

THE STAR OF THE NORTH

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She had the "Tin."

Once I loved a charming fairy,
And I thought to wed her too;
With a laugh and grace so airy,
I could do no else but woo;
But my pa said, "hark ye, Harry,
This poor maid you need not win,
For I swear you shall not marry
With a girl who has no 'tin.'"

True, her only wealth was beauty,
And a heart as pure as snow;
But I felt bound up by duty,
So I let sweet Nettie go.
Then I turned and feeling badly,
Thrust my hands my pockets in,
Looking for a wife, though really,
For a wife with lots of "tin."

Soon I met a maiden pretty,
Eyes as blue as heaven above,
Golden curls—just like my Nettie;
Money too. Who would not love?
Whist my heart was still a burning,
Cupid's arrow sped right in;
But the saucy maiden leering,
I was out in search of "tin."

Tossed her ringlets in defiance,
Said "her purse was not to let,"
Said "do men she'd no reliance,"
And she left me in a pet.
While I went distracted nearly,
Such a fix as I was in!
I had loved the maiden dearly,
If she had not had the "tin."

Thus my hopes are ever blighted—
One by one they bid adieu,
Ties to gold my truth is plighted,
Beauty, I may never woo.
Yes, to gold—rather greenbacks,
(Thinking of the times we're in,
Copper is our only lack,
Paper now our only "tin.")

Now my only hope is flint,
Forty summers o'er her head,
(And I also judge, some winters,
Have with my fingers sped,
At Miss Flint's heart I'm knocking,
And, I think, she'll let me in;
Let me in without much talking,
Though I only want her "tin."

The Close of the Week.—A week! it is but a short time indeed, but its events are a host, its changes many. To whom has the week just closed brought joy? to whom sorrow? to whom riches? to whom poverty? to whom friends? to whom enemies? to whom love? to whom misery? to whom happiness? to whom sickness? to whom health? to whom life? to whom death? What! all these changes in one week? Yes, and a host more numerous than the sands of the sea. Many who see the dawning of the present week, will be in another world ere it closes: many upon whom fortune smiled but a week ago, are now groaning beneath the withering frowns of poverty; many who were floating gently on the bark of life, o'er the untroubled sea of happiness a week ago, are now wrecks of ruin on the shores of affliction;—many upon whom the sun of last Sabbath shone propitiously, have ere this time met with some ill fortune and are turned upon the world the children of poverty; and many whose expectations and hopes were beaming forth, bright and prosperous, at the dawn of this week, find themselves at its close, the sad and miserable beings of cruel disappointment. And such is the life of man! it is subject to changes in a week, a day, nay, even an hour. The world is still in commotion—revolution succeeding revolution—time whirling on its rapid progress, leaving behind its traces of destruction, and even in a small community, many thrilling exciting circumstances might be summed up and recited at the close of each.—E. P. Whipple.

TEMPORARY REMOVAL OF THE NATIONAL CAPITOL.—Members of Congress who have already arrived in Washington city, and who are appalled at the filthy condition of that locality, are discussing the probability of temporarily removing the National Capitol to Philadelphia. It is declared that the "cholera" will certainly rage in this country next summer. Congress will be in the midst of an important session in the heated term, and as the condition of Washington is such as to provoke the virulence of the cholera, it is proposed to hold the approaching session of that body in Philadelphia. Of course, this is nothing more than a suggestion in its present shape. But there is no denying that Washington city is in a wretched filthy condition, so much so that members of Congress are not to blame for seeking a refuge from disease in the cleanly and healthy locality of Philadelphia.

Men who boast loudly that they never show quarter in times of danger are certain to show none but their kind ones.

A JOSHUA.

