

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

W. H. JACOBY, Publisher.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

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THE STAR OF THE NORTH

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The Seashore.

The wide sea stretches beneath the sky,
In the golden light of day,
And the wide waves come with their showy plumes,
That glitter, and glance, and play;
And on they come, and on they come,
With the lofty pomp of power,
To scatter their beauty on shiny weeds,
And die on the briny shore.

The wild waves glitter and glance and play,
To break on the briny shore,
But each is bearing its tribute on,
To add to earth's bright store.
Some may bring us the little shell,
And some the sailor's shipwrecked form,
All gaily, and stern, and cold,
And the wild waves morn in sadness round
Or thunder with martial roar,
As each rolls up with its given freight,
And dies on the briny shore.

There's a wide, wide sea, a changing sea,
The shadowy sea of life,
Where the lotus billows rise and fall,
In never-ceasing strife.
And on, and on, and ever on,
Dressed by restless power,
They bear their joy or their curse to earth,
And die on the sandy shore.

And on they come, and on they come,
Till night sweeps o'er the scene,
And the dan clouds float o'er the gloomy sky
And the stars look out between—
Till far away in the orient
The sun comes forth in power,
And the secret burdens lie all revealed
Upon the briny shore.

Colorado for White Men.

Young Colorado has fired the first gun against negro equality. The returns from that show that the State Constitution has been adopted by a large majority, except the clause sanctioning negro suffrage, which is defeated by a very decided vote. The white men in that growing State will not consent to link their destiny with that of negroes, to have the elective franchise polluted, and legislation degraded by negro influence. They are for white men ruling Colorado, and white men alone. After this example, can it be possible that Pennsylvania will endorse the negro-equality programme presented by the Abolition party? This State has grown to her present stature under white men. This class of men have made and amended her Constitution, framed her laws, developed her internal resources, perfected her school system; and it is necessary now to call in the aid of negroes to assist in this kind of intellectual labor?

MEN WHO CANNOT MAKE SPEECHES.—One of the most singular developments of the times is the appearance in American public life of a class of men who cannot make speeches. Thus, we have a Lieutenant General who, when he is fairly covered by the admiring crowd, will make two or three polite bows, but will not utter a word out of his mouth any more than he would Pemberton out of Vicksburg, or Lee out of Richmond. Gen. Sherman, on similar occasions, attempts but the most meagre replies, although he is ready and pungent enough with his pen. Gen. Thomas returns thanks, and that is all; while the gallant Sheridan simply says: "Excuse me boys, you know I never make speeches."—Boston Journal.

Once in a church, a young man who carried the collecting plate, before starting to collect, put his hand in his pocket as usual and put a shilling, as he supposed, on the plate, and then passed it around among the congregation, which numbered many young and pretty girls. The girls as they looked at the plate, all seemed astonished and amused; and the young man, taking a glance at the plate, found that, instead of a shilling, he had put a conversational lozenge on the plate, with the words "Will you marry me?" in red letters, staring everybody in the face. None of the young ladies however, closed with the offer.

JOHN ADAMS.—Mr. Webster visited Mr. Adams a short time before his death, and found him reclining on a sofa, evidently in feeble health. He remarked to Mr. Adams: "I am glad to see you, sir, and I hope you are getting along pretty well."

Mr. A. replied in the following figurative language: "Ah, sir, quite the contrary. I find I am a poor invalid, occupying a house much shattered by time. It sways and trembles with every wind, and what is worse, sir, the landlord, as near as I can find out, don't intend to make any repairs."

A fire in Meadville, Pa., on the 3d inst, made thirty families homeless, and destroyed property amounting to nearly \$100,000.

For the Star of the North. Education.

