COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT,

AND BLOOMSBURG GENERAL ADVERTISER.

LEVI L. TATE, Editor.] "TO HOLD AND TRIM THE TORCH OF TRUTH AND WAVE IT O'ER THE DARKENED EARTH." [TERMS: $2,00 PER ANNUM.

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LEVI L. TATE.
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OFFICE

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YOUNG MEN

Especially, who have become the victims of Solitary Vice, that dreadful and destructive habit which annually sweeps to an untimely grave thousands of Young Men of the most exalted talents and brilliant intellect, who might otherwise have entranced listening Senates with the thunders of eloquence or waked to ecstasy the living lyre, may call with full confidence.

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immediately cured and full vigor restored.

This Distressing Affection—which renders life miserable and marriage impossible—is the penalty paid by the victims of improper indulgence. Young persons are too apt to commit excess from not being aware of the dreadful consequence that may ensue.

Now, who that understands the subject will pretend to deny that the power of procreation is lost sooner by those falling into improper habits than by the prudent. Besides being deprived of the pleasure of healthy offsprings, the most serious and destructive symptoms to both body and mind arise. The system becomes deranged; the physical and mental functions weakened, loss of procreative power, nervous irritability, Dyspepsia palpitation of the heart, indigestion, constitutional debility, a wasting of the Frame, Cough, Consumption, decay and death.

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Left hand side going from Baltimore street, a few doors from the corner. Fail not to observe name and number. Letters must be post paid and contain a stamp. The Doctor's Diplomas hang in his office.

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Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London, Graduate from one of the most eminent Colleges of the United States, and the greater part of whose life has been spent in the first Hospitals of London, Paris, Philadelphia and elsewhere, has effected some of the most astonishing cures that were ever known; many troubled with ringing in the head and ears when asleep, great nervousness, being alarmed at sudden sounds, and bashfulness, with frequent blushing, attended sometimes with derangement of mind, were cured immediately.

TAKE PARTICULAR NOTICE.

Dr. J. addresses all those who have injured themselves by improper indulgence and solitary habits, which ruin both body and mind, unfitting them for either business, study, society or marriage.

These are some of the sad and melancholy effects produced by early habits of youth, viz: Weakness of the Back and Limbs, Pain in the Head, Dimness of Sight, Loss of Muscular Power, Palpitation of the Heart, Dyspepsia, Nervous Irritability, Derangement of the Digestive Functions, General Debility, symptoms of Consumption, &c.

MENTALLY.—The fearful effects on the mind are much to be dreaded, Loss of Memory, Confusion of Ideas Depression of the Spirits, Evil Forebodings, Aversion to Society, self-distrust, love of solitude, Timity, &c., are some of the evils produced.

Thousands of persons of all ages can now judge what is the cause of their declining state of health. Loosing their vigor, becoming weak, pale and emaciated, having singular appearance about the eyes, cough and symptoms of Consumption.

YOUNG MEN.

Who have injured themselves by a certain practice, indulged in when alone—a habit frequently learned from evil companions, or at school—the effects of which are nightly felt, even when asleep, and if not cured renders marriage impossible, and destroys both mind and body, should apply immediately.

What a pity that a young man, the hope of his country and the darling of his parents, should be snatched from all prospects and enjoyments of life, by the consequences of deviating from the path of nature, and indulging in a certain secret habit. Such persons must before contemplating

MARRIAGE,

reflect that a sound mind and body are the most necessary requisites to promote connubial happiness Indeed, without these the journey through life becomes a weary pilgrimage, the prospect hourly darkens to the view; the mind becomes shadowed with despair & filled with the melancholy reflection that the happiness of another becomes blighted with our own.

DISEASE OF IMPRUDENCE.

When the misguided and imprudent votary of pleasure finds he has imbibed the seeds of this painful disease, it too often happens that an ill timed sense of shame or dread of discovery, deters him from applying to those who from education and respectability can alone be trusted. Delaying till the constitutional symptoms of this horrid disease makes their appearance, such as ulcerated sore throat, diseased nose, nocturnal pains in the head and limbs, dimness of sight, deafness, nodes on the shin bones, and arms, blotches on the head, face and extremities, progressing with rapidity till at last the palate of the mouth and bones of the nose fall in, and the victim of this disease becomes a horrid object of commiseration till death puts a period to his dreadful sufferings, by sending him to "that bourne from whence no traveler returns."