The great expectations of the community in regard to Rose Wilder's settlement in life had never been realized. She was an attractive girl, with a face that one would pick out in a crowd and always remember. It is saying much of a face to say this. Most faces are lost in the light of others. Hers, in its distinctive character, was so superior that it was always recognizable and striking amid a host of others. We associate such faces with intellect and character above the mediocrity, and the association was correct in Rose Wilder's case. Add to these personal attractions, a father's wealth, a handsome house, and all the paraphernalia of stylish living in the most fashionable part of town, with carte blanche to dress as elegantly as she chose, and you will not wonder that she was admitted to an extent that led to great expectations of an enviable settlement in life. And yet Rose Wilder had reached twenty-five years of age, and was still unmarried. People began to shake their heads and talk about picking up crooked sticks at the end of the woods, and even my Uncle and Aunt Wilder, and my male Wilder cousins, betrayed signs of solicitude.

It was a popular opinion that Rose Wilder had enjoyed many rare opportunities of marriage. I think it was a fallacy. From extended observation I have formed the opinion that the belles of society have fewer good opportunities for marriage than their less brilliant contemporaries. Men love to watch flashing meteors as they dart across the heavens, but they select mellow rushlights to guide them o'er life's rough ways. Men love to dance in the sunshine, but they sit down by steady fire-lights for rest and peace.

Ingham Butler suggested that figure. He said one night, as he watched her, "She is like the sun in our social system. Everybody else shines by borrowed light; but she, in her originality and natural brilliancy, is comparable to nothing but the sun. Then she attracts all, and is above all in her high and mighty ways. The sun blesses for a time, but it leaves us in its steady fickleness, and we grope and stumble in the darkness. It has spots upon its surface, and I cannot be blind to some serious faults in Rose Wilder's character—faults for the most part springing from her position and the false education of the times. Worst of all, she is like the sun, ninety-five millions of miles away from everybody. We sneer at the boy who cries for the moon. Some of us are guilty of greater folly, and sigh for the central sun. No! no! We must be content to bask in its rays for a brief season, knowing that the night will surely come. Blessed be the Joshua who has power to command and secure its obedience!"

I think there were few men who ever made Rose Wilder conscious of the existence of her own heart. Tom Day loved about her for a couple of years and then married stupid Helen Turner and Rose laughed merrily over the incongruous match. Dr. Langworthy danced attendance for an indefinite period; and when he married, Rose was evidently relieved. So it was with a score of others. They only touched her outward life, and her heart was unaffected. It was different with Mark Stanton. When he married our cousin Eugene Wilder's widow, Rose looked grave. I think she had nearly fallen a victim to his fascinating manner and handsome eyes. We all had a suspicion of some emotion when Ingham Butler went to Europe, after a serious misunderstanding with her; but there was nothing save a tinging down of high spirits and a new gentleness of manner to confirm our suspicions.

And now that Rose was twenty-five years of age, Uncle Wilder's solicitude became painful. He spoke much of the folly of promiscuous kindness, and sounded the praises of Milo Baxter from noon till night. Milo Baxter was a wealthy bachelor, and Rose only laughed and avoided him.

The solicitude was explained when Uncle Wilder came home one day with his anxious face sadder than ever, and told his family he was a bankrupt. Aunt Wilder was almost stunned, and Rose was sorely shocked and distressed. It is hard to contemplate changes in luxurious habits. From poverty to luxury, the habits slide away so easily. From luxury to poverty, they cling so tenaciously. After the first shock, Rose was the bravest sufferer of the whole. This ordeal brought out all the woman in her nature. When the elegant furniture, and pictures, and statuary were disposed of, and the family were located in a small cottage, whose beauty consisted in simplicity and neatness, Rose astonished the family yet more by her proposition to serve as governess in the family of a friend. Aunt Wilder wept, and Uncle Wilder pretended there was no necessity; and Bob and Harry, with their elegant notions, and fastidious tastes, and very small salaries, grew hot with indignation and vowed she should not. But she did. Any one who had seen the look upon her face, and understood the nature which that look revealed, would have declared a priori she would do it. She did it faithfully too, hard as service to an inferior is. Day after day found her a patient worker in the house of Mrs. Lennox, where for merly she had led an occasional hour and declared it such a bore. Sometimes there came to her ear familiar voices of her old attendants as they flitted in Mrs. Lennox's parlors; and Fanny Lennox's smirking tones as she entertained her visitors; and her eyes would flash with emotion, and her tones would grow sharp with pain for an

instant; but it was soon over. Except for these occasional pangs at old remembrances, Rose Wilder was a happier woman than before. It is unfortunate that the best society robe most women of any aim in life save marriage and dress. It is an indisputable fact that there is a real satisfaction in earning money. Rose Wilder had this satisfaction, and work enough to keep idle fancies away and cares enough to make her patient.