Let us first investigate the meaning of the word Education. Paley says: "Education in the most extensive sense of the word may comprehend every preparation that is made in our youth for the sequel of our lives." Therefore, Education consists in everything that pertains to gathering information, and everything that enlightens and instructs the intellectual faculties; also teaches man the duties he owes to God and his fellow beings, as well as the necessity of his taking sufficient gymnastic exercise, that he may preserve athletic soundness and vigor of constitution; because it is a fact of every day's observation, that an unhealthy body cannot contain a healthy and vigorous mind; (as a general thing—I have known a few exceptions where the body was prostrated by disease, but the mind still retained its usual soundness) and those who have not a strong mind cannot secure strong and healthy mental action; therefore, Education consists in developing all the powers of man.

Next we will show some of the advantages and effects of Education. Go with us (in imagination) to some of the barbarous nations, and ask, what makes them heathens and uncivilized; and will not the answer suggest itself at once to the mind of every thinking person, and say, because we are educated and they are uneducated? Why did the ancients view a comet, the northern lights and like phenomena with so much awe and terror, as a token of war, carnage and bloodshed? Simply, because they did not know the cause of these phenomena, and therefore, looked upon their appearance as a token from God that something terrible was going to happen them.

But let us examine the advantages of having an education, that will enable a man to enter into, and be a successful competitor in business. What says Dr. Franklin: "An Education, without any capital, is worth more to a young man just entering life, than thousands of dollars and no education"; therefore according to one amongst the wisest, and may we not say the wisest man of his and even our day? there can be no better way for a young man to invest his capital, or earnings, than in giving himself an Education.

But where there is no Education, there is no civilization, and where intellectual darkness reigns there can be nothing expected, but that superstition will be the governing element in all their doings, as they have none of the advantages of education to teach them the causes of natural occurrences. But let us draw the veil of heathenish darkness aside, and allow the sun of science, or even of a good english education to shine in its stead; and superstition must vanish before its rays, and what was once looked upon with horror, is now viewed with pleasure as the beauties of the Almighty's Universe; and the Creator is adored in the created.

As we are now living in an age when, and country where Education is appreciated and propagated, I will only say, if we are living in such an age and country, let us not be behind the age in which we are living; but cultivate and foster any desire in the rising generation for knowledge by teaching, showing and placing within their reach facilities for gaining knowledge.

And lastly we will notice, when the desire for knowledge first manifests itself in man. When children first are able to toddle about, we may discover the desire formed in them for knowledge. We have, in all probability, noticed a little child clamor out of its cotch, and turn the clothes upside down, and perhaps, out upon the floor, and did you never think that that child was in search of knowledge? And from one pace to another we find that child as faithful at work searching into sequestered places, and doing its little missions of mischief (as the mothers denominate them) by displacing things and rumaging closet, pantry and bedroom, as when they have grown to riper years and become students; but in search of knowledge (we believe) as much in the former case as in the latter. But when they have grown somewhat older, they will bring the object of their search, and ask its name, where it is made, and perhaps many other questions. If this has been the case with any of us, did we tell the child, and thereby foster the desire in that child for knowledge? or did we drive it from our presence as a pest? If the latter, did we not see disappointment depicted in that child's eye? but if the former, we probably noticed with what animation, earnestness and attention, the child listened to catch every word, and gain all the instruction it could. But let us follow them to a still more mature age, and see them come running in after the sun has been setting, and say: "I have been watching the sun go down, and I would like if you would tell me where he goes in the evening and comes from in the morning?" "How large is he?" "Is there more sun than one?" "Where are they?" I might multiply illustrations, but we think these sufficient to show that the desire for knowledge does not commence in manhood, or boyhood; but we may almost say, in the earliest period of infancy.

Filo.
Orangeville, Nov. 11, 1865.

A clergyman once posted the following notice on the gate of his church: "Found, two hats in my strawberry bed. The owners can have them by proving property." We don't believe the owners will call for them.

The Man who won't pay the Printer.

May he be shod with lightning and be compelled to wander over gunpowder.
May he have sore eyes and a chestnut bur for an eye stone.
May every day of his life be more despoic than the Day of Algiers.
May he never be permitted to kiss a handsome woman.
May he be bored to death with boring school Misses, practicing the first lessons in music without the privilege of seeing his tormentors.