It is a melancholy fact that thousands fall victims to this terrible disease, owing to the unskillfulness of ignorant pretenders, who, by the use of that *Deadly Poison, Mercury*, ruin the constitution and make the residue of life miserable.

STRANGERS

Trust not your lives, or health, to the care of the many Unlearned and Worthless Pretenders, destitute of knowledge, name or character, who copy Dr. Johnston's advertisement, or style themselves, in the newspapers, Regularly Educated Physicians incapable of Curing, they keep you trifling month after month taking their filthy and poisonous compounds, or as long as the smallest fee can be obtained, and in despair, leave you with ruined health to sigh over your galling disappointment.

Dr. Johnson is the only Physician advertising.

His credential or diplomas always hang in his office.

His remedies or treatment are unknown to all others, prepared from a life spent in the great hospitals of Europe, the first in this country and a more extensive *Private Practice* than any other Physician in the world.

ENDORSEMENT OF THE PRESS.

The many thousands cured at this institution year after year, and the numerous important Surgical Operations performed by Dr. Johnston, witnessed by the reporters of the "Sun," "Clipper," and many other papers notices of which have appeared again and again before the public, besides his standing as a gentlemen of character and responsibility, is a sufficient guarantee to the afflicted.

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Mineral plate and block teeth manufactured and all operations on teeth, carefully and properly attended to

Bloomsburg, Pa., August 3, 1861.

Original Poetry.

[FOR THE COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT.]

THREE CHEERS FOR THE UNION GIRLS.

BY B. F. R.

Three cheers for them
The Union girls,
With face fair
And flowing curls,
Or straight, or wavy hair,
With rosy cheeks, complexion fair,
"And red lips shutting over pearls,"
Three cheers for them, three cheers,
Yes, cheer the Union-loving dears;
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! Hear how they shout,
Our soldiers, noble, brave
In frantic glee each voice rings out,
And all their starbespangled banners wave,
Wave, wave, wave, wave,
Their banners, banners wave.

Three cheers for them,
Our soldiers cry,
Our soldiers brave;
For them they'd die,
There are no hateful churls
Among them; they all love the girls;
And when war's over by and by,
They'll shout again, three cheers
For soldier's well beloved dears,
With all their love they'll woo, and woo to win
The blessed Union girls;
For to deceive would be a sin,
And they're more precious far than purest pearls,
Pearls, pearls, pearls, pearls,
Than purest, purest pearls.

Thrice blessed be
The noble souls
Of Union girls,
Their kindness rolls
O'er soldier's souls, a sea,
Where neither winds nor storms can be,
A sea of bliss, which love controls.
Three cheers for them, three cheers,
Yes, cheer the soldiers loving dears
They sacrifice their ease and comfort too,
For Union soldiers, brave;
Then shout for them, ye soldiers true,
And all your starbespangled banners wave,
Wave, wave, wave, wave,
Your banners, banners wave.

Three cheers for them,
For they are kind;
They win the heart,
And charm the mind.
God bless their noble hearts
For joy their kindness o'er imparts
To soldiers brave as e'er you'll find,
Three cheers for them, three cheers,
Yes, cheer the loved, and loving dears,
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! cheer once again
The noble men of war;
Through hill and valley field and glen,
Their voices ring: "Bless them forever more,
More, more, more, more,
Forever ever more."

FROM THE OHIO CRISIS.

