

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

W. H. JACOBY, Publisher.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

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EVENING THOUGHTS.

BY MISS LOUISA SEARL—(EDITH ELLERY.)

In the holy hush of twilight,
When the day is falling fast,
Gently comes a fond remembrance
From the dim and shadowy past,
Glancing back through opening vistas—
Culling sweets where childhood strayed,
Murmuring prayers in broken accents,
For the light no cloud can shade.

Life to-day is sad and weary;
Hope lies low with bleeding wing,
But within our childhood's Eden
Wildest birds will ever sing,
Songs which wake sweet spirits e'er—
Angel songs of glad refrain,
Falling on the heart unbidden,
Soft as summer evening's rain.

Half a century, when life seemed fairest,
All the changes time would bring,
In the years which marked his footsteps,
Speeding on with noiseless wing,
We had passed where then we hastened
Lightning long by sylvan streams,
Fringed with fancy's bright allusions
From the far-off land of dreams.

Every spray its rainbow fashion,
Some new star lights up the night,
And each golden morn is ushered
By new beams of rosy light,
Linger longest with the lowly,
Comes the thoughts of other years—
Simple thoughts in love remembered—
Thoughts that 'd, not sweet for tears.

A Correct Taste in Children.

In many ways the mother can contribute to the formation of a correct taste. The first hymn she teaches to the fisper, and even the earliest notes which she sings for its melody should be chosen with care. The pictures with which the walls of the nursery are adorned, should be collected with a studious and cultivated regard for real beauty. Likenesses of excellent men and women—whose names you would like to have your children love—are a very desirable ornament. A few elegant historical pictures which might be used as introductions to general history, or which are calculated to inspire noble sentiments, would be found of great utility in every family able to have them. A few well finished landscape pictures would also tend to foster a love of nature in its cheerful and sublime aspect. There is a refining and elevating influence arising from a daily familiarity with the scenery of nature, whether it glows before us in its original loveliness, or in the representation of a genuine artist.

Sir Morton Peto made a speech at an entertainment in New York a few evenings since, in which he said: "I made a visit to the large printing establishment of Charles Wilson, in Chicago, and I assure you I never felt so truly the manner in which Americans had gone into the war before." In walking through the office, Mr. Wilson pointed to some thirty or forty composers who had been four years away to the war. One had been a captain, another a major, others lieutenants, sergeants and privates. Yet they were setting type as though war had never been. I saw afterwards farmers' sons, in uniform, peacefully feeding a thrashing machine. They went into the struggle to save the Union, and having done it, now go back to the ways of peace and industry without a single thought. Europe is astonished at it. But the South coming forward so freely and adopting themselves back again into the Union, is one of the strangest aspects of the whole contest."

A cat caught a sparrow, and was about to devour it, but the sparrow said: "No gentleman eats until he washes his face." The cat, struck at this remark, set the sparrow down, and began to wash his face with his paw, but the sparrow flew away. This vexed puss extremely, and he said:—"As long as I live I will eat first and wash my face afterwards," which all cats do to this day.

Sax, the Joker and poet, was once taking a trip on a steamer, when he fell in with a lively young lady to whom he made himself very agreeable. Of course he made an impression upon the damsel, who said a parlor. "Good bye, Mr. Sax, but I fear you'll soon be forgetting me?" "Ah, miss," said the inevitable poet, "I was not a married man already, you may be sure I'd be getting you!"

A contemporary says: "There is a man in our county who always pays for his paper in advance. He never had a sick day in his life—never had corns or toothache—the only never-killers he ever got—his wife never cries in the night, and he will never get old."

For the Star of the North.

Education.—No. 3.

Man may be considered an intellectual and moral being. As an intellectual being, he commences his career by first prattling the A, B, C's, perhaps, at his mother's knee; or we may see him wending his way to the old school house, to meet the pleasant smile and cordial welcome of his teacher, who is ever faithful to guide him in wisdom's ways; and assist him in climbing the hill of science, until he has acquired sufficient scholarship to emanate from the old school house and take his place among the college students, and acquire a knowledge of facts of a higher nature; trace them to their source, and learn how man first became acquainted with them; investigate their relation to each other, and how he is benefited by having a knowledge of them.