May 5433 night mares trot quarter races over his stomach every night.
May his boots leak, his gun hang fire, and his fishing lines break.
May his coffee be sweetened with fleas and his sauce seasoned with spiders.
May he never strike oil, and be continually blessed with nothing.
May his friends run off with his wife, and his children take the whooping cough.
May his cattle die of mairain, and his pigs destroy his garden.
May a troop of printer's devils, lean, lank and hungry, dog his heels each day, and a regiment of cats caterwaul under his window each night.

May the famine stricken ghost of an editor's baby haunt his slumbers, and hiss murder in his dreaming ears.
May his cows give sour milk, and churn rancid butter; in short, may his daughter marry a one eyed editor, his business go to ruin, and he to the—Legislature.

THE ROOT OF ALL EVIL.—A letter from Montgomery tells this story: Last night the hospitable host brought in to the table at my boarding house a weary, lean and squalid Confederate soldier, on his way home from prison to Columbus, Georgia. He had been sent around outside to New Orleans, and thence to Mobile. From Mobile, however, to this place, unable to procure transportation, the poor, desolate creature, feeble as he was, had been obliged to walk, and, clumsy with weakness, on his way had fallen through a bridge and sprained his arm, which he was wearing in a sling.
"Couldn't you ride?" asked I.
"No; the Provost Marshal at Mobile said he had no authority."
"But the railroad companies in Georgia?"
"Don't say nothin' agin Georgie; that's my State."
"No; I was about to say the railroads in Georgia are carrying returned Confederates and refugees free, charging the transportation to the State; I should think they might do the same in Alabama."
"Railroad companies don't keer for poor folks. Been fightin' for 'em, but they don't keer. All they think of is to make money for themselves an' have a good time. The Bible says 'money and whiskey is the root of all evil.'"
"The first part of that," here interposed the host, "is correct, but the last part about the whiskey, I don't think is in the Bible."
"Was it in?" insisted the Georgia "cracker."
"If you'll jist look in the Bible you'll find it. Money and whiskey is the root of all evil, for I've heard it read."

FAST YOUNG LADIES.—In order to be a fast young lady, it is necessary to lay aside all reserve and refinement—everything that savors of womanly weakness; to have no troublesome scruples, but to be ready to accord an appreciating smile to the broadest joke. There must be no feeling of dependence on the stronger sex; but by adopting, as far as decency permits, masculine attire, masculine habits, and masculine modes of expression, accompanied by a fluency in using it, these ladies show themselves to be above all narrow minded prejudices. There must be no thinking about other people's feelings; if peoples will be thin skinned, let them keep out of their way at all events. Should "mamma" rise her voice in a feeble remonstrance, the fast young lady impresses upon her that "she is no judge of these matters. In her old school days, everything and every one were slow; but it is quite changed now." In short, to sum up, to be a fast young lady, modesty, delicacy, refinement, respect for superiors, consideration for the aged, must all be set aside; boldness, independence, irreverence, brusqueness, and, we fear, too often heartlessness must take their place.

FROM DOCTOR'S PILLS AND WESTERN CHILLS, and other ills deliver us.
From want of gold, and wives that scold, and maidens old, and sharpers bold, deliver us.
From stinging flies, and greenish eyes, and baker's pies, and babies' cries, a man that lies, and cloudy skies, and love that dies, fickle ties, and gaudy dyes deliver us.
From bearded females, and strong minded women, (that don't jingle) female lecturers, and all other masculine she males, deliver us.
From creaking doors, a wife that snores, confounded bores, deliver us.
From modest girls, with waving curls and teeth of pearls—oh! never mind.

A young lady, on account of her weight, objected to a negro carrying her across a mud hole.—"Lore, miss," said Sambo, imploringly, "I've carried whole barrels of sugar."

A married gentleman present at a rapping circle, being informed that the power depended wholly on the will, begged that his wife might try it, as he had never seen anything resist her will.

Swearing Alone.

