

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

W. H. JACOBY, Proprietor.]

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

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Choice Poetry.

MY COUNTRY.

My country, 'tis of thee
Sweet land of Liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain's side
Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee—
Land of the noble, free—
The name—I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet Freedom's song;
Let mortal tongue awake,
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break—
The sound prolong.

Our father's God to thee,
Author of Liberty,
To Thee we sing,
Long may our land be bright
With Bregdom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

MARY ELLERTON,

CAUGHT IN HER OWN TRAP.

BY GUYA MEREDETH.

"They say he is perfectly invulnerable to the shafts of Cupid, do they?" questioned Mary Ellerton of her friend, Anne Milnor, as they were promenading Chestnut street, one fine afternoon last autumn.

"Yes, indeed," Mrs. Mercer told me that he has been jilted by a lady whom he deeply loved; and ever since then he has shunned female society. Of course he appears in society; but you know how very distant and cold he is to ladies."

"The latter part of your assertion is true; but I must say, I doubt what Mrs. Mercer says about his being jilted. He is much too desirable, in every respect, for any woman to trifle with him—much less refuse him."

"Why, Mary, I believe you're in love with him," said Anne, with an astonished look in her friend's face.

"No, I am not!" answered Mary, with a slight color spreading over her pretty face "if he were not so very different from all the men I know, I would try to get up a flirtation with him; just to see if he is a marble-hearted as report makes him."

"You needn't try, Mary; you're very skilful, I admit, in the art of coquetry, yet Mr. Harry Grover is beyond your reach."

Mary's eyes flashed, and her color deepened. This was an implied suspicion of her powers of attraction. Why was Mr. Harry Grover, indeed, to remain insensible to her fascinations, if she chose to exert them? She turned to her companion:

"Anne, in one month's time, I'll bring him to my feet—marble-hearted woman hater as he is—this very Harry Grover!"

"Hush!" interrupted Anne—for at that very interesting moment, Mr. Harry Grover, marble heart and all, passed them, never evincing the slightest sign of recognition; but a quiet smile played around his handsome mouth, which had the young ladies seen, would have caused one of them at least, to feel somewhat embarrassed.

"Do you think he heard you?" asked Anne, after he passed.

"No!" asserted Mary confidently. "Just before I spoke, I turned to look in that window, and there was no one near us then."

The girls continued up Chestnut street a few squares, and then separating at the corner of one of the intersecting streets, each continued on her way home—wondering if her friend was really in earnest, and the other busily weaving a plot, in her pretty little head, to conquer, subjugate, and bring to peaceful submission a man whose greatest crime was in refusing to bow to the caprices of the little tyrant.

Mary Ellerton was a spoiled beauty, and, I am sorry to say, a consummate coquette; and I do not intend to make an apology for her, on that score, because she does not need any. She was a good girl, and beloved by all her friends. Even her disappointed suitors liked her; for, although she did flirt desperately sometimes, she had never set herself out deliberately to gain a man's affection, and then laugh at him, and hold him up to ridicule.

I must acknowledge, however that this last enterprise, in which she is about to engage, is not altogether right; but to engage his heart is made of marble, it will no hurt him; we will be quiet and watch the progress of his wife's success. She only

And now we change the scene. A brilliantly lighted room, filled with gaily dressed ladies and their attendant gentlemen, proclaims that Mrs. Mercer receives her friends to-night. Enamored couples promenade the spacious rooms, or tread the mazes of the dance, reveling in the delights of the hour. Light, music, youth, beauty, make the intoxicating mixture, which the votaries of pleasure sip with eager lips.— There is no such thing as sorrow here. Her dark presence would not be tolerated for a moment. Who knows that that beautiful woman, with smiling lip and brow, beats in her bosom a "heart bowed down with a weight of woe?" Who knows that yonder calm, self-possessed, and agreeable man is on the very brink of ruin? Ah! we might go from heart to heart in this gay and brilliant assemblage, and with very few exceptions, find the touch of sorrow or of guilt on all of them. But away with such gloomy thoughts! "Let joy be unconfined."

Miss Mary Ellerton is present, looking more charming than ever; and besides her, with an air of devoted attention most edifying to the numerous circle whom Anne Milnor has initiated in the secret, stand Mr. Harry Grover.

