

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 MAY 21, 1862.

NUMBER 20.

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 discountance 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, 8 00 One year, 80 00

Choice Poetry

THE GIRL WITH THE CALICO DRESS.

A fit for your velvet train and lace,
With their shimmering and laces,
Their diamonds robes and pearls,
And their milliner figures and faces;
They may shine at a party or ball,
Emblazoned with hall their possessors,
But give me in place of them all,
The girl with the calico dress.

She is plump as a partridge, and fair
As those in the earliest bloom,
Her teeth will with ivory compare,
And her breath with the clover perfume.
Her step is as free and as light,
As the leaves of the hawthorn hard,
And her eye is as soft and as bright,
My girl with the calico dress.

Your dainties and foppings may sneer
At her simple and modest attire,
But the charms she permits to appear
Would set a whole iceberg on fire.
She can dance but she never allows
The hogging, the squeezing and caressing,
She is saving all these for her spouse,
My girl with the calico dress.

She is cheerful, warm hearted and true,
And kind to her father and mother,
She studies how much she can do
For her sweet little sisters and brother.
If you want a companion for life,
To comfort and live and be-
She is just the right sort of a wife,
My girl with the calico dress.

HOW HARRY FELL IN LOVE.

All the girls in Flowerdale were in love with Harry Vernon. That is to say, they admired him excessively, and were ready to fall in love, if he should lead the way. Fanny Somers, the little witch, was the only exception. Merry, dancing and pretty as a fairy, it was a question whether she had ever thought of love; if she had, she never talked of it.

Harry's father was a Senator to Congress, and he himself was a young lawyer of brilliant talents, finished education and handsome fortune. It was known that his father wished him to marry, and did not, as is often the case, insist on his selecting an heiress. The now gray haired statesman had made a love-match in his youth, and still worshipped the memory of the wife he had too early lost. "Let your heart choose, my son," he said. "Marriage without true affection, holds out but a poor show for happiness."

Most of those not directly interested in the event, thought that Isabella Fortesque would carry off the prize. She was decidedly the belle of the village. Having received her education at a fashionable seminary, there was scarcely an accomplishment of which she could not boast. Besides the families of Vernon and Fortesque had been the leading ones in the county for two generations; and gossip said that the union of the two fortunes, and of the united influence, would give Harry a position almost unrivalled.

Certain it is that Harry visited Isabella very often. Those who envied her, accused her of maneuvering to win him—"Throws herself in his way continually," said one. "Did ever anybody," cried another, "see a girl make love so barefacedly?" "She ought to get him, I'm sure," answered another, "for she has tried hard enough!" Nevertheless, as honest chroniclers we must record the fact, that some of these very young ladies, and their very prettiest to out-maneuvre Isabella and get Harry for themselves.

Harry had not seen Fanny since she was a child. It was only a month since she had left school, and returned home again; and the first time she had joined in the village social circle was at a picnic. Here her blooming complexion, graceful figure and winning laugh had been the theme of admiration by the beaux, the envy of the belles. Harry had been a partner in a dance or two, and in common with each other, felt it would be only civil to call upon her. So the morning after the party he sallied forth to make the round of the village girls.

He first visited Isabella. She was reclining on a lounge, charmingly dressed, and reading a novel. All she could talk was her fatigue. Yet she looked bewitchingly, it was uncontrollable, in the subdued light of that sumptuous parlor, with elegant pictures upon the walls, bouquets of flowers all about, and an atmosphere of refinement around. Never had Harry felt so much attracted to be in love. He staid nearly an hour, when he had intended to stop for only a few minutes; and would not, perhaps, have gone then, if other gentlemen had not dropped in.

From Isabella's he went to several other houses. Everywhere he found the young ladies dressed to receive company. Some were reading novels; some had a book of poetry open before them; and one, who had a pretty hand, was coquetishly knitting a purse. Not one of them appeared to be anything serious to do. Most of them, like Isabella, to be quite languid,

and talked as if the fatigue of the day before had nearly killed them.

