UNION COUNTY STAR AND LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

BY O. N. WORDEN AND J. R. CORNELIUS.

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The Star and Chronicle.

MONDAY, DEC. 3, 1860.

IN FOUR WEEKS' time—commencing with the New Year—quite a number of subscriptions to the STAR & CHRONICLE expire. We think we have returned the full value of the money paid us, and respectfully invite all to RENEW THEIR SUBSCRIPTIONS in good season. Terms as heretofore—cheap, but pay in advance.

☞ *A formal Subscription Paper is not necessary—any one whose neighbors will trust him with the pay can send it along—yet, for those who desire it, we publish on our 4th page a Prospectus, which may be cut out and a sheet of paper attached to it for signatures.* PLEASE ATTEND!

Truth from the Right Quarter.

The *Sioux City Register*, conducted by our awfully Democratic friend, FRANCIS M. ZIEBACH, (who started the first *Union Appeal*,) instead of aiding and comforting the Nullifiers as some Democratic Editors do, gives manly utterance to grave facts in the following remarks upon the result of the Presidential contest. Hear him!

"Under a republican government, the voice of the people is omnipotent, and even in a legal way they have given expression to their will, there must be cheerful acquiescence in the result; otherwise, we are unprepared for such a form of government, and had better at once yield to the European doctrine of the divine right of kings to rule the destinies of nations. For now, for the time during the history of our party, the Democracy have been in the ascendancy. They have enjoyed the honors and emoluments of power and position; and while our opponents have labored hard to effect a change of positions with us, they have always yielded to the verdict of the people. They have never sought to accomplish their ends by lawless or revolutionary means, or to menace the safety of our institutions. Now, the tables are turned. By our own mismanagement, as a party, we are divided—defeated. Nobody is at fault but ourselves. We are responsible for the present state of things—and let us, like men, submit, and learn from the result of this contest the importance of more united action in the future. * *

"The Executive is only a coordinate branch of our government. He can not make measures of public policy, nor disregard the will of the law-making power. He may veto Congress for the means to carry on the government, as well as his own salary. How supremely foolish, then, to think of rushing with blind infatuation, headlong and rash, upon a precipice utterly without foundation! There is no doubt but the people will take a proper view of this subject in every State, with, perhaps, the exception of South Carolina." * *

"The question, as to who was the individual who punished William Patterson, dwindles into insignificance compared with the great and all-absorbing question, Who will be next Postmaster at Sioux City? We have heard it intimated on the street that he will be a Republican. If he should be, we don't intend to dissolve the Union."

How much more sensible and patriotic is the spirit of the above, than that exhibited by captious, disappointed, Free State Electors, or National office-holders, who excuse, and apologize, and pervert facts, and fan excitement, in order to encourage hot-headed Disunionists to commit deeds that will make them liable to the penalty legally inflicted on John Brown and his misguided friends! Let them reflect!

The Case in a Nut-Shell.

☞ The Opposition to the President-Elect boast, that, as the lower House of Congress is against him, his friends can not enact one bill into a law without the consent of the Opposition—that the Senate is against him, and can reject any of his nominees their oath justifies them to do—and that the Supreme Court is opposed to and will pronounce void any Republican measure that might possibly be started. If this be so—if Lincoln's hands be tied, and his opponents have entire control of the Legislative and Judicial departments—what reason has the South to fear? what excuse for rebellion? why threaten blood and carnage? Ah! the truth is, they do not fear Lincoln will do any wrong—but they hate to lose the OFFICES; the leading spirits among them have been traitors at heart, and Nullifiers, for years, and catch at any pretext for severing the Union to which some of them are bound by oath; but the most galling and true reason for their agitating and disturbing honest people, may be learned in the moral of the conspiracy recorded in the Book of Esther, particularly chap. five, verse thirteen.

Original Poetical Contributions.

☞ We think the following an appropriate and orthodox response to the article with the same heading in our last week's paper.—ED.

MY NAME.

If the cloudless clime of heaven
Ever is my happy home,
May the welling band of angels
Speak my own name when I come;
May no other name be given
Than the one I bear on earth;
Dear to me, because my mother
Gave it to me at my birth.

