

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

W. H. JACOBY, Publisher.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

[Two Dollars per Annum.]

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STAR OF THE NORTH.

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For the Star of the North.

OUR COUNTRY'S FLAG.

Our country, rich, and noble,
With hills, and valleys, wide,
O'er Rivers, Lakes, and Oceans,
Her starry banner glides;
Thou ark of human Liberty,
High o'er the traitor's grave,
Long may thy bright unsullied folds,
In peace and union wave.

Thy sons are brave, and valiant,
Thy daughters, virtuous, fair,
Kind heaven smiles upon them,
And brightens every care;
Columbia, O, Columbia!
We love thy happy shore,
The emblem of thy glory,
All patriots must adore.

Where Susquehanna wanders,
Or Mississippi flows,
Or mountains, famed for grandeur,
Uprear their lofty nose;
All hail, thou glorious emblem,
Tri color of the free,
God curse the traitor hand, that would
Expel one Star from thee.

Where bold Niagara thunders,
In all her native pride,
Or low Wyoming valley,
O'er stretches far and wide;
O'er southern wastes, and prairies,
Through battles, smoke, and scars,
Borne by victorious freemen,
Behold the Stripes and Stars.

From Carolina's cotton fields,
And up, to distant Maine,
Across the Rocky Mountains,
To Utah's lovely vale;
From California's golden plains
To famed old Banker Hill,
While remains an arm to guard it,
We'll unfurl our Banner still!
WILLIAMSTON, Nov. 3, 1863.

MARRIAGE.—If there is a tie on earth
deemed sacred, and holy in brighter land,
to that which binds man to his kindred
spirit to become as one in unity and love;
and yet it rarely happens that he properly
appreciates the kindness and sincerity of
the female heart, by setting right value on
a gem so productive of happiness to the
possessor. There is nothing in life so pure
and devoted as the unrequitable love of
woman—more priceless than the gems of
Golconda, and more devout than the idolatry
of Mecca, is the unsealed and gushing
tenderness which flows from the fount of
the female heart.

It may here with propriety be asked,
what so often enhances the sorrow of the
female heart, causing many anxious days
and sleepless nights? Is it not for the con-
science of man? For whose sake does she
bid adieu to the home of her childhood?—
For whom does she leave the loved father
and the doing mother, and the sweet sister
who played with her in infancy? To whom
does she cling with a fond embrace, when
all but her have forsaken him?

HOW NATURE COVERS UP BATTLE FIELDS.—
Did I tell you ever, among the affecting
little things one is always seeing in these
stirring war times, how I saw on the Bull
Run battle field, pretty pure delicate flowers
growing out of emptied ammunition
boxes, a rose thrusting up its graceful head
through the head of a Union drum, which
doubtless sounded its last charge (or re-
treat, as the case may have been,) in that
battle, and cowering scarlet verbenas peep-
ing out of a fragment of burst shell in
which strange cup it had been slain?—
Wasn't that peace growing out of war?—
Even so shall the graceful and beautiful
grow out of the horrible and terrible things
that transpire in this changing but ever ad-
vancing world. Nature covers even the
battle grounds with verdure and bloom—
Fence and plenty soon spring up in the
track of devastating campaigns, and all
things in nature and society shall work out
the progress of mankind and harmony of
God's great designs.—E.

WHO ARE THE HAPPY.—Lord Byron said:
"The mechanics and workmen who can
maintain their families, are in my opinion,
the happiest body of men. Poverty is
wretchedness, but even poverty, is perhaps
to be preferred to heartless, unmeaning
dissipation of the higher orders." Another
says: "I have no propensity to envy any
one, least of all, the rich and great, but if I
were disposed to this weakness, the subject
of my envy would be a healthy young man,
in full strength and faculties, going forth in
a morning to work for his wife and children,
or bringing them home his wages at
night."

There is news from ghostdom! The
Herald of Progress, a spiritualist paper, says
that Stone wall Jackson has become an abso-
lutionist since his death, and has joined
John Brown's phalanx of philanthropists.