In the days of old Noah in the Scriptures we are told,
All mankind were sinful and wickedly bold;
Their sins and transgressions came up before God,
And he swept them away by a terrible flood;
Except good old Noah, his sons and their wives,
In an Ark built by Noah God spared their lives
When the waters assuaged and the ground became dry,
Noah planted a vineyard the mountain hard-by;
When the fruit became ripe he made wine of the same,
And drank of it freely which caused him much shame,
For Ham, his young son, saw him drunk in his tent,
And as he was wicked to Japheth he went,
And exposed his poor father to Japheth and Shem,
Instead of concealing old Noah from them.
When Noah awoke and knew what was done,
He pronounced a sad curse upon Ham, his young son;
A servant of servants from hence through all time,
You shall be to your brothers for this your mean crime.
So the seed of this Ham have been slaves every where,
For his conduct to Noah he cannot repair;
They steal one another and sell when they can,
And a servant of servants they are to white men.
When the Kings of Great Britain were hard up for cash,
They sent over ship loads of this cursed trash,
So now we have slavery here on our shore,
For the same shall exist until time is no more.
Wendel Phillips may preach and old Greely may pray,
But slaves will be slaves till the very last day.
When Bull became rich with the sale of his slaves,
He turns right around and calls us all knaves;
He sent over one Thompson to lecture us well,
And show that slaveholders would all go to Hell.
Then Thompson, and Tappan, an Eastern man,
Proclaimed Abolition all over the land;
Denounced all our rulers from Washington down,
And prayed that slave-holders in Hell should be found.
They started a paper to further their cause,
To break down this Union and all our State laws;
They said our Constitution, which we loved so well,
Is a covenant with Death and a firm league with Hell.
Then old Gerritt Smith, Abby Kelley and Stone
Ascended the stump—made their heresy known,
Denounced our good Bible and old Abaham,
Because he held slaves and believed in I AM.
They cursed all the preachers by day and by night,
And every one else who thought slavery right;
They encouraged the slaves in the South to rebel,
To kill off their masters and send them to Hell.
Such lectures and preaching all over the North,
Made Southern slave-holders all very wroth;
And to save their own lives and their families, too,
In a moment of wrath from the Union withdrew.
And now Wendel Phillips his object has gained,
And no longer the Union of States is maintained,
We are now in the midst of an unholy strife,
Which is costing us millions of treasure and life,
Brought on by a cursed Abolition clan,
And the *eaters of fire* in Dixies fair land.

PROVERBS WORTH PRESERVING.—Hasty people drink the wine of life scalding hot.

Death's the only master who takes his servants without a character.

A sour-faced wife fills the tavern.

Content's the mother of good digestion.

When Pride and Poverty marry together, their children are Want and Crime.

Where hard work kills ten, idleness kills a hundred men.

Folly and pride walk side by side.

He that's too good for advice, is too good for his neighbors company.

Friends and photographs never flatter.

Wisdom's always at home to those who call.

The firmest friends ask the fewest favors.

☞ Before leaving the United States for Europe, Slidell sold all his property in the South, amounting to two or three hundred thousand dollars, and invested the whole in English and French securities.

COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT.

EDITED BY LEVI L. TATE, PROPRIETOR.

BLOOMSBURG PA.

SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 10, 1862.

President Lincoln and Wendell Phillips.

The following extracts are taken from the speech of Wendell Phillips, delivered in Tremont Temple, Boston, on the 17th ult., and published in the Boston Post of the following day:

"Who believed, when, a year ago to-day, the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment hurried to save the Capitol, that to-day emancipation would be decreed in the District, and Northern regiments hold Virginia under their feet? Yet so it is.

But yet I do not think the act abolishing slavery in the District, broad and marked as it is, so significant as the message of the President. After all the President is ahead of the manifestations of the opinon of the people. He holds out his hands to the millions and says "Support me!" We have not yet answered him officially. That message of his is the boldest voice yet heard over the continent. It means more than men accord to it. May I tell you a story?—he always tells one.—[Laughter] Noticing some criticisms upon his message, he said, "There is more in it than people see. Did you ever hear the story of the Irishman who went down to the State of Maine in Maine Liquor Law times, and asked for a glass of soda water, adding, 'couldn't you put a drop of the crather in it unbeknown to myself!' So I put a large drop of the crather in it, unknown to them." [Applause.]