True, it sometimes has been spoken
In the tones of angry hate,
But that will be all forgiven
When I reach the pearly gate;
Naught in that world is remembered
That can mar our perfect bliss,
And I love to think they'll greet me
By the name I knew in this—

Name repeated by young brothers,
First among the household words,
When they flittered in the homestead
Like a brood of singing birds—
Name engraven on the tablets
Of a loving husband's heart!
Oh! then, must I hear it never
When from earth I shall depart?

Name endeared to me for ever,
Rendered musical by love,
Whispered softly by the dying
As they passed to realms above,
Lingering on their lips half uttered
When the seal of death was set,
Giving it a sacred meaning
That my soul may not forget.

At the final resurrection,
When I take again this frame,
It will then be made immortal—
So might be my earthly name—
Purified from spot or blemish,
Freed from all of sin and shame,
Rendered beautiful and holy,
Greatly changed, yet still the same.

LEWISBURG, PA. ANNA M. SPAULDING.

The Death of Our Mother.

Thou art gone from us, mother!
The music that gushed
From thy voice and thy heart
And thy life hath been hushed,
But its echo remains
Low and sweet on the ear—
Though the minstrel hath gone,
Her remembrance is here.

Thou hast gone from us, mother!
Thy parting was brief
As the sigh of the zephyr,
The fall of the leaf;
The tidings they brought us
Were mournful to tell—
We were even forbidden
A mother's farewell!

Thou art gone from us, mother!
To regions more blessed,
And light be the earth
On the place of thy rest;
Still with us the hope lives—
All our errors forgiven—
To meet thee once more
In the love-light of heaven.

MERCER, PA. WM. H. H. CARLISLE.

☞ HAPPY.—Suggested by the death of members of the Hockie School, Kelly Twp., and respectfully dedicated to their schoolmates.]

Come, loved ones! your schoolmates list
Your welcome steps to hear,
With gleesome mirth each one awaits
Your coming first to cheer.
The fire is bright, the school room warm,
Why do you heed the threatening storm?

'Tis all in vain to call to them—
They will not heed our cry,
Their school days past, their lessons done,
Their spirits winged on high—
There, loud hallelujahs sing
To Christ the ever ruling King.

Farewell, dear ones! we'll meet no more
As school mates here below—
They are "not lost, but gone before,"
Where sweetest waters ever flow,
To drink of life's pure, living stream,
Beneath the bow's undying beam.

In that bright land we soon may meet—
Those glorious realms above,
Where, kneeling at the Savior's feet,
In rapturous times of love,
Together, youthful voices raise
To celebrate his unseen praise.

KELLY TWP., NOV., 1860. M—.

[Correspondence of the Star & Chronicle.]

Farewell to the Editorial Pine Table.

HOMER, N.Y., Aug. 30, 1860.

Out of the region of public conveyances, we yesterday bade "a long" and it may be a "last adieu" to childhood's home and kind friends there remaining, and passing thro' the post and two-store village of Borodino, had an airy ride across the hills of Spafford. This is the highest point in the county, being 1952 feet above the ocean level. The narrowing lake Skaneateles, on our west, played hide-and-seek with our road—or our road with it—too well pleased with its appearance, disappearance, and re-appearance, to discuss which of the two was most frolicsome. Saw here, for the first time in some years past, many acres under rank cultivation with Flax—and a few miles back, spinning-wheels—two facts, which if oftener brought into working contact would put more money into farmers' purses and more beauty into their daughters' cheeks. And if the Cotton States disinherit us, we can fall back upon cool, strong, serviceable Linen.——At the head of the Lake reposes the inviting *Glen Haven Water Cure*—once a somewhat fashionable place to play sickness, but now much decayed. "Spiritualists" and "Free Lovers" have haunted and cursed it with their ever-polluting touch. (The only ultra Bloomerite we met was on a railway: her slim supporters were closely clad to the knee, whence a kind of dress-coat arose to the chin—her clothing, and jaunty bonnet, all neat, and of the richest materials. The way she promenaded—like a two legged spider—up and down the car, indicated a passion for notoriety, but she caught the eyes of no "stupid starers." A man some ten years her junior appeared from her public caresses to be her "affinity," and none others seeking their acquaintance they had all their very select and peculiar company exclusively to themselves—rather mortifying, to be sure, but the best way to treat such characters.)