When Harry reached the pretty, but unpretending cottage, where Fanny resided with her widowed mother, he found the hall door open to admit the breeze, and so, just tapping at the parlor entrance, he entered bowing. In the shaded light of the cool fragrant room he could not for a moment, see, but he noticed immediately that so one answered his salutation; and, directly, he beheld that the apartment was empty. Just then, however, a fresh liquid voice, as merry as a bird's in June, was heard warbling in an inner apartment.—Harry listened awhile, charmed, but finding that his knocking was not heard and recognizing, as he thought, Fanny's voice, finally made bold to go in search of the singer. Passing down the hall, and through another open door, he suddenly found himself in the kitchen, a large, airy apartment, scrupulously clean, with Fanny at the end opposite to him, standing before a dough-trough, kneading flour and carolling like a lark.

It was a picture an artist would have loved to paint. Fanny's face was seen partly in profile, showing in perfection her long lashes, and bringing out in relief the pointed lips and round chin. The breeze blew her brown curls playfully about, and occasionally quirk over her face, at which time she would throw them back with a toss of her head. Her arms were bare; and rounded, white, for more taper arms never were; they fairly put to shame their rosy pearliness, the snowy flour powdered over them. As she moved with quick steps at her task, her trim figure showed full its grace; and her neat ankle and delicate foot twinkled in and out. For a while she did not observe Harry. He was not till she turned to put down the dredging box, that she beheld him.

Most of our fair readers, we suppose, would have screamed, and perhaps have run out of the opposite door. Fanny did not do such thing. She blushed a little, as was natural, but having no false shame, she saw no reason to be frightened merely because a handsome young gentleman had caught her at work. So she curtsied prettily, laughed one of her gayest laughs and said, holding up her hands.

"I can't shake hands with you, Mr. Vernon, you see. Mamma was kind enough to let me go to the picnic yesterday, and put off some of my work; and so I'm doing double to-day, to make up for it. If you'll be kind enough to wait a minute, I'll call mamma."

"No, no," said Harry, charmed by this frank innocence, and unceremoniously taking a well scrubbed chair, "I've only a few minutes to stay. My call is on you.—I came to see how you bore the fatigue of yesterday."

Fanny laughed till her teeth, so white and so little, looked, behind the rosy lips, like pearls set in the richest ruby enamel. "Fatigued! Why, we had such a charming time yesterday, that one couldn't get tired, even if one had been a hundred years old."

"You'll never grow old," said Harry, surprised into what would have been flattery, if he had not sincerely thought it; and his countenance showed his admiration for the bright happy creature before him.

Fanny blushed, but rallied and answered, laughingly, "Never grow old! Oh! soon enough. What a funny sight I'll be, to be sure, bent almost double and a cap on my head, like granny Horn's!"

Harry laughed too, so ludicrous was the image; and thus he and Fanny were as much at home with each other, at once, as if they had been acquainted for years.

The intended five minutes imperceptibly grew into ten, and the ten into half an hour. Fanny continued at her household work, pleasantly chatting the while, both she and Harry mutually so interested as to forget time and place alike. At last the entrance of Mrs. Somers interrupted the *de a te a te*.—Fanny was a little embarrassed, when she found how long she and Harry had been alone; but the easy matter-of-course manner of Harry, as he shook hands with her mother, restored her to herself.

If the elegant refinement about Isabella had tempted Harry to fall in love, the household charm which surrounded Fanny forced him to do so, whether or no. He went away, thinking to himself, what a charming wife Fanny would make, and how sweetly she would look in her neat home dress, engaged in her domestic duties. Nor is Harry the only young bachelor, who remembers that a wife cannot be always in full dress, and who naturally wishes to know how she would look in the kitchen. "A wife ought as much to know how to manage her house," he said to himself, "as a man to understand business. I don't wish a wife of mine, indeed, to be maid of all work; but I should like to have her capable of overseeing her servants; and domestics discover very soon whether their mistress is competent, and obey, or disregard her accordingly. Besides Fanny looked bewitching this morning. Ah! if I had such a dear little wife, how I'd coax her to go into the kitchen occasionally, that I might see her work!"