A gentleman once heard a laboring man swearing dreadfully in the presence of companions. He told him it was a cowardly thing to swear in company with others, when he dare not do it by himself. The man said he was not afraid to swear at any time or in any place.
"I'll give you ten dollars," said the gentleman, "if you will go to the village graveyard at twelve o'clock to night, and swear the oaths you have uttered here, when you are alone with God."
"Agreed," said the man, "it's an easy way of earning ten dollars."
"Well you come to me to-morrow, and say that you have done it, and the money is yours."

The time passed on. Midnight came.—The man went to the graveyard. It was a night of pitchy darkness. As he entered the graveyard, not a sound was heard. All was still as death. Then the gentleman's words, "alone with God," came over him with wonderful power. The thought of the wickedness of what he had been doing, and what he had come to do, darted across his mind like a flash of lightning. He trembled at his folly. Afraid to take another step, he fell upon his knees, and instead of the dreadful oath he had come to utter, the earnest cry went up, "God be merciful to me a sinner!"
The next day he went to the gentleman and thanked him for what he had done, and said he had resolved not to swear another oath as long as he lived.

A Great Curiosity.

The Jacksonville (Oregon) Sentinel, gives the following particulars of the discovery of a great sunken lake:—
"Several of our citizens returned last week from a visit to the Great Sunken Lake, situated in the Cascade Mountains, about seventy-five miles northeast of Jacksonville. This lake rivals the famous valley of Sinbad the sailor. It is thought to average two thousand feet down to the water all around. The walls are almost perpendicular, running down into the water and leaving no beach. The depth of the water is unknown, and the surface is smooth and unruined, as it lies far below the mountain that the air currents do not affect it. Its length is estimated at twelve miles, and its width at ten miles. There is an island in its centre, having trees upon it. No living man ever has, and never will be able to reach the water's edge. It lies silent, still and mysterious, in the bosom of the "everlasting hills," like a huge well scooped out by the hands of the giant geni of the mountains, in the unknown ages gone by, and around it the primal forest watch and ward are keeping.

"The visiting party fired a rifle several times into the water, at an angle of forty-five degrees, and were able to note several seconds of time from the report of the gun until the ball struck the water. Such seems incredible, but it is vouched for by some of our most reliable citizens. The lake is certainly a most remarkable curiosity of nature."

THE NEWSPAPER.—Without my newspaper, life would narrow itself to the smallest of my personal experience, and humanity be compressed into the ten or fifteen people I mix with. Now I refuse to accept this. I have not a sixpence in consoils, but I want to know how they stand. I was never—in all likelihood shall be—in Japan; but I have an intense curiosity to know what our troops did at Yokohama. I deplore the people who suffered by that railroad smash; and I sympathize with the newly married couple so beautifully depicted in the Illustrated, and one old gent in the hall-door waving them a last adieu. I like the letters of our correspondents, with their little grievances about unpunctual trains, or some unwarrantable omissions in the lithurgy. I even like the people who chronicle the rainfall, and record little facts about the mildness of the season. As for advertisements I regard them as the glass and mirror of the age. Show me but one page of the "wants" of the country, and I engage to give a sketch of the current civilization of the period. What glimpses of rare interiors do we gain by these brief paragraphs! How full of suggestion and story are they!

LET THE CHILDREN SLEEP.
We earnestly advise that all who think a great deal, who have to work hard, to take all the sleep they can get without medical means.
We caution parents, particularly not to allow their children to be waked up of mornings—let nature wake them up, she will not do it prematurely; but have a care that they go to bed at an early hour; let it be early, until it be found that they wake up themselves in full time to dress for breakfast.
Being waked up early, and allowed to engage in difficult or any studies late, and just before retiring has given many a beautiful and promising child the brain fever, or determined ordinary ailments to the production of water on the brain.
Let parents make every possible effort to have their children go to sleep in a pleasant humor. Never scold or give lectures, or in any way wound a child's feelings as it goes to bed. Let all banish business and every worldly care at bed-time, and let sleep come to a mind at peace with God and all the world.
Those who imagine that the Democratic party is dead are hugging a delusive phantom to their bosoms. It is as imperishable as the everlasting hills. Its principles are the principles of the Constitution, and it can never die while there is a free government to save. Already the seeds of dissolution in the Republican ranks are plainly visible. All the Democracy have to do is to stand firm and the hour of our triumph will surely come. Let the sentiment of the party everywhere, be: "Defeated but not dismayed."

