sickly sentimentality and "interesting paleness," which are too apt to be the companions of young ladies belonging to the higher classes, apparent in her healthful and frank features. Her eye was large, blue, and exceedingly expressive, her hair of a sunny, golden hue, her complexion a pure white and red, and her form rather above the middle stature, well moulded, round and full, betokening a sanguine temperament, and a disposition to correctly appreciate and enjoy to the full the blessings of life. She was of an exceedingly volatile disposition, and though one might be apt to imagine from her free—almost rude—behaviour at times, that she lacked refinement somewhat, such was not the case.—She was sensitive to a degree, and her feelings when wounded rendered her the subject of the most poignant anguish.

At the same time of which I am writing, Laura Dorrington was about twenty years of age, and though her parents had endeavored by every means in their power to induce her to drop what they were pleased to term her "insufferable vulgarity," in order that she might be fitted to embrace an "eligible match," she only laughed at their exhortations, and declared that "she must laugh heartily when she felt inclined, that it was impossible for her to go at a snail's pace when she felt like running, and that surely no gentleman would object to her being a woman instead of an automaton." She might have added that there were hundreds of sensible men who would not have objected to anything in her; had she been hump-backed, lame and blind, her money would have covered every defect, and she would have seemed to them a very angel. She had numbers of such suitors, but they were not "eligible matches," and, of course, were not to be thought of by her parents.—Indeed, though not possessing a decided relish for the society of the opposite sex, and as willing to "commit matrimony," as most ardent young women of her age, Laura had not up to the time of her majority, met with a man among all her suitors, who she thought, was calculated to make her happy, even although nothing stood in the way of an alliance. There was but one man of whom she had ever thought as a husband, and he, although a constant visitor at the house had, never made any decided overtures. This was William Hill, the son of a near neighbor, who was quite as wealthy as the Dorringtons themselves and who was regarded by Laura's father and mother as the very best ideal of an eligible match for their daughter. He was a person of very handsome countenance and rather genteel address, but there was something in the expression of his features which

There was a cold calculating expression in his grey eye, and passion seemed lurking around the corners of his thin lips. It was necessary to scrutinize him closely, though in order to detect anything in his appearance not entirely in keeping with the most urbane, polished and benignant gentleman, and as such, Laura regarded him.

This man, Hill, was a most consummate hypocrite, he loved but one thing on earth, and that was money. Money was his god—he knew no other—and he would have linked himself with the most loathsome creature that ever crawled through life, if by so doing, he could double the wealth which he already possessed. His only object in visiting the Dorringtons, was to satisfy himself beyond a peradventure as to the real state of that family's finances, before hazarding a courtship, and having become convinced that Laura's marriage portion was likely to reach a sum near his own wealth, he at once set about paying his addresses to the young lady in earnest, much to the delight of her parents, and not at all to the discomfiture of the young lady herself. Things progressed rapidly.—He courted, proposed, was accepted, and the time for their wedding was fixed, all in less than six months from the period when Hill first seriously contemplated marriage. Laura was the happiest being in the world; she had every confidence in the man to whom she had pledged her eternal fidelity; she knew no deceit here, and did not look to find it in any one else—but least of all would she have thought of seeking it in that bosom where she had yielded up the treasure of her virgin love. He had told her he loved her, time and again with all the apparent fervor that a shrewd, calculating, oily-tongued fiend could muster, he had told her so and she had firmly believed him as she believed she was born and must die again. How could she, then, but be happy? for she loved him as fervently as ever woman loved man. It would seem to her that she had never lived till then, and she felt that she could almost die in the wild ecstasy of her joy.

The wedding morn arrived, the minister was present, the guests invited, and the marriage documents prepared for signature. The bride, beautifully dressed in white, awaited the coming of the man who was so fondly thought—to be her future husband, her friend and adviser through life.—Her father and brother had waited on him an hour previously, but not one of them had yet returned. At length when two hours had passed away—two hours which seemed like years to Laura—footsteps were heard upon the stairs, and shortly afterwards the door opened, and Mr. Dorrington and his son entered with flushed and angry faces, but the bridegroom did not accompany them!

