

# THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

W. H. JACOBY, Publisher.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

Two Dollars per Annum.

VOLUME 15.

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY APRIL 20, 1864.

NUMBER 26.

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Nov. 25, 1863—1y.

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PUBLISHED BY WEDNESDAY BY  
WM. 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 discontinuance permitted until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the editor.  
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### Choice Poetry.

NOTICE.

BY J. HOWARD WERT.

'Twas when the mystic spirit, night  
Had spread its gem-clad veil,  
White thousand brilliant, bright-dyed orbs  
Twined round its azure mail.

Beneath a vine-clad arbor's shade  
I fondly sought repose  
From earth and cares' tumultuous throes—  
From earth and earth fight's woes.

I thought that I for weary years  
Had toiled for dazzling fame—  
Had toiled far up the giddy heights  
Of science's cloud-capped fame.

But there was in my weary soul  
A sad, a strange unrest;  
A secret throbbing of my heart  
From out my toil worn breast.

And then beneath fair Luna's rays,  
And heaven's azure dome—  
Which sparkled with ten thousand gems  
Of heaven's eternal throne:

I thought, fair one, of thee, whose eyes  
Outshone the evening star,  
Which glided into the opening port  
The toiled tossed mariner.

Thus could thy smiles be turned on me,  
Forgot were all my care,  
Intent to gaze upon thy face,  
And find a "respite" there.

### THE TRUTH TOLD.

LINCOLN'S HONESTY AND CAPACITY.

A TERRIBLE PHILLIPIC AGAINST LINCOLN,  
BY A FUGITIVE SLAVE.

(From the New York New Nation.)

We all recollect that worthy citizen of Athens who banished Aristides solely because it annoyed him to hear the epithet, "the Just," constantly coupled with his name. We have all been struck by this strange specimen of political liberty, and by the lack of judgment in the application it was not because this odious notoriety given to the name of a citizen of the republic might alter a time, prove dangerous, nor because the epithet of "Just" was questionable, that the worthy citizen of Greece banished Aristides. He would not even discuss the matter, the epithet annoyed him, and that was enough to ostracize his unfortunate warrior. In this we see an excess of liberty and a lack of political education.

Now, we are annoyed and irritated at hearing the words Abraham Lincoln and honesty always coupled together; but being more generous than the excellent Athenian citizen aforesaid, we propose, before ostracizing him, to consider his right to the surname of "Honest." To call one man honest out of a population of thirty millions, is not so much a compliment to him as a satire upon all the rest. Let us look into his honesty and capacity. After three years of patient silence we have a right, and moreover it is our duty, Mr. Lincoln, to examine your acts and show them to the nation. You commenced by confiding the fate of our cause, the honor of our arms, and the lives of our sons to men having no higher claim to such trust than a host of voters at their command, whose support you coveted—in order to advance the welfare of the nation.

We have allowed you to further your political and personal interests, and to transform into heroes men whose inefficiency has swallowed up thousands of lives and millions of treasure, so that you might be able to dazzle the eyes of the people with victories far more than real. We have permitted you to sacrifice tried patriots, whose popularity alarmed you, and whose energy disappointed your calculations.

We have allowed you to deceive the people; we have let you transform disgraceful defeats into victories; and even we made no outcry when you were reduced to beg exonerated for acts which have eternally disgraced the honor of our arms. You have been unable either to foresee or forestall anything. What has become of the nation's enthusiasm? What have you done with the immense resources, unprecedented in history, that the nation has lavishly given you?

You are now appealing to conscription, and we will not enter into discussion of the principle itself, but we will tell you that you should have foreseen that the day must come when you would need these men, and that you were to blame in not calling for them when the people's enthusiasm was first aroused, when they certainly would not have been refused you. You are to blame, inasmuch as thro' your incapacity and personal schemes, the necessity of such an appeal has become a question of public safety. You are to blame for depriving us of the services of men whose popularity stimulated that enthusiasm.

You have told the country that both the rebellion and slavery were dead; you have told the people that the forces of the rebels were reduced by desertions, and that they could not be recruited, fed, nor clothed; and yet you are forced to act on the defensive, being threatened at all points.