FROM MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

DOWNTOWN, Oct. 26, 1863.

Sirs: Cause your readers haven't heard
from me lately, I suppose they think I'm dead
or gone over to the Abolitionists, which is
a ternal sight was; but I ain't in neither
fix. I'm pretty well just now. The hot
weather, durin' the summer, kind of tried me,
but I carry eighty years just about as well
as any man ever did. The resin you ain't
heard from me is this: I've been uncon-
man gloomy, and down spirited all sum-
mer. Everything seemed to be goin' from
bad to wos. Linkin wouldn't take my ad-
vice and cum out agin the Abolitionists,
issued his free nigger proclamashin rite
agin the law and Constitushin both. Wal,
things have gone down hill rapid since
then. The Democratic party didn't cum
out blently agin this proclamashin, but
kept on supportin' the war, and the conse-
quence is, it has been whipped all around.
Politics are gettin' down to first principles.
The Democratic party reminds me of old
deacon Doolittle's youngest boy, Bob—
When Bob was about fifteen years old, he
was the most awful liar I ever new. An
he would not only lie, but he used to steal
the other boy's dinnere out of their basket.
One day at school, the teacher undertook
to whip him, an Bob jumped out of the wind-
ow and run hum across lots, frightenin' on
his way old Sol Pendergrasse's bay mare so
badly that she broke her leg in tryin' to
jump over the fence, an died next day.—
The old deacon called Bob up, an gave
him a terrible whippin'. As he was about
clostin' up the job, the deacon, ses he, 'Bob,
why can't you behave yourself?' 'Wal,
Pop,' says Bob, drawin' out the words be-
tween the blubberin', 'the resin is jest this:
I can't behave unless I am liked!' And jes'
so it is with the Democratic party. It can't
behave itself unless it's licked. I should
think its late thrashings ought to put it on
good behavior.

Things are now jest as bad as they kin
be, and that is what encourages me. I
shall never forget Hezekiah Stebbins, who
lived away up in the upper part of the
Penobscot. One winter it had been awful
cold weather, and 'Kiah had had wonderful
bad luck, and towards spring it seemed to
get worse instead of better. He had lost
his horse and his cow, and his chickens
and all his pigs but one. Finally that died,
and the next day I happened to go up to
his house to see how he was gettin' along.
I found the old man happy as a lark. He
was singin' and shoutin' as if nothin' had
happened! When I went in ses I, 'Kiah,
what on earth is the matter?' 'Oh,' ses he,
'the last pig is dead, and he went to jump-
in and clappin' his hands as if he was the
happiest man in the universe. Ses I,
'what possesses you to act so?' 'Wal,' ses
he, 'things can't be no wos. The last pig
is dead, and anything that happens now
must be for the better.' And jes' so it is
with the Democratic party. Anything now
that happens it must be for the better. And
I most confess that I feel a good deal like
'Kiah. I don't feel at all like settin' down
and cryin' like a sick baby over spit milk,
because we've been whipt in the late elec-
tions. That ain't the way old General
Hickory Jackson taught me Dimocracy.

The other day I got a letter from Linkin,
askin' me to cum on to Washington. He
ses he is gettin' into a heap of trouble
about his next message, all on account of
the difficulty which Blair and Chase air kick-
in' up about what is to be done with the
southern States after the rebelyon is put
down. He ses he wants me to help git
the message, and kinder fix things up gin-
rally. I writ back that cold weather was
comin' on, so my rhatuzoid would probably
trouble me, so I could not tell exactly what
I would do, but if I could be of any service
to my country, as long as life lasted I would
do my duty. I wrote him also about this
matter of the southern States, and I told
him that it reminded me of the old receipt
for cooking a rabbit. 'First catch the rabbit.'
I told them they had not got the southern
States yet that they sartinly wouldn't get
them this year, and I didn't see any great
likelihood of gettin' them next year. In
fact the times of the soldiers were mostly
out, and I didn't believe they ever could git
another sich an army, and if he followed
my advice he would get up a Peace this
winter without fail. I ain't got any answer
to this letter, but shall wait for one before I
go. If the Kernal talks huffy I won't stir
a step, for he knows I allers tell him the
plain, blunt truth, as I believe it. When I
can't talk that way to a man I won't have
nothing to do with him. The old General
allers wanted every body around him to
speak their rale sentiments. Nothin' made
him so mad as to suspect any body of flat-
terin' him, or shamin' in any way.