Half dead with fright, Laura trembling inquired what had happened.

"Not much," carelessly answered her cold, calculating, stern-featured father; "but no marriage can take place."

"In the name of Heaven, father, what is it you mean?" exclaimed the now agonized girl, the perspiration starting from her marble brow and running in large beads down her placid face.

"I mean this," answered her father, "Hill is not an eligible match. He thought himself, pretty shrewd I suppose, but he found that I could calculate as well as he could; he was not satisfied with the amount which I offered to settle upon you, and I would give no more; so after politely remarking that he could not think of wedding a tanner's daughter for any such sum, he rang the bell, called the servant and politely bade me good morning!"

While her father was delivering this speech Laura stood mute and rigid as a statue, her eyes were fixed in her head and glared wildly, and as he finished, she fell heavily upon the floor.

They bore her to the bridal chamber, where restoratives were applied, and after a while, she was restored to life, but not to reason; the unmeaning glance of her once brilliant eye, and her incoherent speech too plainly told the story—she was a lunatic!

Two days afterwards, Laura was missed from her room. She had been watched with the utmost vigilance, for it was not safe to leave her alone; but during the temporary absence of her nurse, who had left her asleep she made her escape from the house, and all search for her was vain, till on entering the dairy she was discovered dressed in her bridal robes, hanging by the neck, and quite dead—a victim to the base treachery of a soulless villain, on the one hand, and a sordid desire on the part of her father to bring about an "eligible match," on the other.

How TO STOP THE FLOW OF BLOOD.—Housekeepers, mechanics, and others, in handling knives, tools, and other sharp instruments very frequently receive severe cuts, from which blood flows profusely and oftentimes endangers life itself. Blood may be made to cease to flow as follows:—Take the fine dust of tea and bind it close to the wound—at all times accessible an easily to be obtained. After the blood has ceased to flow, laudanum may be advantageously applied to the wound. Due regard to the instructions would save agitation, of mind, and running for the surgeon, who would, probably, make no better prescription if he were present.

Queer fellow—the editor who thinks "people should never kiss their own sex;" because "the never kissed a boy in his life."

### Napoleon's Coat of Mail.

Just before Napoleon set out for Belgium (before the battle of Waterloo) he sent for the cleverest artisan of his class in Paris, and demanded of him whether he would engage to make a coat of mail to be worn under the ordinary dress, which should be absolutely bullet proof; and that, if so, he might name his own price for such a work. The man engaged to make the desired article, if allowed proper time, and he named eighteen thousand francs (seven hundred and twenty pounds sterling) as the price of it. The bargain was concluded, and in due time the work was produced, and the artisan was honored with a second audience of the Emperor. "Now," said his imperial Majesty, "put it on." The man did so. "As I am to stake my life on its efficacy, you will, I suppose, have no objection to doing the same?" and he took a brace of pistols and prepared to discharge one at the breast of the astonished artist. There was no retreating, however, and, half dead with fear, he stood the fire; and to the infinite credit of his work, with perfect impunity. But the Emperor was not content with one trial. He fired the second pistol at the back of the artist, and afterward discharged a fowling piece at another part of him with similar effect. "Well," said the Emperor, "you have produced a capital work, undoubtedly. What is to be the price of it?" Eighteen thousand francs were named as the agreed sum. "There is an order for them," said the Emperor; "and there is another for an equal sum, for the fright I have given you."

