-C. H. Spurgeon.

VOLUME 16.

B. H. JACOBY, Publisher.

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 5, 1865.

NUMBER 24.

TO CONSUMPTIVES. THE undersigned having been restored "to bealth in a few weeks, by a very simple remedy, after having suffered several Jears, with a severe lung affection, and that dread disease. Consumption-is anxious to make known to his fellow sufferers

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ted until all arrearages are paid unless at the option of the editor. RATES OF ADVERTISING : One square, eight lines, one time, Every subsequent insertion, One square, three months, 4 50 One year, 10 00

HARRY AND I.

We stood where the snake-like ivy Climbed over the meadow bare. And watched as the young night sprinkl'd The sky with her cream white stars.

The clover was red beneath us-The air had a smell of June-The criket chirped in the grasses, And the soft rays of the moon,

Drew our shadows on the meadow. Distorted and lank and tall ; His shadow was kissing my shadow-That was the best of all.

My heart leaped up as he whispered. "I love you, Margaret Lee " For then one arm of his shadow Went around the shadow of me.

"I love you, Margery, darling, Because you are young and fair ; For your eyes' be wildering blueness, And the gold of your carly hair.

No queen has hands that are whiter, No lark has a voice so sweet, And your ripe young lips are redder Than the cloyer at your feet.

"My heart will break with its fullness, Like a cloud o'er charged with rain ; O tell me Margery, darling, How long must I love in vain "

With blushes and smiles. I answered-(I will not tell what)-just then I saw that his saucy shadow Was kissing my own again.

He promised to love me only-I promised to love but him-Till the moon fell out of the heavens And the stars with age grew dim.

O the strength of man's devotion ! O the vows a woman speaks! 'Tie years since that blush of rapture Broke redly over my cheeks.

He found a gold that was brighter Than that of my floating curls, And married a cross eyed widow, With a dozen grown up girls.

And I-did I pine and languish ? Did I weep my blue eyes sore ? Or break my heart do you fancy, For love that was mine no more ?

I stand to night in the meadow Where Harry and I stood then, And the moon has drawn two shadows Out over the grass again.

And a low voice keeps repeating-So close to my startled ear-That the shadows met together-"I love you, Margery, dear."

"Tis not for your cheeks' rich crimson, And not for your eyes' soft blue, But because your heart is tender, And noble and pure and true."

The voice is dearer than Harry's; And so I am glad, you see, He married the cross eyed widow-Instead of Margery Lee !

THE "DEATH WATCH."-The " death watch" (Anobiumstrintum) is a very common-inmate of our house. Among those who are unacquainted with the habits of Eating and Drinking insects, there is a common superstition that the strange ticking sound often beard in old houses is a sign of approaching death. The noise, however, is caused by a small beetle, which, during its boring operations, rubs the neck and thorax (chest) together, by which means this (to some persons) terrible omen is produced-a fact which, if more seperally known, would save a world of useless anxiety and uneasiness. In the larva state these insects do great injury to our furniture and the wood-work of old houses, which they gnaw continually .-When captured, this beetle feigns death, and with the strangest pertinacity, preferring, it said, certain death, under a slow fire, rather than to betray the least sign of vitality. The "death watch," on account from opposite directions, thus adding to the superstitions terror wherewith, by some hardest to play. persons, it is regarded. The greatest evil. however, to be dreaded from it is the injury it does through its excavations in the wood work of our houses. It is not larger than a good sized flea.

> "My friend," said a seedy individual to a me, when she found I was Maggie Lee; waggish acquaintance at a ferry, "I wish which by the way, did not occur until afteryou would loan me two quarters to cross we had started. She threw herself into my the forry. I hav't got a dollar in the world." arms, pulled my veil aside, and kissed me tired ?" "Well. I would like to know," was the balf a dozen times, in a manner that made "Ob, no, I burst forth, as cooly as if we eply, "what difference it makes to a man my finger eads tingle for an hour. It was were riding around the room; "Oh, no I try another waltz. who hasn't got a dollar in the world which all very nice, but if I had been

A DAY IN PETTICOATS.

BY A MODEST YOUNG MAN.