And, as a moral being, we find him occupying a place in a great moral government, and in a sphere which calls for his intelligence, and makes him a useful and praiseworthy being to his fellow man. And duties of an important kind, to perform in relation to a Supreme Being, the Creator and Governor of all things, which effect him through time, and equally through all eternity; and by his discharging these duties well, he is made an honor to himself, and benefit to the society of which he forms a part.

Hence the intellectual faculties are the means by which man is to determine his field of labor; the power which impels him to action; and the helm which guides and directs his moral career; therefore, the training, which the intellect receives, influences the person in all his journey through life. You will please allow us to call your attention to the person, who has always had pious training, from the earliest period of his childhood, who would scorn the idea of doing anything dishonorable, mean or wicked, as an example of this. And why? Is it because he is not tainted with the fallen nature of man? Surely not—we must all participate alike in that fallen nature; because, none of us have been born of parents, who kept the Moral Law inviolate; neither can we live without violating this Law; and, therefore, must be liable to the penalty of a broken law, which is sin and death. But (we think) the secret is this, if doing evil is held up before children, as something that all respectable people detest, and as that which will, if not abandoned, effect their happiness through this life, and equally through that which is to come, and, on the other hand, the mind of the child is impressed with the idea, that doing good, and practicing virtue, will lead him on the ways of peace and happiness, and thereby extract the dregs of bitterness which our forefathers dropped into the cup of life; but which does not get thoroughly instilled therein, until all become old in crime and transgression. The child will have a deep sense of right and wrong, and (we think) a love for the one, which they naturally hated, and a hatred for the other, which they naturally loved, and thus be led to do right, because they have been taught that it leads them in the ways of peace and happiness in this life, and eternal joy and felicity in that which is beyond the confines of mortality. And when the doing of wrong, because they have been taught it leads to misery and woe, infusing the bitterness already in the cup of life, throughout the same, making the person's life completely nauseous to himself; and equally so to every person, with which he comes in contact, who is possessed of refined feeling. This (we think) will be the case with pious training.

And further, we have the promise of Sacred Writ that it will be so, which says: "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old, he will not depart from it;" therefore, we may be sure, if our teaching is such as agrees with the Bible, that they will not be forgotten, or the precepts we have endeavored to instill into the minds of those children; we have had under our charge, be forsaken; but our teaching and precepts will run parallel to the child's intelligence and continue to direct his ways, and influence his actions through all the journey of life.

Therefore, the importance and responsibility of training youth are very great, the trainer will be fitting them for a life of usefulness; or fitting them for a life of idleness and dissipation. Then, my fellow teachers, if such is the responsibility of teaching, let us not enter this great and glorious work without considering whether we are fitting the minds under our charge for unrenouncing activity in doing good, and to be ornaments in society; or for a life of slothfulness and indolence, and to be a nuisance, if not a curse to society. Filo.

Orangeville, Nov. 11, 1865.

A newly married couple went to Niagara on a visit, and the gentleman, in order to convince his dear that he was as brave as he was gallant, resolved to go down into the "Cave of Winds." She, of course, objected; but finding that he was determined, affectionately requested him to leave his pocket-book and watch behind.

John Newton says: "When I get to heaven I shall see three wonders there.—The first wonder will be to see so many people there whom I did not expect to see; the second wonder will be to miss so many whom I did expect to see; and the third and greatest wonder of all will be to find myself there."

The gay young wife of an Albany pork-packer last week persuaded her husband to draw from a bank a large sum belonging to the firm, of which he was a junior partner, and start with her for Europe, one object being to punish her husband's father, the other member of the firm, who had opposed her frivolities. She was over-hauled in New York, and the contemplated trip was

Corry O'Lanus on Family Affairs.

The Brooklyn Eagle has a correspondent who knows a thing or two. Hear him:

It is a good thing for a man to pay attention to his family.

Provided he has one. Married men generally have. So have I. It is the natural consequence of getting married.