An Irish lawyer in a neighboring county, recently addressed the court as "gentlemen" instead of "your honors." Arier he had concluded, a brother of the bar reminded him of his error. He immediately rose to apologise thus: "May it please the court—in the heat of debate I called your honors, gentlemen. I made a mistake your honors."
The gentleman sat down, and we hope the court was satisfied with the explanation.
Barons has a faculty for getting things cheap. The other day he had a beautiful set of teeth inserted for next to nothing. He kicked a dog.

A preacher whose text had led him to speak of the prophet Jonah, among other things, said: "I am of the opinion Jonah was an old man, neither smoking nor chewing, from the fact that the fish retained him so long in his stomach. If the fish had swallowed the house we are worshipping in, he would no doubt vomited himself to death."

AN AUTUMN EVENING.

In scattered plumes the floating clouds
Went drifting down the west,
Like barks that in their haven soon
Would moor and be at rest,
The day sank down a monarch red
Upon night's sable breast.
The wind was all but hushed asleep,
Yet now and then it stirred
A great tree's top, and whispering
Awoke a slumbering bird,
Who, half aroused, but only chirped
A song of just a word.

And in the west a rosy light
Spread out a thousand arms,
Each with a torch, whose crimson fire
Stretched o'er the peaceful farms,
And o'er the yellow corn, that lay
Unconscious of all harms.
Then changed into a waste of blue
A desert tract of air,
Where no red clouds, like Indian flowers,
Bore blossom bright and fair;
And over all a sense of want,
And something lost was there.

A STUMPER FOR STUART MILL.—In an article in Harper's Magazine for November, we find the following anecdote of John Stuart Mill's recent canvass for parliament. The occasion was after Mr. Mill had concluded his speech at St James' Hall.
When Mr. Mill had concluded his address, it was announced that he would answer any questions as to his opinions which persons in the audience might put to him. It really seemed as if no voice could have the courage to follow that eloquent one that had just ceased, and truly it would have required a very high question to be in keeping with the impression left upon us. Nevertheless a man rose to put a question, and his gravity of manners caused a general hush in the room. The question put by the man was in these words, which were given in a stentorian voice: "I wish to ask Mr. Mill what is his opinion as to the question of marriage with a deceased wife's sister?"
Never was there a more precipitous descent from the sublime to the ridiculous. After the first roaring surge of laughter had swept over the crowd some said that the man had been sent there by the enemy to turn the meeting into a farce. But no; there he stood, solemn and imperturbable awaiting the answer to his question. This added to the grotesqueness of the whole affair, and it seemed for awhile that the crowd would never be able to recover its gravity. Mr. Mill who saw at once that he was dealing with a man's hobby, answered, when quiet was restored, in a manner that did much credit to his heart. He rather shielded the man from the laughter of the crowd by the respectful tone with which he said: "Without having considered all the pros and cons of the question proposed, yet on the principle that liberty should be allowed except when reason to the contrary can be shown, and as I know of none against marriage with a deceased wife's sister, I should be in favor of freedom in that respect."

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The Antipodes.