One night she donned her bonnet and mantle, and, as she caught a reflection of her face in a Lennox mirror, she laughed to herself. Her own happiness surprised her; and yet it was only the pleasure she experienced because her work was well done and she held in her hand a check that would buy coveted luxuries she had scarcely dreamed of. She actually sang as she tripped through the hall, and was unconsciously humming as she passed down the stone steps, and almost ran over a gentleman who was starting at the numbers of the houses. She looked up, frightened, he looked down, amused, and, after a moment's scrutiny, exclaimed: "Rose Wilder!"

It was Ingham Butler, just returned from Europe.

When they had exchanged mutual greetings, he said: "Do you expect your carriage, or are you walking?"

"I always walk, now-a-days," she answered.

"It is well," he answered, approvingly. "I know now where you get your red cheeks and the new sparkle in your eyes."

Rose smiled. Evidently he did not know. "How are all my old friends?" he inquired. "Jennie Cragg said you were injured; is she well?"

"I have not seen her for months," she answered with a little bitterness.

"Kate Stanton is married, I hear. Of course you know her husband?"

"I have seen him at church; I have no personal acquaintance."

"Is Harry Lattimer is town?"

"I had a distant bow from him this morning."

"You come from Mrs. Lennox's door, I see. Do you see them often?"

"I see more of them than any one else," she answered.

She was about to explain her position, but she had reached the store where she wished to make purchases, and excused herself.

"I shall come to see you soon, if you will allow me," he said. "Do you live in the same place?"

"Oh no! we are out of town." She hesitated; she could not explain there, and gave him her address.

That night Ingham Butler called on Fanny Lennox.

"How bright and happy Rose Wilder looks!" he said, in the course of conversation. "Is she about to be married?"

Fanny Lennox laughed. "I think she was never so far from it. She is our governess."

Then followed a history of Uncle Wilder's bankruptcy and the new state of affairs.

The man was astonished most of all by the happy face he had seen that day—a face so full of truth and hope and child like joy, that he had loved it more than in its olden brightness. He smiled as he remembered Fanny Lennox's words—"Never so far from marriage as now." "If the girl ever possessed any regard for me, she was never so near it," he said to himself.

Fanny Lennox gave a party, and Ingham Butler espied Rose Wilder half hidden in a remote corner. The happy look was gone, and in its place a sad and anxious face. He asked her why she refused to see him.

She answered briefly: "My invitations to the parlor were such I could not accept."

"I wish Miss Wilder had come for my sake, in spite of others."

He said earnestly, looking steadily into her grave face.

"Impossible," she answered coldly.

Ingham Butler sighed. "Oh, Rose Wilder! you are ninety-five millions of miles away from me when you speak in that tone, no near me as the day I first met you. I feared the sun would be clouded when it rose again."

She answered coldly: "If you mean me when you speak of the sun, it will soon be set. I am going to leave the parlor. I cannot be paroled."

"Why did you promise me?"

"Because—because—"

"Because you love me even as I love you?"

She did not answer. Her eyes were full of tears.

Ingham Butler interpreted them rightly, and exclaimed:

"Thank God! I am Joshua, and the sun of my life shall never set!"

A Singular Story.