That message says this, substantially: "Gentlemen, now is your time to sell. If you don't seize it, and another twelve months sweeps what you call property from your grasp, without compensation, never say I did not give you fair notice." [Applause.] That is one-half the message; the other half is an arrow's flight beyond even that, for it says this, "Gentlemen, if you will sell, I will buy." That means that rebellion has given him the right to buy, and he goes on to say, "If the abolition of slavery be an efficient means of ending this war, if I find cannon unsuccessful, I shall try efficient means." In other words, "Gentlemen, I will buy if you will trade. If you won't trade, remember that I have the right to take.' Pregnant words! Be happy that you live to hear them from the head of the Government. For the first time in the history of the Government, it has done an anti slavery act, it has spoken an anti-slavery word. [Applause.] Enough to have gained in twelve months.

* * * * *

The President said to a leading Republican politician of New York, "Why don't you hold conventions often, and let me feel the mind of the nation? You cannot create as much anti-slavery feeling as we shall need before we get thrnugh this war.' [Applause.]

* * * * *

Give us an intelligent and avowed determination and purpose that this war shall not end until slevery is swept from the surface of the continent.

The speech from which we take the above would have attracted little notice but for the special consideration with which Mr. Phillips was received, during his recent visit at the seat of Government, by the President, Vice President and other functionaries to whose hands the destiny of tht Republic is, for weal and woe, now committed. After the extraordinary attentions with which Mr. Lincoln signalized the advent of Mr. Phillips at Washington, it is not for us to say, when Mr. Phillips assumes to quote the language of the President, that he does not quote correctly; and hence the part which the President is made to act in the performance becomes significant and of evil omen. In our earnest hopes for the best, we do not mean to delude ourselves, or mislead others, and it is not only our privilege, but our duty as chroniclers of the times, to bring a matter of such serious import to the attention of our readers. The people will pause before giving entire credence to the speaker at Tremont Temple. They will be slow to believe that the President has been trifling with their confidence, imposing upon their credulity and playing fast and loose with questions which involve not merely the interests and happiness of thirty millions of the present generation, but the vindicacion of the capacity of man for self-government, and the preservation of the inheritance purchased by the valor of the men of the Revolution, and rendered secure, as we hoped, by their wisdom.—And yet, all this and more is true, or Mr. Phillips' report of conversations is unjust and unreliable.

What did Mr. Lincoln mean when he said, in speaking of his Message of the 6th of March, "there is more in it than people see. Did you ever hear the story of the Irishman who went down to the State of Maine, in Maine Liquor Law times, and asked for a glass of soda water, adding, couldn't you put a drop of the crather in it, unknown to myself?' So I have put a drop of the crather in it, unknown to them Why did not the "people see" it? Was it designed to be obscure—to mean more than was expressed? Was it written blindly with a purpose? How does the story of the Irishman and the Maine Liquor Law illustrate the President's position? What does he mean when he says—"So I have put a large drop of the crather in it unbeknown to" them? It is mild to say that coarse stories and flash phrases ill-become the Chief Magistrate of a great and intelligent people. This, however, they could have passed over, as they have done many similar things before, less distinctly authenticated. But what does he mean by the "crather," a large drop of which was put into the message, "unknown" the people? Did the "crather" upon the Presidents' lips mean *abolition*, as Mr. Phillips implies? If not, let it be disavowed.—He who, occupying a position of trust and vast power, uses cant phrases to illustrate his policy in public affairs, is bound to define their meaning. If he meant to declare that he was stealthily engaged in the same mission which Mr. Phillips publicly avows, then who can feel security in his directnes or his honor?

Again, did he say to a leading Republican of New York—"why don't you hold conventions often, and let me feel the mind of the nation? You cannot create as much anti-slavery feeling as we shall need before we get through this war?" What use does he propose to make of more anti slavery feeling before we get through this war? If the Union is to be saved, we must have frank, serious, manly, patriotic directness. At all events, in the midst of such fearful an accumulating perils, it is no time for coarse stories and idle joking.