Soon after leaving the Lake, the water turns southwardly, and we enter Cortland county. In the township of Scott is a most thriving settlement made at an early day by Sabbatarians from Rhode Island. A span of well-fed horses before an open spring wagon brought us nearly twenty miles in three hours, landing us at VANARDEN'S Hotel—the best-kept house in all respects tried on our journey—a fact mentioned in simple justice to the owner and as a recommendation to any reader-traveler who may happen that way.

HOMER is a very pleasant village of I should say 2000 inhabitants, with four large houses of worship in a row on the central square, the streets delightfully shaded with trees, and is noted for an old and well-supported Academy, one of the principal teachers in which is Mr. Sanford, the son-in-law of the late Pres. Taylor formerly of Lewisburg. The climate seems cold and damp, and probably "freezes to" frost as soon as any place within one or two hundred miles—but the land is good for grazing, and supports an enterprising and refined population. The most surprising thing is that this large town, with a newspaper, on a railroad, is (with the Railroad itself and Cortland the county seat)—as I found at a loss of $2—without a Magnetic Telegraph! Under the same circumstances, Pennsylvania would not be so far behind the age as that!

Some pleasant company, old and new, was here enjoyed—and a good night's rest, broken only by the heart-appealing cry, near at hand, of a child for Mamma and the landlady. It seems a widow lady sojourning here had left two small children and gone to a party with a promise to return at a certain time. The boy awoke and heard the clock strike a late hour, but no mother—and after waiting as long as he could he alarmed the house. Kind ladies arose and hurried to soothe him, but in vain, until at length Mamma came, when he sobbed "You said you would come by ten, but you didn't. I woke and you were n't here, and I was 'fraid you were gone or dead—I have no father, and thought now I had no mother"—and the tears flowed afresh. Her efforts to calm him availed not; he repeated the words and renewed his cries until wearied Nature was exhausted and he sunk again to sleep. All this time his sister slumbered profoundly, and should thank God she has not the nervous susceptibility of her brother—and the parent if wise will hereafter be more careful of her promises and seek to remove that timid sensitiveness which may make her orphan boy her burden instead of her strength and support.

VARIETY OF NAMES.

Central New York as well illustrates the cosmopolitan sources of our nomenclature as any portion of the Union. First we have the grand old Indian names applied to bodies of water and to counties—such as Mohawk and Oneida and Chenango and Ontario and Seneca and Tioga and Genegantslet and Owego and Canastota and Canaseraga and a score of others I have heretofore mentioned. Then come the Old World names—Greece and Troy and Jerusalem and Marathon and Tyre and Sparta and Jordan and Italy and Oxford and Venice and Erin and Coventry and Bath and Genoa, with others before named. Another class is that of our early great men—Soldiers and Statesmen of the Revolution, and Presidents—and of later characters of general or local influence—such (in addition to several already given) as DeWitt, Fulton, Dix, Perry, Marcy, Benton, Rochester, Schuyler, Clay &c. Names of illustrious Grecians and Romans are also conspicuous—Euclid and Camillus and Aurelius and Lysander and Cato and Ovid and Tully and Scipio and Fabius and Pompey and Sempronius and Hector and Brutus and Solon, besides the colored republican Hannibal and numerous others we have quoted or might quote: the frequency of this class is attributable to the fact that those townships thus designated were taken up mostly by soldiers of the Revolution, burning with the love of Liberty, and anxious to perpetuate in this manner the sacred love of men renowned for heroism or for other virtues. As the country filled with population, and required new names to be added to those of the prior ab ringical, classical or personal derivation, they were supplied by such passing events as those at Lodi, Navarino Warsaw, Moscow &c. or—gleaning from all fields—'sweet Auburn,' Elmira, Cazenovia, Junius, Scroeppel, Penn Yan, Ithaca, Moravia, Clintonville, were added to the entertaining list, yet incomplete.

