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One year, 8 00

WHAT I LIKE.

BY COUSIN MAY CARPETON.

I like a sunny morning,

And sunny faces too;
I like to meet with old friends, And sometimes meet with ' new."

I like sweet songs at twilight,
When 'he sunset's in the west,
I like them all, but still, my friends,
The're not what I like best. I like to watch the moonlight, I like to cull sweet flowers,

I like to dance, when music Fills up the golden hours.
I like to build air castles When all the world's at rest, Yes, these I like; but still you know I do not like them best,

I like to go to meeting, When I've got something new; I like to go in pretty late, And sit in the front pew! I like to eat pine ice cream-If it must be confessed : All these I like; but after all. I do not like them best.

I like a nice flination. In some cool, shady spot; I like a beau to fan me, When the weather's rather hot. I like to go to parties, In witching splender dress'd-Indeed I do-but still good tolks,

I do not like it best. But listen! I know some one. With such a dashing air. And such a splendid moustache! And such sweet curling hair! Who says this hand heart will Make him, oh! so blest!

So I'll be Mrs. Someone-And THAT's what I like best.

The Daughter-in-Law.

piano, not a stray shred on the velvet car- and approval!" kitchen is stinted to the very closest degree | wealth in the family

She was flying about, shaking out chair covers and arranging the little china ornaments on the mactel, in a manner that betokened a considerable amount of inward disturbance. There was a jerk to her elbow strange whisper; you're not the one that's and a to-s of her head, which foreboded wanted ! It's Harry's wife !" woe to somebody or other.

"I am clear out of patience!" ejaculated sible. Mrs Tompkins at last. I don't believe there ever was a poor mortal half so badgcred as I am with poor relation. Why couldn't Harry have married a rich wile Glenn, who wasn't worth a red cent-only a governess at that? And now the poor boy is dead and gone, and left his dollbaby of a wife on my hand. I declare it's enough to make a woman crazy! Don't see why I should be obliged to support her because she happened to be my sons wife. syllables from the old lady, and she went Why can't she go to work and do some- up stairs like one in a dream. thing ? Too much of a fine lady, I s'pose, pink-and-white cheeks. Never brought up to do any chores about the house. Can't wash dishes, nor make biscut, not do anything useful. I am tired of this sort of busi-

And just as Mrs. Tompkins made this emphatic assertion, the door softly swong open and a delicate girl of scarcely more than eight-teen summers glided in. Her deep mourning dress gave additional fairness to a complexion that was like snowy wax, shadowed with the softest rose-tint of the cheek and tips, and the timed, fluttering glances of her dark eye indicated her posi-

"Can I assist you about arranging the parlors, Mrs. Tompkins ?" she faltered, as if nucertan how her offer might chance to

"No Mrs. Tempkins Junior, you can't said the old lady, with a toss of hercapborwork. There, you needn't go to crying .-I don't believe in people that have such

"I did not intend to cry," murmured poor

"I tell you what it is, Mrs. Tompkins Ju nior." said the old lady, wrathfully, "we may as well come to an understanding first as last. Zephaniah and me ain't rich, and we've a big lamily of our own, and that poor, dear Harry, our elder boy, has been dead and gone a year." Here Mrs. Tompkins mechanically pulled out a red-border-ed pocket-handkerchief, and made a random dab at her eyes. "I don't see that you have any particular claims on us. So you'd better look out for a situation as govnerness, or do some plain sewing, as soon as you can, for to speak my mind, you've been spongin' on as about long enough !" Mrs. Tempkins stopped, with her mouth

shot together like a steel trap. Her daugher-in-law had grown very pale:

"And while I am about it." continued the old lady, "I may as well say that Helly don't like it because you insist on setten in the parlor every time Colonel Bedcliffe calls. He's worth a cool half million. Zephania says, and our Hetty makes acatch of him, why, the family fortune's as within the year. No subscription taken for good as made. Of course, when Hetty is a less period than six months; no discon- Mrs. Col. Redcliffe, you won't expect her tinuance permitted until all arrearages are to notice you much-she may give you paid, unless at the option of the editor.

