

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

W. H. JACOBY, Proprietor.]

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

[Two Dollars per Annum.

VOLUME 14.

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA

COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY MARCH 26, 1862.

NUMBER 12.

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 subscrib-
ing; two dollars and fifty cents if not paid
within the year. No subscription taken for
a less period than six months; no discon-
tinuance 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.

I WISH I WAS A "FELLOW."

BY VIOLA.

"I wish I was a 'fellow,'
A 'fellow' young and gay;
And owned a gallant charger,
A sorrel black or bay.
O then I'd buy him forage,
Both corn and oats and hay,
And silver mounted harness,
With other trappings gay.
I'd purchase then a carriage,
In summer time to ride;
To journey thro' the valley,
And down the mountain's side.
I then would ask some dame,
With me to ride along;
Laughingly I'd talk to her,
And sing some merry song.
And when the stars are twinkling,
The moon is shining bright;
We'd ride along the river,
Some clear and pleasant night.
We'd view the waters sparkling
Beneath the moonlight's rays,
Just like the dancing, graceful,
Of many elfin faes.
We'd hear the gentle zephyrs
Soft sighing in the trees;
And hear the leaflets rustle
While fluttering in the breeze.
I boldly then, but gently,
Her lily hand would seize;
Softly press my lips upon—
(That's if I'd not displease.)
I'd circle my arm around
Her slight and lady form,
I'd kiss her forehead snowy;
Draw close her trembling form.
I'd ask her if she loved me,
And if I could be blest
With—but hold my rambling pen,
They'll have to guess the rest.

MUGGINS IS OURS.

The indomitable and enterprising O. C. K. thrills us to ecstasy by his fiery account of the reduction of Fort Miggins, in Accomac, and our readers will join with us in praising the marvelous wisdom evinced by the celebrated Capt. William Brown in his proclamation to the press. The idea of giving the people all the news of America with which they have nothing more to do than is involved in the obligation to furnish pay, food, arms and clothing, therefore, is simply ridiculous, and must not be encouraged by great men.—*Voila!*

The Grand Army of the Potomac, my boy, is still *requiescat in pace* and mud; and at the request of the superintendent of a celebrated lunatic asylum, Secretary Stanton has forbidden the press to publish any news whatever. A Friend of Justice represented to the Secretary that this order would affect but few newspapers in the country, as it is a well-known fact that a majority of the journals of the United States of America never attempt to give any news; but the Secretary said that he never read any paper but the *Weehawken Patriot*, and had addressed a letter to that sheet, showing that his sole object in issuing the order was—not to fetter the press, but to give Gen. McClellan proper credit before the country.

Not being a statesman, my boy, and not wearing spectacles, I can't see the matter in this light. In fact, as I said before, the order is really given for the relief of lunatic asylums; as there is good reason to believe that a persistence of the press in giving reliable war news for another six months would make all our fellow countrymen as crazy as so many Congressmen.

I know a man, my boy, who was driven to lunacy by reliable war news. He was in the prime of life when the war broke out, and took such an interest in the struggle that it soon became nearly equal to the interest on his debts. With all the enthusiasm of vegetable youth he subscribed for all the papers, and commenced to read all the reliable war news. In this way he learned that all was quiet on the Potomac, and immediately went to congratulate his friends and purchase six American flags. On the following morning he wrapped himself in the banners of his country and learned from all the papers that all was quiet on the Potomac. His joy at once became intense; he hoisted a flag on the lightning-rod of his domicile, purchased a national pocket-handkerchief, bought six hand-organs that played the Star Spangled Banner, and drank nothing but gun powder tea. In the past six months, however, there was a great change in our military affairs; the back bone of the rebellion was broken; the sound of thunder came from all parts of the sky, and fifty-three excellent family journals informed the enthusiast that all was quiet on the Potomac. He now became fairly mad with bliss, and volunteered to sit up with a young lady whose brother was a soldier. On the following morning he commenced to read Bancroft's History of the United States, with Hardee's Tactics appended, only pausing long

enough to learn from the daily press that all was quiet on the Potomac. Thus, in a fairy dream of delicious joy, passed the greater part of this devoted patriot's life and even as his hair turned gray and his form began to bend with old age, his eye flashed in eternal youth over the still reliable war news. At length there came a great change in the military career of the republic; the rebellion received its death-wound, and Washington's Birth-day boomed upon the United States of America. It was the morning of that glorious day, and the venerable patriot was tottering about the room with his cane, when his great grandchild, a lad of twenty-five, came thundering into the room with forty-three daily papers under his arm.