☞ It has been reported that the Republican leaders in the Senate fear to pass the Tax Bill and propose to let it go over to the next session. Upon this the Albany Argus says that "if Congres adjourns without adopting a Tax bill it will prove the utter imbecility of the Federal Government—which has not, so far, raised a regiment for the defence of the country or a dollar by taxation for the support of the army; but has, on the other hand, bargained away the Customs' revenues for a prohibitory tariff, robbed the treasury by corrupt contracts, and concentrated upon us the ill will of foreign powers—This war has been carried on by the State Governments; and the Federal Government has been a hinderance and a source of confusion. If it continues to be derelict, public credit will be ruined by its incapacity."

BLACK MAIL.—One S. W. Morton, a Government agent in New York, has been arrested and is in prison on the charge of extorting money from persons falsely accused of disloyalty, upon threats of sending them to Fort Warren if they refused to pay the sum demanded! The Albany Argus says he is not the only person against whom this charge has been made. When the full evidence in these matters is unfolded, we will learn why innocent men were fixed upon by the government agents and at what price they escape.

No Go.—An Allentown corespondent says the proposition of old ABE to tax the people to buy niggers will never go down with the people of Lehi. He adds; "The idea of appropriating millions of the people's money, to buy niggers and set them free! He might just as well reccomend the purchase of muskrats. It would be no more a violation of the Constitution. If this wont give the death blow to the old, spavined abolition party, I don't know what will."

☞ The Confiscation Bill was tabled in the House of Representatives, on Wednesday last, by a vote of 58 to 52. All the Democrats and Union men voted for laying it on the table, and all the Republicans against it.

Rivers of Blood.

We hope and trust, says the Allentown *Democrat*, that the radicalists (of the *Positively* stamp) which were so distressed because McClellan occupied Manassas without "wading through rivers of blood," have had their gory appetites sated by the two battles at Pittsburg Landing. There was blood enough shed on those occasions to suffice, in our opinion, for a whole campaign, and we trust that the most exacting of grumbling Abolition radicals will agree with us. The contemplation of such a massacre makes the heart turn sick and the blood run cold; but of course it was unavoidable, and, like all other inevitable afflictions, we must submit to it with the best grace we can muster. Law and order must be maintained, and legitimate government must be supported, at all hazards, or else we have nothing left but anarchy and revolution. This horrible sacrifice of human life is the penalty we must pay for our national indiscretion. The Union is being re-baptized in the blood of its martyrs. May that baptism secure it what it seeks—an immortality!

But, leaving Gen. McClellan to his ultimate triumph over these Abolition vipers let us return to the consideration of that lust for bloodshed which seems to characterise the latter. We entertain an intense disgust for all such sanguinary cowards, and so must every man who regards a civil war in its proper light. In meeting a foe upon foreign soil, or in struggling with the invaders of our native land, the spirit of wholesale slaughter may possibly have something to justify it, in the face of humanity, for the wanton destruction of human life. In warring with erring brothers, at home we have no such justification for an inconsiderate massacre either of our gallant volunteers or of the ranks of enemy. It is a species of barbarity to uphold, at any time, the ferocious idea of "wading through rivers of blood' to overthrow an opponent who may be subjugated by means less destructive, but it is peculiarly reprehensible in the eyes of civilization when that opponent is of our own kith and kin; when, however wicked his attitude of rebellion, it is our duty to win, as well as coerce him to his allegiance, by mingling wise forbearance with overwhelming force, a discreet magnanimity with a rigid respect for justice. And this is the doctrine of every citizen whos patriotism is in soul instead of in his pocket; who loves his own country more than he does Ethiopia; who is quite as earnest in his sympathy for the heroes of our battle-field as for the "contrabands" they liberate, and no more wishes to see the soldiers of the Union butchered for glory than he is willing to see the negro ill-treated for pastime. It is the only abject cowards, who dare not fight at all, who are so anxious to witness the march of others through the gore of their fellow creatures. It is only he whose selfish heart is as bloodless as as his face, who gloats over the heaped up corpses and bleaching bones of those who battle for him as his substitutes. It is only he who has no relative living with spirit enough in him to shoulder a musket in defence of the liberty he abuses, who so yearns to hear the wail of a widow and orphan over brave men litterally murdered to suit his savage notions of civil warfare. In short, it is the only quivering-lipped truculence which assassinated a Mulligan at a Lexington, that now denounces General McClellan for not having submitted himself and the Union army to a similar victimisation at Manassas—and for the same reason, *i. e.*, to accommodate the diffident ambition of a Greeley and a Fremont.

