

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

W. H. JACOBI, Proprietor.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

[Two Dollars per Annum.]

VOLUME 14.

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY FEBRUARY 19, 1862.

NUMBER 7.

STAR OF THE NORTH

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY BY W. H. JACOBI.

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 arrears 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.

CUT OUT.

It is many years since I fell in love
With Jane Jerusha Skeggs
The bonniest country girl, by far,
That ever went on legs.
By meadow creek and wood and dell,
So often we did walk,
The moonlight smiled on our meeting lips
And the night-winds learned our talk.
I roamed all o'er the neighbor's farms—
I robbed the wild-wood bowers,
I tore mytrowers and scratched my hands
In search of choicest flowers.
In my boyish love I brought all these
To my dear J-rusha Jane;
But I would not be so foolish now,
If I was a boy again!
A city chap then came along,
All dressed up in smart clothes,
With a shiny hat and a shiny vest,
And a mustache under his nose!
He talked to her at evening school,
(For her father owned a farm.)
And she left me, her country love,
And took the new chap's arm.
And all that night I never slept,
Nor could I eat next day,
For I loved that girl with a fervent love,
That thought could drive away.
I strove to win her back to me,
But it was all in vain—
The city chap with the hairy lip,
Married Jerusha Jane!
And my poor heart was sad and sore,
Until he thought struck me,
That just as good as all remained,
As ever were caught in the sea.
So I went to Methodist church one night,
And I saw a dark brown curl
Peeping from a gipsy hat—
And I married that very girl!
And many years have passed and gone,
And I think my loss my gain,
And often bless the hairy chap,
That stole Jerusha Jane.

TWELFTH NIGHT.

BY FRANZ FRANCO.

Gentle descended and connected, wealthy talented, and accomplished, of genial disposition, just returned from a five years' residence in Paris, a bachelor of thirty-five, of course Frank Allen was extensively "cultivated" by his friends and acquaintances generally. He was eccentric, whimsical very well, that only made him more attractive; gave proof of an original genius. Your common geniuses may indeed affect oddity, but it is never laudatory. One glance gives you the clue, and they can never again surprise you for you know all the crooks and turns, all the ins and outs of their affectation; indeed, by this you know that it is an affectation. Oddity is always native; it can never be naturalized. But, as we were saying, of rather intended to say, Frank Allen's oddity was innate. His popularity had been vastly increased of late by the applause which had accrued to him as the profit of a course of lectures on "France and the Emperor." As this was a private affair, the audience being composed of the select circle of friends to whom he chose to present tickets, of course it was also a very genial affair. Each one present, being pleased to be thus distinguished from the common outside multitude, was in the best of humor, and inclined to do full honor to the intellectual entertainment provided for them, which, to do it justice, was really worthy of great commendation, though it might fairly be a question if they would have discerned its merits so readily had they been of the excluded crowd, and allowed to read a report of it at their own quiet firesides; of course "delivery is a great deal!" (We hope, reader, you will infer we were there.)
Mrs. St. Simon gave her usual Twelfth night party on the evening succeeding the last of the lectures. These parties were always nice easy affairs, very select and very social. All of the lower rooms were thrown open to the guests, who, collected together in circles as their tastes inclined, could find seats enough to enjoy a pleasant time comfortably. Frank Allen graciously bestowed himself in an arm chair which occupied the centre of the library; the group around him being composed of his most ardent admirers, the literati and literatini of the assembly, and perhaps we should add, as a separate class, some very pretty and very marriageable young ladies, whose intellectual proclivities were rapidly developing under the anxious chaperonship of their worthy mammas. We would not be understood as saying that all the intellect gathered under Mrs. St. Simon's roof was inclosed within the four walls of the library or that all within that inclosure were constitutionally inclined to brain fever, for to either assertion many exceptions might be made; we only intended the penultimate remark as a general one.
This explained, we may proceed to say