The terms of advertising will be as follows:

One square, twelve lines, three times, \$1 00 my gracious, there's his crirage at the door to put on her pink dress, and take her curls out of the papers-Col. Redcliffe's at the door. You can sit in the kitchen while he's here, Mary, and peel the potatoes

> Run quick !" And as Mrs. Tompkins Junior disappeared, Mrs Tompkins Senior opened the door

> for dinner, if it isn't too common work for

your lily fingers? Henry don't want you

pryin" 'round when her beau's here !-

with a simpering smile. "Dear me, Col. Redeliffe, who'd have thought of seeing you? Do walk in-we're highly honored, I'm spre !"

Col. Redcliffe was a tall, elegant looking man, whose wealth and station in society fully warranted the calm dignity with which he bowed to Mrs. Tompkin's adulation

"Take a seat on the sofa, Colonel," chattered Mrs. Tompkins. "Won't you sit a little nearer the fire ? Not cold, eh ?-Well, it ain't freezing like it was yesterday, to be sure. "I hope you wan't get impatient." she giggled; Henry will be down in a moment !

"Who will be down?" inquired Colonel Radeliffe, looking up from the book which he was carelssly turning over, with some astonishment expressed in his fine leatures. "Helty-my Daughter P'

"I beg your pardon," said the Colonel, quietly, "there is some mistake here; I called to see your daughter-in-law, Mrs. Tompkins !"

"Harry's wife !" gasped the mother-in-

"And," added Colonel Redcliffe, "as you are the nearest relative and guardian at present, it may be well for me to mention to you that I intend making her an offer of marriage. Her beauty and grace render her a fit wife for any man, and I am proud Mrs Tompkins' parlor was in apple-pie to think I have won her affections. Of order. Not a speck of dust on the shining | course, I may reckon upon your sanction

pet not an atom of asties under the well- "Yes, yes, !" stuttered Mrs. Tompkins, filled grate. For Mrs Tompkins was one who was completely taken back by the of those thrifty souls who kept up appear | sudden overthrow of her Aladdin visions ances in spite of everything, and delight in | concerning her red-haired daughter Hetty." handsomely-turnished pariors, while the still it was something to keep so much

"I'll call her, she said, homidly, slipping out of the room just in time to arrest the triumphant entry of Miss Hetty, with her curls all in a quiver of hair oil and cologne "Go back, Heny! she exclaimed in a

And she shot down stairs as last as pos-

"Mary. Dear !" she said, in the softest of tones, "you're not peeling potatoes ! Well you always were so obliging. Give me a aiss, love-I always did say Harry's wife while he was about it, instead of Mary was just like my own daughter! Now run op stairs into the parlor, and see what Col. Redcliffe has to say to you !"

> Mrs. Harry Tompkins was uncertain at first whether her respectable mother in-law was not a little demented. Never before had she listened to such soldy affectionate

"And when may I call you mine, dearwith her white hands, and long curls, and est ?" was the parting question of Col. Redcliffe, as he held that fair young widow to

> Poor Mary! It was so long since she had heard the accents of love and kindness, and now to be chosen bride of one to whom the world looked on in admirationah ! it seemed too much happiness !

"Remember I shall not wait long! he added carelessly smoothing down the jetty tresses. "The sooner I take you away from this vulgur and uncongenial atmosphere, the better."

"Vulgar and uncongenial atmosphere! gasped Mrs. Tompkins, who was listening at the key-hole. "Well I never !"

"Mary, dear," she said that evening, " shall be very sorry to lose you. You've always been like my own child, havn't you. Come and kiss me, there's a love-and be sure den't forget your poor dear mamma-in-law, when you are married to Col der. "I couldn't think of allowing such a Redeliffe! Hetty, come here and congratulare your dear sister! I wouldn't have given you up to anybody else, but Col Redcliffe is a man that deserves you."

Mary smiled quietly-she was of too gentle and forgiving a nature to resent even the hypocrisy of her mother-in-law-and in the bright future opening before her, she had lorgivness for all.

"Harry's wile is going to be married," said Mrs. Tompkins to one of her gossips

"What! that lazy, indolent, good-for

"Hush-sh-sh !" cried the old lady clapping her hand over Mrs. Syke's mouth .-That was all a mistake. She,s a dear

sweet fove !" "Oh! said Mrs. Syke, "then I conclude she's going to marry rich."