The Mason Telegraph tells the following sad story of the war:

"I learned on yesterday the circumstances of a melancholy quandary in which a young lady, one of the most estimable and lovely in this part of the country, was placed. A gallant young officer was betrothed to her. He fell on the fatal field of Sharpsburg. She loved him dearly, and was afflicted far beyond what lovers of a more buoyant temper would have suffered. She went into mourning, secluded herself from society, devoted herself to religious and charitable deeds, and was 'dead to the world.' A few months ago, a young gentleman of great wealth, superior talents, and handsome person, accidentally formed his acquaintance in the progress of a business transaction. He was fascinated with her; persevered until he overcame her aversion little by little, and finally they became engaged to be married only a fortnight ago. She had already made out her order for an elegant trousseau. But four days ago the first lover returned. He had been carried to a Northern hospital from the battle field, with no hope of life, and has just been liberated and returned. He has a frightful scar across his face, and is poor; but in his bosom burns a manly and noble soul. The poor girl has shut herself up, and will not see either of them. The meeting between her and her first lover the other day, is said to have been distressing. His letters had failed to reach her, and she firmly believed he was dead, till he stood before her, the ghastly ruin of her lover, once so handsome and manly. Poor fellow! I have caught a glimpse of him once as he passed along the street, with his crutches and melancholy face."

The Doctor.—Now is the time to watch for this year's crop of borers. If you will look at the base of the tree you will see a little deposit of chips, which will indicate their location. They can be removed with a knife without injury to the tree. They will appear like a worm one-third of an inch in length. Most persons neglect this operation till spring by which time they will have made a large cavity in the tree and done much injury. When they remain two years they become a large worm and do great injury to the tree. We have heard many complaints from those who have suffered within the last two years from their ravages, and admonish all our readers who have young orchards to watch their trees. If grass grows around the trees, draw it away and the borers may be found even below the surface of the ground.

A NEW ENGLAND MISS ELOPES.—In Frankfort, Kentucky, a young white lady, hailing from New England, was employed by the Freedmen's Bureau to teach the negro children. The dusky urchins thronged her seminary, and she was intensely popular and as a reward for a good lesson she frequently gave a kiss. Matters went on swimmingly for a time, and the "down trodden" negroes were being fast elevated.—Such was the prosperity of the school that a principal—one Professor Hawkins (table)—was sent to take charge of the "institution," when, shocking to relate, the fair one, having in her possession the funds supplied to defray the expenses of the school, decamped, forgetting to divide the funds as provided with the Professor. Of course he is indignant.

THE DUTY OF YOUNG MEN.—There is no mortal object so beautiful to me as a conscientious young man. I watch him as I do a star in the heavens; clouds may be before him, but we know that his light is behind them, and will beam forth again; the blaze of others' popularity may outshine him, but we know, although unseen, he illumines his own true sphere. He resists temptation not without a struggle, for that is no virtue; but he resists and conquers; he hears the screams of the profligate, and it stings him; for that is a trait of virtue, but he beats with his own pure tone. He leads to sin.

The Louisville Journal says: We have not thought it necessary or worth our while to discuss the question whether the Clerk of the Lower House of Congress has or has not the right to place on the roll, as members of that body, those whom he thinks regularly elected. The idea that a mere clerk of the House has any such power, or that he could attempt to usurp it, without deserving to be kicked from one end of Pennsylvania avenue to the other, is utterly preposterous.

The Rev. Dr. Bacon, of New Haven, Conn, has lately been to Richmond. On his way back he called upon President Johnson, and told him, among other things, that he found two hundred and fifty white children attending the laboratory school at Richmond, as poor and ignorant as the blacks, and equally needful aid from the North. Whereupon the President quietly remarked: "I am very glad to find that somebody knows that there are white folks at the South!"

The Lady's Song.

BY J. VERNON.

"Do I believe in Fate?"
I heard a lady sing,
While at my garden gate
One pensive eve in spring.
Her eyes fell on the moon,
As in its beams she gazed,
And placidly she sung—
"Oh, I believe in Fate!"

"Do I believe in Fate?"
Why else am I content
So patiently to wait?
For what may ne'er be sent?
His eyes looked love on me—
Although he came too late;
Though his I may not be—
Yet I believe in Fate!"