"Old man!" says he, in transport, "there's great news."
"Boy, boy!" says the aged patriot, "do not trifle with me. Can it be that—"
"Bet your life!"
"Is it then a fact that—"
"Yes!"
"Am I to believe that—"
"ALL IS QUIET ON THE POTOMAC!"
It was too much for the venerable Brutus; he clutched at the air, spun once on his left heel, sang a stave of John Brown's Body, and stood transfixed with ecstasy.

"Thank heaven," says he, "for sparing me too see this day!"
After which he became hopelessly insane my boy, and raved so awfully about all our great generals turning into mudbricks that his afflicted family had to send him to the asylum.

This veracious and touching biography will show you how dangerous to public health is reliable war news, and convince you that the Secretary's order to the press is only a proper sanitary measure.

I am all the more resigned to it, my boy, because it affects me so little, that I am even able to give you a strictly reliable account of a great movement shortly to take place.

Yesterday, as I sat sipping the Oath in my room, and attentively examining a mirror which reflected with life-like accuracy the young woman doing up her black hair in a room across the street, my page, Mr. Mortimer Montague, introduced a fascinating youth, whose serpentine looks, big bonnet, and perishable gloves, made me think of a barber confounded with a tailor under pledge of compromise with a ladies' shoemaker.

"Your name, sir?" says I, with a slight cough.

"Why cough?" says he.
"Well," says I, "why, how can I help coughing, when my visitor puts on an enough air to give anybody a cold?"

"Joke," says he, smiling like a Miss Gambler when he steps ashore at New Orleans with his pocket full of winnings. "I come," says he, "to tell you some important information concerning McClellan's plan for an advance to Manassas."

"How did you get it, my Adonis?" says I.

"I am acquainted with one of the chambermaids at the White House," says he, "and she divulged the plan."

"Well," says I, "there's the greenback, and now for the plan."

The beautiful stranger cleared his voice with a lozenge, and says he:

"The plan is this: A secret circular is to be immediately issued to all the brigadiers on the Potomac informing them that a new bar-room has just been opened at Manassas, with free lunch every day. It is calculated that this exciting document will produce an immediate advance of the whole Potomac army to the point named as the brigadiers are all such strict temperance men that they would consider it their religious duty to immediately put the liquor out of the way. Nothing, in fact, could prevent an immediate and irresistible advance under such circumstances."

"Admirable young man!" says I, "if what you say be true, Manassas is doomed.—The South is destined to speedy humiliation; for our brigadiers will pitch 'er and tumble 'er about so, that whatever peace we offer her she will be too glad to gobble up while she can."

From this conversation, my boy, you can infer what you choose; but it seems sound. The South will be whipped at her strong hold, even if it be held ale. A bruiser ventured to tell the general of the Mackerel Brigade the other day that he didn't think the South could be beaten.

"The South?" says the general, suffering a bit of lemon peel to come to the front in his mouth, "The South! why my dear old Rosbif, we can lick her without half-trying."

I went down to Accomac early in the week, my boy, having heard that Captain William Brown and the Conic section of the Mackerel Brigade were about to march upon Fort Miggins, where Jeff Davis, Beauregard, Mason, Slidell, Yancey, and the whole rebel Congress were believed to be entrenched. Mounted on my gothic steed Pegasus, who only blew down once in the whole journey, I repaired to Villain's department, and was taking notes of the advance upon a sheet of paper spread upon the ground, when the commander of Accomac approached me, and says he:

"What are you doing, my bantam?"

"I'm taking notes," says I, "for a journal which has such an immense circulation among our gallant troops that when they begin to read it in the camps, it looks, from a distance, as though there had just been a heavy snow storm."

"Ah," says Villain, thoughtfully, "news-papers and snow storms are somewhat

alike; for both make black appear white. But," says Villain, philosophically, "the snow is more moral; for you can't lie in that with safety, as you can in a newspaper. In the language of General Grant at Donelson," says Villain, stertorily: "I propose to move upon your works immediately."