It soon became apparent that it would be no fault of Harry's, if he did not have Fanny for a wife. Never was a man deeper in love, nor did he make any effort to conceal it. Had Fanny been a foolish flirt, she would have played with his feelings, as vain girls will when secure of a lover. But she was too frank and good for this, and

only hesitated long enough to be certain of the state of her own heart, when she made Harry happy by accepting him.

Two persons more fitted for each other, in fact, could not be. Though always merry, because always happy, Fanny was intelligent, and full of sound sense.—She had read and thought a great deal, especially for one so young. Her heart ran over with "unwritten poetry." Had Harry sought for a life-time, he could not have found a wife so companionable and so suited in every way to him.

What a talk the engagement made when it came out! The haughty Isabella, who, without being half as capable of sincere love as Fanny, had made up her mind to love Harry, and whose vanity therefore was piqued, even degraded herself so much as to call the bride-elect "ar. arful and intriguing puss." Other disappointed beauties had other hard names for Fanny. But though, when our heroine first heard of these slanders, she shed a few tears she soon dried her eyes, for with Harry's love, nothing could make her long unhappy.

It was not till the young couple had set off on their wedding tour, that Harry told his wife what had first made him fall in love with her.

"Every other girl I visited that morning," he said, "was playing the fine lady; and that, while, as I well knew, their mothers were often slaying in the kitchen. I reasoned that the daughter who would neglect her duty to a parent, could scarcely be expected to be less selfish towards a husband. Besides, it is a common error with your sex now-a-days, to suppose that it is debasing to engage in domestic duties. To a man of sense, dearest, a woman never looks more attractive than at such a time. As Wordsworth writes:—

"Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin light;
A conscience in which there meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright nor good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praises, blame, love, kisses, tears and smiles."

As he recited these lines, with exquisite sensibility, he put his arm around Fanny's waist, and drew her towards him; and the young wife looking up into his face, with devoted affection rested her head on his bosom, and shed happy tears.

Revolutionary Anecdote

One of the regiments in the battle of Bennington was commanded by a Colonel, who when he was at home, was a deacon. He was a calm, sedate, determined man, and went to the battle because he was impelled by a sense of duty. His whole parish was in his regiment, so was their beloved pastor, without whose presence and blessing they scarcely thought themselves in a way to prosper. The Colonel was ordered by Gen. Stark to reinforce one of the wings which was suffering severely. He marched at the instant with his forces, but as slowly and composedly as if he had been marching to a conference meeting. The officer in command of the corps to be relieved, fearing that he should be compelled to give way sent to hasten the Colonel.—"Tell 'em we're coming," said he, and marched steadily on. A second messenger came with the intelligence that the wing was beginning to fall back. "That will make more room for us—tell 'em we're coming," replied the Colonel, with unmoved countenance and unaccelerated pace. A third messenger reached him, just as his troop emerged from behind a copse, in full view of the enemy, whose balls now began to whistle about them. "Halt!" commanded the Colonel; "form into column and attend prayers." And there in the face of the enemy, did the regiment pause, while the solemn prayer was offered for their success in the deadly struggle they were about to begin. Prayer being ended, the Colonel addressed his men in a speech which for brevity, conciseness and vigor, may bear comparison with any that Caesar Napoleon ever addressed to their troops. "Soldiers," said he; "our wives and children are in the rear, the Hessians are in front—give it to them!" They did give it to them, and that band of foreign mercenaries melted away before those Christian soldiers as the host of the uncurcum-ed Philistines melted away before the armies of Israel.

A SOLDIER'S BURIAL.—A letter from the field of Shiloh says: On Wednesday evening we observed a few men working on the face of the hill not far from the boats. We turned aside to see and found them engaged in digging a grave for a dead rebel soldier who had lain there for some time wrapped up in his blanket. The work was done with little ceremony, but with decent propriety. No rabid word was uttered by anybody. Before he was laid in his lonely resting place we uncovered his face. It was ghastly, but neither swollen or discolored. He had been rather a good looking youth, of about twenty. That solitary one like Niern's solitary prisoner, made a sadder impression than whole hordes of slain foes. Perchance he had been forced into the unholy service. It may be that a mother and sisters were at that moment weeping for him. Perhaps no human eye of either friend or foe rested upon his mortal agonies, and no hand proffered to his burning lips a cup of cold water. He was an enemy, but he was not a foe, and he was not a traitor.