"All earth is smiling now,
And life to me is sweet,
No care disturbs my brow,
And Time's soft wings are fleet,
Hope shineth like a star,
And I'm content to wait;
Though happiness be far,
Yet I believe in Fate!"

Wife and Squaws.

I heard an anecdote of Kaffirland to-day, which, though irrelevant to our adventures here, is so amusing that I must record it, particularly as my informant vouched for its truth. At an outpost far up the country resided an officer and his wife. The latter, warned by her husband not to venture alone far from the house; but one day imprudently going beyond her usual limits, she encountered a wild looking Kaffir, who took her by the hand, and would be moved by no entreaties to suffer her to depart. He made her sit down, and untying her bonnet, let down her long hair, at which he expressed rapturous admiration. He next took off her gloves, and appeared enchanted with her white hands; and then proceeded to divest her of her shoes and stockings, and wondered at her little white feet. The next morning the lady and her husband were awakened at an early hour by a chattering under their window; and on requiring the cause of their disturbance, the gentleman was accosted by the hero of the previous day, who had been so oppressed by the charms of our fair country-woman, that he had come with twelve squaws to make the liberal offer of exchanging them for the gentleman's wife, and was not a little surprised when his generous terms were refused.—Major Pagel's Camp and Cantinment.

A COURT SCENE.—"William Look; tell us, William, who made you?"

William, who was considered a fool, screwed up his face, and looked thoughtful, and somewhat bewildered, replied:

"Moses, I suppose."

"That will do," said Counsellor Grey, and addressing the Court—"The witness says he supposes Moses made him. That is an intelligent answer, and more than I should have expected of him; for he has some faint idea of Scripture. I submit that it is not sufficient to entitle him to be sworn as a witness, capable of giving evidence."

"Mr. Judge," said the fool, "may I ask the lawyer a question?"

"Certainly," said the Judge.

"Well, then, Mr. Lawyer, who d'ye suppose made you?"

"Aaron, I suppose," said Counsellor Grey, imitating the witness.

After the mirth had somewhat subsided, the witness drawled out—

"Well, now, we do read in the Book that Aaron once made a calf, but who'd thought the darned critter had got in here?"—Sandy Hill Herald.

A young lady in Chicago was betrothed at the beginning of the war to a lieutenant in the army. He was killed in battle, and his body taken home and buried by his nearest friend and comrade who was with him when he fell. To this young man the lady's affections were transferred, in time, and she engaged to marry him. On the day when they were to be united, and while the clergyman was about to join their hands, the lady suddenly fainted. On recovering, she said she had seen the spirit of her lover, who had forbidden the marriage. Out of deference to the wishes of the deceased gentleman, the nuptials were indefinitely postponed, and the heroine has just entered a convent.

A correspondent writes us from Galveston: "I have seen a Confederate Colonel, with his full uniform on, stars and all, driving a dray, with a mule whose harness was made of ropes. A late Lieutenant General of the rebel army is a clerk in an express office at New Orleans, and the officer who drove off Franklin and his fifteen thousand men at Sabine, is a barkeeper at Houston."—New York Post.

It is said that a girl in England was struck dumb by the firing of a cannon. Since then a number of married men have invited the artillery to come and discharge their pieces on their premises.

Josh Billings says of the servants at Long Branch:

"Most of 'em are black, but many of 'em hav'ed so long among the whites that they begin to adopt our color."

A drunken man tried the other day to get a policeman to arrest his own shadow, on the complaint that the ill-looking fellow kept following him every where he went.

The Lost Arts.

A great deal of nonsense has been uttered by sensation lectures and magazine writers about wonderful arts which perished with the ancients. To trust in the lamentations of these wisecracks over the "lost arts," one would think we had fallen upon very degenerate times indeed. But none of the doleful stories are true. Cleopatra, no doubt, was a very fine woman; but she never dissolved pearls in wine. Archimedes was a great man in his day, but he never set fire to the Roman ships with burning glasses as the fable relates.