"I couldn't think of such a thing." "But you must. My happiness depends on it. Here, put on the thingumbobs, and the what's his name."

And my friend Bob Styles held up before my hesitant gaze a whole suit of feminine

His idea was that I should personate his lady-love for one day, to prevent anybody from suspecting the truth-namely, that she had joined him in a runaway marriage parts -until it should be too late for interference; that is until the minister should have tied a knot between them that nothing but a special grant of the Legislature could

The scheme was not actually so absurd as it appeared at first sight. Maggie Lee was a tall, queenly woman, with an almost masculine air, and, at that time I had very slight form-almost effeminate, so that, in fact, there was really but little difference on that point. Then I had light hair parted in the middle, and put a bonnet on my head and lew persons will suspect that I was not of the softer sex. These accessories also gave me quite a decided resemblance to Maggie Lee, especially when as this case the disguise was her own.

Then the day chose for the runaway match was an auspicious one. Maggie's pa was to drive her to D- a small village near where she lived, and there she was to join a sailing party down D- river, to the grove three miles below; from which the party was to return in the evening in carriages.

Our plan was, that I should be waiting in the village, and should go on the beat, with the sailing party, while Maggie, after leaving her father should slip off with Bob Styles across the country.

At last I got dressed, and presented my self before Maggie, blushing a great deal, believe, feeling very muce pinched about the waist, and with an uncomfortable consciousness that my-shirt sleeves were too short : or wanting altogether.

Everything finished, in the way of toilet. Bob Styles took me into his light wagon and drove me over to D-, by a secloded ronte, and left me at the hotel, where the sailing party was to assemble. Several of the pic-nicers were already there, and they greeted my cavalier with cordiality (everybody knew Bob Styles,) asking if he was going with them. He told them he was not-

Pressing business engagements you know, and all that sort of thing. Deuced sorry I can't go, though. I just had time to bring Miss Lee over, and now I'm off. Mr. Bimby, this is Miss Lee, 'Miss Withergall, Miss Lee,' and he rattled off a long string of brief introductions, which convinced me that but few of the company were acquainted with the young lady whom I was thus personating-a very fortunate thing for the preservation of my disguise

Mr. Bimby, a tall, legal-looking man, with a book nose, and eye glass and puffy hair, seemed to be pleased with my personelle, and I overheard him whisper to Bob Siyles, as he went out:

"Nice looking girl that Miss Lee," "Yes," answered Bob, with a mis hievous glance at me, "she is a nice girl, though a little go ahead sometimes. Keep a little look out on her, will you ?"-then lowering his voice said-"not a bad match for you, old fellow, she is rich."

"Is she ?" said Bimby, His interest deep-

"On my honor," replied Bob. "Forty thousand dollars in her own right." "Day, day !" and he was gone.

Maggie Lee artful creature as she was, had told her father that the sailing party was to assemble at another hotel and thither he had taken her. Having business in D-, he left her, there, merely saying he would send the carriage for her at eleven o'clock. She like a dutiful daughter, kissed bim and bid him good bye, and before he had got a hundred rods, got into Bob Styles' light wagon, which had driven up to the back door as Mr. Lee drove from the front, and the old story of headstrong love and prejudiced age, was enacted over

As for us of the pic nic excursion, we had a delightful sail down to the Grove, but somehow, I could not enjoy it as I ought to have done. When I walked on board the boat, I felt awkward, as if everybody was looking at me. I found Mr. Bimby, as I had suspected, a young and rising lawyer. mighty in Blackstone and his own opinion. He insisted on paying my fare (the boat was a regular excursion packet) and purof its retired habits, minute size, and dark chasing enough oranges, pears, and cancolor, is very seldom seen; and, as there dies, to set up a street stand. Four or five are often several individuals working at the times I was on the point of swearing at his same time at their boring operations, the imprudent officiousness, but bit my tongue sound seems to proceeds simultaneously Just in time to prevent my exposure. But it was not with him that I found my role

> No; the young ladies were the difficult ones to deceive. For instance there was one among them, a beautiful girl of seventeen, just returned from boarding school, who had not seen Maggie Lee for three years. Of course she was delighted to see

was, I felt as if I was obtaining goods un- terrible to see. der false pretenses, and lawyer Bimby might issue a warrant for my arrest on that ground at any moment.