Miss Belle Phillips, evidently a very sprightly young lady, has, or recently had charge of a department in the Georgia Weekly Herald. She is a very dashing writer, talking just as she feels and feeling, we guess, about right. Just listen to her:—"We got such a raking about our thoughts on kissing, that to spite some folks we now will tell them what we don't like. We don't like to be importuned for a kiss until all our patience is gone. We don't like to threaten bashful men to kiss them. They turn pale and red, and finally, like some simpering school girl turn their heads, aside, as if they really thought us in earnest. Well, we'll tell you what, if we were in their places, no young lady under the sun should threaten to kiss us and not do it. We saw a young man kiss a lady's picture once, and she present. Now we wouldn't have done that, and we told him so. Kiss a cold inanimate picture, when the original was sitting before us, with red lips and defiant eyes? No, never!

"Jacob kissed Rachel," is the earliest record we believe of a love kiss, though we feel assured that long before this the luxury was indulged in. In olden time people used to greet each other with a real hearty kiss, but fashion has substituted the formal bow or the shaking of hands. Poor exchange, we say. Mark Antony resigned the world for a kiss. Our poets have written some of their sweetest lines in praise of kissing. We humbly beg our friends, those who are insensible as not to feel the pleasure of a kiss, not to pester themselves in picking us to pieces because we have thus expressed ourself. If they do we'll pay their back. There is one thing pretty certain, there's only one objection, we would raise to kissing; if any one wishes to know, let them inquire through the Herald. We do not condemn kissing, but if any one was to attempt to kiss us—well, never mind the rest."

Prentice says: "Ah, Belle you start a good many kiss-memories to our lips. And we guess you'll have to 'take a sweet kiss,' (it will do you no harm) for your suggestion. We don't intend to 'importune you till all your patience is gone' on the wings of kisses, but you needn't think we'll 'kiss you quick and let you go.' Go along with your kiss-winded patience. How much patience have you, and does your 'patience on a monument' smile at kissing? Let answer 'slip 'twixt the kiss and our lip,' now."

"Mark Antony resigned the world for a kiss," you say. This was a case of 'bills payable,' for valuable received," we doubt not, and Antony was conscious of having a kiss pay for the blow struck by Augustus Cæsar for Octavia. Antony's wife.

"We agree with you that it is a 'poor exchange, we say,' the substitution of hand shaking or head inclining for the old hearty meeting kiss (this was the origin of love letters in the churches, we believe.) Better far an exchange of kisses, we say, than any 'silver fragments of a broken voice,' or any other currency; better this ringing coin which cannot be counterfeited than any earthly minting; better than any poetry of the dead languages this lambric and spondaic of the living lip language.

A Female Editor on Kissing.

Miss Belle Phillips, evidently a very sprightly young lady, has, or recently had charge of a department in the Georgia Weekly Herald. She is a very dashing writer, talking just as she feels and feeling, we guess, about right. Just listen to her:—"We got such a raking about our thoughts on kissing, that to spite some folks we now will tell them what we don't like. We don't like to be importuned for a kiss until all our patience is gone. We don't like to threaten bashful men to kiss them. They turn pale and red, and finally, like some simpering school girl turn their heads, aside, as if they really thought us in earnest. Well, we'll tell you what, if we were in their places, no young lady under the sun should threaten to kiss us and not do it. We saw a young man kiss a lady's picture once, and she present. Now we wouldn't have done that, and we told him so. Kiss a cold inanimate picture, when the original was sitting before us, with red lips and defiant eyes? No, never!