that allusion was naturally made to the lecture of the preceding evening, and finding it, apparently, a very interesting subject to the company, Frank Allen was led to speak somewhat at length, of beautiful France, ending with the remark: "But now I have come home to live, and am looking round for a wife; so, young ladies, if you deem me an exemplary young man, worth patronizing, I commend myself to your good graces!" And he finished with a graceful bow to the ladies addressed, some of whom blushed, others smiled frankly, two or three were very busy with their bouquets, and one or two looked decidedly cross!
"Well," said the latter of three daughters, "you must indeed be hard to please, if the spring finds you 'lancy free.'"
"The lady I shall choose," said Allen, with an air half-serious, half-gay, "must answer three several tests; and in this age, such ladies must be very rare;" and he rose to examine a painting. A half hour later, a hand was laid upon his shoulder, rather roughly inasmuch as it served to turn him almost half-way round, and blunt Captain Summers exclaimed—
"Frank, lad, what on earth induced you to declare you were looking for a wife!—Don't you know you have drawn down upon yourself the fire of all the designing mammas and daughters, and frightened away all the modest, worthy girls, with the fear that they may be thought designing?"
"Don't fear for me," replied Allen gayly; "I had a design in what I said. Only please don't dislocate my arm, for I have not yet got a wife to make it pleasant to be disabled."
"Had a design in it, hey?" and the old gentleman stroked his beard in evident perplexity.
"Oh, Mr. Allen, I want to know if it is true, such a funny thing as I heard you said," exclaimed Fanny Ellison, breaking in upon the dialogue.
"What did you hear I said?"
"Why that you were looking for a wife who must pass three tests, and that all the girls in the library had better try for you.—Pity I hadn't been there!" and the little lady pouted.
"All right except the advice, Miss Ellison," said Allen, laughing. "I simply intended to commend myself to the attention of young ladies in general, if they thought me a desirable article of household furniture."
"Ah, indeed," said the lady, with the most provoking sauciness in the toss of her pretty head; "and what day do you appoint to decide your selection, and offer your services to the fortunate one?"
"Oh, I don't know; say this day six months," said Allen, carelessly.
"Now, don't you imagine," resumed the lady, "that you are the only one watching and testing? Don't think you have said anything original to-night. You gentlemen study us, but don't forget, in your self conceit, that we also study you, and are not more easily pleased than you are.—Why, I myself have some tests which a gentleman must pass who would win my promise to 'love, honor, and obey.'"
"And pray what may they be?" asked Allen quickly.
"Why, the first is, that he must first have been released by at least twenty-five other ladies."
Allen looked at her in surprise.
"Yes," she continued, "I should learn from that that he did not lack courage or perseverance; but, above all, I should have some hope he would have lost some of his self-conceit, and really be quite endurable, for you must allow that, as a class, men are fearfully self-conceited."
"You want a meek man whom you can keep under a little wholesome restraint, I suppose?"
"No," said Fanny, with a quick gleam in her eye, and a very decided tone; "my husband—if ever I can have one—must be able to command me; not because I fear him, but because I love and respect him; and, indeed, this is my second test."
"And your third?" asked Allen, amused.
"Beg your pardon, sir, but I shall expect a return of confidence; I have told you two tests when you asked me, and now, of course, expect to hear two of your tests;" and again the lady smiled an arch, provoking, little smile.
Allen bit his lips in vexation. He had walked right into the trap the artful little lady had prepared for him, and how was he to escape?
"But if I divulge my secret, I put the ladies upon their guard," pleaded Allen.
"Oh, but I promise not to tell any one."
"Suppose I should wish to try my tests upon you; forsworn, forsworn," you know," said Allen, with a forced laugh.
"Me! Oh dear, that's no use. I want you I am entirely out of the question."
"Are you engaged?" asked Allen, quickly.
"Sally!" pouted the lady.
"I beg pardon," said Allen, with a quick flush, for he had spoken upon the impulse of the moment.
The lady bowed, but waited, toying with her fan.
"Conless now that you have been commissioned to extort from me this secret."
"Conless now that you have been most unjustly suspicious," said the lady.
"Is it so?"
"The last, not the first."
"Why, then, do you ask?"
"From my own curiosity to watch the game and to teach you not to ask questions of others which you are unwilling to have returned upon yourself.