A whole lot of crinoline then surrounded me, on the upper deck of the boat, to the utter disgust of Mr. Bimby, and all the other gentlemen. I kept very ggiet, only speaking in monosylables, in a falsetto voice; but the others-Lord bless von! how they gabbled! Under a strict promise of secresy the boarding school maiden who had kissed me so affectionately, revealed faster ?" all her love affairs and also became unpleasantly confidential about other matters -innocent enough in themselves, but not customarily talked of between ladies and

I was terribly embarassed, but it would not do to give up then. As soon as my trick should become known, Bob Styles trick would come out, and news of that kind travels fast in the country, he and his lady love would be telegraphed, and followed, before they could reach Philadel phia, where Styles lived and where the knot was to be tied.

The river breeze was very fresh where we sat, and I noticed that several of the ladies were glancing uneasily at me. couldn't divine the reason until Jennie, my little triend from the boarding school, laid her face dangerously close to mine, and whispered : "My dear Maggie, your dress is blowing up terribly high-your ankles will be the town talk with the gentlemen !

Now I was conscious of having a very small foot for a man, and had donned pair of open worked stockings which came up nearly to my waist, with a pair of gaiters borrowed from a servant girl, in all of which toggery my "running gear" looked quite feminine and respectable-but the idea of the gentlemen talking about my ankles, and of being thus told by a young lady who would have been frightened to death if I had told her the same thing yesterday, was too much for me. I burst into a sort of strangled laugh, which I could only check by swallowing half of my filagree lace edged handkerchief. The young ladies all looked at me in apparent astonishment at such a voice, and I wanted to laugh all the more. Fortunately Mr Bunby came to my rescue at the moment and edged himself in among the crinoline.

"May I sit here ?" he asked, pointing to a low stool near me.

"Certainly,' I simpered in my high fal-

"Ah, thank you," said Bimby with a lackadaisical air, which nauseated me, as coming from one man to another: "you are as kind as you are fascinating !?? "You flatter me !"

"I? No, indeed; praise of you cannot be flattery, Miss Lee.'

"Oh, sir, really, you are a very naughty man," I said in the most feminine tone I

He cast a languishing glance at me through the black lace veil and I fairly began to fear for his feelings. We soon arrived at the grove, and found

our band, engaged before hand, awaiting us. Of course dancing was the first amusement and lawyer Binby led me out for a schottische. It was hard at first to take a lady's part in the dance, but I soon got accustomed to it A waltz was proposed, and I resolved to have a little amusement at the expense of the unfortunate Mr. Bimby.

I had first made him purposely jealous by dancing with two other young fellows, one of whom I knew in my own character. but who never suspected me as Maggie Lee. The young man was a great womankiller; a sort of easy devil-may-care rascal, who made the ladies run after him, by his alternate wrath of action and coolness of protestation I selected him to play off against my legal admirer. I allowed him to hold on me very closely, and occasionally looked at him with a hall fascinating expression. When we stopped dancing. he led me to my seat, keeping his arm about my waist and I permitted it.

Having thus stirred Bimby up to wrath ful leats of valor, I asked one of the gentlemen to direct the musicians to play a waltz. Bimby came immediately.

"Ahem-a Miss Lee, shall I have the honor of-a-trying a waltz with you ?" I smiled a gracious acquiescence, and

Now, I am an old stager at walking. can keep up longer than any non-professional dancer, male or lemale, whom I ever met. As long as the Cachuca, or Schounbrunnum rings in my ears, I can go on it

Not so Bimby. He plead want of practice, and said that he soon got dizzy. "Aha, old-boy," thought I, "I'll give you

But I only smiled, and said that I should probably get tired first. "Oh, yes!" he exclaimed. "Of course,

For the first three minutes my cavalier did well. He went smoothly and evenly, but at the expiration of that time began to grow warm Five minutes elapsed, and Bimby's breath came harder and harder. On he went, however, and I scorned to notice his slacking up at every round, when we passed my seat. After some ten or twelve minutes, the wretched man gashed out between his steps: "Ab. a-are you not-get-getting very

I was bound to see him through, and we kept at it. Bimby staggered and made wild steps in all directions. His shirt collar wilted, eyes protruded, his jaw hung down : and altogether. I saw he could not hold out much longer.