The other day Kernal Stebbins cum hum
from the war. The Kernal has been down
to Morris Island with General Gilmer. He
ses that the sand on that Island is kinder
unaccountable. The Kernal reckons that he
has eat nigh about a bushel. The Kernal
used to be very good on riting poetry, but
he ses all the flatus has oozed out of him,
an he don't believe he could rise a line to
save his life. We had a grand recepshin
for the Kernal on his arrival. The Down-
ingville Insensibles turned out as usual
on sich occasions. You recollect that the
Kernal went off as an Insane, an when he
was promoted to be Captain he cum hum an
we give him a recepshin. Now he is rais-
ed to Kernal he cum hum again. He cum
every time he gets promoted to let his old
nighbors see how he looks in his new uni-
form. I never see the Kernal look so well.

Warrenton, Va.—A Picture of the War.

A correspondent of a religious paper gives
the following account of his visits to War-
renton, Virginia:—

This place, with its present condition
and connectives, is no doubt a fair sample
of all the large towns in Eastern Virginia.
It is the seat of Justice for Fairfax county,
and located beautifully on the summit of an
elevated ridge of land. Before the war it
must have been a place of very considera-
ble attraction. The principal street con-
sists of fine old Virginia mansions, detach-
ed from each other, with pleasant grass-
plots in front, and what is not common in
this region, both sides of the streets lined
with fine old shade trees. In Dixie estima-
tion, a wealthy, refined, exceedingly aris-
tocratic—through F. F. V. place—seemeth
to the core.

Riding through this place, a short time
since, I chanced to meet an intelligent look-
ing old gentleman, a rebel resident, and
felt constrained to accost him and if possi-
ble have a free and friendly conversation.—
The military salute was accordingly given
and by him, in a seeming manner, return-
ed. My connection with the army was
stated accompanied by a request that leav-
ing out for the present Union and Confedera-
te wars and revolutions, we would have a
social chat about Warrenton and its condi-
tions, past and present. "No objections at
all," was his reply, "dismount!" Seated
on the edge of the side walk under the
shade of a large elm we had together a long
and free communion. From this, more
real insight was obtained with respect to the
actual condition of things—the thorough
and entire revolution which has already ta-
ken place—the breaking up and scattering
of all the old elements of Southern society,
than could otherwise have been gained by
long personal observation.

My first question was about the Churches.
"We had," he said, pointing to the build-
ing of each as named, "Presbyterian, Bap-
tist, Methodist, Episcopal and Catholic, all
respectable congregations. All preaching
stopped many months ago—the ministers
are starved out and gone; the congrega-
tions wholly scattered, and the houses of
worship taken for hospitals, guard houses or
barracks."

"How do the remaining inhabitants con-
tinue to live—how do they obtain food or
anything with which to buy?" "Look,"
he continued, "at the different classes of
houses. As you observe nearly every good
house is inhabited—the wife, children,
family are here; but the men are gone into
the Confederate army, in some way con-
nected with the government, or fled away
at your approach—very many never to re-
turn for many are already dead.