Again Allen bit his lip, though the lady's bright eyes were bent upon his face.
"Ask something else, and release me from the obligation to tell you this."
"I will," said Fanny, with a bewitching smile. "You shall have your choice between telling me this, and informing me of the fact within twenty-four hours after you have offered your services to your captivator, to which bit of information you will please add the lady's name;" and she gave her fan the "merry flutter" described by Addison.
"Miss Ellison, there is a call for you at the piano," said a gentleman, approaching, and offering his arm.
"The first or the last?" said she to Allen, as she accepted it.
"The last, if it must be," was his reply, as she retreated.
"Very well, indeed," said Frank Allen to himself tossing his things right and left, as every man thinks he has a right to do in his own room; "only that teasing little witch, Fanny Ellison—what in the world induced her to play me such a neat little trick? Well, she was merciful enough to let me off at last, for she is too lady like to hold me to such a promise as that." And, five minutes after this, Frank Allen came as near snoring as a gentleman ever comes. He did not tell his dreams the next morning of course we cannot give them.
"Wonder what they can be, Carrie?" said Mrs. Locke to her daughter.
"What what can be, mamma?" asked Carrie, though knowing very well that mamma's thoughts and her own were running in very nearly the same direction.
"Why, those three tests of Mr. Allen's?"
"It's very evident what one of them must be," answered Carrie; "he said such ladies must be rare in these days, or something like it. Now the age is notorious for extravagance, so of course the lady must be economical."
In consequence of this belief, perhaps, it was that Carrie was resolute in her opinion on that the dress mamma pronounced very suitable for Mrs. St. Simon's Twelfth night party would be equally suitable for the next party to which she received a card of invitation, and that to support the justness of this conclusion against mamma's vigorous protestations, she sought the aid of Mr. Allen's eloquence—that gentleman's call happening to interrupt the dispute. Mamma was forced to hear Carrie's wise economic highly commended, but she was not forced to bear that gentleman's exclamation as he closed the street-door—"Sally! Sally! Sally!"
She had evidently been busy at work, for carelessly thrown around her neck was a skein of basting cotton. Noticing it, Fanny hoped she was not interrupting her.
"O dear, no," said Carrie; "she was only trying to cut herself a morning-dress. She never had ideas before, and if Fanny had any bright ideas in her head on the subject wouldn't she be good enough to impart them?"
Fanny declared she never had thought of cutting her own dresses, and had no idea on the subject.
"And what is your idea in turning dressmaker, Miss Littleton?" asked Allen.
"My idea? Why, I happened to take up a paper the other day that had a distressing long article upon 'Ladies' Extravagance.' Of course it wasn't true, but I began to think whether I had been very extravagant, and where I could retrench.—One must have just about so many gloves and kerchiefs, and so many yards of lace and ribbon in a year, you know, and I I could save, till I thought of this dress; so I began to cut it this morning."
"And how are you succeeding?" asked Fanny.
"Oh, indifferently well," said Kitty; "I have only run up the breadths yet. Why don't you try, Fanny?"
"Oh, Annie Heywood can suit me better than I can suit myself, and she needs the work, and I would rather have the time to 'improve my mind.' That's the phrase, is it not?"
"Well," said Kitty, laughing goodnaturedly, "you improve your mind, and I will improve in dressmaking. If you should ever be poor, I suppose you could teach, or write a book for a living; but not having brains enough for either, I will learn to cut dresses a la mode; that is, if I don't get discouraged."
"And give your customers equal parts of dry-goods and French?" asked Allen.
"Yes," said Kitty, "if I find that fills the money-drawer."
"And you, Miss Ellison—are you going to teach young ladies to talk French, or write a book?"
"Not the first, certainly," said Fanny; "I like French well enough to read or study but I do not like this mongrel, part French and part English, and often bad grammar at that."
"Is that the reason you never use French phrases?" asked Kitty.
"Yes, as I said, I want one language or the other. An American among Americans, why should I speak French—especially as