Whenever you have directed the action of our troops they have been uniformly unsuccessful; you have perpetually offered us the wretched spectacle of splendid resources and excellent chances of success sacrificed to incapacity. The only success which you came near attaining, but the credit of which we intend to take from you, is due to the incredible imagination of that you have displayed in describing facts. Changes of base, masterly retreats, and reconnoissances have succeeded each other with a rapidity worthy of the greatest slow-man of modern times. The immense variety of circumstances is only equalled by the identity of the results. We have:

- Sherman's reconnoissance.
- Smith's reconnoissance.
- Thomas's reconnoissance.
- Kilpatrick's reconnoissance.
- Custer's reconnoissance.
- Seymour's reconnoissance.
- Wilmore's Charleston reconnoissance.

The result is everywhere the same, ridiculous and disastrous. The sole concession we can make to your honesty is that you have improved upon the change of base in 1862; you destroy fewer soldiers and burn less of the nation's property.

How is it that after three years of incomparable victories, according to Halleck's facetious expression, "unprecedented in the military history of nations," you are still pondering how to preserve the national Capital and your bases of operation?

Is it a reward for such success, for the achievement of such results, that you now ask the nation to pass a vote of confidence and re-elect you for another, and perhaps another term?

In your inaugural address you gave a very striking illustration of your peculiar honesty by pledging yourself, in accordance with the well-known principles of the party which had elected you, not to serve another term; you said this in a manner which none of your supporters then understood; but your words were evidently designed to bear a double meaning, so that, if you should find the sweets of office more enticing than you possibly anticipated, you might change your purpose without seeming to violate your promise. Candid people will see in this a great deal more evidence of cunning than of honesty.

The whole truth is this: you are leading the nation quietly to destruction by deceiving the people as to the dangers which threaten it. In the first part of the campaign of 1862 you gained advantages which you were unable to utilize or even to retain in 1863.

You sacrificed the entire west for the capture of Vicksburg, and then you proclaim to the four winds that the Mississippi is free, while not a single steamer can navigate it without being attacked or perhaps burned, and without every passenger having the fear of death or captivity before his eyes.

To serve the ends of your cause, you have made a hero out of a man upon whom you have lavished everything, who had every obstacle removed from his path, and who was promptly furnished with reinforcements and supplies, while Rosecrans could get none; and who has scarcely been able to hold, with the immense resources at his command, the ground which his predecessor gained in spite of you by his talents.

You have offered us the distressing spectacle of the sacrifice of merit to caprice and personal political interests and this is a republic, in the name and under the plea of popular sovereignty.

And to cap the climax, you are obliged to hear definitions like this: "An unconditional loyal man is one who, although not satisfied with the measures taken by the government, approves them all and gives them his constant support."

It seems almost incredible. Are you in Constantinople, in St. Petersburg, in Rome or in Paris? Are we the descendants of those proud Saxons who refused to succumb to any yoke, or the illegitimate offspring of cardinals seeking to secure fortune and greatness by a perpetual worship? Are we really the descendants of those principles of Luther and Calvin, who rather than subject their reason to an authority that they despised, preferred to expatriate themselves to those shores, where, through the agency of liberty, they founded our national greatness which you are now striving to drown in a sea of cowardice and adulation, corruption and incompetency? Were our ancestors to visit the earth, they would certainly be surprised to see that, eighty years after the revolution which gave life and liberty to the nation, the Lincoln party could find no other definition of loyalty than a blind submission to the decrees of a government.

But we have extended this blind and mute submission during three years; during three years we have kept silent—and what was more generous than silence!

Some true radical patriots said not long since, "We have lost all confidence in Fremont. What has he said or done for a year past?"

What could he do? What could he say? He has done for you what Butler and Sigel have done; what we all have done; he has been charitable enough to keep silence, and that is more than he should have done.