"The interior houses and negro quarters
are nearly all empty. There is not a store,
grocery, mechanic-shop, or any place of busi-
ness open in and around Warrenton. The
store-keepers, mechanics and laborers had
their business all broken up by the war;
and are driven away, the men into the
Southern army, and their families, the Lord
knows where, I do not. As to the negroes,
you know perhaps better where they are
gone than I could tell you. This better
class of families, the remnants of which
are still here, nearly every one owns or did
own a farm in the adjacent country. From
those they have contrived to live till the
coming of your army a few weeks since;
now, however, every resource seems taken
away. I have a farm," he said, pointing to
a place about a mile distant; "till lately I
managed to keep a few slaves and do a lit-
tle farming. When your army encamped
here the last of July, I had four work oxen,
three colts—horses, all pressed into the
Southern army—to many milch cows,
sheep, pigs, and poultry, with forty acres
of corn coming into ear; now there is not
a slave, a domestic animal, a fowl, or an
ear of corn left—all taken by your soldiers
—and this is about the condition of all the
other families here. So long as the Union
army remains here we may contrive to
live, but when it is away I have no con-
ception how the people who will be left
can obtain food to sustain life during the
coming winter." With thanks to my old
secess friend for his freedom in conversa-
tion and hopes expressed for the dawning
of better times upon him and his, we parted.

In Australia it is summer in January and
winter in July. It is noon there when it is
midnight in Europe. The longest day is in
December. The heat comes from the
North, cold from the South, and it is the
hottest on the mountain tops. The swans
are black, the eagles are white, the bees do
not sting and the birds do not sing. The
cherries have no stones, the trees have no
shadow, for their leaves turn edgeways to
the sun, and some quadrupeds have a
beak and lay eggs!

A JEALOUS BLUNDER.—A laughable in-
cident is related of a jealous woman at Lew-
iston, Maine, who went into an auction
room the other day, and saw (as she sup-
posed) her husband very familiarly sitting
beside a young lady. Stepping up softly,
she seized a head in each of her hands
and pounded them together a number of
times in great rage. Her surprise may be
imagined when she found that the innocent
stranger was not her "worse half." She
apologized and passed out amid the laugh-
ter of the crowd.

The thoughts of certain women are al-
ways fixed on the opposite sex. Even
when they laugh they say "Te-é-é!"

The military hospitals of Philadelphia
now have 7,769 inmates.

Choice Poetry.

DIDN'T MEAN IT.

Yes, I know I said I loved you,
But, then, Tom, I didn't mean it—
I was joking all the time;
And you surely must have seen it.
But if you will not sit so close,
And behave yourself right well,
Before you go away to-night,
I have a secret, Tom, to tell.

Tom, I went walking yesterday
With Mr. Phillip Ashe,
He is a splendid dashing fellow,
With a love of a moonstache;
And he walks with such an air—
Tom, I wish you could have seen it,
If I had said that I loved him,
Why, perhaps, Tom, I might mean it.

Last Sunday night I went to church
With a delightful creature;
His face is as white as any girl's,
So perfect every feature;
And he can sing and dance and play,
This charming Charley Greenit;
And a girl who said that she loved him,
Why, surely, Tom, must surely mean it.

Tom, don't you know that it is wrong
To fly in such a passion,
And fume, and fret, and founce about,
In that ochristian fashion?
Come here, a seat, and behave yourself!
See, here's a seat by me, sir,
I haven't told the secret yet—
Come, guess what it can be, sir.

Still pointing, Tom, you are vexed
With all my idle chatter,
Or what can make you look so sad?
Tom, tell me what's the matter?
Well then, forget my silly talk—
You know I didn't mean it,
I was but joking, Tom, indeed,
You surely must have meant it.

Now, Tom, don't squeeze me so tight,
But leave a little breath,
So I can tell that secret, Tom,
Before I'm hugged to death.
Darling, I love you as my life!
Ah! Tom, you must have seen it;
See, I am conquered now at last!
And, Tom, indeed I mean it!

The Dead March.

Hush! the muffled drum and the shrill
moaning notes of the fife, admonish us that
another soldier is being borne by his com-
rades to his last resting place. There is
scarcely a day, that one of these solemn
processions does not file slowly by in front
of our window.