"Jacob kissed Rachel," is the earliest record we believe of a love kiss, though we feel assured that long before this the luxury was indulged in. In olden time people used to greet each other with a real hearty kiss, but fashion has substituted the formal bow or the shaking of hands. Poor exchange, we say. Mark Antony resigned the world for a kiss. Our poets have written some of their sweetest lines in praise of kissing. We humbly beg our friends, those who are insensible as not to feel the pleasure of a kiss, not to pester themselves in picking us to pieces because we have thus expressed ourself. If they do we'll pay their back. There is one thing pretty certain, there's only one objection, we would raise to kissing; if any one wishes to know, let them inquire through the Herald. We do not condemn kissing, but if any one was to attempt to kiss us—well, never mind the rest."

Prentice says: "Ah, Belle you start a good many kiss-memories to our lips. And we guess you'll have to 'take a sweet kiss,' (it will do you no harm) for your suggestion. We don't intend to 'importune you till all your patience is gone' on the wings of kisses, but you needn't think we'll 'kiss you quick and let you go.' Go along with your kiss-winded patience. How much patience have you, and does your 'patience on a monument' smile at kissing? Let answer 'slip 'twixt the kiss and our lip,' now."

"Mark Antony resigned the world for a kiss," you say. This was a case of 'bills payable,' for valuable received," we doubt not, and Antony was conscious of having a kiss pay for the blow struck by Augustus Cæsar for Octavia. Antony's wife.

"We agree with you that it is a 'poor exchange, we say,' the substitution of hand shaking or head inclining for the old hearty meeting kiss (this was the origin of love letters in the churches, we believe.) Better far an exchange of kisses, we say, than any 'silver fragments of a broken voice,' or any other currency; better this ringing coin which cannot be counterfeited than any earthly minting; better than any poetry of the dead languages this lambric and spondaic of the living lip language.

"Ah! the poetry of kisses! All the love poetry of the world bears the print and imprint of kisses! Spiritual or otherwise!—Love literature is embalmed in kisses. Love itself is sealed and laid away in the heart envelope, sealed with kisses—and how many of the treasures laid up in Heaven are kissed to sleep in the dreams of Paradise. Tennyson sings:

"Dear as remembered kisses after death
And said as those on people's fancy feigned
On lips that are for others."

"Perhaps these last mentioned kisses are the saddest unrealizations that a heart can feel. (N. B.—We have tried these kisses feigned, on lips that are for others—see our unpublished 'Reminiscences.' Hood seems to have appreciated as well as our greater Tennyson, the sad lover's fancy, in his most sadly sweet ballad of 'Inez,' for it is full of the soul of lost kisses—feigned on lips that are for others!—

"Farewell, farewell, sweet Inez,
That vessel never bore
So glad a freight upon its deck
Nor danced so light before;
Alas, for pleasure on the sea,
And sorrow on the shore,
The smile that blessed one lover's heart,
Has broken many more."

This should have been:—
"The kiss that blessed one lover's heart
Has broken many more."

Kisses have become historical. Every man has historical kisses in his life, but they embalm unwritten histories. The kisses that Antony wasted a world so gladly for 'on a brow of Egypt,' never grew old, and Margaret's kiss on the sleeping lips of Allan Charter comes to the dream of every poet. Do you remember it? Allan Charter the poet was the ugliest man in France; but the Queen with her maids found him one day asleep and bent over and kissed his dreaming lips. 'I kiss not the man,' she said, 'I kiss the soul that sings.' So France kisses her children, dead or living; she kisses the soul that sings. Longfellow makes old Miss Standish say that he has stood a good many bullets, but that a cannon ball was more easily to be withstood than a terrible No. point blank from the mouth of a woman." No! shocks one's little world of Hope to the centre and pours a broad-gate of thorns into the left side, but a kiss, 'point blank from the mouth of a woman'—how delightful is the electrical earth shock to the centre of the 'heart where Love is

throne? It seems as if it has been filly expressed:

"A battery of bliss
Let off in a tremendous kiss."
"By the way, if Love is an electrical fluid, kisses are agreeable telegraphic despatches—though it requires skillful operators."

"But, young lady of our text, we must not forget you. You beg us not to pester ourselves in picking you to pieces for your free thoughts about kissing. Well, we don't pick you to pieces, but it doesn't feel pleasant—no matter how it looks—to kiss before folks—shant we just take you apart?"