Families, like everything else are more expensive than they used to be. Shoes and clothes cost a sight now-a-days, and children have mostly good appetites.

Boys have. Boys will be boys. They can't help it. They were born so. It is their destiny to tear trousers, and wear out two pairs of boots per month; keeping their ma constantly employed like a besieged garrison repairing breeches, and their unfortunate papa paying out currency under a strong conviction that there is nothing like "leather" to wear out.

I tried copper-toed boots on my heir. The copper wore well, and I have an idea, that copper boots would be a good idea, but I couldn't find a metallic shoemaker to carry it out.

Mrs. O'L also became attached to copper, and thought it would be an improvement and save sewing if boys' pantaloons were, like ships and tea-kettles, copper-bottomed. The suggestion is A. No. 1; but we haven't tried it yet.

Copper so ran in my head at the time that O'Fate called me a copperhead.

This was the origin of the term.

Mrs. O'L is a managing woman. She makes trousers for our son, Alexander Theomistocles, out of mine, when I've done with them. He can get through three pairs to my one, ordinarily, and I am obliged to wear out my clothes faster than I used to, to keep him supplied.

I once suggested that it might be within the resources of art and industry to make him a pair out of new material.

Mrs. O'L said positively that it couldn't be done. It would ruin us. She concluded it was cheaper to cut up a pair I had paid twelve dollars for.

I subsequently found upon inquiry that new cloth for that purpose could have been bought for about two dollars.

I ventured to tell Mrs. O'L, expecting a triumph of male foresight over female lack of judgment.

She gave me a look of scorn as she wanted to know if I had asked the price of "trimmings."

Trimmings were too much for me. I have been afraid of trimmings ever since.

In addition to clothes, the scion of our house runs up other expenses.

But what is the expense compared with the joy a father feels, when after a day's laborious exercise at the office, wrestling with a steel pen, he returns to his domestic retreat, and is met at the gate by a smiling cherubim, who, in tones that go to his fond parent's heart, and makes him forget his troubles, with, "Hallo, pa, give me a penny."

Your hand immediately goes to the seat of your affections—your pocket—and draws forth the coveted coin, which is promptly invested in molasses candy.

AN EFFECTIVE SPEECH.—During the Revolutionary war, General Lafayette, being at Baltimore, was invited to a ball. He was requested to dance, but instead of joining in the amusement, as might have been expected of a Frenchman of twenty-two, he addressed the ladies thus:

"Ladies, you are very handsome; you dance prettily; your ball is very fine—but my soldiers have no shirts!"

This was irresistible. The ball ceased; the ladies went home and went to work; and the next day a large number of shirts were prepared by the fairest hands of Baltimore for the gallant defenders of their country.

The Secretary of the Treasury is very anxious to fund compound interest notes in five twenty bonds. The notes draw six per cent. interest, compounded every six months, and run three years. Many of them have more than one year's interest already upon them. The bonds run twenty years and draw five per cent. interest. The Treasury thus will realize the difference of interest and the compounding; it will gain seven or eight years time in which to pay; and, while apparently contracting the currency, really expands it and the public debt by reissuing the notes and transferable bonds.

A "young and pretty female" in Indiana has been married and divorced three times within two years. First she married a man named Taylor, who strayed off to Dixie. From him she got a divorce and married a man named Frazier. Taylor soon came back and persuaded her to get a divorce from husband number two, which she did, and then re-married Taylor. Soon after, an "incompatibility of temper" having broken out, she sued for and got divorced the second time from Taylor, and is now a candidate for fresh connubial adventures.

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False Hair

The hair of the English women is said to be the finest in the world, and the most valuable in the market, although most of the false hair is obtained from France, Italy, Spain and Germany, where this beauty seems to be less esteemed than in England and America. In France it is common to sell the head of hair, and agents regularly travel to collect the crops. They pitch their tents at the fairs in the country districts, and invite the girls to go in, by showing them trinkets or money; and many are the luxuriant tresses a beauty of fashion would give her brightest gem to have growing on her head, which these rustic beauties innocently exchange for the most tawdry jewelry.