He is certainly very devoted, and Mary cannot refrain from casting glances of triumph over at her friend now and then— All her other admirers have retired from the field discomfited and chagrined—comforting themselves with the reflection that it will not be long before Harry Grover will also be the victim of her coquetry. It is undeniably true that misery loves company; and it is also equally true, that men are like the dog in the manger; if they cannot possess a certain object, they do not want any one else to.

Well, affairs seemed to progress rapidly toward the desired consummation between Mary Ellerton and the "victim." At parties, balls, the opera, at church—wherever, in fact, Miss Mary appeared, there also was her devoted admirer, Harry Grover.

Just one month has now passed since Mary made her boast of bringing him to her feet, and all her friends, with Anne at their head, are on the tip-toe of expectation for Harry's dismissal. Mary, however, appears to be in no hurry to lose her attentive admirer, "What is she going to do?" asked every body. They do not for a moment take into consideration the important fact, that young ladies have hearts, and susceptible ones, too, sometimes. Although I have heard it said, that a woman never knows she has a heart until she has irrevocably lost it. Perhaps that is the case with Mary. We will pay her a visit, and try and find out something for ourselves.

In a small, prettily furnished room, sits Mary Ellerton. It is twilight; and as she sits by the window, the first mild star of evening shines out in the heavens. It is a holy and tender hour, and her heart feels its influence. She sighs, and leaving the window, turns and paces the room with uneven steps. Presently she returns to the window, and looking up to the bending arch of blue, again sighs heavily. Ah! now she speaks:

"What is to be the end of all this? Ah! how very, very foolish I have been! And I can blame no one but myself for all this sorrow and anguish; for, disguise it as I may to others, I cannot conceal it from myself that I love Harry Grover deeply, truly. How little do people know of the true state of affairs! They think he is my dupe, my victim! They think I could at any moment dismiss him with scorn and contempt. And how vain and trifling he must think me! I know he despises me; for attentive and devoted as he is in public, in private he treats me with the most studied coldness and politeness. Whilst I—oh, how I love him, and yet—"

"Miss Mary," said a servant, opening the door, "Mr. Grover is in the parlor."

"Very well; I will be down in a few moments," said Mary, composing her voice as well as she could, for her heart beat tumultuously at the mention of that name.

When she entered the parlor she was as smiling and self-possessed as usual, though her eyes sunk beneath his; for there was an expression there she could not meet.

His manner was unusually cold and formal.

"I have called," he said, "to bid you good by, Miss Ellerton. In a few days I am going to leave this city, and very probably will never see you again."

Mary turned pale, and with a great effort managed to say:

"Is not this very unexpected?"

"It is," he replied, "but circumstances make it necessary for me to do so. Before I go, I wish to say a few words to you, Miss Ellerton. During the past month, I suppose you have been congratulating on the new victim that you have entangled by your machinations; but allow me to tell you that I am very glad that my marble heart has saved me from the snares of a flirt; for you have not yet brought Harry Grover to your feet."

While speaking these cutting words, he had risen to his feet, and he now advanced to the door. He seems to be striving against some strong feeling, for his features worked, and his face was deathly pale.— Mary, too, had risen, and stood there, crushed, overwhelmed with despair. To be thus scorned, despised, by the man she so wildly loved. Oh! it was terrible. His hand was on the knob of the door. A moment more and he would be gone, perhaps forever. She would tell him how bitterly she was punished, and then die. She spoke:

"Listen to me a moment," she said in a strange, hollow voice, that made him look wonderingly at her. "It is true what you say. I did make that boast in a hasty moment. But God knows I am amply rewarded for my folly. It was begun in jest, but it has ended in earnest for me, for I love you, oh, Harry I love you. You will at least pity and forgive me?" At these words her voice faltered, her white face grew paler still, and she would have fallen, had he not sprung forward and caught her in his arms. A strange light filled his eyes, and he pressed her inanimate form passionately to his breast. He did more. He kissed her lips again and again, calling her all the fond names he could think of. She opened her eyes but was not yet fully conscious.

"He has gone! he has left me to die!" she murmured.

"No, my darling, I will never—never leave you. I love you, oh! so much. I thought you were trifling with me, and was determined to give you a lesson. I did not think I would fall in love with you, being 'forwarned' and still less did I think you would really love me. I thought you were a heartless coquette, and when I found I was becoming attached to you, I determined to leave this place, for I would not stay to be the dupe of any woman. There, darling, do not weep, I do not mean to reproach you, for all is now well between us, and Mary Ellerton's flirting days are over. Are they not?"