it must be with an accent that would shock a Frenchman?"
"Why, to prove you have had a fashionable education, and would have made a pretty good monkey, if you had happened to be one, certainly," said Kitty, laughing.
"You read French?" asked Allen.
"O yes, I like to read it, except in stories part English and part French. But I suppose these ideas do not please you, Mr. Allen, after your long residence in beautiful France."
"Now why could you not have said 'belle France'?" asked Kitty.
"Young ladies, you know, always claim the right to say what they please," Allen with a graceful bow to each of the ladies, indicating that this was a sufficient answer to both of their questions.
"But," he added, rising to go, "I have been waiting for a chance to offer my services to Miss Ellison on her shopping expedition, for I see she has her shopping bag upon her arm."
"And I have been waiting," said Fanny laughing, but not rising, "to have a little private talk with Kitty before I go."
So Allen departed alone.
Lena Athling was Fanny Ellison's most intimate friend; and so it happened, very naturally, when on a certain Thursday morning, all of the signs predicting a drenching rain within an hour or two, than Fanny should send a very urgent invitation to her to come to "pass the storm" with her, Lena came. The storm did not pass over till Friday, and it had been arranged that the visit should not terminate till Saturday.—Various interruptions had prevented any very lengthy confidential chats between them during the day, and Lena's constitutional sleepiness, during the sleepy hours, had before proved to Fanny that it was altogether too hard work to talk and keep her friend awake at the same time. But now a long winter evening was before them, and as the drew around the glowing grate in Fanny's room, they promised themselves a nice, cozy chat, free from interruption. It was opened by Lena's exclaiming—
"What do you think of Frank Allen, Fanny?"
"Well, I have not made up my mind yet. Some things about him I like much, but confidently, Lena, I do suspect he has some rather despicable qualities."
"What, for instance?"
"The first thing I think of is—
"A knock at the door, and Biddy announced:
"Please, ma'am, Mr. Allen is in the drawing room, and wishes to see Miss Athling and Miss Ellison."
To paint the disappointment of the friends would not require the pencil of Salvator Rosa, but it would require more words than we have space, so we shall only record Lena's exclamation, "How did he know I was here?" as, in no very happy mood, they went to receive their visitor.
"How did you know I was here?" asked Lena, as she took possession of a fauteuil.
"Calling at your father's, I was told you was here, and as I intended to call here to-morrow evening, I thought I would condense two pleasures into one. I hope I have not disturbed your plans for the evening?"
"But indeed you have," said Lena, "we had just set down for a little quiet scandal. I had just asked Fanny what she thought of Mr. Allen, and she had just reached the intensely interesting part which must have followed I think, when you were announced. You ought to be intensely agreeable this evening, to pay for the bit of dissection you have caused me to lose."
"Dear me how unfortunate!" said Allen.
"Pray, can you tell me whether the opinion was favorable or otherwise?"
"I don't know anything about it," said Lena, "but I don't not she was going to say at the very least, that you were a great calculator of the world of feminines."
"How so?"
"Why, you know you said, the other evening, that ladies qualified to be Mrs. Allen, must be very rare."
"Have a little mercy, Lena," said Fanny laughing, "six months from twelfth night he makes his selection. Perhaps we may have a half hour's amusement in studying the peculiarities of this rare woman."
"Six months?" asked Allen, in surprise.
"Yes," answered Fanny, "you gave that time."
"I forgot it, but I will try to meet the appointment, and by the way, I have met a lady who has passed one of the tests.
Somebody says this public announcement of my wants and intentions will frighten me all but scheming ladies. What do you think?"
"I think it was undoubtedly a gentleman who said it, and it is only another instance of manly self-conceit. You all think you are great bargains anxiously sought for by all marriageable ladies, whereas the truth is masculine schemers matrimonial are as ten to one of the like class of our sex."
"My dear Miss Ellison, spare your eloquence, I entreat you," interrupted Allen, laughing. "How I do pity the poor fellow who is doomed to pass your tests."
Of course Fanny made a suitable reply, but we have put on record all of the conversation which it pleases us to make public. We hasten now to report the decision. It was generally understood among Frank Allen's acquaintances that six months from Twelfth-night the decision was to be made. At first this caused him some uneasiness; but, gradually becoming better satisfied with the course of human events in his