In the face of so much incapacity and corruption, patriotism alone has kept us silent. Each time that a fresh defeat or a fresh concession to foreign powers brought an indignant exclamation out of our lips, we restrained its utterance. And yet has much grief, and love, and admiration, accompanied each hecatomb of these unknown heroes, martyrs to their country, who have fallen, through the incompetency and cold and insatiable ambition of the men whose mission it was to lead our sons to victory, but who being blinded by political considerations for their personal advancement, led them only to a profligate death.

And you have not displayed more talent or energy abroad. Napoleon has trampled upon the rights of a friendly republic; he has insolently notified us of a blockade of the Mexican coast, and thrown the Monroe doctrine in our face.

We ask, then, who is master now in America, he who lays down the law, or he who submits to the same? Is it Napoleon III, or the successor of Washington?

God alone, by bestowing upon the country inexhaustible wealth, and that ardent patriotism which makes every soldier a hero, have saved the country from the ruin into which our selfishness would plunge it. This is the secret of the difference between your currency and that of the South.

We have, been imposed upon long enough. The ruin which you have been unable to accomplish in four years, would certainly be fully consummated were you to remain in power four years longer. Your military governors and provost marshals override the laws, and the echo of the arm of steel rings forth as clearly now as in France or Austria. You have encroached upon our liberty without securing victory, and we must have both.

You have dishonored us abroad by shameless misrepresentations as to our true condition. Places that we occupied in 1862 are now again in the hands of the rebels, and God knows whether your arrangements for the approaching campaign are adequate—Corruption has entered into every department of your administration, rendering it a very Augean stable, which needs a Hercules as your successor. It is time for the fight to shine forth and for the truth to fully appear, so that all sincere patriots, all men who look for nothing further than the advancement of their country and of liberty, may rally in one compact body around the great principle of liberalism, and form a liberal party really worthy of the name—Such a man can only save the country.

Away with all the impostors who have invaded the temple of liberty, and turned it into a vote market. Let there be an end of this farce of unconditional loyalty, which is only fit to secure the votes of those fools, who, instead of delving to the root of the matter, blindly believe all the interested articles published by journals that are paid to applaud and submit, whether right or wrong.

Mr. Lincoln's honesty is of strange description. It consists in nearly robbing the country and in disregarding its interests in order to make sure of power for four years longer. To our eyes, the man who has deprived his country of the services of some of its best citizens, who has been unable to make any better use of the incredible resources confided to him, and who, after agitating so many public questions without solving one of them, disregards his own utter incapacity, is, of all the citizens of the United States, the least honest and the most dangerous.

But even if President Lincoln were the honest man that his paid organs represent him to be, how dangerous would his re-election prove to the liberties of the people, under existing circumstances, surrounded as he is, with the military influences that he has at his back! Let us remember the teachings of history, and the instances of feigned or real imbecility, all of which have resulted in despotism. Sixtus V., the half stupid monk in his call, and Napoleon III, the scotch debauch, belonging to the same school. The men who have to endure them, elected them as unimportant individuals, whose election would give time for reflection and consideration, it will soon be sixteen years that France has reflected and pondered over her lost liberty. Fearing the unknown, and shrinking from the perturbations incidental to change, they have had despotism and ruin, which are leading them inevitably to the most terrible of all the revolutions that history has hitherto recorded.

How to Know a Goose.—"Mother! mother!" cried young rook, returning hurriedly from his flight, "I'm so frightened; I've seen such a sight!"  
"What sight my son!" asked the old rook.  
"Oh, white creatures—screaming and running and straining their necks, and holding their heads over so high. See mother, there they go!"

"Goose, my son—mately geese," calmly replied the parent bird, looking over the common. Through life, child, observe that when you meet with any one who makes a great fuss about himself, and tries to lift his head higher than the rest of the world, you may set him down at once as a goose.

Gen. McClellan.—We will give our readers a single sentence from a private letter written by a soldier in the Army of the Potomac. "It is the almost unanimous and anxious prayer of this entire army, that General McClellan may be nominated for the Presidency by the Democratic party."

## From Richmond.

RICHMOND, March 23, 1864.