Kicking Horses.

Horses that are disposed to kick in harness may be cured in one half day's time, by pursuing the following course:—Have a yard of thirty to one hundred feet square, enclosed with a high and strong fence. Lead the horse into the yard, then put on him a regular biting bridle, buckled back very close, so that he can have little or no play with his head; then take a basket and tie it securely to his tail, and just long enough so that his heels, when kicking, will reach it but not go into it. Now let him kick, meantime, talk to him, but at the same time keep out of his way. Should he throw himself, walk up to him, and taking hold of the basket, lay it upon him, and all around his heels.

After he has laid a little while loosen one rein of his bridle, and then the other, until he can get up. If again he tries to kick, buckle the biting reins again, and so keep him until he is quiet. When he shows no further disposition to kick the basket, take it off and put on the harness, then hook a whiffle tree to one tug and lead him around the yard. If he shows no fear of it hook the other end of it, and let it hit his heels at every step, very soon he will not notice it. Now loosen his buckling lines, and let him have free play of his head, drive him around.

If he shows any disposition to kick, buckle up the biting reins again, and drive him thus a while longer, then again uncheck him, and so continue to manage until he exhibits no sign of fear or disposition to kick no matter what may hit his heels. Horses disposed to run away when ever anything hits their heels in harness, may also be cured in the same manner.

GALLANTRY OF A PENNSYLVANIAN.—Lieut. Edward K. Mull of Capt. Richard's company, Third regiment of Pennsylvania Reserves, while on duty near the Rappahannock river was captured by a party of rebels and carried off some distance, where a guard armed with a shot gun, was placed over him to prevent him making his escape while the party went off for more game.—As soon as the captors were out of sight the Lieut. pulled a revolver from his coat pocket, and holding it close to the head of the guard, politely informed him that he was under the painful necessity of blowing his brains out if he did not instantly lay down his gun and go with him. It is needless to add that the frightened rebel obeyed orders and it was not long before the Lieutenant was back in his own camp, as good as new accompanied by his prize. Lieut. Mull is a resident of Bucks county, Pa.

Interesting to the Human Race.

Tall men live longer than short ones.—The married are longer lived than the single ones, and, above all, those who observe a sober and industrious conduct. Women have more chances of life previous to the age of fifty years than men, but fewer after. The number of marriages are in proportion of seventy-six to one hundred. Marriages are more frequent after the equinoxes, that is, during the months of June and December. Those born in spring are generally more robust than others. Births and deaths are more frequent by night than by day.—The number of languages spoken is four thousand six-hundred. The number of men is about equal to the number of women.—The average of human life is thirty-three years. One quarter die before the age of seven; one half before the age of seventeen. To every thousand persons only one reaches one hundred years, and not more than one in five hundred will reach eighty years. There are on the earth one billion inhabitants. Of these, thirty-four million three hundred and thirty-three thousand three hundred and thirty-three die every year, ninety-one thousand eight hundred and twenty-four die every day, seven thousand seven hundred and eighty, every hour, and sixty per minute, or one in every second. These losses are about balanced by an equal number of births.

A young fellow of our acquaintance, whose better half had just presented him with a pair of bouncing twins, attended Rev Mr. —'s church on last Sunday evening. During the discourse the clergyman looking right at our innocent friend said in a tone of thrilling eloquence:—"Young man, you have an important responsibility thrust upon you." The new-budded dabbler, supposing the preacher alluded to his peculiar home event considerably startled the audience, by replying: "Yes, sir, I have two of them."

Some country editor gets off the following:—"The Battles of Life—Courtship is the engagement, the proposal is the assault and matrimony the victory." Then, we conclude that a treaty of peace is on the appearance of Envoy Extraordinary.

WINTER IN THE COUNTRY.

BY ISAAC MACLELLAN.

The winter moon rides high,
The yellow moon shines bright;
The frosty stars, like jewels,
Entwine the brow of Night.
And the wintry winds are calling,
And the leafy flakes are falling.