own case, he had, upon being sorely pressed, declared, a week before the appointed time, that he was now ready to fulfill the promise so carelessly given, so far as it depended on him. Expectation was on tiptoe. None could guess who the lady could be, for, if a particular attention was accorded to one, it was sure to be speedily equalled by some attention to another. Expectation however, demanded that he should select from among eight of his acquaintances of whom we have mentioned only four though candor compels us to allow that our own favoritism, not Mr. Allen's, has drawn the distinction. Among Mr. Allen's gentleman friends, quite a number of bets, were taken upon the chances of these ladies—those who missed their guess being pledged to write in giving the bride a handsome silver service. Mrs. St. Simon issued cards, for the evening succeeding the eventful day to all the guests of her Twelfth night party with malice prepense, many said thinking that the secret might then be discovered.
On the appointed day Mr. Allen called on each of the eight ladies, but the public were unable to decide if to any of them he breathed the important subject. We will tell the reader, however, that his last call was upon Fanny Ellison, and not to obtrude ourselves too soon, will begin reporting the following, probably in reply to something we have lost:
"You will remember, Mr. Allen, that I also had some tests; let me see if you can pass them. The first was, you were to remove a single article of clothing until you have taken a cup or more of some kind of hot drink."
"Sorely you are not serious?"
"Indeed, then, I am." It required some time to convince him that she was in earnest, and then he was forced to confess that no lady had ever refused him.
"Suffer me to undeceive you," said Fanny, opening an escritoire, and taking therefrom a package of letters. Allen started in surprise, but the lady, unheeding opened a note and read: "Mr. Allen invited me to attend the concert this evening, but I was obliged to refuse him, being previously engaged." Folding the note again, she remarked: "I have proof of twenty-five similar refusals. You have passed that test, but had you been critical in your examination of my remark, you would not thus have understood it; but the thoughts of you men are always upon matrimony and you judge others by yourselves."
"My second test," continued Fanny, "is the power to command my obedience; and the third, proof that you can keep a secret. Neither has been proved; but, here the lady blushed, "you may tell your friends you have not been refused, and I will consider myself bound to fulfill any expectation such a statement may cause, on these conditions: Within six months you are to pass my second test, and, during that time, no one is to suspect, through word or act of yours, our present relations; and your three tests must not be disclosed."
To this Allen agreed, adding: I now fulfill the promise to inform you within twenty-four hours after my decision should be declared. I am conditionally engaged to Miss Fanny Ellison."
I presume, reader, there was some more nonsense uttered, but as they alone are responsible for it, let it pass. Allen faithfully kept his promise, and the next year Mrs. St. Simon omitted her usual Twelfth night party to attend the reception of Mrs. Frank Allen, then, and not till then, did Mr. Allen make known his three tests or requirements: "A common sense and true dignity, which would not be embarrassed by the knowledge that he sought a wife; a sympathy with his great dislike of French phrases in English conversation, and not least, the good sense to appreciate his good qualities sufficiently to accept his preference."
Affairs in Memphis.
A gentleman just arrived in Cincinnati, from Tennessee, reports:
Business in Memphis is completely prostrated. Two-thirds of the business houses are closed altogether; the others keep open from nine o'clock in the morning until three in the afternoon. The streets are desolate, and not more than one-half the dwellings occupied. Shortly after the breaking out of the war about 2,000 men left for the North. Since then nine-tenths of the able bodied men of the city have enlisted in the Southern army. The women are very zealous in the cause of secession and have formed more than twenty societies for the manufacture of wearing apparel for the soldiers. Provisions are very high in the South, as our readers are already aware. In Memphis flour sells from \$9 to \$12 per barrel, bacon brings 35 to 40 cents per pound. Fresh pork is sold at 10 cents per pound—the lowness of the price being accounted for by the fact that salt is so scarce as to command \$1 per sack. Coffee is sold at from 60 to 75 cents per pound, and would be dearer still but for the plenty of substitutes, which are so freely used as to make the demand for the genuine article very small. The leading men of the South have so long been accustomed to the use of Rye that they find it easy to take instead of Rye—Unless the blockade is raised, very soon the Dixian provinces will be resolved into one grand state—a state of Egyptian darkness. Candles are in demand at \$1 25 per pound, and these a very poor quality. The scarcity of coal has compelled the manufacturers of gas to mix a great deal of turpentine in the black diamonds. The consequence is that the people of Memphis see through the gas darkly, and are constantly crying for "light—more light!" Soap is another scarce article. It sells as high as candles—not less than a dollar per pound in boarding houses, as a consequence one lather has to be the purpose of several. But the article which the Southern heart most feels the need of, is whiskey, and that has gone up to \$3 50 per gallon—hardly to be had even at that.