And with that he planted one of his boots right in the middle of my paper.

"Read that ere Napoleonica document," says Villain, handing me a scroll. It was as follows:

NOTICE.

Having noticed that the press of the United States of America is making a ass of itself, by giving information to the enemy concerning the best methods of carrying on the strategy of war, I do hereby assume control of all special correspondents, forbidding them to transmit anything but private business; neither they, nor their wives, nor their children, to the third and fourth generation.

1. It is ordered, that all advice from editors to the War Department, to the general commanding, or to the generals commanding the armies in the field, be absolutely forbidden; as such advice is calculated to make the United States of America a idiot.

11. Any newspaper publishing any news whatever, however obtained, shall be excluded from all railroads and steamboats in order that country journals which receive the same news during the following year, may not be injured in circulation.

11. This control of Special Correspondents does not include the correspondent of the London Times, who wouldn't be believed if he published all the news of the next Christian era. By order of

Villain Brown, Esquire,

Capt. Conic Section Mackerel Brigade.

I had remounted Pegasus while reading this able State paper, my boy, and had just finished it, when a nervous member of the advance-guard, accidentally touched off a cannon, whose report was almost immediately answered by one from the dense fog before us.

"Ha!" says Capt. Villain Brown, suddenly leaping from his steed, and creeping under it—to examine if the saddle girth was all right—"the fog is right before us in the fog, and the rebels are awake. Let the Chester County Company advance with their howitzers, and fire to the northeast."

The Chester County Company, my boy, instantly wheeled their howitzers into position and sent some pounds of grape towards the meridian, the roar of their weapons of death being instantaneously answered by a thundering crash in the fog.

Company 5, Regiment 3, Mackerel Brigade now went forward six yards at double quick and poured in a rattling volley of musketry dodging fearlessly when exactly the same kind of a volley was heard in the fog and wishing that they might have a few rebels for supper.

"Ha!" says Captain Villain Brown, when he noticed that nobody seemed to be killed yet;—"Providence is on our side and this unnatural rebellion is squelched. Let the Anatomical Cavalry charge into the fog and demand the surrender of Fort Miggins!" continued Villain, compressing his lips with mad valor, "while I repair to that tree back there and see if there is not a fiendish secessionist lurking behind it."

The Anatomical Cavalry immediately dismounted from their horses, which were too old to be used in a charge, and gallantly entered the fog, with their sabres bent in their teeth, and their hands in their pockets—being a part of their tactics to catch a rebel before cutting his head off.

In the meantime, my boy, the Chester county howitzers and the Mackerel muskets were hurling a continuous fire into the clouds, stirring up the angels, and loosening the rebels from the fog fight, but not one of our men had yet left.

Captain William Brown was just coming down from the top of a very tall tree which he had gone to search for masked batteries, when the fog commenced lifting, and disclosed the Anatomical Cavalry returning at double quick.

Instantly our fire ceased, and so did that of the rebels.

"Does the fort surrender to the United States of America?" says Villain to the captain of the Anatomicals.

The gallant dragon sighed, and says he: "I used my magnifying glass, but could find no fort."

At this moment, my boy, a sharp sun beam cleft the fog as a sword does a veil, and the mist rolled away from the scene in two volumes, disclosing to our view a fine cabbage patch, with a dense wood beyond.

Villain deliberately raised a bottle to his eye and gazed through it upon the unexpected prospect.

"Ha!" says he, sadly, "the garrioso has cut its way through the fog and escaped but Fort Miggins is ours. Let the flag of our Union be planted on the ramparts," says Villain, with much perspiration "and I will immediately issue a proclamation to the people of the United States of America."

Believing that Villain was somewhat too hasty in his conclusions, my boy, I ventured to insinuate that what he had taken for a fort in the fog, was really nothing but a cabbage inclosure, and that the escaped were purely imaginary.

"Imaginary!" says Villain, hastily placing his canteen in his pocket. Why didn't you hear the roar of their artillery?"

"Do you see that thick wood yonder?" says I.

Says he, "It is visible to the undressed eye."