The snow shines on the roof,
The snow drifts o'er the street;
Road-side and field are sprinkled
With the sharp and transient sleet.
Bicycles hang from the wall
Like spar in grotesque dim;
And a polished shield is thick encased
Around the old oak limb;
While sparkling crystals on each twig
In liquid lustre swim.

The brook hath lost its merry song,
And ceased its playful chase;
O'er glistening lake a rosy throng
Of skaters ply their race.
The water wheel is choked with ice,
Nor turns its dripping beam;
Mare rests the frozen water-fall,
Mute rests the frothy stream.

The snow-birds perch on the garden rail,
The earth denies them foot;
Under the hemlock mopes the quail,
With her half-perished brood
And the partridge shivereth as the gale
Howls through the inclement wood.
The cattle haste to the friendly barn,
The sheep to their folds repair;
The dame by the fire-side spins the yarn
Her good man nods in his chair.
While children crowd to the chimney nook
Intent on frolic, or pictured book.

About Pockets.

Pockets are a marked feature of civilized life. The history is the history of humanity, and a catalogue of their successive contents would furnish a condensed biography. There were no pockets in the fig leaf of Eden; our first parents had no need to hoard or appropriate, for the trees and herbage of the garden offered them freely all their simple wealth. There were no pockets in Adam's first blouse of skins for as yet he had no knife wherewith to cut tobacco, and was innocently ignorant of the potency of the marvelous weed. But when life grew hard and human interests conflicting then the pocket became a developed institution, a receptacle for the means of daily solace, amenity and convenience. It is a social not a fish institution. It contains supplies, not hoards. The treasures of the miser are buried in a vault, while the subsidies of the pocket are appropriately known as change. From its warmest corner comes the penny for the street sweeper, the toy for the fire-side, and the weekly gratuity for charities of every kind name.

But the most characteristic deposits are not in money. Children prefer he concrete to the abstract, the end to the means.—While the little man wears the dress of his sister, his pockets like hers, is filled with cakes and candies. But very soon he seeks a wider range of activities and the sweets, not yet ignored, disputes possession inch by inch with jews-harps, fish hooks, tops, kite strings, and knives. If he is mechanical the knife gains a companion in an ivory rule if studious in pencils and paper.

Then comes the biligient period, when the country boy makes investments in powder and shot, and the young citizen in an amateur in pistols and percussion caps.—And as war alternates with peace, the tomahawk with the calumet, so about this period, if at all, is developed a preference for cigars and fine cut, but these are noxious weeds that are liable to choke out all healthful growth. Just as rats leave a sinking ship, when these fragrant treasures find their way to the pocket, indignant mobs leave the young men's wardrobe in disgust. It will be well if the odor does not serve to expel more desirable vestments than these. Then follows the youth's latest pocket companion, the watch, pointing with its golden finger the silent march of the time.

For the girl, her early sugar plums give place to the cheap luxury of paper dolls, soon followed by that familiar implement a thimble. Hard upon this come the scribbling stage, when the pocket finds room for pencil and paper for notes of many pages daily crossed, and filled with the fancies and follies, the friendships and fashions of sixteen. It is but a slight change from these romantic missives to those of a warmer hue the billet doux of boyish admirers, to be followed we trust by the firm lines that bear the frank avowal of a manly love.—Yet these last will not long remain in the pocket; these are too precious guests for each familiar treatment and shall retire to some inner sanctuary, set apart for the holiest of all. With love comes sorrow, with sorrow religion; so when our crowned woman has hidden away her heart's treasures hallowed by kisses if not by tears, amid a shower of fallen rose-leaves perhaps prophetic of her fate, she receives a new friend a pocket-bible in their place. Consecrated to labor, love and duty, the pocket it meets the whole round of human need.

A story of an enterprising newsboy is told by a Detroit paper. He took the telegraphic headings of the news of the Tennessee battle, and, at his own expense had them telegraphed to Port Huron and the various places along the railroad route. On the receipt of such news everybody was stirred up and eager to get the full particulars. As the evening train arrived at the various stations he found crowds anxiously awaiting him, and everybody calling for the papers. At Port Huron a meeting was in progress at the church, and the choir was singing as the whistle sounded the approach of the train. The meeting at once broke up, the congregation dispersed to read the news in a few moments every paper had been disposed of.