A good head of hair may weigh about one and a half or two pounds, and the wholesale price varies from thirty to sixty shillings—think of it, the price here is seventeen dollars a pound—though very fine glossy sorts of beautiful color, are much more valuable.

The choice hair should be well-fed, not too coarse, and about twenty-five inches long. Some curious tricks are practiced in making up false hair. All the hair intended to be worn as curls is actually made up into regular pigtails, with a crust of paste, precisely as if it were a very dainty morsel for the table, and then baked in an oven.

The hair pie, however, is not a mere baked cushion; the locks are wound on little earthen ware rollers, and stewed for two hours before being made into the pie. The baking afterwards serves to fix the necessary curl or hair.

As most of the Republican politicians insist that the South is out of the Union, and not entitled to representation in Congress, it may be well to inquire of them by what right a President holds his office if not a citizen in the Union when elected. The same principle applies to both; and if it is decided that the Southern members of Congress cannot take their seats, it will be at the same time settled that we have no President. Further; if the Southern States are not in the Union, the action of their conventions and legislatures in adopting the Constitutional amendment, is null and void. The radical theory that the South is out of the Union, and entitled to no rights as part of the government, and yet owes duty to the federal authority, is too nonsensical for consideration. The habit of treating those States as outside of the Union, and yet claiming the performance of certain acts done by them as of legal effect inside of the Union, has been indulged in long enough, and we trust that the Solons about to assemble at the Capitol will at once conclude whether or not the Union is broken.—Montrose Democrat.

The revolutionary plot of the radicals to circumvent the President in his policy of restoration, to deny the Southern States a fair representation in Congress, and to keep the country unorganized and in turmoil indefinitely, is one of the strongest evidences that sectionalism and disunion at present exist among the self-styled friends of the Government in the North, as violently as ever those sentiments were entertained at the South. A firm, bold hand is needed at once, to grapple with and shake out of them the twin-devils of sectional hate and negro-phobia. They must be dealt with energetically and powerfully—no temporizing, no homeopathic doses of warning washed down with plentiful doses of anodynes, should be attempted, but they should be swept, with all their contention and strife and abominable heresies and contempt of law, clean and forever from the field of politics.

REMARKABLE VIEWS OF MR. SEWARD.—Mr. Seward is a power in the Government. What does he say on the subject? Let us see. The New York correspondent of the *Macon (Ga.) Telegraph*, writing on the 16th of October, says:

Since I have introduced Mr. Seward's name, I will refer to a conversation he had a few days since with Thurlow Weed—Jefferson Davis being the subject. Weed said Mr. Davis should be hanged, and expressed himself quite warmly on the subject. Mr. Seward then propounded the query: "Why should you hang him?" To which Weed replied, "I would hang him for treason." Mr. Seward responded in his energetic way: "We cannot hang Davis without first convicting him, and I think no impartial jury would do that." Weed said: "His guilt is already established, and his conviction should not be difficult." But Mr. Seward maintained that no jury could be formed to convict him, and added in a significant way: "And even if we should hang him it would be no great moral lesson to the world." Gentlemen who were present during the conversation infer from it that Mr. Davis's life is safe, at least.

REMEMBER THE POOR.—These cold blustering nights which we are now having are only the reminders or forerunners of stern old Winter's icy chains that will soon be grappled around us. Many of us will rejoice at the approaching of the sleighing and skating season but let us not forget in the mean time that there are those among us whose blood thrills with horror as they hear the keen autumnal winds whistling around the corners and through the cracks of their airy cabins, which are only warmed by the genial rays of the Sun. There are such homes in our midst, where stores are not to be found, much less a ton of coal.—Then let all those who are so fortunate as to be blessed with plenty for their comfort through all the changing seasons "remember the poor."

EXPANSIVE IS THE FATHER, AND MEMORY THE SON.—A party of young men, while digging for roots, some miles north of Vincennes, Indiana, discovered an old leather sack containing \$7,000 in gold and \$300 in silver. It is supposed to have been concealed there by an old man named Jones, who was sentenced to the penitentiary some forty

When I Mean to Marry.