"Well," says I, "what you took for the sound of rebel firing, was only the echo of your own firing, in that wood."

Villain pondered for a few moments, my boy, like one who was considering the propriety of saying nothing in as few words as possible, and then he looked angrily at me and says he:

"My proclamation for the press will cover all this, and the news of this here engagement will keep until the war is over. Ah! says Villain, 'I wouldn't have the news of this affair published on any account, for if the Government thought I was trying to cabage in my Department, it would make me minister to Russia immediately.'

As the Conic section of the Mackerel Brigade returned slowly to head-quarters, my boy, I thought to myself, How often does man, after making something his particular forte, discover at last that it is only a cabbage-patch, and hardly large enough at that for a big hog like himself!

Yours, philanthropically,

ORPHEUS C. KENN.

The Mule Driver and General Nelson.

Our boys are furious for practical jokes, and are constantly on the look-out for subjects. One was recently procured in the person of a new teamster, who had the charge of six large shaggy mules. John was also the proprietor of two bottles of old Bourbon—a contraband in camp—which was discovered, and resolved to possess.

Being aware that the driver's presence was an impediment to the theft, he hit upon the following plan to get rid of him.

And approaching the driver, who was busy carrying his mules, he accosted him with: "I say, old fellow, what are you doing there?"

"Can't you see?" replied John gruffly.

"Certainly," responded the wag, "but that is not your business. It is after tattoo, and there is a fellow hired here by the General, who carries all the mules and horses brought in after tattoo."

The mule-driver bit at once, and wanted to know where the hair dresser kept himself. Whereupon he was directed to Gen. Nelson's tent, with the assurance that there was where the fellow hung out.

"You can't mistake the man," said the wag, "he's a large fellow, and puts on a thundering sight of airs for a man in his business. He will probably refuse to do it and tell you to go to the devil, but don't mind that, he has been drinking to-day.—Make him come out, sure."

John posted off, and entering the tent where our Napoleon of the Fourth Division sat in deep reverie, probably considering the most expeditious method of expelling the rebel Buckner from his native State, slapping him on the back with force sufficient to annihilate a man of ordinary size. Springing to his feet, the General accosted his uninvited guest with, "Well, sir, who are you, and what the devil do you want?"

"Old boss, I've got a job for you now—six mules to be curried, and right off, too," said the captain of mules, nothing daunted at the flashing eye of the General.

"Do you know whom you are addressing, sir?" asked the indignant commander.

"Yes," said John, elevating his voice to a pitch which rendered the words audible a square off, "you are the fellow hired by Uncle Sam to clean mules, and I won't have any fooliness. Clean them mules, and I'll give you a drink of brandy."

"You infernal villain!" exclaimed the General now perfectly furious, "I am Gen. Nelson, commander of this division!"

John placed the thumb of his right hand against his nose, and extending his fingers, waved them slowly, in a manner supposed by some to be indicative of great wisdom.

The General's sword leaped from its scabbard, and John from the tent just in time to save his head.

Our boys drank the "big mule driver's" health in the Bourbon. The story soon got out, and is now the joke of the season.

TARGET PATRIOTISM IN BALTIMORE.—Our Union friends of Baltimore have just been spurring up some of their Secesh citizens to a prompt though tardy display of loyalty suited to the times. After the surrender of Fort Donelson an effective number of the friends of Government paid a visit to the proprietors of the Baltimore Sun—which paper, with former Southern proclivities, has lately observed a sullen silence in political matters—and reminded them that the American flag was not visible in or around the establishment. After a brief interval the omission was rectified. The proprietor of Barnum's Hotel, another Southern sympathiser, had his attention called to the same defect noticeable about his premises, with an equal happy effect. Bunting was also raised on the top of the Washington Monument, which was excessively distasteful to the numerous Secesh dwellings in the neighborhood. Altogether, our numerous friends in the Monumental City seem to be getting on very well.

A distinguished divine, on a certain occasion, while preaching with his usual eloquence and power, said: "Brethren, I sometimes illustrate my subject in this manner; and putting his handkerchief in his nose, blew a blast loud enough to wake the seven sleepers. That was not the intended illustration, but some of his hearers thought it was.