☞ The Elyria *Democrat* chronicles a most brutal homicide near Grafton Station on Monday last. Wm. Frayar, while in a drunken quarrel, killed Orson Burton by heavy blows with a club. No witnesses were present at the killing or when the dead body was discovered. Frayar came along while the inquest was being held and confessed to the killing and was lodged in jail and has since been committed for trial on the charge of murder in the first degree.

☞ Fun is the most conservative element of society and ought to be cherished and encouraged by all means. People never plot mischief when they are merry. Laughter is an enemy to malice, a foe to scandal, and a friend to every virtue. It promates good temper, enlivens the heart, and brightens the intellect. Let us laugh when we can.

☞ A man winds up his clock to make it run, and his business to make it stop.

A New Dodge.

The Republicans of New York State have made arrangements to run a so called Union ticket at the next election, on the basis of a firm support to the National Administration in all its measures, Constitutional and otherwise, including the *anti-slavery* war policy.—All "Union" Democrats are invited to fall into the ranks, and play second fiddle to the Republican party. The abolition *Trebune* gives the new party, or rather the old party under a new name, a warm support.

The same game will, doubtless, be attempted in Pennsylvania. The "People's Party" State Committee, of which the notorious A. K. McClure is Chairman, which meets at Philadelphia on the first of May, will, we suppose, call a Union No Party State Convention, with the hope of deceiving the honest and unsuspecting voters of the Commonwealth and perpetuating Pepublican misrule. The Harrisburg *Patriot* very truthfully remarks:—"We respect the man who sincerely believes that the time of the Nation's greatest peril is not the time for party contentions; but the Republican leaders do not mean to ignore their party, they mean, if possible, to prolong its life by trickery—by shams and artful devices. No sensible man believes that the clashing of ideas can be avoided in this free Government. While Abolitionism seeks the destruction of the Constitution and the demoralization of the Government, Democrats and Conservatives will oppose that fatal heresy, in whatsoever sphere it operates, whether as the open advocate of disunion, or disguised in the borrowed robes of patriotic Unionism. It must be sought, and fought and vanquished wherever it finds cover.—When it denies its very name and calls itself the opposite of what it is, then it becomes just so much more dangerous as a secret is than an open foe."

To be forewarned is to be forearmed.—Let the Democrats, who are the true Union party of the country, frown down all such attempts at deception. Let them stand firmly by their time-honored principles, and Abolitionism, with all its disguises, will be compelled to hide its diminished head in shame and mortification before the piercing rays of the sunlight of truth and patriotism.

Sheridan once succeeded admirably in entrapping a noisy member, who was in the habit of interrupting every speaker with cries of "Hear, hear!" He took an opportunity to allude to a well known political character of the time, who wished to play the rogue, but had sense enough to play the fool. "Where shall we find a more foolish knave or a more knavish fool than this?" "Hear, hear," was instantly bellowed from the accustomed bench. The wicked wit bowed, thanked the gentleman for his ready reply to the question, and sat down, amid the convulsions of laughter of all but the unfortunate subject.

Life is made up of little things. He who travels over a continent must go step by step. He who writes a book must do it sentence by sentence. He who learns a science must master it by fact, and principle after principle. What is the happiness of our life made up of? Little courtesies, little kindness, pleasant words, genial smiles, a friendly letter, good wishes, and good deeds. One in a million, once in a lifetime, may do an heroic action; but the little things that make up our life, come every day and every hour. If we make the little events of life beautiful and good, then is the whole life of beauty and goodness.