The heaviest snow storm of two Winters, it is presumed, did not slight Petersburg yesterday and last night. The average depth is about twelve inches, and some affirm that it is deeper. To day was ushered in with a cloudless sky and a merry ringing of sleigh bells, the lantern parties at the tone of 820 per hour to those who indulged in it. The roads of Northern Virginia, always cut up by the hundreds of wagons on the move, will be in a horrible condition for some time to come, and give a truce to any intention of activity on the part of the enemy. It seems to be a settled fact that "Unconditional Surrender" Grant is to try his luck with Gen. Lee in a pitched battle. It is needless to say that the veterans on our side desire to come into immediate contact with the boasted "hero of Vicksburg."

The Yankee papers evidently regard him as a forlorn hope, on whose success depends our subjugation or independence. The New York Herald, referring to his installation in the new office, candidly admits that if the rebellion is not crushed by this summer, it will never be. All of them speak with flattering despondency to us of their prospects and appear to regard the coming campaign as the crisis. The Examiner of this morning contained a very sensible and able editorial on the so-called "Peace Party of the North." There is no such word as peace in the vocabulary of any party here, in the sense in which we understand and accept it. What peace is to them, means war to us. The Peace party mean by that term a reconstruction of the old Union, and a return of the seceded States to their "allegiance." The peace we are fighting for (and we have been peace men always) means nothing more or less than eternal separation from Yankeeedom as a basis of independence. The sooner our people understand this the better.

I learn from the Exchange Bureau that a proposition has been made to the "Yankee Assistant Commissioner of Exchange," which, if accepted, will result in a brief time in ridding us of all the Yankee prisoners in Virginia. Its acceptance is somewhat doubtful, as the enemy may wish to retain some of our men for any unexpected retaliatory emergency. Although Gen. Butler has not been recognized in this matter, it is believed that he is the promotor and manager, and really instigated the present informal assumption of exchanges.

An incident occurred at City Point, on the departure for Richmond of a lot of prisoners that came up nearly two weeks ago, that should not remain unrecorded. One of the prisoners, a color bearer, when about to be captured, concealed his colors on his person and kept them so during his whole term of imprisonment. When the flag of truce boat moved off from City Point up the river, he drew forth the flag and unfurled it defiantly in the sight of the Yankees, and to the astonishment of his companions, who had been in ignorance of it until then. This noteworthy incident actually occurred but has never been mentioned; and I regret that I have been unable to learn either the name of the faithful standard-bearer or the name of his regiment. Such episodes of the war should not be omitted when its history is made up.

Very little change has occurred in prices or financial matters since my last. There is some improvement in Five Million bonds and Fifteen Million Loan. The last sales of the "thousand and one" auction and commission houses will occur to-day, to-morrow and the next, until the change of the currency is inaugurated. In respect to supplies, the time between now and a few days after the first will be the most trying period of the war to the body, if not to the soul.—(Correspondence of the Daily (Petersburg) Register.)

THE MYSTERY.—Two darkies had bought a quantity of pork in partnership; but Sam having no place to put his portion in concluded to entrust the whole to Julius' keeping. The next morning they met, when Sam said: "Good morning Julius, anything happened strange down in your vicinity, lately?"  
"Yass, Sam; most strange thing happened to my house yesterday last night. All mystery—all mystery to me."  
"Ah, Julius what was dat?"  
"Well, Sam, I t'ole yer now. Dis mornin' I went down in de cellar for to get a piece ob hog for dis darkey's breakfast, and put my hand down into de brine and felt round but no pork dar—all gone, couldn't tell what bewent of it; so I turned up de barrel, an Sam, true as preachin', de rats eat a half clear too de bar, and dragged de pork all out!"  
Sam was petrified with astonishment, but presently said:  
"Why didn't de brute run out ob de same hole?"  
"Ah, Sam, dat's de mystery—dat's de mystery!"

EFFECTS OF LOVE.—A correspondent says: "It is my duty to confess upon you, Mr. Editor, the certain fact that one half of our young people lose their senses when they lose their hearts. One of our party has already written five letters to his lady-love, and goes about groaning and sighing in a most pitiable manner. He has no appetite and sleeps up at the top of the house, close to the moon. He cannot stand by the side of the columns of the piazza, without putting his arms around its waist, and I caught him kissing an apple to-day, because it had red cheeks."