He who knows his ignorance is the possessor of the rarest kind of valuable knowledge.

New Orleans has sent one hundred and twenty-seven companies to the war.

Forcible Reasons for Maintaining the Democratic Organization.

The New Haven (Ct.) Register, in stating the reasons for refusing to surrender the Democratic organization in that State, thus forcibly and truthfully delineates the mission and duty of the Democratic party:

The mission of the Democratic party is a high and noble one. It is to see that the Union is preserved, the Constitution is maintained inviolate, the law executed the Government sustained, and property restored to the country. Out of power it is its mission to illustrate the correctness of its principles by an obedient acquiescence to the form of government which it has instituted, as if it were in possession of Government. The vital principle of Democracy is, that the majority must govern; at the same time, it is the mission of the Democratic party to see that there are no deviations from the chapter which prescribes our form of government, and the rights of all citizens under it. Whilst we maintain our loyalty at every point, and stand firm to our obligations, we must prove our sincerity and faith in popular government, by taking care that no infringements are practiced upon the common weal. Standing by the Constitution, therefore, the Democratic party is impregnable; and whatever other organizations may do, we must not be deceived or misled. However thick the darkness, we must steer by the pole star of the Constitution; for there is no other safety. If we lose that, we are hopelessly bewildered. Like the Christian Church—which has outlived alike persecutors and treachery, from the earliest faith of its followers, the Democratic party, the party of the Constitution, must guard up its loins the firmer for the very threatening of its existence.—When this Government emerges from its present difficulties, as it eventually must, its salvation will be seen in a strict adherence to the terms of the original bond of brotherhood. If the Democratic party continues to stand on that basis—as it must if it stands at all—to it will be due the credit of saving the country from this unnatural rebellion.

What Does It Mean?

The New York correspondent of the Boston Post, who signs himself "Not wester," and who is understood to be a member of the Young Men's Christian Association, gives the following doleful account of the condition of the Republican party:

The Republican party is getting into a very bad way, and the indications are numerous that its career will ere long be cut short by internal dissensions of the character of those that carried off Charles Lamb's "much esteemed King Herod"—who, we are told, was eaten of worms and gave up the ghost. The model party of 1860 having passed through the tape-worm stage, in which it tried to devour everything outside of itself, seems now to have fallen a prey to inside enemies of the pin-worm species, whose determined and persistent attacks upon the body at large, sooner or later bring Republicanism into the condition of Dr. Holme's one horse play—which went out in a cloud of dust all of a sudden, one fine day. Between conservatives and radicals, temporisers and trimmers, emancipationists and forward movement men, Lincoln worshippers and Lincoln haters, Weeds and anti-Weeds the ins and the outs the Fremous and the Blairs, and the various other political authorities composing modern Republicanism, it is no difficult or doubtful prognostic that the party whose representatives now administer the government will soon be under the clouds of the valley, and even now while in the midst of life, it is undergoing the throes of death.—Here there are unmistakable signs of decay; mortified members are dropping off; sore heads multiply most egregiously; leaders lose their wonted influence, the sceptre slips from their grasp; new combinations are forming; personal revenges are being gratified; the old war cry is forgotten and many of the most energetic workers of the party's palmy days are confessedly metamorphosed into political guerrillas, each fighting his individual battles and all treating the once adored party as a common enemy. Out of the ruins—or, in a certain sense, out of the depths, new platforms are evolved, new projects elaborated, not the least important of which is the inauguration of a new party under the name of Republican Democrats now organized in this city.

THE MEXICAN COALITION.—France and England are getting exceedingly jealous of Spain and her designs in Mexico. England is more than half inclined to back out of the coalition, and France intends to send troops enough to make the Emperor master of whatever movement is designed. England is not disposed to force any Government upon Mexico, and it is not improbable that Spain and France persist in their scheme of a monarchy, with the Archduke Maximilian on the throne, that England will withdraw from the coalition.

It is told of a Connecticut field officer, better acquainted with farming than soldiering, that when circumstances placed him in command of his regiment at Hatteras, he wished to oblique his column in marching, and gave the order, "Haw around that mud-puddle!"

He who knows his ignorance is the possessor of the rarest kind of valuable knowledge.