When I mean to marry? Well—'Tis idle to dispute with fate; But if you choose to hear me tell, Pray listen while I fix the date.

When daughters haste, with eager feet, A mother's daily toil to share; Can make the puddings which they eat, And mend the stockings which they wear.

When maidens look upon a man As in himself what they would marry, And not as army soldiers scan A sutler or a commissary.

When gentle ladies who have got The offer of a lover's hand, Consent to share his "earthly lot" And do not mean his lot of land.

When young mechanics are allowed To find and wed the farmer's girls Who don't expect to be endowed With rubies, diamonds and pearls.

When wives, in short, shall freely give Their hearts and hands to aid their spouse, And live as they were wont to live Within their sire's one-story house.

Then madam—if I'm not too old—Rejoiced to quit this lonely life, I'll brush my beaver, cease to scold, And look about me for a wife!

JOHN G. SAXE.

The Bottomless Pit in the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky is suspected by many to run through the whole diameter of the earth.—The branch terminates in it, and the explorer suddenly finds himself brought up on its brink, standing upon a projecting platform, surrounded on three sides by darkness and terror, a gulf on the right and a gulf on the left, and before him what seems an interminable void. He looks aloft; but no eye has yet reached the top of the great over-arching dome; nothing is there seen but the flashing of the water dropping from above, emitting as it shoots by in the unvoiced gleam of the lamp.

He looks below, and nothing there meets his glance save darkness as thick as lamp-black, but he hears a wild, mournful melody of water; the wailing of the brook for the green and the sunny channel left in the upper world, never more to be revisited.—Down goes a rock, tumbled over the cliff by the guide, who is of opinion that folks come here to see and hear, not to muse and be melancholy.

There it goes—bush! it has reached the bottom. No—hark; it strikes again; once more and again, still falling. Will it never stop? One's hair begins to bristle as he hears the sound repeated, growing less and less, until the ear can follow it no longer.—Certainly, if the pit of Frederick shall be eleven thousand feet deep, the Bottomless Pit of the Mammoth Cave must be its equal.

The *Chicago Tribune* makes this statement: "The fact is, General Logan has had no notice from the President or Secretary Seward that he has been or will be appointed Minister to Mexico. The Washington reporters for the New York papers started the story that he had been tendered the Japan mission, and afterwards corrected it by stating that he had declined it on account of the great distance it would take him from home. Neither statement is true. That mission was not tendered to him and consequently he did not decline it. It is very likely the purpose of the President to offer General Logan the Mexican mission, but he has not yet received official notice of it; therefore, he has not declined it, and he has not told the President that he would decline it unless he was furnished with 20,000 men, or any other number of men. It is probably true, however, that the President intends to offer the General the Mexican mission.—And what he dislikes about it is, the supposed necessity of having to set out upon an exploration tour across the savage desert of the interior of the continent, in search of the headquarters of the Juarez Government, which is supposed to be located at present somewhere in the vicinity of El Paso, on the southern border of Arizona Territory."

Two men went from Orleans county, N. Y., to Ohio, some time since and started a bank. They subsequently issued drafts on New York to certain parties from Orleans county, and the latter sold them in Canada to the amount of \$60,000. Unfortunately there was no deposit in New York to pay the drafts, and the Canadians found they had been "sold." The bank in Ohio hadn't any money, and so the matter stands. The Canadians have the drafts and the Orleans county men have the money or its equivalent.

A WIFE-A-WAKE MINISTER. who found his congregation going to sleep one morning before he had faintly commenced, after preaching a few minutes, suddenly stopped and exclaimed: "Brethren, this isn't fair; it isn't giving a man a half a chance. Wait till I get along a piece, and then if I ain't worth listening to, go to sleep; but don't do it before I get commenced, give a man a chance."

A party of young men, while digging for roots, some miles north of Vincennes, Indiana, discovered an old leather sack containing \$7,000 in gold and \$300 in silver. It is supposed to have been concealed there by an old man named Jones, who was sentenced to the penitentiary some forty

years ago. The sack was found by a party of young men, while digging for roots, some miles north of Vincennes, Indiana, discovered an old leather sack containing \$7,000 in gold and \$300 in silver. It is supposed to have been concealed there by an old man named Jones, who was sentenced to the penitentiary some forty

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To Young Business Men.