Japan is a country of paradoxes and anomalies. They write from top to bottom, from right to left, in perpendicular instead of horizontal lines. Their books begin where ours end. Their locks turn from left to right. Their day is our night. Shops go to customers. People sit upon their heels. Horses' heads are where their tails would be in an English stable, facing the entrance, the food hung from the roof in a basket. Their old men fly kites, while the children look gravely on; the carpenter uses his plane by drawing it to him; his tailors stitch from them; they mount their horses from the off side; the bells to their harness are always attached to their hind-quarters instead of the front; ladies black their teeth instead of keeping them white; their hair is turned back from their face, which is elaborately painted and powdered, and their anti-erectile tendencies are carried to the point of interfering with not only the grace of movement, but with all locomotion, so lightly are the lower limbs, from the waist downward, girt round with their garments. Top-pinning is followed as a profession. They indulge in frequent and loud exultations, as evidence of a good meal. Their pocket is their sleeve. They wipe the face with a nice square piece of paper, and carefully fold the envelope into the sleeve, or give it to an attendant to throw away. Their music is without melody; their landscape without perspective, light or shade; their figures without drawing—mere crude colors and grotesque forms dancing in mid-air, without ground to rest on. They have bank notes of the value of a farthing. They have long perfectly understood the utilization of sewerage, and the manufacture of paper, not from rags, but from the bark of trees, of which they have sixty-seven different kinds, all with different uses. They use no milk or animal food; horses and oxen and cows are employed for purposes of draught only; they have no sheep or pigs; the flowers have no scent, the birds no song, and their fruits and vegetables have no flavor.

DO IT WITH THY MIGHT.—Fortune, success, fame, position, are never gained but by piously, determinedly, bravely striking, growing, living, in a thing—till it is fairly accomplished. In short, you must carry a thing through if you want to be anybody or anything. No matter if it does cost you the pleasure, the society, the thousand pearly gradations of life. No matter for these—Sick to the thing and carry it through—Believe you were made for the matter, and that no one else can do it. Put forth your whole energies. Sir, wake, electrify yourself, and go forth to the task. Only once learn to carry through in all its completeness and proportion, and you will become a hero. You will think better of yourself—others will think better of you. Of course they will. The world in its very heart admires the stern, determined doer. It sees in him its best sight, its brightest object, its richest treasure. Drive right along, then in whatever you undertake. Consider yourself sufficient for the deed. You'll be successful. Never fear.

STEALING DOWN SOUTH.—The La Crosse Democrat has an article showing up a "loyal" thief, who stole a printing establishment at Columbia, Tennessee, during the war, and removed it to Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, where he is now publishing an Abolition paper, using the stolen material for that purpose. There is said to be a prospect of bringing the "loyal" confiscationist to grief, on account of this printing office theft. There was any amount of stealing done in the South, in the name of "loyalty," by "loyal" camp followers, during the war, who might very properly be looked after now. Printing offices, public and private libraries, pianos, household goods, ladies' dresses, &c., &c., were among the spoils sent North by these "shoddies," and distributed among their friends. The close of the war put a stop to this thing, and the "loyal" confiscationists have manifested great sorrow ever since.

PUT THEM THROUGH.—We rejoice to see that the people are bringing to justice, in a number of counties, those abolition election officers, who violated the law, in refusing to allow so-called deserters and skeddaddlers to vote, at the recent State election. The Constitution and laws of this State define the duties of election officers, and we hope to see every board in this State that violated these laws, punished to the fullest extent. We have permitted much illegal interference with the rights of the people for the past four years, that the adherents of the party in power seem to think that there are no laws in existence to punish outlawry. It is time they were taught better—a few years service in the penitentiary, will tend to mend their manners vastly.

A dotting mother of a waggish boy having bottled a lot of nice preserves, labeled them "Put up by Mrs. D.—" Johnny, having discovered the goodies, soon ate the contents of one bottle, and wrote on the label, "Put down by Johnny D.—"

John asked Julia if she would have him. "No," said she, "I will not have you," but before John could recover from the shock, she archly put in, "but you may have me!"
"Bob, did you let off that gun?" exclaimed an enraged schoolmaster. "Yes, master."
"Well what do you think I will do with you?" "Why, let me off!"

Signs of Character.