"This is delightful," said I, "and you, Mr Bimby, waltz so easily." "Poff-puff-ah-puff-yes-oh-puff-

very, puff-delightful," he gasped. "Don't you think it ought to go a little

He rolled his eyes heavenward in agony

"Ah puff-puff I don't-ah puff-don't So when we neared the musicians.

said, "Faster, if you please-faster, and they played a la whirlwind. Poor Dimby threw his feet about like fast pacer, and revolved after the manner of a teerotum which was nearly can down

At last he staggered a step backwards, and spinning eccentrically away from me pitched headlong in the midst of a bevy of young ladies in a corner. I turned round

devils of the other sex.

At this juncture and before Mr. Bimby had time to apologize for his accident, litle Jennie came running into the pavilion valiant Bimby. They called and looked Mariah and Jane Porter, the contrary,which served for a ball-room. As she came and listened, but our position down in the near. I perceived her hands were clutched tightly in her dress, and I positively shud- them from hearing us or us them. dered as she whispered to me-

"Oh. Maggie, come and help me fix my skirts they are coming down."

What should I do? I was in agony. cold perspiration broke out over my fores

Ne, nothing would do but I must accom- Jennie was sitting close beside me with

What if she would tell me to do some sew- had been making love to a man ?" ing? What if in the midst of all the em-

would be discovered.

foriunate occurrence for me just then. and accompanied Jennie to the house des-

"Stop !" I cried frantically, and forgetting veyance to D---. my falsetto : 'don't undress for God's sake !' widest extent.

"Because I am-I am-a-can you keep I owe my wife to the same thing. Why, yes-how frightened you look !"

"Why what is the matter-Maggie ?you-why oh ! oh ! oh !" And she gave three screams. "Hush, no noise, or I am lost!" I exclaimed, putting my hand over her mouth. "I swear I mean no barm; if I had, I

thing, but she saw the force of my argu-

"Oh, sir," she said, "I see you are a man : but what does it all mean? Why

I told her the story as briefly as possible after exacting from her a promise of the most sacred secrecy.

I then went outside the door, and waited called me again. She had often heard of me from Maggie and others and she want- Bourbon" and a bar-tender, which he reed to hear all the particulars; so I sat down by her and we had a long talk, which ended in mutual feelings of friendliness and old acquaintanceship, quite wonderful for people meeting the first time. Just as we started to go back to the pavillion, I said I must relieve my mind of just one more

"And what is that ?" she said. "Those kisses. You thought I was Maggie Lee, or you would not have given them They were very sweet, but I suppose I must give them back. And I did.

She blushed a great deal, but she didn't esist, only when I got through, she gland ed up and said : "I think you are real naughty anyhow."

When we returned, I found lawyer Bimby quite recovered from his dizziness and all hands ready for supper, which was served in the bar room. I sat between Bimby and Jennie; and made love to both in turn ; to one as Maggie Lee and to the other as myself. After supper at which I astonished a great many by eating rather more heartily than young ladies generally do, we had more dancing, and I hinted pretty strongly to Mr. Bimby that I should like to

with my own kind, I soon abandoned the pleasure and persuaded Jennie to stroll off into the moonlight with me. We found the vestibule of death, and our pilgrimage on grove a charming place, full of picturesque earth is but a journey to the grave. The little corners and rustic seats; and great pulse that denotes our life stay beuts our rocks leaning out over the river. On one death march; the blood which circulates side of these latter a little bench was placed in a nook sheltered from the wind and from the sight.

-and little Jennie's presence.

How long we sat there, heaven knows. We talked and laughed; and sang, and looked into each other's eyes, and told fortunes; and performed all the nonsensical operations common amongst young people just falling in love with each other, and cooly, walked to my seat, and sent the might have remained there till the month young woman killer after a glass of ice of August in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and fifty-seven, for aught I know, find by observation are seldom beautiful. had not the carriages been sent to convey young ladies have in tormenting us poor us home and the rest of the company be- ularly their forehead, is more or less mangan to wonder where we were.