"Yes," said Mrs. Tompkins, complacent y; it will be such a trial to part with her."
And such is the weakness of poor human the future course of the war, and whether nature, that the good old lady had actually believed what she said.

What are we Fighting for ?

It is a curious hallucination that posesses the minds of some radical men, who, when they read of a fugicive slave sent back, or a negro turned out of camp, like any other strolling non-combatant, start up in fur and ask : "Is it for this the life blood of the nation is spilled? is it for this we are fightng ?"-Why no, gentlemen, it is not for the negro, for his freedom or for his enslaving, that we are fighting Why can't you get it into your heads that this war pract cally and theoretically, has nothing to do with the negro? It is a war of white men, n a country settled by white men, it habited and ruled by white men, and the wir is for the good of white men and white men only. Yet these same gentlemen seem o argue in a manner satisfactorily to themselves, that when it is admitted that we a not fighting to enslave negroes, the co iverse must be true, that we are fighting to free negroes! A cotemporary gave us the other day a sad picture of a wounded soil dier, perhaps a dying man, who had sel fered in the war, and demanded if we thought all that man's suffering was for naught, connecting therewith the notion that it was for the negro's freedom that he had suffered and his comrades had died -A thousand probabilities to one that if the man were asked whether he had offered his life on the alter for the cause of the negro, he would repudiate the idea with

Never since the world was made did nation pour out its treasure, its greatest treasure, the life of its youth and manhood, as this nation has been doing. In every mountain fastness, on every plain of he North, there is a cottage from which a non or a brother has gone to the battle field .-In every city, village, and hamlet, from the prairies to the ocean, old men sit sad eyed, and mothers look out of the wind iw, through blinding tears, for the return of the brave who have answered their country's call. Does the wind shake the trees with unaccustomed violence, there are a mil ion throbbing hearts that beat quicker, ever in he hours of sleep, lest the sound betoken disaster from the field of blood. Does the morning break pleasantly with the soft light of June, so pleasant in the old times, there is scarcely in all the land a home to come the son with gladness an eve to brighten with the cheerof the sammer I ght The land mourns. Old women go tottering to the grave for lack of the support of the tout arms that lie nerveless by the Potomuc or the Tennessee. Young eyes are darkened with long grief and young hearts are broken with the long long waiting, and the tetrible story that comes at last. This is what they have done and suffered who re at home. And is all this for the glory of the past, the Union of the Fathers, the land of Washington ?

And they who have gone, the hun freds of thousands who have given themselves to the battle, what have they gone for ? They have endured, have suffered, have fought, have fallen, in the cause for which they have enlisted. Their graves are all along the banks of our mighty rivers. For what have they died? Follow one man o that army from his home through all that he has suffered; consider all that he has lost. He was young and strong, and he had hopes before, and affections around him broke the bonds of home, bonds known no himself to the nation. He slept in the winter nights under the snow or ender the stars-he lived in one year as long, for exlive in seventy. He fought in battle after battle. The worst enemy that he mot was the fierce camp fever that grasped him in bot conflict. In his delirium the cool and in his calmer hours he remembered the well at his father's door and longed for it, as David never longed for the water of the well of Bethleberg. Who can paint the terrible story of the battle of youth and ever in the damp and dismal tent of the soldier on the field? But he conquered that enemy, and another day he was on the smoke and slaughter, he remembered the blue eyes of the woman that loved him more than life in the up-country, and even then, as the memory of those beloved eyes elessed him death came in at his breast, and the form that she would have sheltered in her arms against every human vos. lav on the plain, and the wild flood of war swept hither and thither above the unconscions clay. No-not unconscious yet-For once, his comrades, loving him for all that he had been of gentleness and yet of firmness, a hero in the field but a child in right arm, and though they saw it not per- on that one chance." lectly, they knew that he smiled as he waved his hands once-only ones-before

the darkness came. Will any one tell us what that dying gesture was designed to signify? Die it imply hat in the moment of his passing, that moment into which life is sometimes compressed, when the soul gathers up all its memories to carry away with it into the other country, did it imply that he remembered all he had struggled for, all he had lost, and died content, because it was all for the Southern black man and his cause? How can men do such foul dishonor to

the soldier of the Union? Whatever be

for the nation into a war for the negro, or whether it remains as now a war for the American Union, let no man dare to desecrate one grave on all the fields where our dead lie side by side, with any monumental stone to tell the falsehood that they fought for the men of Africa, and the freedom of the negro race. Rather, if the future be in store for us, which God forbid, that these men gain their way and make the war a negro war, rather let the dead lie in unknown graves, and be counted where the Union they tought for will then be counted. among the glories of the past,-Journal of