HOW TO FORGIVE A RIVAL.—Resolve that you will love and wish well to the man who has failed. Go to him and get acquainted with him; if you and he are both true men you will not find it difficult to like him. It is perhaps asking too much of human nature to ask you to do all this in the case of the man who has carried off the woman you loved; but as regards anything else, do it all. Go to your successful rival, and heartily congratulate him; say frankly you wish it had been you; it will do great good to him and to yourself. Let it not be that envy, that fast growing fiend, shall be suffered in your heart for one minute.—*Boyd.*

"ONE IDEA" OF LIBERTY.—The Radical Abolitionists idea of liberty is, 'Maine Law," "No Church that is not my Church," "No God that is not my God," No Bible that is not the Bible, as I understand it." "No Constitution, that is not as Wendell Phillips, or Charles Sumner expounds it."

Shooting of Mr. Wharton at Washington.

We have been furnished from an authentic source with the particulars of the killing, on Monday, at the Old Capitol prison, Washington city, of Jesse H. Whorton, one of the prisoners confined there. It appears that about 11 o'clock Mr. Wharton approached the window of his room in the second story, when the sentinel standing on the pavement below ordered him to take his damned head in, or he would shoot it off. Wharton, a young man of high spirit, retorted by saying that none but a coward would threaten an unarmed man and a prisoner. An altercation ensued. Wharton walked to the rear of the room, but hearing the sentinel talking on the pavement, again advanced to the window, folded his arms and said: "Shoot, you damned coward, if you dare." The sentinel took deliberate aim and fired, the ball passing through the lungs of the unfortunate young man. Mr. Wood, the Superintendent, kindly sent for Mr. Wharton's wife, who is the daughter of Colonel Whiting, of the Federal army; and Dr. John O, Wharton, his father, who resides at the Agricultural College, near Bladensburg, was called to his bedside in time to see him expire. The facts, as above stated, we understand, were derived from his fellow prisoners, one of whom is a son of Chancellor Walworth, of New York. Mr. Wharton was formerly a lieutenant in the U. S. army, but was arrested four months ago at Hagerstown. He was a nephew of the Hon. John Thompson Mason, and his connections are of the highest respectability.—*Maryland News Sheet.*

This Mr. Wharton, like other political prisoners, was arrested by arbitrary power and thrown into a dungeon, and in all probability he was an innocent man. But through the d—d monarchy at Washington he lost his life. The Republican papers have not a word to say about this outrage. Had he been a nigger, the event would have caused the greatest excitement through the country, and Congress doubtless would have at once taken up the matter. To such a pass we have at last come!—*Selins Grove Times.*

IF BLACK ALL RIGHT.—The widows and seamstresses of St. Louis held a mass meeting a few days since, and resolved to apply to Washington Authorities for the relief from their distressed condition—no work, no food, no shelter. Are they *black?* If they are, all right; the Government will relieve them at once. Sumner or Lovejoy will introduce a bill in a thrice. If *white* they may starve before these *philanthropists* would move a finger for their relief.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE GOOD TIMES PROMISED.—"Lindoln, economy, honesty and reform,"

"Protection to labor and capital,"

"Low taxes, roast beef and prosperous times,"

"No interference with slavery where it exists,"

"Lincoln and the Union,"

"No danger of sectional parties."

☞ General Fremont is a statesman who has never made a speech, a general who has never won a battle, a pathfinder who always missed the track, and a millionaire not worth a continental damn.

☞ Governor Harvey, of Wisconsin, was drowned at Savannah, Tenn. on Saturday night week, while stepping from one boat to another. His body was not recovered. He had gone to Savannah in charge of hospital stores form Wisconsin for the wounded soldiers.

☞ The best way to get help in this world is to help yourself. Show that you need aid, and all turn a cold shoulder; but prove that you can do without folks, and they will beg to give you a lift.

☞ Prentice says if Gen. McClellan were to fail in his mighty enterprise, we know not which would exult most—his Southern or his Northern enemies.

☞ Wendell Phillips went out to learn something about Western manners, and Cincinnati gave him an egg-sample.

☞ As a man drinks he generally grows reckless, in this case, the more drams the fewer scruples.

☞ Why is the Star-Spangled Banner like the Atlantic Ocean? Because it will never cease to wave.

☞ Life is a beauttful night, in which as some stars go down, others rise.

☞ The apple of discord has a peeling of artillery.