The power of association makes certain names sound most agreeable to one person while harsh and unlovely if not repulsive to others. Often on this jaunt names of females have been reproduced (as from oblivion) with a charm that made them fall like lingering music upon the ear—such as Wealthy, Ruth, Deinas, Speedy, Dorcas, Consider, Zipporah, Mercy, Deborah, Dolly, Lois, Desire, Abigail, Adaline, Artemisia, Isabella, Priscilla, Phebe, Temperance, Chloe, Lydia, Philura, Thankful, Rhoda, Deliverance, Olive, Patience, Prudence, Stella, Eltha, Parnel, Miriam, Suky, Narcissa, Esther, Consider, Faith, Hope, Charity and all the sisterhood of graces, beauty or loveliness too numerous here to insert, but which may be found in detail in Family Bibles that are not sought to be kept concealed. Have n't time to study them out, but doubt not that they belong to some good woman who was either a school-mate or instructress, playfellow-ess, or hired girl or visitor at home—somehow they have rooted a noun-personal in my memory.

CALLING OUT RAILWAY STATIONS.

On one road the names of stopping places were not announced—the conductors &c. probably thinking it unnecessary, inasmuch as they knew every spot "just as easy as the boy knew his daddy." But even if they are sure no passenger wishes to leave at a given station, there are those traveling for pleasure or for information to whom the conductor could very acceptably vouchsafe a little knowledge of localities. The Company whose servants are not too stiff or too stingy to repeat a fact a thousand times a day if needed or requested, with correctness, fulness and cheerfulness, is the company for my cash and makes a route popular with the people. There were some popinjay conductors—mostly hair and watch-chain—who deserve to be impaled for the good of the nomadic steamer and railway public—brusque, haughty, self sufficient chaps, who must have been appointed by favor and not by merit, and who disdain to give a man anything but a demand for his ticket—(unless they meet some great or influential man or a fellow knave-or-fool to whom they are all dog and courtesy.) Employees on public works should be at the service of all, but especially of the inexperienced, the young, the infirm and the poor, to whom the just charity of a pleasant word, a friendly caution or a useful hint, when needed or solicited, may be very beneficial. Those stations are filled for the truest gentlemen—the most sincere Christians—and should be filled by them.

Calling out a place ought to be done with some consideration. One sung it out loudly but as unintelligible as a clap of thunder—another spoke too low and was not heard—another shouted out the place but at the same time shut to the door with a bang louder than his message—while others would clip their words so short that you could only hear part of a syllable or two and have to guess at the remainder. One brakesman on the Lackawanna & Great Bend was a model—opening the door, he held it to secure attention, when he distinctly announced the station, halted a moment to see if any one had any inquiry to make, then gently closed the door and attended to his other duties—a sensible and thoughtful young man, he will soon arise to be President of the concern.

EPITAPHS—COPIED IN A GRAVE-YARD.

Within this tomb, by death o'ercome,
A tender husband rests—
With love sincere, his children dear
He frequently caressed;
A master's part, with generous heart,
'Tis known he acted well;
May those he's left, of him bereft,
His virtuous ways excel.

She lived a life of usefulness below—
She lives, we trust, a life of glory new.

I'm here confined, in clods of clay,
No more to rise till Judgment Day;
I then expect to soar from dust
And dwell with Jesus and the just.

This tablet tells that, pure as snow,
An angel from the hushed below;
Above this monument, on high,
An angel's anthem rends the sky—
While on my heart it echoes true,
Dear husband! I watch over you.

IRREVERENCE.

One quite unseemly habit has grown up in almost every place (town or country) where I attended public worship. They neither stand nor kneel during prayers, as a people—some do prostrate themselves, or arise, while others lean their heads upon the form before them; but perhaps the majority would sit carelessly or be gazing about upon the congregation. In most if not all the prayer attributed to the eccentric Scotchman might well be repeated: "Lord, quicken and humble this wicked folk which, while professing to worship Thee in Thy house, are too proud to kneel or too lazy to stand while Thy blessings are sought and Thou art asked to forgive us all our sins!"