### Pleasant Neighborhood.

One's pleasure, after all, is much affected by the quality of one's neighbors, even though one may not be on speaking terms with them. A pleasant bright face at the window is surely better than a discontented cross one; and the house that has the air of being inhabited in preference to closed shutters and unsocial blinds, excluding every ray of sunlight and sympathy. We like to see the glancing cheerful lights through the window of a cold night, or watch them as evening deepens, gradually creep from the parlor to the upper stories of the house near us. We like to watch the little children go in or out of the door, to play or to school. We like to see a white robed baby dancing up and down on its mother's arms, or the father reading his newspaper in the evening, or any of those cheerful, impromptu home glimpses, which, though we are not Paul Pry, we will assert, go far to make pleasant neighborhood for comfort instead of show. Sad, indeed, some morning, on walking, it is to see the blinds down and the shutters closed, and to know that death's angel, while it spared our threshold, has crossed that of our cheerful neighbor. Sad to miss the white robed baby from the window, and see the little coffin at nightfall born into the house. Sad to see the innocent little face pressed at eventide against the window-pane, watching for the "dear papa," who has gone to his long home.

A FIGHTING NEGRO.—A correspondent of the Chicago Tribune, describing the battle of Belmont, says:—

"During the thickest of the fight the body servant of Gen. McClelland, a mulatto named William Stains, of Decatur, exhibited conspicuous courage. He was close by the General during the whole engagement, cheering the soldiers and swearing that he would shoot the first man that showed the white feather. Many of us laughed heartily at the fighting darkey, while the bullets flew like hail about us.

"In the course of the fight, a Captain of one of the companies was struck by a spent ball, which disabled him from walking. The mulatto boy, who was mounted, rode up to him and shouted out, 'Captain, if you can fight any longer for the old Stars and Stripes, take my horse and lead your men.' He then dismounted and helped the wounded officer into his saddle. When he was walking away, a rebel dragon rushed forward at the officer to take him prisoner. The darkey drew his revolver and put a ball through the rebel's head, scattering his brains all over the horse's neck.

"I relate these little circumstances so that merit may be justly dealt with, even if the hero is a 'nigger,' as some people would call this brave fellow."

THE HEAVENS.—An interesting sight may now be observed before sunrise in the morning. Three of the heavenly bodies Jupiter, Saturn and the Moon will appear to be within two or three degrees of each other. All are now in constellation Leo, the two planets being scarcely three quarters of a degree apart. Jupiter is the brighter of the two, and has just passed by Saturn in its course eastward. The apparent motions is so slow that it cannot be detected in less than three or four days. As Jupiter makes the circuit of the heavens in about thirty years, it will be two-thirds of the latter period before they are seen so closely together, and that in a different quarter of the sky. The planet Venus is now a most beautiful object in the southwest for an hour or two after sunset. It is near the tropic of Capricorn, and of course will soon turn and move east by north, shining with a brilliant light in the higher constellations during winter and spring.

A "CONTRABAND" has arrived at Washington, direct from Fairfax Court House.

### The Language of The American Flag.

A number of years ago we read in an old congressional document an explanation of the colors and symbolical meaning of the stars and stripes of our national banner, written by a member of the committee of the Continental Congress to whom was referred the duty of selecting a flag for the infant confederacy. Since then we have frequently desired to republish the explanation, as a matter of interest to our readers but were never able to find it until this morning we discovered it incorporated in a sketch of the battle of Saratoga read before the New York Historical Society by A. B. Street, Esq.

The explanation reads as follows:—"The stars of the new flag represent the new constellation of States rising in the West. The idea was taken from the constellation Lyra, which in the hand of Orpheus signifies harmony. The blue in the field was taken from the edges of the Covenanters' banner in Scotland, significant of the league covenant of the United Colonies against oppression, incidentally involving the virtues of vigilance, perseverance and justice. The stars were disposed of in a circle symbolizing the perpetuity of the Union; the ring, like the circling serpent of the Egyptians, signifying eternity. The thirteen stripes showed with the stars, the number of the United Colonies, and denoted the subordination of the States to the Union, as well as equality among themselves. The whole was the blending of the various flags previous to the Union flag—viz, the red flag of the army and the white of the floating batteries. The red color which in Roman days was the signal of defiance, denoted daring; and the white purity."

What eloquence do the stars breathe when their full significance is known.—A new Constellation! Union! Perpetuity! A covenant against oppression! Justice, equality, subordination, courage and purity.