The ancients had no useful arts which we do not understand better and practice more skillfully than they did. The humblest American mechanic could teach the polished Greek and the cunning Egyptian sciences and arts of which they never dreamed. The ancients, indeed, did many wonderful things which have not been since repeated; but they were only such things as are not worth doing over again—If we had occasion to build such foolish things as a pyramid, we would improve upon our model in every respect; and instead of keeping a hundred thousand half-starved slaves at the work for twenty years, we would turn it out finished in a few months. George Law and a hundred others would be willing to take the contract at a day's notice.

If any people, now-a-days, lived in a condition like the ancients, they would be objects of sincere pity, and it would be our duty speedily to send missionaries among them. What a lamentable sight would be a nation of great mental vigor, half clothed and poorly fed, tilling the earth with wooden ploughs; without soap, pins, friction matches, or India rubber! How quietly would one of our factory girls appear to them! How magical the art of a Yankee clockmaker, Beggars, now-a-days, with regard to the substantial comforts of life, fare better than ancient kings.

Our modern civilization is surely just what is suited for the welfare of humanity. The steam engine, politics, electricity, morality, and every good thing moves on harmoniously. We look back to the past, to notice, as warnings, the paths of error which our predecessors trod, and we push on cheerfully, and confidently feel that the present and the future are of the utmost importance to us.—Scientific American.

GENERAL CURTIS is rather seriously mixed up in cotton speculations—cotton proving more profitable than smelt. A Memphis paper states the case thus:

"When Gen. Curtis occupied Helena, in 1862, his army captured twenty-three hundred bales of cotton belonging to General Pillow, then of the rebel service. These were confiscated, and, as was supposed, turned over to the officers of the United States Treasury. Since General Pillow obtained his pardon, however, it has been ascertained that, instead of the Government receiving the benefit of this cotton operation, it is supposed that it was reserved for the use of Gen. Curtis, as no fiction was ever made of it. Gen. Pillow, we understand, has instituted proceedings against General Curtis for the missing cotton, or its equivalent in currency."

CONCERNING EDITORS.—At a printer's festival the editorial vocation was thus done brown:

The man that is expected to know everything, tell everything that he knows, and guess at the rest, to make known his character, establish the reputation of his neighbors, and elect all candidates for office; to blow everybody and reform the world; to live for the benefit of others, and the epitaph on his tombstone: "Here he lies at last."

In short he is a locomotive running on the track of public notoriety; his boiler is filled with ink; his tender his scissors; his driving wheels, public opinion, whenever he explodes, it is caused by non-payment of subscriptions.

CURE FOR WEAK EYES.—An elderly gentleman accustomed to "indulge," entered the room of a certain inn, where sat a grave friend by the fire. Lifting a pair of green spectacles upon his forehead, rubbing his inflamed eyes, and calling for hot brandy and water, he complained that his eyes were getting weaker and weaker, and that even the spectacles did not seem to do them any good.

"I'll tell thee, friend," replied the Quaker, "what I think, it thee was to wear thy spectacles over thy mouth for a few months, thy eyes would get sound again."

An instance of distinction without a difference was offered by the Irishman who, having legs of different size, ordered his boots to be made accordingly. His directions were obeyed, but as he tried the small boot on the larger leg he exclaimed, petulantly, "Confound the fellow! I ordered him to make one larger than the other; and instead of that, he has made one smaller than the other."

A certain minister going to visit one of his parishioners, asked him how he had rested during the night. "O, wonderful ill, sir," replied he "for mine eyes have not come together for three nights." "What is the reason of that?" said the other. "Alas! sir," said he, "because my nose was between them."

It is a remarkable fact that, however well young ladies may be versed in grammar, very few can decline matrimony.

Conversation.