We look upon the sad scene as it for a
moment, arrests the attention either of cu-
riosity or respect, of the busy and laughing
world. The moment it is gone, it is forgot-
ten forever, and nameless and unknown,
he sleeps well.

One of those processions has just passed.
A plain wooden coffin, in a two horse
wagon, a few manly comrades, are all that
trappings of woe that accompany all that
mortality of some one, who must be as dear
to some poor broken heart, as are the
haughtiest or proudest of the land.

There in that plain box is all of what
was once the happy, laughing boy upon a
father's knee—a father's pride, a mother's
cherished idol. A cold letter from a
strange hand will bear the heart breaking
tidings to the far distant friends. It will
tell them how the idol son, how the dear
and loved father, and truest of all,
how the husband that his eyes in clammy
death talking wildly and incoherently to the
last moment, of his absent and loved wife.
How he called in his wild delirium the one
name—addressed his companions in the
endearing terms of long agony, names that
had never before escaped his lips, save in the
sacred joys of that most sacred relation
in life. Such are the crushing and blighted
memories nailed down forever in that plain
box, over which the busy and the thought-
less world have not time even to devote a
passing thought. In that springless, hard
wagon accompanied only by a few weather
beaten comrades, are being borne to the
rude grave dug in the sand, all these heart
rendering relics. Let the brave boy that
has offered up his life as a sacrifice for his
wounded country, sleep in peace and
though it be—in glory. The dank and rot-
tening weeds of the lonesome forest will
soon obliterate forever all the marks of his
final resting place, but upon a tablet of
broken hearts will be indelibly inscribed
his troubled life, and its good deeds.

An editor out West gives the following
notice:—"Our purse is lost! The finder
is requested to return it, being careful not
to disturb its contents, which were a brass
rule, a piece of leaf tobacco nicely twisted,
the stump of a cigar, and a very good leath-
er string."

That was a very pretty conceit of a ro-
mantic husband and father whose name
was Rose, who named his daughter 'Wild,'
so that she grew up under the appellation
'Wild Rose.' But the romance of the
name was sadly spoiled in a few years, for
she married a man by the name of 'Bull.'

A Yankee editor who has been drafted,
lets himself out:
Why should we mourn conscripted friends,
Or quake at Draft alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Abraham sends
To make us shoulder arms."

CAPT. SWIPES ON THE DRAFT.

Mr. Editor:—Things in a muddle.

Government's got demoralized and gone into
the lottery business like a gay old gambol-
er. The government wheel's worse than
roulette, for in that you can see the ball
spin round, and you stan' a chance of dou-
blin' yours; but in Capt. Stanton's wheel
you stan' two chances of losin' to none at
winnin'. In fact for a poor specyulashun,
it beats anything sene the dase of Joshua,
and I'm down on it. I've no particular
objeckshun to a square game, where you
git a site for your money, but to back again
government whether you want or not, with
nary a chance at all except of losin 3 hun-
dred, sene exactly what I've been b'ot up
to consider the bite of morality. To my
mind government might be in better busi-
ness.

Besides its immoral pints, this govern-
ment gambolering is an unhealthy business.
It sort of pisons the atmosphere, and brings
on all sorts of diseases. The folks around
here yused to be tolerably salubrious.
Now they ain't. Three years ago you
couldn't find a man in the town that wasn't
a magnus Apollo. Now they ain't none of
that sort left, unless he's some poor cus
which hain't got no frens and no 3 hun-
dred for nothin'. Sum has tubercles,
(which is things like potatoes,) growin'
out their lungs; sum has very coarse
vanes; and the rest ain't very well gener-
ally. An' all in consequence of government's
goin' into the lottery perfashun. You see
tain't good for body or soul, an' it shouldn't
ought to be continued.