> This wonder begat questions, the quessheltered nook among the rocks prevented

At length they hit upon our path, and all came along in single file, until they got to the open space above. Then they saw a sight.

head. I wished mysell a thousand miles sition, my bonnet off, and my hair some- men for their sterling qualities of the mind. away, anathematized Bob Styles' masque- what towzled up. One foot rested on the than men do women. Dr. Johnson chose rading project inwardly, with fearful male- ground, and the other on a rock, about level a woman who had scarcely any idea above with my head, (regardless of ankles this an oyster. He thought her the loveliest crea-I said I was tired out-could not some- time,) and there I sat puffing away in a ture in existance, if we may judge by the very unlady-like manner.

pany her to the house of a gentleman who her head almost on my shoulder, and her owned the grove, and assist her to arrange small waist encircled by my arm. Just as the party came along above I laughed out in a loud muscolar voice-"Just to think of poor what's his name

move the greater part or her raiment ?- there, Bimby ! Suppose he knew that he "Hush !" cried Jennie. "Look ! there

barrassment of being closeted with a beau- he is-and oh my gracious! there is the tiful girl of seventeen, in a state of com- whole company !?? parative freedom from drapery, my real sex "Yes we are fairly caught." It was of pure air, have patience, and the horse will

no use for me to clap on my bonnet and as- soon get well. I felt as if an appoplectic fit would be a sume my falsetto again-they had all seen However, I nerved myself for the task, Bob Styles and Maggie Lee were doubtless "one flesh," and my disguise was of no ignated. An old lady showed us into her further importance, so I owned up and told chamber, and Jennie, heaving a sigh of re- the story. Lawyer Bimby was in a rage. lief, let go her dress. As she did so a- He vowed to kill me, and even squared off. pardon my blushes-a petticoat fell to the but the rest of the party laughed at him so floor. She was about to proceed, but I unmercifully, and suggested that we should alarmed her by a sudden and vehement waltz it out together, that he finally cooled and slunk away to take some private con-

Bob Styles and I are living in a double She opened her great brown eves to their house together. He often says he owes his wife to my masquerading, but he doesn't feel under any obligations to me, for

N. B. My wife's name is Jennie.

THE Mariposa Star relates that, at a pub tic dinner, a man, while relating something to the company about two Chinese women. said: "I declare they were the ugliest women I have seen anywhere." There happening two maiden ladies present of no remarkable beauty, the speaker who was would not have stopped you. Don't you little misty, began to think he had made mess of it, and that they would imagine he straight, as he thought, he added: "The present company excepted.11 Roars of laughter ensued, and in a few moments both speaker and ladies had vanished.

A NEW NAME FOR "OLD BOURBON"-A man about town tells us that the recent 'elevation" of a distinguished Tennesseean has led to a change in alchebolic nomen- with our representatives in the East, as till she had arranged her dress, when she clature in this city. He heard a conversation between an anxious enquirer after "Old

Anxions Enquirer - (Approaching bar.) Bar-tender - "Don't live here-haven"

seen him-don't know him."

Anx Enq .- "I want some Old Bourbon whisky !" Bar-tender - "Just out sir - got some very fine Andy Johnson 177

The unlucky customer accepts the sub-

stitute, impibes, and becomes so "incohe-

rent" that he can't remember the name of Gideon Welles. THE following composition is said to have been read in one of the schools of a neigh

boring village : 'Twas a calm still night; the moon' pale light shone soft o'er hill and dale .-Not a breeze stirred; not a dog stirred; not a horse stirred : not a man stirred : not an owl stirred; not a hog stirred, not a cow stirred; not a cat stirred; not a hen stirred; not even a goose stirred.