"Trifles make up the sum of human things," and it is surprising how readily an experienced eye can read character from the slightest and most insignificant data.
Don't you believe it reader? Just allow us to give you a few whippers on the subject—a peep, through our own special opera glass, at the world around us.
When you meet a young man with plenty of bad cologne in his pocket handkerchief and a stale odor of cigar smoke in his hair, you may be sure that he was bold enough to contract a very bad habit, and not bold enough to take the consequences of it. In cigar tobacco the plaintiff has the best of it.

When you see a woman with her shawl fastened all awry, and unended fractures in her gloves, it is a pretty sure index that she reads novels and lies in bed late of a morning. If you happen to be wife hunting, don't be misled by her bright eyes and cherry cheeks. A girl who cannot spend time to keep herself looking neat, ought not to be trusted with the care of shirt buttons and cravat ends, to say nothing of the husband appended to these articles!
When a gentleman hands up your face in a stage as politely as that of your gorgeously dressed neighbor, without reference to the fact that you wear calico, and cotton gloves, rest assured that he is lacking in no courtesies to his own wife at home. And if a lady—no, a woman—accepts his politeness as a mere matter of course, with no "Thank you" nor acknowledging smile, then you may conclude that she has entered into society on the bubbles of Petroleum—not on any merits of her own.
When a lady—no, once again—a female—goes to a grocery in a rustling silk dress, and does her morning shopping in diamonds rings and a cashmere shawl, it is a sign of one of two things: either she does not know any better, or she has no other place in which to display her finery.

When the "nice young man" who is paying you particular attention, speaks shortly to his mother, or omits to pay his sisters the little attentions that come so gracefully from man to woman, it is apt to be a sign that his wife must put up with the same system of snubbing and neglect as soon as the first gloss of the wedding suit is gone.
When a lady finds "Macaulay's History" a dreadful bore, and skips the historical part of Scott's novels, it is not an unfair inference that her brain is not very fully furnished.

When a gentleman cannot talk fluently on the great subjects of ancient and modern interest, but polkas "charmingly" we may safely conclude that his brains—such as they are—have all settled down into his agile heels. Now we do not disapprove of dancing, yet we confess to a preference for having the brains a little higher up.
When a girl entertains you with spicy ridicule of her gentleman friends, "showing up" their imperfections and weaknesses, take your hat and go. If you need any comfort, there will be sufficient in the fact that you will undoubtedly furnish your share of amusement to the next arrival!
Put not your faith (speaking from a feminine stand-point) in gentleman that wear diamond scarf pins, and spend their leisure time on hotel steps, for it is more than probable they belong to the extensive class of society for whom Satan is popularly supposed "to find some mischief still" to keep their "idle hands" in occupation. Better lavish your smiles on the sturdy young carpenter in shirt sleeves and blue overalls, who works by the day; it will be more profitable in the long run.
When a woman finds Sunday "the longest day in the week," it is a sign that there was some woeful deficiency in her early religious training.

When a man speaks irreverently of sacred things, let it suffice as a warning to trust him in no single matter. No matter how brilliant may be his talents, how fair his professions, there is a false ring to his metal. Don't trust him!
REPUBLICAN PRINCIPLES.—In a nutshell the tendencies of Republican principles are: High prices of coal and provisions. Paper money, worth sixty cents to the dollar. High taxes, and hordes of officers to collect them. A national debt greater than that of England. Scores of officeholders paid to make political speeches. Imprisonment for political opinions. Negro suffrage, universal, by the adoption of the Constitutional amendment.

A delegation of Baltimore ladies on Monday waited on the President with a petition signed by 3,500 of their countrymen, for the pardon of Jefferson Davis. The President informed them that arrangements had been made for an early trial of Davis "according to the laws of the land."
The material in the box which exploded at the Wyoming Hotel, New York, is believed to have been a newly discovered explosive compound of glycerine and nitric acid.

W. C. Barney, a clerk in the New York Custom House, was arrested on Monday on a charge of defrauding the government of \$40,000.
In the next New Jersey Legislature the Republicans will have a majority of from 12 to 16 on joint ballot.