Jack Rink and the Yankee Few communities are more strongly imbu ed with a passion for horse racing than the good people of Natchez. In New York, lolks talk "soger" and "engine;" in Paris they talk horse. They believe in quadrupeds, and nothing else. To own the fastest horse in Natchez, is to enjoy the fee simple of an honor in comparison with which a member of Congress sinks into nothingness.

During one October the "fall meeting" took place, and to more than the usual amount of excitement and brandy cock-tails The last race of the day was a sort of a "free fight" open to every horse that had never won a race; purse \$500, entrance fee \$25

Among those who proposed to go in, was a yankee pedlar, with a sorrel colt, of rather promising proportions. He thus addressen one of the judges :

"I say, captain I should like to go in fo that puss ?"

"With what ?" "That sorrel colt."

"Is he speedy ?"

"I calculate he is, or I would not wish to risk a load of tin ware on the result."

"Do you know the terms?"

"Like a book, puss \$500, and entrance \$25-and there's the dimes." Here Yankee drew out a last centur Among those who witnessed the operation. was Jack Rink, of the Bellevue House .-Jack saw his customer, and immediately another on a tendon of her fore leg. Our measured him for an entertainment. After the usual fuss and palaver, the horses were broughwout, saddled and prepared for a single heat of two miles. There were eight competitors besides the Yankee. The latter was a smart sorrel colt, with a very fine eye, and a lift of the leg that indicated speed and

"Bring up the horse " said the judge. The horses were brought up whe Yankee gathered up his reins and adjusted his stirrups. While doing this, Mr. Rink went to the rear of the sorrel colt, and placed a chestnut burr under his tail. The next moment the order to "go" was given and away went the nine horses, of all possible ages and conditions.

The Yankee was ahead and kept there. "Tin ware" was evidently pleased with the way things were working, and smiled a smile that seemed to say :

"That puss will be mine, in less time than it would take a greased nigger to slide down a soaped liberty pole."

Poor fellow! he hadn't reckoned on that chestnut burr. The irritant' that Jack had administered not only incressed the animal's tions as Dick Turpin on his "bonny black the gout in London. The bridegroom took "that I had a book in the call of my leg on velocity but his ugliness to do anything else. Bess." As the Yankee approached the Judge's stand he undertook to pull up but it was no where on earth so strong as here. He gave go. He might as well have undertaken to stop a thunder bolt with a yard of log.

The Yankee reached the stand-the Yan kee went down the road. When last seen posure and suffering and pain, as most men the Yankee was passing through the adjoining country, at a speed that made the people look at him as at that comet, that was to make its appearance in the fall of 1854. Where the sorrel "gin out" it is impossible breeze of the old home was on his forehead, to say. All we know is that the Yankee has not been heard of from that day to this, while his "wagon load of tin ware" still makes one of the leading attractions in the arms, he first thought there was to be an this village ever saw, and shall make it museum of Natchez

being out short in a hard life by a sore disease, which quickly brought him to death's ered the curiously-acting party to be North handsome as an angel. I am the happrest battle field again, and in the midst of the door, was told by his physician that medi- Carolinians, and that they were taking a man breathing." cine could do nothing for him.

"What's my chance, Doc or ?" "Not worth speaking of."

"One in twenty ?" "Oh, no."

"In thirty ?" "No."

"Fifty ?" "I think not."

"A hundred ?" "Well, perhaps there may be one in

"Begone sir! don't insult me."

it dwindles from the proportions of a war | didn't you may do it again."

SAMIVEL'S VISH.

I vants to marry-ves I does-I vants a little vile, To comb my fair and wash my neck,

And be my all, my life! Ven Adam lived in Paradise, He didn't live content, Till from his side a rib vas took And into voman bent.

Just think how Adam must have stared Ven he first got avake, To find himself a married man Vishout e'en vedding cake ?