## A Brave Boy.

When I was a boy I lived among the Green Mountains of Vermont; in winter making snow forts and sliding down the steep hills, and in summer and autumn wandering over the mountains after flowers or nuts, or catching the beautiful trout from the brook. But my brother in Wisconsin wrote to me to come to him, and I went. Our house was on what was called "Baxter's Prairie." The prairie was covered with flowers, and the many clear lakes around abounded in fish and wild ducks; but our principal food was hoe cake and salt pork. One of our neighbors had no meat for some time, and getting out of powder they had no game; so one day they sent up their oldest son, a boy about ten years old, for a piece of pork. As he was carrying it homewards and going through a piece of woods by "Silver Lake," he heard a rustling of the leaves in a thicket by the roadside. He stopped and listened—all was still. Again he pushed forward, again the leaves rustled behind him, and he thought he heard a stealthy step. Again he stopped; everything was still except the gentle dash of the waves upon the pebbly beach, and the rapid beating of his own heart.

He dreaded to go forward, and he dared not stay, for he saw night was approaching, when the woods always echoed with the hungry wolf, and the savage bear and the stealthy carabonnet came out from their dens. So picking up a club, he again started homeward. Again came the stealthy step behind him, nearer and nearer, until he saw a gaunt and savage wolf creeping after him, and as he hurried on, still clinging to his meat, and the wolf was coming nearer and nearer, and he might at any moment spring upon him.

Still the boy though he trembled in every limb, did not lose his presence of mind. He remembered having heard his father say that if any one faced a wild animal, and looked it square in the eye, it would not dare to attack him. He turned around, faced the hungry wolf, and commenced walking backwards towards his home, still a long mile and a half away. As the wolf grew darker, the wolf came nearer, showing his white teeth, with the hair bristling upon his back. The courageous boy knew that if he gave up this piece of pork he was safe, and could run home unmolested, but he knew there was hungry ones at home awaiting his return. So backwards he went step by step. As the wolf came nearer, he hit him square upon the head with a stone, when with an angry "yelp" the wolf sprang into the thicket, and set up a long and dismal howl. The boy listened to hear if there were any answering howls, and hearing none, took courage; but soon the savage beast, maddened with hunger, came at him again. With his club he gave him a well directed blow between the eyes, which sent him howling back again into the thicket.

Again and again with the bones renewed many times did the savage animal make a spring at the lad, and many times did the brave boy beat him off, until at last he came near the log cabin of his parents. When the disappointed wolf, with a long and wailing howl, dashed away into the woods. Trembling with excitement and wet with perspiration, the boy dropped the meat upon the floor, crying, "Mother, I've got it," and fell exhausted at his mother's feet.

AMOS KENDALL, writing in the Constitutional Union, and speaking of Lincoln's administration, North and South, says:  
It involves the suppression of majorities, North as well as South, and the subjection of the whole country to military domination, firmly veiled by sham popular elections. It is a recurrence of the routine of ancient Rome in her decline, when liberty was lost in civil war, and the army made the Emperor, and the Emperor made the army. Who is to be our Caesar? Not, I am sure, Abraham the Joker.

Some fellow enamoured of a young lady named Annie Bread, dropped the following—from his pocket we presume—  
"While bellies their lovely graces spread  
And lips around them flutter,  
I'll be content with Annie Bread,  
And won't have any but her!"

An Irish drummer, who now and then indulged himself in right good potheen, was accused by the inspecting General—"What makes your face look so red?" "Please your honor," replied Pat, "I always blush when I speak to a General officer."

A Spartan Boy.—A mile or so from town a man met a boy on horseback, crying with cold. "Why don't you get off and lead the horse?" said the man, "that's the way to get warm." "It's a b-b-b-borrowed horse, and I'll r-ride him if I freeze."

A Buffington boy of seventeen married a girl of fourteen recently, and the bride's mother, hearing of it went to the wedding, took off her bonnet and shawl, and gave both a sound thrashing.