New Orleans has sent one hundred and twenty-seven companies to the war.

Air, Sunshine and Health.

A New York merchant noticed, in the progress of years, that each successive book-keeper gradually lost his health, and finally died of consumption, however vigorous and robust he was on entering his service. At length it occurred to him that the little rear room where the books were kept opened to a backyard, so surrounded by high walls, that no sunshine came into it from one year's end to another. An upper room, well lighted, was immediately prepared, and his clerks had uniform good health ever after.

A familiar case to general readers is derived from medical works, where on entire English family became ill, and all remedies seemed to fail of their usual results when, accidentally, a window glass of the family room was broken, in cold weather. It was not repaired in the health of the inmates. The physician at one traced the connection, discontinued his medicines, and ordered that the window pane should not be replaced.

The lungs of a dog become tuberculated (consumptive) in a few weeks, if confined in a dark cellar. The most common plant grows spindly, pale and scraggling, if no sun light falls upon it. The greatest medicinal names in France, of the last century, regarded sunshine and pure air as equal agents in restoring and maintaining health.

From these facts which cannot be disputed, the most common mind should conclude that cellars, and rooms on the northern sides of buildings, or apartments into which the sun does not immediately shine should never be occupied as family rooms or chambers or as libraries or studies. Such apartments are only fit for storage, or purposes which never require persons to remain long at a time. And every intelligent and humane parent will so arrange that the family room is commodious, lightest and brightest apartments in his dwelling.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

An Important Distinction.

The Republicans fearful that Mr. Lincoln cannot stand alone, in the policy pursued under his administration, take particular pains to bolster him up in every manner their ingenuity can devise. It is curious to observe the shifts to which they are compelled to resort in order to sustain him. If any of the many blunders, or seeming corruptions of his administration are pointed out we are immediately menaced with the growl of some rabid Republican in whom the negro-phobia distemper has worked up to the point of asserting, that, "in assailing the President we are assailing the country, and giving aid and comfort to the rebellion." The members of the Republican party didn't always preach up this doctrine, and to show that they are not honest in the opinion, and that Mr. Lincoln himself does believe in it, we reproduce a short extract from one of his peculiar speeches delivered while he had the honor of a seat in Congress. At that day our country was at war with Mexico, the Republican party opposed the war—denounced it as "unnecessary and unconstitutional" and abused the President without stint or mercy. No man was ever more violently and meanly abused than Mr. Polk, and that too by the very same men who are so exceedingly careful of Mr. Lincoln's reputation now that he happens to be the President. Mr. LINCOLN was as foul-mouthed as the worst of them in denouncing the war and in his abuse of the President. He said in one of his speeches—"the blood of this war (Mexican) like the blood of Abel, is crying to heaven against the President." There was not a Republican in the land that did not say "Amen!" to this modest sample of loyalty! We were to apply the same language to President LINCOLN it would be set down as treason and the most doleful lament made over the "attack upon the Government." But Mr. LINCOLN gets out of his abuse of the President by saying, in the speech referred to, that there is an "important distinction" between the President and the Government, and that there is "no difficulty in seeing it," except with those whose "interest blinds them." We will take him at his word, and the Republicans cannot but think him good enough authority in such matters. We hope hereafter there will be no grumbling when an expose of the mismanagement of the war, and the profligacy and extravagance at the White House are made public. Here is the "distinction" drawn by Mr. LINCOLN, between the Government and the position he occupies and we must consider it very *oppos* just now. Mr. LINCOLN says—"To you (Democrats) the President and the country seem to be all one. You are interested to see no distinction between them; and I venture to suggest that possibly your interest blinds you a little. We see the distinction, as we think, clearly enough; and our friends have no difficulty in seeing it also. No one, be he Democrat or Republican, can fail after this in seeing the distinction between the Constitutional Government of the country, and the acts of those who carry on the Administration of the Government. We live under the Government of the country, and we should sustain the Government, and closely watch the encroachment of ambitious men seeking to usurp power not granted to them, and trampling upon the Constitution and liberties of the people.—The friends of Mr. LINCOLN, who, as he says, "are possibly interested to see no distinction" between the President and the Government, may attempt to defend and excuse his acts by the cry that "the govern-