### Old Men.

How I love them. How I love to see their dim eye glister and bright at the remembrance of some boyish freak long forgotten by all on earth but themselves, or grow dim with tears at the thought of some loved and lost one, some friends they still count among their treasures. Each feeble step is nearer to the end now, and every silver hair a cord which binds them to the grave.

How I love my old grandfather; he was an old man, almost to the allotted three score and ten, when I first remember him, when I used to sit on his knee while he told me wondrous stories, of geni and fairies, and lent me his knife with its rough horn handle, and showed me how to open his curiously fitted tobacco box, and sung to me "Old China" and "Windham." Oh how I love to hear the old man sing!

And the last time I went to see him in his city home, how his lip trembled as he kissed me and bade me good bye. "Be a good girl, Hope, and don't forget me. In the summer I am coming out to see you. I want to see the old D.—once more, the river and the hills, and the little old house I lived in so long. I shall come in the summer."

Poor old man! when the June roses were blooming, and the villa was dressed in its summer mantle, he did come, but the faded eyes were closed and the weary limbs were at rest, and that still Sabbath morning we laid him quietly down beneath the oak tree and left him there alone.

And ten years has he laid there, and the sod is green above him, and in the autumn sunlights, the tall ripe grasses bend their yellow heads to the pale blue asters and seem to whisper, "It is not the end."

### A Dandy Answered.

An amusing colloquy came off recently at the supper table, on board of one of our Eastern steamers, between a Boston exquisite, reeking with hair oil and cologne, who was damning the waiters, and otherwise assuming very consequential airs, and a raw Jonathan who sat by his side, dressed in homespun.

Turning to his "vulgar" friend the former pointed his jeweled finger and said:—

"Butter, sah!"

"I see it is," coolly replied Jonathan.

"Butter, sah! I say!" fiercely repeated the dandy.

"I know it—very good—a first rate article," provokingly reiterated homespun.

"Butter, I tell you!" thundered the exquisite in still louder tones pointing with 'slow unmoving finger,' like scorn's and scowling upon his neighbor as if he would annihilate him.

"Well, gosh all Jerusalem, what of it?" now yelled the Down-Esier, getting his dander up in turn. "Yer didn't thin': I took it for butter, did yer?"

This Confederate postage stamp is green with a lithographic likeness of President Davis, with double oval border, surmounted with the inscription "Confederate States of America." Outside of the circle, and at the head of the stamp is the word postage, and at the lower edge its denomination, "five cents."

A gentleman from Cheat Mountain tells the following:—A squad of Indiana volunteers, out scouting, came across an old woman, in a log cabin, in the mountain. After the usual salutations, one of them asked her: "Well old lady, are you a secess?" "No," was her answer. "Are you a Union?"

### Infatuation.

But the effect of infatuation is seen not only in the temper and in the spirit, but in the voice and in the aspect of the face.—Hear that woman's cracked and shrieking tone, pitched in a falsetto plaintive, wheezing whine, more disagreeable than the grating of a rusty door hinge, or the filing of a saw, or the creaking of a broken chair, or the chattering of unexpected gravel in the teeth? Is that the human voice? Such a voice heard in a house is worse than the smell of brimstone, and it operates like a perpetual mildew to rot out all energy, and peace, and hope from the hearts of the whole household, servants, children, companions, and lovers. See that face, with an eye glaring but not lustrous—the glare of wet putty, not of keen steel or cold ice—look at the pinched nostril sharp and yet dulled; mark that scowl, irresolute and desponding, funereal, and yet deep as though plowed by a drizzly north-east fog; behold that upper lip, curled but not stigmated with nervous scorn, and filled but not controlled by impotent hate; read the picture of self torture and forceless desponcy upon the whole countenance, and tell us if infatuation that can so transform the human face divine, from the image of all heavenly beauty, into such a charging, wishy-washy mask of mud, be not a crime against our common humanity, of the deepest, meekest kind! Does it not dishonor the Maker of all souls and bodies, and does it not destroy both the inward spirit and the outward form of a man or woman?