THE SMALL-BILLS NUISANCE.

One of the petty annoyances of traveling in this State, is the pertinacity with which the $1s, $2s and $3s of its 330 Banks are thrust at one in every store, hotel, railroad office, &c., with the cool assurance that they were better and more prized than gold—which is a proof of a great diversity of opinion between the Yorkers and Pennites. We were always offered the precious rags (to be seen in rebs) in exchange for gold, however—while divers nasal protuberances were slightly elevated at the view of a Northumberland, Lewisburg or Danville $5! Happening to have a good $1 Jersey note, we tested their love of the trash by passing it for a book at a high price, but it was returned because it wasn't "bankable"—perhaps half a cent discount! Think—a book-seller, with his 100 per cent. profit, haggling about a bill only nominally below par, while all his brother Yorkers were trying to push upon a Pennite no better trash unlawful at home! Gold and silver are good enough.

"CUI BONO?" (WHAT GOOD?)

There are those who think that re-visiting places from which one has long been separated, and where death or decay is ineffaceably stamped, is a melancholy, profitless business—"he ter dash on and around among the things and persons of to-day." Others delight to revive hallowed and cherished associations—gaze again upon scenery endeared to the eye of childhood—and thus to renew their youth, and be better prepared for the events and duties most pressing immediately before them. Hardly any individuals can be found who do not wish themselves young again; but one's thoughts of those days, looking enamored and unconcerned upon once-familiar views, and mingling with those whose tones of voice and topics of conversation beguile one out of the intermediate years, do measurably make him or her cast off the weight of time and impart unwonted elasticity to the step and animation to eye and lip. The impressive lessons taught us of the mutability of health, riches and honor should curb all undue ambition for everything but the truly great, the noble, the imperishable, and daily admonish us of those vicissitudes which may, and the great Change which must, soon overtake us. Especially should we love to brighten the chain of friendship with those of kindred blood. While relationship ought not to degenerate into blind, childish over-confidence, or injustice to the great brotherhood of man, yet self interest and true principle both teach us that the nearer the ties the dearer they should be cherished. "One friend old is worth a hundred new." Much better to preserve the tried and refined gold than to barter it for the washed and alloyed jewelry that is hawked about the streets. To visit the aged or infirm or those whom circumstances confine at home a life-long, is a sacred duty they owe who can command time and means, neither of which have I ever expended with less regret than when grasping the honest hand and looking into the genial eye of those of my own father's or mother's race. Try it, reader! break away from care or business for a time, and make the most of it, (as you see we have done!)—bless some friend with a word of cheer and song of auld lang syne—and you will return a better man or woman—or, if you can't go, write!

—Well—to "cut a *rather* long story very short," (tho' "much yet remains unsung") we are home at last, and after all "There's no place like home!" In a five weeks' journey we met not one accident—had not an hour's sickness—missed no traveling connections—slept well in seventeen different houses—saw hundreds of valued acquaintances—and spent all our money. Find everything right hereabouts—plenty of work to do—an increase of twelve or fifteen pounds in my individual corporeal ponderosity—and as rich a realization of a brief voyage among shoals of friends as ever warmed the heart of man. Those who may have found my rambling reminiscences tiresome or dull in detail, may rest assured they were not so in fact. The mild, pleasant month of August, 1860, will be treasured up as one of the golden eras in the existence of

Thine, *hastily!* NEBOW.

Dr. Livingston, the African traveller, has been heard of. He was safe and well up to last May, and reported that the natives of Africa evince less hostility to travellers than formerly.

THE BLACK-SPOTTED HAND!

[The present renewal of the frenzied efforts of South Carolina to tear asunder the Union or have re-it on all the horrors of civil war, makes appropriate the re-publication of the following article, which took the rounds of the press some years ago.]