Healthful Observances.
1. To eat when you do not feel like it is brutal, nay, this is a slander on the lower animals; they do not so debase themselves.
2. Do not enter into a sick chamber on an empty stomach, nor remain as a watcher or nurse until you feel almost exhausted, nor sit between the patient and the fire, nor in the direction of a current of air from the patient towards yourself, nor eat or drink anything after being in a sick room until you have rinsed your mouth thoroughly.
3. Do not sleep in any garment worn during the day.
4. Most grown persons are unable to sleep soundly and refreshingly over seven hours in summer, and eight in winter; the attempt to force more sleep on the system by a nap in the daytime, or a "second nap" in the morning, renders the whole of the sleeps disturbed and imperfect.
5. Some of the most painful "stomach aches" are occasioned by indigestion; this generates wind and hence distension. It is often promptly remedied by kneading the abdomen with the ball of the hand, skin to skin, from the lower edge of the ribs downwards, because the accumulated air is forced on and outwards along the alimentary canal.
6. When you return to your house from a long walk or other exhaustive exercise, go to the fire or warm room, and do not remove a single article of clothing until you have taken a cup or more of some kind of hot drink.
7. In going into a colder atmosphere, keep the mouth closed, and walk with a rapidity sufficient to keep off a feeling of chilliness.
8. Two pair of thin stockings will keep the feet warmer than one pair of a greater thickness than both.
9. The "night sweats" of disease come on towards daylight: their deadly clamminess and coldness is greatly modified by sleeping in a single, loose, long woolen shirt.
10. The man or woman who drinks a cup of strong tea or coffee, or other stimulant in order to aid in the better performance of any work or duty, public or private, is a fool because it is to the body and brain an expenditure of what is not yet got; it is using power in advance, and this can never be done, even once, with perfect impunity.
11. The less a man drinks of anything in hot weather the better, for the more we drink, until even ice water falls and becomes of a metallic taste, the longer you can put off drinking cold water on the morning of a hot day, the better you will feel at night.
12. Drinking largely at meals, even of cold water or simple teas, is mere habit and is always hurtful. No one should drink at any one meal more than a quarter of a pint of any liquid, even of cold water, for it always retards, impairs, interferes with a healthful digestion.
13. If you sleep at all in the daytime, it will interfere with the soundness of your sleep at night much less if the nap be taken in the forenoon.
14. A short nap in the daytime may be necessary to some. Let it not exceed ten minutes to this end sleep with the forehead on a chair back or edge of the table.
15. Never swallow an atom of food while in a passion, or if under any great mental excitement whether of a depressing or elevating character; brutes would do it.
An Editor.
Reader, have you ever tried to draw an Editor in your imagination? If you have, we feel pretty confident that you widely failed to sketch a true representation.—Some people have an idea that he is a well-dressed well-fed, well-treated and well-esteemed, gentleman; that everybody is anxious to make his acquaintance, that he is invariably invited to every "hop" or "occasion" held within fifty miles around, and that he lives on substantial fare and tiches delicacies. Oh—ho! Such a picture represents his Humble Self about as much as the angel Gabriel favors a blind oakum spinner with a lean herring in his teeth! Just think of it, wretched editor—how they figure you in high-heeled patent leather boots and French broad-cloth, with an expensive silk tie resting on your apex, and gracefully shading your right eye, your pockets crammed with the "ready down," everybody shaking your hand right and left, dancing at all the parties, found at the head of every great dinner or supper table, while your family board is groaning beneath a heavy store of tempting supplies, and your house always the centre of attraction to the "best families!" We should be inexpressively happy to see editors basking in such bliss, for no other class of people so richly deserve the luxuries and esteem of the world as the toiling, weary editors. But also like Peggy Boomstick's hens, "they've got to scratch for their living!" Permit us, if you please, to paint a correct scene of modern editorial life in our "districts." Come with us up your long flight of stairs and we will enter an editor's sanatorium. There he sits at his table, a melancholic, care worn, outraged looking individual. His habiliments (they were once new broad cloth, but 'twas long ago, before he became an editor, when he was yet a "four,") glisten with a thick coat of ink wherever free from rents. His hair