We say, then, do stop the practice at once. Set your face as a flint against it, and resolutely refuse to fret at what you cannot cure. Direct your energies, if you have not any, pray to your Maker to give you some, against the evil in the world, in the way of impracticable fretting and worrying and wearing yourself out, and souring your temper, and vexing your friends, and dishonoring your God—because we think them needed, and our prayer is that they may be read and heeded.—[Western Advocate.]

### How He Got Used To It.

Somewhere in our neighborhood lives a farmer of such social habits, that his coming home intoxicated was no unusual thing. His wife urged him in vain to sign the pledge.

"Why you see," he would say, "I'll sign it after awhile, I don't like to break right off it ain't wholesome. The best way is to get used to things."

"Very well, old man," his helpmeet would reply, "see now if you don't fall into a hole one of these days where you can't take care of yourself, and nobody near to help you out."

Sure enough, as if to verify the prophecy as he returned home one day, he fell into a very shallow well, and after a great deal of useless scrambling, he shouted loudly for the "light of his eyes" to come and help him out.

"Didn't I tell you so?" said the good soul, showing her cap full over the edge of the parapet; "you've got into a hole at last, and it's lucky I'm in hearing, or you might have drowned. Well," she continued, after a pause, letting down the bucket, "take hold."

And up he came, higher at each turn of the windlass, until the old lady's grasp slipping from the handle, down he went to the bottom again. This occurring more than once, made the temporary occupant of the well suspicious.

"Look here!" he screamed, in a fury at the last splash, "you're doing that on purpose, I know you are."

"Well now I am," responded his wife tranquilly, while winding him up once more. "Don't you remember telling me it best to get used to things by degrees? I'm afraid if I bring you up right of a sudden, you would not find it wholesome!"

The old fellow couldn't help chuckling at the true application of his principle, and protested he would sign the pledge on that instant, if she would lift him out. This she did, and packed him off to sign the pledge, wet as he was. "For you see," she added very emphatically, if you ever fall into the ditch again, I'll leave you there, that's what I will."

He knew she was a woman of her word, and he didn't return to her loving arm until the pledge was signed.

He who never forgets his old friends and cherishes his attachment for them as ever, no matter how much time, space, or fortune have kept them apart, is one of those rare beings with whom God has endowed the earth that society may not utterly wither through the influence of ingratitude, selfishness, and the incessant changes in life.

SNOW RICE CREAM.—Put in a stewpan four ounces of ground rice, two ounces of sugar, a few drops of the essence of almonds, or any other essence you choose, with two ounces of fresh butter; add a quart of milk, boil from fifteen to twenty minutes, till it forms a smooth substance, though not too thick; then pour into a mould previously oiled and serve when cold. It will turn out jelly.

A little girl being told of some poor children who came near starving to death because they could get no bread to eat, naively said, "Ma, if they couldn't get bread, why didn't they eat cake?"

### A Strange but True Story

A circumstance which fully illustrates the saying that "truth is stranger than fiction," recently came before Judge Sharswood in the district Court. Had it not been for the legal question involved in the events to which we refer, they would have never, probably, had any publicity given them.—Some time since there was a couple residing in this city, who were surrounded with many blessings. The husband possessed a comfortable share of worldly goods, his wife and himself were fondly attached to each other, and to-gather they doted upon an only child. The first blow to their happiness was in the loss of their little one who sickened and died, leaving its parents heart broken. The death of the child fell like a shadow upon the household, the parents became unhappy, morose in the train of their melancholy, and absolute aversion for the society of each other followed. The source and discontinued pair finally determined upon a separation, and a divorce was procured.

After a time both married again, and they became utter strangers to each other so far as social intercourse was concerned. It so happened that it became necessary to remove the remains of the dead child from the grave where it had been interred, and the father was notified of the fact. A handsome lot was procured by the latter in one of the cemeteries north of the city, and a day was fixed for the re-entment.—The father notified the former wife, and the mother of the child, of the circumstance, and informed her by note, that if she thought proper she could attend the burial of the remains. The mother accepted the invitation, and with her second husband repaired to the cemetery. The father, with his second wife, was already there. The little coffin was placed near the open grave, and the parents of its occupant advanced to it while the second wife and husband stood in the back ground. The couple who had been so long estranged and who had again met so strangely over their dead hopes, gazed earnestly at each other, the solemnity of the hour revived their old tenderness, and falling into each other's arms both burst into tears. The re-entment took place and the parties returned to their proper homes.