The other morning, at the breakfast table, our friend, the Hon. John C. Calhoun, seemed very much troubled and out of spirits. You know he is altogether a venerable man, with a hard, stern, Scotch Irish face, softened in its expression around the mouth by a sort of sad smile which wins the hearts of all who converse with him. That he is honest, no one doubts; he has sacrificed to his fealty to his brightest hopes of political advancement—has offered up on the shrine of that necessity which he worships, all that can excite ambition—even the Presidency of the United States.

But to my story. The other morning, at the breakfast table, Calhoun was observed to gaze frequently at his right hand, and brush it with his left in a hurried and nervous manner. At length, one of the persons composing the breakfast party—his name, I think, is Toombs, a Member of Congress from Georgia—took upon himself to ask the occasion of Mr. Calhoun's disquietude.

"Does your hand pain you?" he asked.

To this Mr. Calhoun replied, in rather a flurried manner, "Pshaw! it's n thing! Only a dream which I had last night, and which makes me see perpetually a large, black spot—like an ink blotch—upon the back of my right hand. An optical illusion I suppose."

Of course these words excited the curiosity of the company, but no one ventured to beg the details of this singular dream, until Toombs asked quietly, "What was your dream like? I'm not very superstitious about dreams; but sometimes they have a good deal of truth in them."

"But this was such a peculiarly absurd dream," said Mr. Calhoun, again brushing the back of his right hand, "however, if it does not too much intrude upon the time of our friends, I will relate it to you."

Of course the company was profuse in their expressions of anxiety to know all about the dream. In his singularly sweet voice, Mr. Calhoun related it:

"At a late hour last night, as I was sitting in my room engaged in writing, I was astonished by the entrance of a visitor, who entered, and, without a word, took a seat opposite me at my table. This surprised me, as I had given particular orders to the servant that I should on no account be disturbed. The manner in which the intruder entered, so perfectly self possessed, taking his seat without a word, as though my room and all within it belonged to him, excited in me as much surprise as indignation. As I raised my head to look into his features over the top of my shaded lamp, I discovered that he was wrapped in a thin cloak, which effectually concealed his face and features from my view. He spoke:

"'What are you writing, Senator from South Carolina?'

"I did not think of his impertinence at first, but answered him voluntarily: 'I am writing a plan for the dissolution of the American Union'—(you know, gentlemen, that I am expected to produce a plan of dissolution in the event of certain contingencies.)

"To this the intruder replied, in the coolest manner possible: 'Senator from South Carolina, will you allow me to look at your hand—your right hand?'

"He arose, the cloak fell, and I beheld his face. Gentlemen, the sight of that face struck me like a thunder clap. It was the face of a dead man, whom extraordinary events had called back to life. The features were those of General George Washington—yes, gentlemen, the intruder was none other than George Washington. He was dressed in the Revolutionary costume, such as you see preserved in the Patent Office."

Here Mr. Calhoun paused, apparently much agitated. His agitation, I need not tell you, was shared by the company. Toombs at length broke the embarrassing pause. "Well, w-e-l-l, what was the issue of this scene?" Mr. Calhoun resumed:

"This intruder, as I have said, arose and asked to look at my right hand. As though I had not the power to refuse, I extended it. The truth is, I felt a strange thrill pervade me at his touch; he grasped it and held it near the light, thus affording me full time to examine every feature of his face. It was the face of Washington. Gentlemen, I shuddered as I beheld the horribly dead-alive look of that visage. After holding my hand for a moment, he looked at me steadily, and said in a quiet way:

"'And with this right hand, Senator from Carolina, you would sign your name to a paper declaring the Union dissolved?'

"I answered in the affirmative. 'Yes,' said I, 'if a *certain* contingency arises, I will sign my name to the Declaration of Dissolution.' But at that moment a black blotch appeared on the back of my hand, an inky blotch, which I seem to see even now. 'What is that?' said I, alarmed, I knew not why, at the blotch on my hand.

"'That,' said he, dropping my hand, 'is the mark by which Benedict Arnold is known in the next world.'

"He said no more, gentlemen, but drew from beneath his cloak an object which he laid upon the table—laid it upon the very paper upon which I was writing. That object, gentlemen, was a skeleton.