I'm werry shameful-yes I am-Twonid save me lots ov trouble, To go to bed a single man And vake up as a double!

Swapping Horses in Haste.

Louisville journal: I have heard many anecdotes as regards the "skedaddle" o Morgan's men from Lebanon, on the 5th inst, under the persuasive influences o Gen. Damont, with his brave Pennsylvanians and Kentuckyans. One will show the peculiar tactics of the marauders. Dr. Mc-Donald, of Rome, a practising physician was riding a fine saddle-horse towards Leb anon, when he was met by the front of the flying rebels. One of them, a rough, built fellow, commanded him "down from his saddle," at the same time pre-enting hi pistol to the medical man. The Doctor like the traveler, who met by Damon, after his own steed had been slain by Lucullus was in no condition to refuse, so he dismounted, and the rebel, tearing the saddlebags away with their pharmaccutical contents, leaped into the vacated saddle and started off, head eastward, on a full gallop The Doctor resumed his journey when skedaddler No. 2 met him, and the same interesting ceremony was repeated, the ma- pers, "Sir, I am delighted to see you, but I other sleep with her unnoticed in the gravrander not knowing that he was seizing a give you fair warning-I know nothing In her may have shone the genius of a potired horse, which belonged to one of his about what you are going to ask me." wallet, and socked up two X's and a V .- companions for his swap the Doctor ob tained a fine looking black mare, which had a severe sabre cut over her shoulder, and friend began to think his chances of getting on very problematical, when No. 3 came up breathlessly and instituted another exchange, and this was repeated five times which led the Doctor to think that on a bathorses, though there might not be on a raft crossing a river in a freshet. Finally the Union pursuing party came on, and Col. Wynkoop, not knowing the Doctor, took him prisoner and held him until he was recognized by some volunteer citizens, who had joined the Federal forces. In the meantime Morgan had been chased nearly thirty miles, to Carthage, on the Cumberland, where there was a boat, on which he escaped over the river, at had no time to embark more than a few of as forces; all the rest fell into the hands of our troops, and the next day Dr. McDonald had the gratification of having his own horse returned, and ascertained that the wounded ani

A Rebel Muticy.

The correspondent of the Philadelphia Press, writing from headquarters of the army of the Potomac, on the 7th inst, tells

ty of troops were drawn out, and, from the than the finical dress I am in. However, hurrying of horsemen and preparations of I am contented to be the second fine man attack on our forces. Soon, however, he very merry before night, because I shall observed the troops take a position, and write myself from thence your most dutiful Good Advice to Doctors .- A Bowery boy direct their pieces at their rebei brethren .- | son. Field-glasses being brougt to bear, discov- 'The bride gives her duty, and is as position of defence against the attack of others in the Rebel army. Fire was soon open- church, and the happy couple took a walk ed by both parties. Volley after volley of in a private garden. The bridegroom's man muskerry was noured into each others ranks knew his master would leave the place on and the battle swayed to and fro, for a long a sudden after the wedding, and seeing him time undecided. Soon, however, the North draw his pistol the night before, took this Carolinians appeared to be getting the opportunity to go into his chamber and ing entered the regiment as a private.worst, and directly broke and fled-the oth- charged them. Upon their return from the On that fatal Sonday the color bearer was