is tangled and dimly checkered with gray, and his arm trembles from excessive labor. Around him lie exchanges, half-written editorials, puff, rejected manuscripts, "liberals propositions," and any number of closely smoked cigar stumps, all in admirable confusion. He trembles whenever the door opens, fearing that some heartless creditor has "called in to see whether he is prepared to settle that little bill to-day," or that some angry, blustering bully has "dropped in," who wishes "to have satisfaction" for some "contemptible article" which appeared in "the paper;" expecting to take it out of the poor victim's corpulent sole with a cow-hide and a sharp pair of boot toes. He is his own foreman, compositor, pressman and "devil!" He cannot afford to hire assistance. He has not seen a whole dollar at one time since he "worked by the thousand," and his credit is refused by all the "leading firms" in town. People regard him suspiciously on the street, and clap their hands on their pockets, eyeing him askance, whenever he nears them. He must be very careful how he speaks, or his office will be "ginted," and he will be punished for treason. No one shakes his hand except now and then a hypocritical creditor, who hopes to draw out the full face of the note which he holds against him, by a shake of the hand and homed phrases. But old Ink Keg can read the man right through. His boots are heavy brogans; his hat is a dollar felt invention which some generous hearted mercant presented him for a fifteen-line puff; and he has carried no watch since he was business agent for Grub & Swear, new land cleaners. He gets his pencils wherever he can, swaps old exchanges on bad cigars, and does without ale. He lives on promises to pay, and is growing rich on poverty. Poor man, he has done much for the place, but when he asks for a decent living; no one hears him. The good people of the village are rewarding his labors with calumny and abuse, injuring his reputation all they can, and pillering his scanty dues. Who would not be an editor? "The fish to sit in the dingy daylight, or by a tallow-dip's glare, writing till old Death blows out your candle with a breath of starvation."
From the Upper Potomac.
The Wheeling Intelligencer of yesterday [Feb 3d] says:
"There were many rumors in the city about the condition of things at Patterson's Creek. It was said that our forces were again threatened there and would in all likelihood make another masterly advance in the wrong direction. Of course these rumors are no to be relied upon. Nearly all the ammunition in store here was examined yesterday and got ready for shipment to Patterson's Creek, but there is nothing in that to induce us to believe that there is anything unusual going to happen. The best evidence of an approaching fight that we have seen, is a prevalent sense of brass buttons on a shoulder straps in and about the city."
A correspondent of the Intelligencer also furnishes the following:
"On the 30th ult, a party of Federal cavalry went out from New Creek, on the Northwestern Turnpike, leading to Romney as far as Jas. Fleming's, nine miles west of Romney, where they halted, having gone as near Romney as they thought prudent.—But one Lieutenant, wishing to have a little more fun, started off on the Romney end of the road, as a baiter to all that dare follow, and immediately seven others joined. The main party went down to the mills owned by Jas. Sheets, [a rebel] and known as Sheet's Mills which they burned. I considered this a wanton destruction of property, as it had never been occupied by the enemy, and contained a considerable quantity of grain belonging to Union men, at the time it was burned. It was also patronized principally by Union men."
"The eight men I spoke of going towards Romney to have a little more sport, were soon to be gratified, for they had proceeded but about a mile, and were making a turn in the road near the house of Mr. D. A. Leatherman, a firm Union man, where they discovered a party of rebel cavalry.—They immediately set up a yell and started after them, the rebels having taken the alarm, started pell-mell across a meadow. Our men being but a short distance behind fired after them, and say that they emptied three saddles. The rebels had taken Mr. Leatherman prisoner, and were just ready to start for Romney, where they intended to press him into service, when our troops happened to be just in time to prevent it.—Mr. Leatherman was then directed to mount his horse and go with them. They had proceeded but a short distance when they discovered about fifty rebel cavalry coming after them. They fired several shots at our men, which passed harmlessly over their heads. After which the rebels returned to Romney, where I am credibly informed there are not more than 2,000 rebels under Gen. Loring. The others went to Sheet's Mills where they fell in with the rest of their company, and all returned in safety to New Creek. Mr. Leatherman among the number. And now I would say, that to Union men it seems passing strange that they most thus be dragged from their homes and pressed into the rebel army by 2,000 rebels, while there is such a heavy force of Federal troops in and on the borders of their country."
Moral remedies will not eradicate physical need.