"'There,' said he, 'there are the bones of Isaac Hayne, who was hung in Charleston by the British. He gave his life in order to establish the Union. When you put your name to a Declaration of Dissolution, why, you may as well have the bones of Isaac Hayne before you; but there was no blotch upon his right hand.'

"With these words, the intruder left the room. I started back from the contact with the dead man's bones, and—awoke. Overworn by labor, I had fallen asleep and been dreaming. Was it not a singular dream?"

All the company answered in the affirmative, and Toombs muttered, "Singular, very singular," at the same time looking curiously at the back of his right hand, while Mr. Calhoun placed his head between his hands, and seemed buried in thought.

READ! READ! READ!—"Why do nations die? Cultivated Greece and all conquering Rome, Vandal and Goth and Hun and Moor and Pole and Turk, all dead or dying! Why? murdered by nations more powerful? swallowed by earthquakes? Not by any of these. Not by the lightning and the thunder, not by the tempest and the storm, not by poisoned air or volcanic fires, did they die. They perished by moral degradation, the legitimate results of gluttony, intemperance, and effeminacy.

When a nation becomes rich, there is leisure and means of indulging in the appetites and passions of nature, which waste the body and wreck the mind. As with nations, so with families. Wealth takes away the wholesome stimulus of effort; idleness opens the flood-gate of passional indulgence; and the heir of millions dies heirless and poor, and both name and memory ingloriously rot!

If, then, there is any truth and force in argument, each man owes to himself, to his country, and more than all to his Maker, to live a life of temperance, industry, and self-denial.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

AN IRREGULAR FEMALE.—The telegraph announces that South Carolina threatens to quit the Union bed and board. This means that South Carolina is taking her usual air and exercise. Poor old lady! she was never happy in the family. Somehow, she always enjoyed a miserable condition, as if her "virtles" did not agree with her. Nature evidently designed her to be unhappy in a state of single blessedness. She had a very bad spell, in General Jackson's time, about the Tariff; she got over that when her time came, and now she don't know of any other way of collecting revenue. She will come out of this tantrum, if a little time is given her. It is not at all necessary to call in the neighbors. If the attack should be protracted, so as to require outside assistance, it will be sufficient to send a revenue cutter off the port of Charleston, to collect duties on her imports, and see that she does not fool away her money for foreign goods and gimcracks.—*Cincinnati Press.*

A Capt. MCCULLOCH has in his possession the first machine for cutting nails ever invented, the product of Kentucky inventive genius. The Captain is a gentleman of learning, cultivation, and social manners. He lives to-day in the house where he was born, and such is his attachment to the old home roof that he will allow of no alterations, and prays to close his eyes in eternal sleep where they first opened upon the bright and beautiful light of day. In this busy, work-a-day world, where the home affections are too slightly regarded, and we break the cords that should unite us to the scenes of youth consecrated by loved memories, it is pleasant to find here and there a spot kept green in the heart of some one whose love can not fade.

☞ The Natchez (Miss.) *Courier* charges the present national troubles to the Democratic party, and gives the following as its reasons for opposing disunion:

"First—Because resistance is treason, and no inferior issue can be presented—according to Mr. Yancey.

"Second—Because secession is unconstitutional, according to all the authorities.

"Third—Because resistance to the result of an election, is a cheat. Those who go into an election, are bound by the result. There is no moral or justice in the principle of playing a game, 'Heads, *I* win; tails, *you* lose.'

"Fourth—Because, when we go out of the Union, we lose every one of the constitutional guarantees that the present Union confirms."

AGRICULTURAL LECTURES.—The public will be gratified to learn that the novel experiment of the Yale Agricultural Lectures of last Winter was so successful as to induce its repetition this Winter on a more complete scale. The course will commence Feb. 5, and continue through the month. A new and important feature of this course will be its complete illustration by specimens, drawings, models and animals. The expenses of the course are provided for in part by subscription. The lectures are under the direction of Prof. John A. Porter, who may be addressed for further information, at New Haven, Conn.

Don't Fret.

"Was there ever such a piece of work as this, Aunt Carrie?" said Lina, in great disgust. "I have sewed this sleeve in wrong side out, and I took such pains with it, too! It is too bad," she continued, throwing the work from her.