I send you this story as I heard it. For a little fond raillery on the subject of their flag, and carried it through the day, and some time the rebel gans opposite Mechan- courtship, the lover took up a pistol, which icsville have been turned toward Richmond | he knew he had unloaded the night before, "I say, then, Doctor," pulling him close and on the day on which it is said this and presenting it to her said, with the most the camp, his comrades as they rushed by down, and wispering with feeble earnest- mutiny and battle took place, a great smoke graceful air whilst she looked pleased at his volly killed the First Lieutenant, and Marin the melee saw him open his eyes, raise his ness in his ear, "just you go in like thunder arose from the enemy's camp, and volleys agreeable flattery:—"Now, madam, repent tin took his place. Soon after the Lieutenof musketry could be distinctly heard, du- of all these cruelties you have been guilty ant tell, and the Captain of Martin's compa-The Doctor did so, and the patient recov. ring several hours. The North Carolinians of to me; consider, before you die, how ofare known to be discontented. When ten you have made a poor wretch freeze to carry the company through the battle, prisoners are taken in battle it is generally under your casement; you shall die, you which he did most gallantly and escaped Do it Again .- A gentleman from Boston discovered that the North Carolinians tyrant, you shall die, with all those instruchanced to find himself among a little party among them have not fired their muskets, ments of death and destruction about you, of ladies, away down East, this summer, in and that they make no resistance to capture. with that enchanting smile, those killing the enjoyment of some innocent social play. The news of the doings at home-of the ringlets of your hair." "Give fire said she He carelessly placed his arm about the repudiation of the rebel government, and laughing. He did so and shot her dead -slender waist of as pretty a damsel as Maine the recall of the North Carolina troops in Who can speak his condition? but he bore evening. After hunting in company with a can boast of, when she started and exclaim- the army-has no doubt, by this time reach it so patiently as to call upon his man. The ed the enemy's camp, and would be suf- poor wretch entered, and the master locked spair. The next day, somewhat dejected ficient to cause a mutiny and sanguinary the door upon him. 'Will,' said he, 'did The gentleman instantly apologized for battle. As it is, I observed rebel guns tow- you charge these pistels?' He answered Job : his seeming rudeness, and assured the half and their own works on the afternoon in 'yes.' Upon which he shot him duad, with offended fair one that he did not mean to question, saw the smoke, and heard the vol- that remaing. After this, amidst a thousand leys of musketry. If there was a fight, or broken sobs, piercing groans, and distractthe radical views gain supremae, so that "No?" she replied archly; "well if you is to be another, I cry with all my heart and ed motions he wrote the following letter to soul, God help the North Carolinians! the father of his dead bride:

ALL SORTS.

assure us of luture ones.

know themselves,' which is advising some | good old man! Remember that he killtolks to form disreputable acquaintances. The difference between a carriage wheel and a carriage horse, is, that one goes best

when it is tired, and the other don't. The Yankees, it is said, used to chase the almighty dollar, but not half so hotly as they are now chasing the rebels.

Says a Tennessee correspondent of the Silence is cometimes commendable. Persons cannot wash themselves clean in dirty survey the grave of a female a sigh invol

eyen tempered person in the world-she's and delicate affection. We think of her av-

The reward of villians is various: some of them are hung, others cropped and

branded-others elected to office. Punch's Almanac advises the farmers to sow their P's keep their U's warm, hive These is something in contemplating the

after potatocs' I's and then take their E's. There is a good-natured backelor so gen-

his heart away, if he could only find an ineresting object to take it. What a pity! We don't want men who will change like the vanes of our steeples, with the course his grave. Can you look upon her ton

of every breeze, but men who, like moun- without emotion? Man has always justice tains, will change the course of the wind. | done to his memory, woman never. To Voltaire had a perfect horror of inquisi- pages of history lie open to one, but if tive persons. He said to one of these pau- meek and unobtrusive excellence of the

"Julius, what did you get that coat ?" "Down here to Pull's." "Whar's dat ?"

t says 'Puil" on the door. I pulled dis coat, and ran out."

"Little ways down in Brattle street, what

in concrete form.

The land we love so well Unsevered must remain :--Shall be our own again. The land our fathers gave No traitor's hand shall sever: 'Twas one in glorious '76 :-And shall be so forever.

The Wedding Day.

A gentleman who had courted a most ter. It is as follows: agreeable young woman and won her heart obtained also the consent of her father, to the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall judge the whom she was an only child. The old man quick and the dead at his appearing and mal, of which he was the temporary owner had a facey that they should be married in his kingdom." on the previous day, was John Morgan's the same church where he was himself celebrated black mare, backed on which he in a village in Westmoreland, and made dier with a fearful wound in the leg. "I had committed almost as many depreda- them set out while he was laid up with wish," he said, as we looked at the Bible. only his man, the bride her maid; they had | Saturday." the most agreeable journey imaginable to the place of marriage, from whence the bridegroom wrote the following letter to his

wife's father : March 18, 1672.-Sis,-After a very pleasant journey hither, we are preparing for the happy hour in which I am to be We have, from the Balloon corps, a most your son. I assute you that the bride carstartling account of a Rebel mutiny. Two ries it, in the eye of the vicar who married or three days ago, while taking observa- you, much beyond her mother, though, he tions, the balloonist observed quite a com- says, your open sleeves, pantaloons and day followed one after another. He had motion in the enemy's camp. A large par- shoulderknot, made a much better show