REMEMBER.—That Mr. Lincoln withdraws his name from the list of candidates for the next Presidency. The fire of the German artillery may have driven him from his position.

FAST PEOPLE.—If husband and wife are fast, there is great danger in their case, as in that of a fast team, that the coupling will break.

## Getting Out of One's Wolf.

There is a strange propensity among men and women to escape from their true personality, and to put themselves off for something very different from what nature intended them to be. We are apt to meet at 'self-satisfied' people, but really, there are so few self-satisfied people in the world that for very rarity we ought to cherish them. This propensity is not acquired, but innate and exhibits itself at a very early age. How fond children are of disguising themselves in the clothes of their playmates, or putting on grandfathers' hat and boots, or grandmother's cap and spectacles! A children's fancy ball is the most joyous festival in life, the little creatures came with such zest into their transformation. "Children of a larger growth," too, relish a masquerade more than any other kind of amusement. People are more anxious to seem than to be. It would be a happy world indeed, if the barges that navigate the ocean of life always sailed under their true colors; but too many of them are free traders, with fifty flags in their lockers, ready to hoist any ensign upon occasion, and never prepared to give their true hall.

The facility of such disguises brightens their absurdity. In the long run a man's true character is sure to be discovered. The staid hypocrite, the cowardly soldier, the sham patriot, the false philanthropist, are sure to have their masks torn from their faces, and their borrowed garments rent from their limbs. The "livory of Heaven" may for a while cover a number of sins, but sooner or later the plague spots will be exposed to view. The evil spirit in a man displays itself when least expected, in spite of every precaution, like the imp in the German legend. A peasant was haunted by one of those little demons, night and day. Finally he thought himself of a sure remedy. He would move to another cottage, and so baffle his persecutor. At the last load of furniture was moving off on the cart, the cover of a churn flew off, and but popped the head of his familiar demon—"I'm going too," was the unceremonious assurance of the unpleasant acquaintance. It is so with a man's personality, he cannot escape it.

We have spoken of cases of deliberate deception, of disguises used from motives of fraud and gain; but we are happy to believe that only a small fraction of the human race are interested impostors. The mass rather seek to impose upon themselves, not on others. There are hundreds of thousands of unhappy wretches who fancy that they are gods potent, and waste oceans of ink and cords of paper in trying to convert an ungrateful world to their opinion. There are hundreds of thousands of empty headed, idealists, stammering idiots, who, forgetting their natural qualifications, try to transform themselves into orators, and who dream nightly of the laurels of Demosthenes and Cicero. There are men without the first notion of color, form and taste, who try to persuade themselves and the public that they are Beau Brummels.—There are men who cannot fire a gun without winking, who start in the uniforms of brigadier-generals. We have seen more than one individual, designed by nature for a dashing cavalry officer engaged in the peaceful occupation of selling tape, thread and needles to smiling damozels. Listen, the actor, whose face was so comic that a sight of it always set the house in a roar, labored to his dying day under the impression that his legitimate line was the deepest tragedy; and he would have played Hamlet and Macbeth, if his manager had permitted.

The persistent effort of every man ought to be to discover the purpose for which nature intended him, but this, we admit, is the most difficult problem that is offered us for solution. To "know one's self" is the acme of knowledge. This knowledge rarely comes from within, almost always from without. The pressure of circumstances, the sharp contact of the pitiless world teaches us to us—But often, alas, the knowledge comes too late. In ordinary times hundreds of thousands play parts for which they are unfitted. In revolutionary times, when society is shaken to its foundation, the separate actors that compose it are finally jostled into their proper places. The son of a pastry cook becomes, like Murat, a warrior, a general of cavalry, and a king. The sub-lieutenant of artillery is heaved up by events into his position as master of the world. But in normal periods it is difficult to place the actors on the stage of life.

"The square men get stuck in the round holes, and the round men are thrust into the square holes." To put the right man in the right place is the problem of every age, and the difficulty lies in the persistence of so many in trying to get away from themselves.

We hear of men "raising money" The process is attended with hazard. A man in New York has been sentenced to a year's imprisonment for raising a two dollar greenback to a twenty.

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