"I am really sorry, Lina, but I would not waste any time in fretting. You could have ripped out a good many stitches by this time. Just as soon as you see clearly how and where you have made an error, set right to work and mend it. There is my little knife, dear; it will take but a few minutes to undo your work, then you can start fair again."

In a very little time, the seam was taken out, and Lina looked up more pleasantly: "There, Auntie, I am just where I set out once more. If it had not been for you," she said, laughing, "I should not have begun to take it out this half hour yet. It seemed an endless task."

"Lina, did you ever hear your mother speak of Miss Philena, the seamstress in this village in its primitive days?"

"Yes, indeed, and I have laughed over her queer sayings more than once. Father often quotes her."

"I have often quoted her myself, or at least a little incident in her experience, especially when I was tempted to get out of patience with my work. She was a poor, industrious body, rather odd in her ways, but a favorite everywhere. One week she was making a coat for Beriah Applebee, and it was one of the few great occasions of her life. She felt, to the full, the solemn responsibility resting upon her. Cloth was cloth in those days, and had to come 'all the way from Connecticut.' Commonly, people dressed in homespun, and it was not quite so serious a business to make that up. But this beautiful bottle-green cloth was on her hands, and she was all of a tremor with excitement. Everyday, 'Riah came in to see how she was getting on, and that added to the poor little woman's disquiet. At length, the last of the enormous button holes was neatly finished, and she slipped in the big buttons, about the size of sauce plates, to see the effect. No one can describe her feelings when she saw, for the first time, that she had made them on the *wrong side.* What was to be done? The cloth was ruined, and she could never hope to save money enough to pay for it. But Beriah's good old mother cheered her up. 'You just come right into my little bedroom,' she said, 'and pick out the stitches very carefully, then you can darn them up so nicely nobody will ever know it when the buttons are sewed on.' Philena did as she bade her, and no one was ever the wiser for her mistake, until some years afterward, when the coat was turned and made over; then, the old button holes came just right. That was much more of a task than taking your sleeve out, wasn't it, Lina?"

"Yes indeed, Auntie, and I will try to remember it when I get so out of patience with such a trifle again."—*American Agriculturist.*

Prophecy of Gen. Jackson.

P. W. Chandler, in a speech made at West Roxbury, Mass., refers to a private letter of General Jackson's, as follows:

"I have recently seen a remarkable autograph private letter, written by Gen. Jackson to a friend in Georgia, just after the passage of Mr Clay's compromise measures. After speaking of the whole nullification project, as only Gen Jackson could speak of it, he proceeds to assert that the whole thing had no merits, and that the complaint of the tariff was a mere *pretence*, urging that the principle which was complained of was just as bad in Mr. Clay's bill as in the old law. The Tariff, he said, is the *pretence*, now, for the Disunion cry; *in a few years, it will be the Negro.* What was then prophecy, is now sober truth. The negro is now the pretence of men who desire to have their own way, which is the rule for a minority government."

SADLY NEGLECTED.—A richly-bound Bible, presented to a celebrated actress, by a nobleman, was lately sold at auction. On opening the volume, the purchaser found, scattered through it, bank notes to the amount of $3,000. The actress had never opened the Book which her friend had chosen to be the medium of a rich gift. Her heirs have instituted a suit for the recovery of the money.....Recently in England, a Bank of England note, issued before the year 1700, was found in a book, presented at the counter, and redeemed—their register doubtless proving that it had never been paid.

A young lady remarked the other day that she would like to do something so as to have her name appear in the papers. We advise her to get some one to put his name in with hers.

The editor of the Brownsville Times is of opinion that, by eating buckwheat cakes and being economical in his habits, he will be able to survive the election of Lincoln.

The Madison *Patriot* (Dem.) says: "When we hear of any Democrat that has been elected for any office, we will hurrah! At present, we feel kwiet."

A young lady writing as enthusiastically as young ladies generally do, portrays Garibaldi as a "dear old weather beaten angel."

Wisconsin has a population of 777,777—a curious accidental display of figures.