The villagers were assembling about the

garden, they went into the room, and after

"Sin,-i, who, two hours ago, told you truly I was the happiest man alive, am now God's mercies are like a large chain the most miserable. Your daughter lies every link leads to another, present mercies | dead at my feet, killed by my hand, through a mistake of my man's charging my pistols God washes the eyes with tears until they anknawn to me. Him have I murdered for can behold the land where tears shall be it. Such is my wedding day. I will immediately follow my wife to her grave, but The soul is sepulchred in the body ; thus before I throw myself on my sword, I com

be possible, do not curse me."

bodies go their graves, souls pass from mand my distraction so far as to explain my story to you. I fear my heart will not An old philosopher advises all men to keep together until I have stabbed it. Poor ed your daughter died for it. In the article of death, I give you my thanks, and pray tor you, though I dare not for myself. If it

Woman's Grave.

We pass by the tomb of a man with somewhat of calm indifference, but when we untarily escapes us. With the holy name "My wife," said a critic, " is the most of woman, we associate every soft, tender the young and bashful virgin, with eyesparkling, and cheeks crimsoned with each impassioned feeling of the heart; as the chaste and virtuous matron, tried with the follies of the world, are preparing for the grave to which she must soon descend .heir B's shoot their J's teed their N's, look character of a woman that raises the so far above the level of society. She is forned to adorn and hamanize mankid, to sooth erous that, poor fellow, he would even give his cares and strew his path with flower-In the hour of distress she is the rock en which he leans for support, and when facalls him from existence her tears bede with the virtues of a saint. She, too, ma have passed along the sterile path of exience, and felt for others as we now feel for

Saved by a Bible.

Among the wounded which arrived at A Methodist minister, in presenting to the | Philadelphia, in the steamer Whilliden, on war department a new shell that he had in- Tuesday night, says the Bulletin, was Capvented is reported to have said that he had tain Eli Dougherty, of Co. K, 93d Penna. the field there was always leisure to swap preached hell in the abstract a good while, Regt. (Col. McCarter's) with a slight wound and was now anxious to give a little of it in the breast. In the battle of Saturday a minnie ball struck him just at the heart or rather in the clothes over the heart. It went through his coat vest and shirt, and smashed a gold watch (which he had bought for his sister) all to pieces. The ball then went into a bible and dug its way through the lid and about six hundred pages. At the beginning of the 4th chapter of 2d Timothy, it went out of the Bible and inflicted a slight wound in the breast. It left its last mark on the first verse of that chap-

"I charge thee therefore, before God and

In the next berth to Captain D. was a sol-

SHTOP HIM .- The following specimen of a German advertisement was recently handed us by a friend.

"Runned away, strayed away, or stoled away, mine pig black horse, sixteen hands and six inches tall ; he wash black all over his boty put his hed and dat wash black too; he had four legs two pehind and two pefront, and when he walked and runned two black ears upon his hed one black and the other brown, and had no bye on one side on his hed and could not see anything mit the other. He had a fine pig hed which he vore pefore him, and a long dale pehind. vich I cut short de oder day and it is not so long ass it vash before. It always stays pehint except when he walks backward and den it comes in front. Anypody vat finds him and brings him to me pays me fife dollars reward and no questions axed.

A PRINTER BOY IN BATTLE -In the battle of Pittsburg Landing, young Martin Bean, of Alton Illinois, scarce eighteen years old. was a Sergeant in the 13th Missouri, havshot down at his side; he caught up the slept that night with its folds around Lim. The rext morning his Captain appointed him a Second Lieutenant pro tem. The first ny acted as Major, leaving this young hero unharmed. Young Martin Bean was in a printing office when the war broke out.

The following is a good story about a elergyman who lost his horse on Saturday boy until after midnight he gave up in deat his loss, he went into the pulpit, and took for his text the following passage from

'Oh that I knew where I might find him ? The boy who had just come in, supposing the horse was still the burden of his thought, cried out.

"I know where he is; he's in Descon Smith's barn !"