With the consent of all who were interested the father of the dead child visited, on terms of friendship, his former wife and they were in the habit of riding out together.

Not long after this singular reconciliation the father of the child took sick & died.—Before his death he placed in the hands of a friend two city bonds, of a thousand dollars each to be handed over to his first wife in the event of his death. In his will he appointed, as his executors, the friend who was the custodian of the bonds, and his first and second wives. The friend, in his capacity of trustee, was uncertain as to the legality of the gift under the circumstances, and he made application to the Court for a decision in the matter, so as to secure himself from loss. The legal heirs of the deceased offered no opposition to the ante-mortem request, and the Court decided in favor of its legality.—[Phila. Bulletin.]

A STEAM BATTERY.—The New York Herald says the Government is having built at that port an iron clad vessel, which is to be launched by the middle of December.—The following will be the dimensions of the vessel.—Length 175 feet, breadth of beam 40 feet, depth 12 feet. Her hull, where protected by the water, will be formed of wrought iron plates, five eighths of an inch thick, and above the water mark the plate will be six inches thick. But very little wood is to be used in her construction, and the deck will be protected by plates one inch in thickness. She will be fitted up with Ericson's patent steam engine, which together with her machinery, now being built at Delamater's iron works, foot of Thirtieth street, North river. She will carry two twelve or fifteen inch Floyd or Rodman guns. These will be mounted inside an iron fort twenty feet high. The plates of which it will be built are to be eight inches thick. The most peculiar feature connected with the battery is the fact that the guns can be brought to bear on any given point, without altering the position of the vessel. This is accomplished by means of a turn table on which the fort will revolve; it will be turned by means of gearing connected with her machinery. The steersman will be placed inside the fort, and when in action all the crew will be protected, as no man will be required to appear on deck, for the purpose of working the vessel. She is water-tight and fire-proof, and her deck which is but eighteen inches above the water, may be swept by the waves from stem to stern without any damage being done, as nothing will be left exposed either to the action of the waves or the shot of the enemy.

A Yankee and a Frenchman owned a pig in co-partnership. When the killing time came, they wished to divide the meat.—The Yankee was very anxious to divide so that he could get both hind quarters, and persuaded the Frenchman that the way to divide was to cut it across the back. The Frenchman agreed to do it on condition that the Yankee would turn his back and take the choice of pieces after it was cut in two. The Yankee turned his back accordingly.—The Frenchman—Vich piece will you have—zo piece wid ze tail on him or ze piece vat haunt got no tail? Yankee—the piece with the tail on. Frenchman—Zen by gar you can take him, I take zo ozes. Upon turn-

ing round, the Yankee found the Frenchman had taken the tail and the hind quarters, leaving the Yankee with the head and the front quarters.

A GENTleman commonly disappoints those who visit him. They are on the lookout for his thundering and lightning, and he speaks about common things much like a man.

A Yankee and a Frenchman owned a pig in co-partnership. When the killing time came, they wished to divide the meat.—The Yankee was very anxious to divide so that he could get both hind quarters, and persuaded the Frenchman that the way to divide was to cut it across the back. The Frenchman agreed to do it on condition that the Yankee would turn his back and take the choice of pieces after it was cut in two. The Yankee turned his back accordingly.—The Frenchman—Vich piece will you have—zo piece wid ze tail on him or ze piece vat haunt got no tail? Yankee—the piece with the tail on. Frenchman—Zen by gar you can take him, I take zo ozes. Upon turn-

ing round, the Yankee found the Frenchman had taken the tail and the hind quarters, leaving the Yankee with the head and the front quarters.