Brilliant and effective conversation is the result of a gift highly cultivated by various knowledge, strengthened by deep and earnest experience, sharpened by contact with society. What a pleasure to listen to such music! What can more effectually move and influence the soul? By this we do not mean highly elaborated talk, but appropriate scintillating, elevating, original, and in the best sense beautiful words, like a fountain with newly recurring forms of manifestations, and ceasing when the observers tire.

The conversation which fell from the lips of Fox, Burke, Dr. Johnson, Coleridge, and other famous talkers of England was of such interest as to hold their listeners for hours. Like other gifts, it should be cultivated. Jenny Lind, endowed with the gift of music, but of what practical use unless cultivated? More attention should be paid to this branch in our schools and colleges. As it is there are comparatively few professors that give it any special attention and not unfrequently the best students are the most awkward in conversation.

This is not as it should be. Not long since we knew a lady, who from her position had the means of doing great good. This little woman could not say three consecutive words to influence, or make better the least person within her reach, and still we are told that she was a splendid scholar. It was an assertion that we tried to believe, but alas, she was sadly deficient in the use of words if indeed she really had ideas.

Conversation is the exponent of the mind. Some spin their mind like tops; others move down the current of conversation like toll-down ships; others shower brilliant like meteors with an occasional lightning flash; and still others that go on like a mule in a head-mill, never stopping.

A man usually talks best upon that subject which he best understands, and in which he has centered strongest interest, provided he has not become a victim of morbid excitement upon that subject. That conversation is most effective upon the minds of others which most perfectly interprets the thoughts of the soul or whatever subject is considered. The straightforward, honest relation of the humblest creature of the earth may have power to touch and influence the heart of the highest and most cultivated.

Men great in action are often silent in company. Their power impels them in other directions than their tongue. This is also equally true of those eminent in any one department of science. Their brains are too thoroughly adapted to silent study for the full development of language. Authors are not unfrequently silent people save on rare and peculiarly favorable occasions. Milton could not converse; Butler was "bling and silent"; Dante was silent or iron cast; Swift nervous. Chaucer's silence was said to be more agreeable than his conversation. Junius was so very diffident he could never get beyond a few preliminary words. Deane, Corneille, and Southey still and taciturn save with intimate friends.

We would not be the crow fishing for eel. It is pleasant to think of Leigh Hunt, Carlyle, and others who were brilliant and highly effective. Neither does one owe country luck for good conversationalists—charming men and women, some whose names are known to fame, not caring for renown outside of the paradise they call home. There are various styles of conversational peculiar to different people. Some persons link their words to those of others by such general expressions as "indeed," "oh, yes," "it is possible," with a kind of "sublimity" peculiar to certain organizations. Others are direct, abruptly making interrogations and observations. Then there is a scintillating, epigrammatic style which flies about the listeners like a rocket. Converse with the man of law, and his opinions are uttered oracularly. His words are chosen with adaptation to sense rather than sound. He quotes only the ablest and authorities. His purpose is to instruct and convict rather than to amuse.

Talk with the merchant, and he will tell you how he began life with only a sixpence, how he got along, what he is now worth, with such a satisfied, contented air that you smile good-humoredly, wondering if the possession of money would make you happy.

Converse with one of the finest women in the country, the wife of an eminent man, and the mother of a handsome son, and accomplished well-dressed daughters, and she reminds you momentarily of what "the Judge" says, "My son is at present in Europe," and "My daughters are so much in society;" while another tells you, with such conscious air, that "My celebrated work which is just now throwing a wonderful light on the public mind." Still another will tell you of "My Lady," just as though there never was one before, and not likely to be another. All conversation is more or less names; consequently persons soon come to talk like those to whom they listen attentively.

Al! how fearfully true is it of all persons that the influence of their speech, for good or evil is past all computation. Let us each then, to order our conversation right, studying to improve this talent, as every other, in the good of our fellow men.—Saturday Evening Post.

A robust country man meeting a physician, ran to hide behind a wall; being asked the cause, he replied, "It is so long since I have been sick, that I am ashamed to look a physician in the face."

It is a remarkable fact that, however well young ladies may be versed in grammar, very few can decline matrimony.