[From the Working Farmer. Agricultural Prospects of 1862.]

The disturbed condition of the country which has prevailed the year past has paralyzed trade, and agriculturists, in common with most other classes of the community, seem to have superseded all energy of action, beyond that called for by the exigencies of the day.

At this time the prospect of a speedy peace may fairly be anticipated, and we hope to find at an early date, the energies of all the States directed again toward the common benefit, and farmers now, with the slightest forethought, must see their interest in renewed vigor in the prosecution of their business.

The demand for this year will probably be greater than that of any previous year. The general success of business of all kinds will be unprecedented, and the mere increase in consumption consequent upon successful trade, will of itself give rise to unusual demand for agricultural products.

We now see that in all of the southern ports, cotton has a mere nominal value, while at the north it has greatly increased in price; the mere change of position consequent upon this, will create an immense amount of transportation. Sugar in Louisiana is worth three cents a pound, and in New York has advanced materially. Pork, flour, and corn, in most of the southern states bear extraordinary prices, while in the northwest they may be purchased at a very low rate. Indeed, there is no part of the country in which some commodity is not in excess, while the locality is deficient in others, to be found elsewhere in plenty.

The amount of manufactured goods which has been consumed, without being replaced throughout the south, is very large, and even in the north, the manufacturers have been so panic stricken, that it is deficient of the very class of goods which it usually supplies to other markets.

The very moment the country is at peace, an amount of interchange of commodities must occur, creating the most successful trade New York has ever known, and indeed this remark will apply equally well to every part of the country. The mere movement of transportation, giving activity to the capital, will call out all resources of credit in its various modifications. Producers, manufacturers, negotiators and bankers, will all prosper under new state of things, all of which will tend to an increased use of farm products. Our factories have sent forth large numbers of their workmen as soldiers, while the agricultural districts have parted thousands of their most industrious sons. Millions of acres of land have been neglected, and we anticipate excessive demand, with remunerative prices for every article which can find its way to the proper markets. As water finds its level, so will the laws of trade equalize all the aberrations from the usual healthy connections which may have occurred during these troubled times, and this equalization calling out all the energies of the nation, and giving an impetus to commerce, manufactures and agriculture, will form an epoch in the history of our country. Inhabitants of towns and cities will become the liberal buyers of luxuries, and those engaged in raising of small fruits, as well as orchard products will find better markets than have occurred for years while staple crops will be required to supply the manufacturing districts, where unprecedented success will insure increased demand.

DON'T KILL THEM.—The spring Birds have returned. Welcome them—don't kill them. They are friends. A naturalist visited a farmer, who complained that his crop of turnips was failing. The naturalist went into the field and discovered that they were destroyed by worms.

"Have you been killing the small birds?" asked the gentleman.

"My neighbor and I killed 1,500 sparrows this spring," said the farmer.

That explains the mystery. The farmer had killed his best friends. The birds would have destroyed the worms and saved the crop.

A little girl of three years, from beyond the Mississippi, who had never seen an apple tree in full bloom, beheld one in Ohio. She lifted her fat hands in the attitude of devotion and exclaimed, "See God's big bouquet!" Another child of five having seen her father for the first time he having been absent in California, was much astonished that he should claim any authority over her, and on occasion of rebellion, as he administered punishment, she cried out, "I wish you had never married into our family!"

A PAROCIOUS youth, in a country town in this State, had arrived at the age of nine years when his father sent him to school. He stood beside the teacher to repeat the alphabet. "What's that?" asked the master.

"Harrer," vociferated the arch. "No, that's A." "A." Well, what's the next?" "Ox yoke." "No, it's B." "Taint B neither! It's an ox-yoke. Crotch all hemlock! gosh a mighty! I think I don't know!"

A WAG was passing a lively stable one day, in front of which several lean horses were tied, stopped suddenly, and gazed at them for some time with a phiz indicating the utmost astonishment, and then addressed the owner who was standing