Here the teacher interrupred with the observation, that the composition appeared to him to relate more to agriculture than moonlight was all will wood H

"Ir Gabriel happens to light among the New England Puritans, there'll be no res-

LIVE AND DEATH -How brief the distance between life and death! Life is but the through our bodies, while it flows with the tide of life, floats them enward to deeps of death. Oh how closely allied is death to Here we sat, in the full flood of the moon- life! Trees do but grow that they may be light and having just had dinner, I felt felled. Empires rise and flourish but to dewonderfully in need of a segar. Accord- cay ; they rise to fall. Death is the black ingly I went back to a little stand near the servant who rides behind the character of ball room and purchased several of the life. Death reacheth throughout this world. wonderful woman who sold refreshments, and has stamped all terrestial things with then returning to the seats by the rocks, I the broad arrow of the grave. But blessed gave up all cause or fears for my incognito, be God, there is a place where death is not and revelled in the pleasures of solitude- life's equal following hard its track as evethe fragrance of my segar-the moonlight ning shades the sun's meridian, nor life's companion like a brother sticking fast and cleaving close. There life reigns alone: there death knells are never tolled. Blessed land above the skies! To reach it we must die; but if after death, we obtain a glorious immortality, then "to die is gain."

WOMAN.-Very intelligent women we The formation of their features, and partieculine. Miss Lander was rather preuv and feminine in the face, but miss Sedgwick. tions fears, and fears search, headed by the Miss Pardue, Miss Leslie, and the late Anna One of the Misses Porter had a forebead as high as that of an intellectual man. We never knew of a very talented man who was admired for his personal beauty. Pope was awful ugly; Dr. Johnson was no better: Miradeau was the ugliest man in all France, and yet he was the greatest favorite with I was spread out in a free and easy po- the ladies. Women more frequently prize inscriptions he left on her tomb.

BRUISE OF THE SOLE -Bruise of the sole of the foot, is the consequence of the animal treading on a stone or rail iron ; the result is, extravasation of blood within the articulatory surface of the sensitive and insensitive laminm: the accident is almost sure to

Treatment-Keep the foot constantly wet with cold water : excuse the animal from duty, and give him a chance to breather

Should the patient appear to suffer much too much for that. Besides, by this time, pain, give him twenty drops of tincture of aconite every four hours, until relief is obtained; and feed him on bran mashes, allowing, at the same time, a small quantity DEATH FROM HYDROPHOBIA -A sad case

of death, from the bite of a dog, occurred last evening in the city. A little girl named Mary Bingenham. (we are informed) residing in Boas's Row, Herr street, was bitten some weeks since (nine weeks it is said) by a dog, supposed to be rabid. On Saturday afternoon, or evening, she exhibited unmistakable symptoms of hydrophebia, which the best medical skill failed to arrest, and alter suffering the terrible agony of the disease until Sunday evening, she died. Is it not time that some expedient should de resorted to by the authorities to rid the city of the hundreds of worthless curs that infest

THE NEW BRITISH MINISTER -SIT Frederick Bruce, who succeeds to the British mission at Washington, is known to not a few of our older statesmen, from his connection was alluding to them; so to put matters with the Special Mission of Lord Ashberton, twenty edd years ago. He is also known from his family relationship, as the brother of the fate Lord Elgin, Governor-General of the Canadas, and the late Gen. Bruce, Governor of the Prince of Wales. Alike as to his official training, his experience in various missions both here and in different States of South America, his co-operation British Minister to China, and the liberal sympathies of his family. Sir Frederick Bruce may be expected to bring to his mission such requisites of character and such antecedents, as will make that mission acceptable to the two Governments. In personal amiability, the new Minister, we believe, is not excelled by Lord Lyons. As he comes here with the assurance of Lord Russell-emphasised as that assurance is in the London Times-that he will receive from the President of the United States and from the Secretary of State the same official courtesy extended to, and freely acknowledged by, his predecessors .- Pittsburg Post.

Various instances have been cited to prove how lazy a man may be and live : but it remains for a Michigander to cap the clinax. One hot day during the heated terms of last summer one Mr. F-, of Jackson County, was observed to throw himself down on the grass under the spreading branches of a shade-tree, and to exclaim emphatically to himself, "There! baeathe if you want to-I shan't !!

RECRUITING DIALOGUE .- "John where is your master to day ?"

"Oh ! he's off recruiting." "Recruiting, is he ? that's good ! where is he recruiting ?" "Up in the White Mountains, recruiting

his health." "Ah ! he's sick, is he ? What's the mai-