It is easier to be a good business man than a poor one. Half of the energy displayed in keeping ahead as is required in catching up when behind, will save credit, give more time to attend to business, and add to the profits and reputation of those who work for gain. Be prompt—keep your word. Honor your engagements. If you promise to meet a man or do a certain thing at a certain moment be ready at the appointed time. If you have work to do, do it at once, cheerfully and therefore speedily and correctly. If you go out on business attend to the matter in hand, then as promptly go about your business. Do not stop to tell stories to business hours.

If you have a place of business be found there when wanted. No man can get rich by sitting around saloons, playing old sledge, euchre, peanuckle, or other games for whiskey. Never "fool" on business matters. If you have to labor for a living, remember that one hour in the morning is better than two at night. If you employ others be on hand to see that they attend to their duties, and to direct work to advantage. Have order—system—regularity—promptness—liberality. Do not meddle with business you know nothing of. Whatever you do, do well. Never buy an article simply because the man who sells it will take it out in trade—Trade is money. Time is money. A good business habit and reputation are always money. Make your place of business pleasant and attractive, then stay there to wait upon customers. Never use quick words, or allow yourself to make hasty and ungentlemanly remarks to those in your employ, for to do so lessens their respect for you, and your influence over them. Help yourself and others will help you. Be faithful over the interests confided in your keeping, and all in good time your responsibility will be increased.

Do not be in too great haste to get rich. Do not build till you have arranged and laid a good foundation. Do not, as you hope or work for success, spend time in loafing, if your time is your own, business will surely suffer if you do. If it is given to another for pay, it belongs to him, and you have no more right to steal it than you have to steal money. Be obliging. Strive to avoid harsh words and personalities. Do not kick every stone in the path. More miles can be made in a day by going steadily on than by stopping to kick. Pay as you go. A man of honor respects his word as he does his bond. Ask but never beg. Help others when you can without inconvenience to yourself. But never give when you cannot afford to, simply because it is fashionable. Learn to say no. No necessity of snapping it dog fashion, but firmly and respectfully. Have but few confidants. The fewer the better. Use your own brains rather than others. Learn to think and act for yourself. Be honest. Be vigilant. Be active and liberal. Keep ahead, rather than behind the times. Young man—cut this out, and if there is, folly in the argument let us know.

The above rules have done us good service, and are given as hints to the young men of the country who must be either loafers or gentlemen, business men or bankrupt, respected or uncared for, as they themselves may determine.—Buck Pomroy

A WIDOW'S CONSOLATION.—The *Memphis (Tenn.) Argus*, tells of how a widow was consoled for the loss of husband No. 2 by husband No. 1 "turning up again." It seems that a fair young creature had been married but a few years when the war broke out, and her husband enlisted in the Confederate army. After being absent two years news arrived that he had been killed. After wearing the widow's weeds a short time she began to look around for consolation, and found it in a second love, and was married. After enjoying her happiness a few weeks, husband No. 2 got killed. She again donned the weeds and mourned a second bereavement. A short time ago, having thrown off her mourning, after wearing it twelve months, she became gay and happy again, and began to look around for No. 3, when to her great astonishment, husband No. 1 came back from the wars, and the twice bereaved fair one was enfolded in the embrace of her first love, her long lost lord, whom she had mourned as dead. She was consoled.

GEN BANKS CAN'T TAKE THE OATH.—By a law of Congress, before any member can take his seat, he must swear that he has never, directly nor indirectly, given aid or comfort to the enemies of the Union." Now how can Gen. Banks, (if elected,) get over that point? Why, the "rebs" called him their chief quartermaster—and Stonewall Jackson, when short of provisions, always started for Banks' commissary. In Texas, he fed Dick Taylor's command, and supplied them with six months' food and clothing, four wagon loads of paper collars, and other dandified military stores. Perhaps Banks can get over this thing—but how?—N. H. Register.