What makes me speeshully down into
the instiutshun, is that I'm won of its vic-
tims. The wheel has gone and done it,
and I, which hain't even plaid even up for
the drinks, (a part from principle and a part
from interest,) mor'n a year, am beat out
of three 100 by a gamein which they
wouldn't even let me hold a hand.
Yes, sir, they have grafted me into the
army, I believe that's what they call it,
when they call on a feller for the soap, but
which is only a peace of sarkasm, for the
my ain't nothin' particler to do with it as
I can see.

When I was drafted I felt different about
it. I thought then that they wanted more
soldiers. The Administrashun papers ses
so; they sed it was men the government
wanted, not money; and when anybody
proposed to raise 3 hundred for every grafted
man so't he could go or stay jest as he'd
a mind to, they said he was a copperhead
and a rebel sympathiser. When I got
the paper with the names of the grafted
men in our town, I found my own and jest
teen others that I trained with among the
Wide Awakes 3 years ago. For a moment
I felt bad, and kinder that I'd go an' make
Uncle Bill over in Canada a short visit, an'
if I liked the country take off my close an'
stay a few years. Then I thot to myself
I won't. Here's fifteen of us valyunt fellers
of that regiment which Bart Van Horn sed
it could march right thro' the whole South.
We're the men for the crisis, an now that
the backbone of the rebelyon is broken, we'll
make them big rebuels fly to the cal holo.
So I wrote to my wife, and ses I:

"Wife, I'm goin'." Government's sent for
me and I respond. I'm wanted to crush
the rebelyon and I'm goin' in to do it. I've
got three weeks to get ready in, and then
I'm off for the fast families and intelligent
contrabands."

"Now Ethan?" ses she, "You don't say
so! Why, what'll me and the children
do?" "sez I, "you'll get on well enef, I'll
got you 10 dollars a month of my pay, and
the town board'll see you don't suffer."

"Town granny!" ses she, "do you s'pose
I'm goin' to take help from the town? I'd
which come from a good famerly; I'd as
soon go to the County House to wos."

"Well," ses I, "ten dollars'll keep you
and the babies in eatables, and you won't
need many close, for thinkin' that your
husband is a servin' of his country, and a
winnin' of distinction will warm your bo-
som and no mistake. Besides I'll be pro-
moted rite along, an' before the war is over
I'll be a big brigadier, and have two rows
of brass buttons on to my cote, and a draw'
sword in my hand, and git 200 and fifty a
month for pickin' my teeth in front of a big
hotel to illustrate the strength of the coun-
try."

"Ethan," ses she, solemnly, "ef you
must go I'll try an bear it, but one thing I
want you to promise, and that is that you
won't go to bein' a brigadier on no account
I know the pay's good, but what's that com-
pared to the associashun. You're children,
grown up; think how they'd feel."

"Well," ses I, "I promise, for I think a
good deal of my name, an' it shan't be en-
gaged by bein' reported in the list of brig-
adiers." I thot I would quiet her, an' it
did for a minute, but purty soon I herd a
sound, an' I new somthin' was comin'.

"Boo-hoo-hoo!" she remarked an' I
noticed several tears about the size of pig-
toon's eggs a'coursin' down her lovely cheek,
I kept still, but she continued repeatin' her
last observashun. At last ses she:
"O, Ethan, them rebuels are so careless
how they shoot. What would you do ef a
Parrot projectile was to hit you?"

"Do I!" ses I, majestically, why, repeatin'
the immortal words of Patrick Henry, "I
still live," I'd wrap myself into the bar
tangled spanner and die, consure that I
had aided in making some individual of the
African perseshun happy!"

"But, Ethan," ses she, "what good
would that do me an' the babies? D-o-n-t
g-o-o-o!" and off she went again.

Choice Poetry.

DIDN'T MEAN IT.

Yes, I know I said I loved you,
But, then, Tom, I didn't mean it—
I was joking all the time;
And you surely must have seen it.
But if you will not sit so close,
And behave yourself right well,
Before you go away to-night,
I have a secret, Tom, to tell.