ment must be sustained." This cry according to Mr. Lincoln's own showing is not applicable and will not cover the ground. We know of no one in the North who is not in favor of sustaining the Government without a reservation, but we do know a good many who are not in favor of every act of Mr. Lincoln's Administration. These compose quite too large and respectable a class to be styled "traitors to the Government." We must be watchful that this cry of "sustaining the Government" is not used to cloak usurpation, and give those in power to understand and that usurpation is not Government. Our allegiance to the Constitution requires us to denounce an Administration that tramples the Constitution under foot, and usurps powers fatal to the rights and liberties of a free people. This is a duty freemen must never neglect or forget or they are no longer freemen.—*Faithful Spirit.*

Give Him a Trade.

The advice of Franklin, to give every child a trade by which he can earn a living if necessary, becomes of a human experience older than the sage of our Revolution. In some countries this has been the law, it others a custom. St. Paul, though educated in the law at the feet of Gamshel, also acquired the important oriental handicraft of tent maker by which he was able to earn his living while prosecuting his mission.

It is a good and a wise thing to do. You may be able to leave to your children fortunes, but riches take to themselves wings. You may give them finished educations, and they may be gifted with extraordinary genius, but they may be placed in situations where no education and talent may be so available as some humble, honest trade, by which they can get their living and be useful to others.

It need not take seven years. Several months of earnest work are, in some cases, sufficient to learn an ordinary business. If every young person, male and female, were obliged in the intervals of study, preparatory or professional to farming, gardening, shoemaking, tailoring, blacksmithing, or if ladies, millinery or dressmaking, or one of twenty kinds of work or business, it would always give them a security and independence. It is well for every one to have something to fall back upon. We do not know what revolutions may come in our time. We do not know what misfortunes may come to us individually. There is no harm in being able to take care of ourselves in any possible emergency.

A COMFORTABLE ESTABLISHMENT.—The domain of the duke of Devonshire would cover one of our largest counties. The park immediately surrounding the palace is eleven miles in circumference, and contains 3000 acres. The principal garden for vegetables, fruits, green-houses, &c., is 25 acres. There are 34 green-houses each from 50 to 75 feet long. We went into three or four containing nothing but pine apples, ripe; others contain nothing but melons and cucumbers. One peach-tree on the glass wall measures 51 feet in width, and 15 feet high, and bears 1000 peaches. It is the largest in the world. The grape houses, five or six in all, are 600 feet long and such grapes. We saw pine apples weighing 10 or 15 pounds each. One green-house had only figs, another only mushrooms. But what shall be said of the great conservatory filled with every variety of tropical plants? This is one the wonders of the world. It covers an acre of ground, is 100 feet high, of oval shape and cost 500,000. It is heated by steam and hot water pipes, which in all are six miles in length. The apparatus consumes 6000 tons of coal in a year. We saw banana trees twenty feet high, with clusters of fruit, sugar-cane, coffee trees, bamboo, and in short, every tropical plant that can be named. Several of the palm trees are from fifty to sixty feet high. The smoke of the immense fire underneath, is carried in pipes under ground. The fountain throws a jet of water to the height of 275 feet.

Ancient Hospitality.

It was once a universal custom to place ale or some strong liquor in the chamber of an honored guest to assuage his thirst, should he feel any on awakening in the night which considering that the hospitality of that period often reached excess, was by no means unlikely. It is a current story in Teviotdale, that in the house of an ancient family of wealth, much addicted to the Presbyterian cause, a Bible was always put into the sleeping apartment of the guest along with a bottle of ale. One occasion there was a meeting of clergymen, in the vicinity of the castle, all of whom were invited to dinner by the worthy baronet, and several abode there that night. According to the fashion of the times, seven of the reverend guests were allotted to one large barrack room, which was used on such occasions of extended hospitality. The butler took care that the divines were presented, each with a bible and a bottle of ale.—But after a little consultation among themselves, they are said to have recalled the domestic, just as he was leaving the apartment. "My friend," said one of the venerable guests, "you must know that when we meet to gether the youngest minister reads aloud a portion of the scriptures to the rest, only one Bible therefore is necessary, take away the other six, and in their place bring six more bottles of ale."—*Sp. Writer Scott.*