STEALING WATERPAILS.—The rascals of New York and vicinity have set up this new business, and are prosecuting it vigorously. Sculping takes place nightly in the passages to the lecture rooms, theatres, and on ferriesboats. The scamps "bag" fifty waterfalls a night, worth to the dealers in "hair" five dollars each.

If you are in a house and hear a baby cry it is a sign of marriage; or if it isn't, it

Radicals, at a loss for capital, will howl dimly over the man with a black skin. It was said of them, long ago, that "they hated slavery more than anything else on earth, except the slave." They have abolished the first, and are now laboring diligently, though perhaps ignorantly, to exterminate the second. If they do not succeed, it will be because a half miracle is wrought in behalf of the much abused African, whose best hope is in the extermination of his champions. While fugitive slave laws were in force, they compassed sea and land to evade and resist them; and the unhappy victims of their cruel charity, when delivered from unholy bondage in the sunny land, were left by the Abolitionists to starve upon cold, free soil. And now that all legal obstacles are removed, and freedom reigns from the Canadas to the Gulf, there is but one problem presented for them to solve; which is, how to obtain possession of whatever portion of Southern resources was annually consumed and wasted in the sustenance of four millions of their proteges.

Let it not be supposed that they avow this purpose. For nearly half a century they have been perfecting themselves in the art of covering evil deeds with goodly names. They have invented high-sounding titles for the adornment of principles which would be hideous in their naked deformity. Professing to love the "Union" more than all things besides, they advocated and encouraged a war which they at first instigated, and when all resistance to the national authority was at an end, they interposed the same inevitable negro, presenting the reunion of the divided sections, ready to heal with the first intention. Little rest they, if the obstacle is crashed out of existence, as the frail skiff crumbles to powder between the vast floes of the Arctic seas. And as the unseen currents, moving with resistless force, always bring the divided ice fields together, so the sound sense of the Anglo-Saxon race will overwhelm and obliterate all traces of both African and Abolitionist, if they stand in the way of national prosperity. The signs of the times indicate some such denouement to the drama.

The Jamaica insurrection, which, if not instigated by American Radicals directly, or by their congeners, is, at least, precisely in accordance with their often avowed principles. To place the negro in his normal state; it is indispensable that the dominant race should be destroyed. Even the madness of Abolition frenzy has never formally predicted or advocated entire equality between the slave and his late master. It is hardly credible that we should have so many rumors of an approaching uprising of the black population of the South, if there were no foundation for the reports. It is not possible that assemblages of these ignorant savages, guarded by armed sentinels, could convene for any good purpose. And, if any considerable body of them can be deluded by their white friends from New England to rise in armed outlawry, it is positively certain that the conflict will end with their extermination. Concerning the trouble in the English island, we have only the beginning of the end. Since the abolition of slavery there, this island has dwindled down into a mere spot on the map, and now the British Government has to decide, either to expatriate the negro, to reduce him to something like his old bondage, or to abandon the island to him entirely. In the first or the last event, the result will be very much the same. The poor African relapses into his original barbarism, or disappears from the face of the earth.

While the "peculiar institution" existed in the Southern States, the negro was in constant contact with the superior race and with Christian civilization, and his condition, morally and physically, was far superior to that of his kindred at the North. He has always been peculiarly susceptible of religious training, and the examples of consistent Christian profession have always been as numerous in Virginia as in Massachusetts. The cultivated deism of Boston required somewhat intellectual themes than the simple story of the cross; while the debased slave of the South was content to regulate his life by the easily apprehended precepts of the gospel. The faith of Uncle Tom would scarcely suit Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. In this enlightened age, it will hardly do to institute a comparison between the breakfast table Professor and the Black Witch, who never read or heard of the Atlantic Monthly. But the learned doctor, and those who have acted with him, have effectually deprived the freedman of the comforts of a religion so plain in its teachings, that the wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein.

The conclusion is nearly reached. Delivered from all wholesome restraints, the negro is swiftly subsiding into heathenism. He is delivered from bondage, and from home, family ties, shelter, food, toil and religious training also. Few cares for