Tom, I went walking yesterday
With Mr. Phillip Ashe,
He is a splendid dashing fellow,
With a love of a moonstache;
And he walks with such an air—
Tom, I wish you could have seen it,
If I had said that I loved him,
Why, perhaps, Tom, I might mean it.

Last Sunday night I went to church
With a delightful creature;
His face is as white as any girl's,
So perfect every feature;
And he can sing and dance and play,
This charming Charley Greenit;
And a girl who said that she loved him,
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Come, guess what it can be, sir.

Still pointing, Tom, you are vexed
With all my idle chatter,
Or what can make you look so sad?
Tom, tell me what's the matter?
Well then, forget my silly talk—
You know I didn't mean it,
I was but joking, Tom, indeed,
You surely must have meant it.

Now, Tom, don't squeeze me so tight,
But leave a little breath,
So I can tell that secret, Tom,
Before I'm hugged to death.
Darling, I love you as my life!
Ah! Tom, you must have seen it;
See, I am conquered now at last!
And, Tom, indeed I mean it!

The Dead March.

Hush! the muffled drum and the shrill
moaning notes of the fife, admonish us that
another soldier is being borne by his com-
rades to his last resting place. There is
scarcely a day, that one of these solemn
processions does not file slowly by in front
of our window.

We look upon the sad scene as it for a
moment, arrests the attention either of cu-
riosity or respect, of the busy and laughing
world. The moment it is gone, it is forgot-
ten forever, and nameless and unknown,
he sleeps well.

One of those processions has just passed.
A plain wooden coffin, in a two horse
wagon, a few manly comrades, are all that
trappings of woe that accompany all that
mortality of some one, who must be as dear
to some poor broken heart, as are the
haughtiest or proudest of the land.

There in that plain box is all of what
was once the happy, laughing boy upon a
father's knee—a father's pride, a mother's
cherished idol. A cold letter from a
strange hand will bear the heart breaking
tidings to the far distant friends. It will
tell them how the idol son, how the dear
and loved father, and truest of all,
how the husband that his eyes in clammy
death talking wildly and incoherently to the
last moment, of his absent and loved wife.
How he called in his wild delirium the one
name—addressed his companions in the
endearing terms of long agony, names that
had never before escaped his lips, save in the
sacred joys of that most sacred relation
in life. Such are the crushing and blighted
memories nailed down forever in that plain
box, over which the busy and the thought-
less world have not time even to devote a
passing thought. In that springless, hard
wagon accompanied only by a few weather
beaten comrades, are being borne to the
rude grave dug in the sand, all these heart
rendering relics. Let the brave boy that
has offered up his life as a sacrifice for his
wounded country, sleep in peace and
though it be—in glory. The dank and rot-
tening weeds of the lonesome forest will
soon obliterate forever all the marks of his
final resting place, but upon a tablet of
broken hearts will be indelibly inscribed
his troubled life, and its good deeds.

An editor out West gives the following
notice:—"Our purse is lost! The finder
is requested to return it, being careful not
to disturb its contents, which were a brass
rule, a piece of leaf tobacco nicely twisted,
the stump of a cigar, and a very good leath-
er string."

That was a very pretty conceit of a ro-
mantic husband and father whose name
was Rose, who named his daughter 'Wild,'
so that she grew up under the appellation
'Wild Rose.' But the romance of the
name was sadly spoiled in a few years, for
she married a man by the name of 'Bull.'

A Yankee editor who has been drafted,
lets himself out:
Why should we mourn conscripted friends,
Or quake at Draft alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Abraham sends
To make us shoulder arms."

CAPT. SWIPES ON THE DRAFT.

Mr. Editor:—Things in a muddle.

Government's got demoralized and gone into
the lottery business like a gay old gambol-
er. The government wheel's worse than
roulette, for in that you can see the ball
spin round, and you stan' a chance of dou-
blin' yours; but in Capt. Stanton's wheel
you stan' two chances of losin' to none at
winnin'. In fact for