Mary raised her head from where it had been nestling on his shoulder, and looked in his face. I suppose in that look he saw "confirmation strong" of future good behavior, for he kissed her again, and altogether behaved very extravagantly for a man with a "marble heart."

And this is all I'm going to tell about that, for I think when affairs come to such an "impending crisis," it is time for me to make my exit.

A Stir in a Poor Neighborhood.

"Had to come to it," said Squire Bogart, as he leaned over the fence, and put a fresh quid in his cheek.

"Had to come to what?" asked John Nugent, as he stood in the road with his gun on his shoulders and a string of gray squirrels trailing upon the ground.

"Why, haunt ye hear out?" My old barn blew down in the line storm, and I had to put up another."

"Wal, it is ill wind that blows nobody any good. I guess it's about the best thing that has happened to ye this many a day. I have ailers been ashamed of that barn for ye, whenever I have come by, it looked so bad."

"Ashamed! better look to hum, John Nugent, and see yer own barn with the boards dangling in the air, and the doors down— It is nothing but a standin' miracle, that has kept it up this year."

"Guess ye haunt ben up our way lately, Squire; get a new barn myself, with a cellar and sheds to it, and lots of fixin's."

"You don't say it! Wal neow what ye gwine to do with a cellar under a barn, pray tell, ef ye know?"

"Goin' to make manure, s'pose, at least the old man sez so, and ef I don't do it, she and the young ones will. Says she aint going to live at this poor dying rate any longer."

"So ye had to cave in on the cellar, had ye? Wal ye see I didn't. Wite advised me to, and Col Smith sez I was a fool if I didn't. But I carried my pint strate three and built a barn in the good old way. I don't see what has got into the folks lately all crazy about building cellars, and making manure. Hardly a barn put up in this town this five years back but it's histed up on a cellar wall, jest like stilts. Neow ye see, it stands to reason, that it's a great deal harder to get things into it, and it makes the barn colder to have the wind playin' under it, and I never could see the use of making such a fuss about manure. It makes the produce more to be sure, but it ailers looked to me like folks drinking brandy. It makes 'em smart for a leetle while, and then they feel a little worse for it. I guess its a good deal so with this highly manured land."

"Wal, it may be so; but my woman has got to takin' the papers, and has been up to the fair, where she sees so many things it liked to turn her hed, she sed they had the smashes, pankins up there she ever did see, and bees that beat all, and such hand-some potatoes as they used to have in old times, before the rot struck 'em and that they were all grown by making compost out of muck and stable manure in a barn cellar. She haunt talked of nothing else since she got back. She begun as soon as she got hom, and she has kept it up day and night. I haunt hardly had a chance to sleep—blamed ef I have. 'Neow,' sez she, 'John, you ken have a barn and a cellar just as well as others, ef you're only a mind to think so. The gitting yer courage up is aillers half the battle in anyting. There's a place out back of the old barn made a purpose for a cellar cen't most. With jest a little digging a barn with a cellar would fit in there just like a duck's foot in the mud. You have got timber enough in the woods, and the sawmill is handy, and then there is no end to the stuns in the mowing lot, that ought to be cleared out. Then you've got muck enough down there in the swamp, and you might wheel it in with a wheel

'Now what upon airth could a feller do when his woman talked to him in that sort o' style? I had to go to carting saw-logs right off, and haunt had a chance to go a squirrel hunting till to-day. The barn's done, cellar and all, and a shed to put the old waggin' under, and the hull yards kivered with muck a foot or more.'

"Wall, neow, that's jest like yew, John Nugent, aillers nosed round by a woman! Ye see Miss Bogart knows her place— knows that she can't nose me round, enny how. I expect to dig my grave about the time I dig a barn cellar."

This conversation between Jeremiah Bogart and John Nugent shows quite a change since we drew the sketches of these old style farmers not quite two years ago. We had occasion to pass their houses lately, and were about as much astonished at the change as they seemed to be at each other's improvements. There stood Jerry, leaning against the side of his new barn, enjoying the October sun and a fresh quid, in a very contemplative mood. The new barn was manitly a great event in his history, and we fear it was not paid for. There was no muck in the yard, and if the owner has his way there probably never will be.

The broken down corn-crib is yet standing, though in a more dilapidated condition than ever. More boards are missing from the rear, and more shingles from the roof. Yet even in this receptacle of all the run down tools upon the farm, we saw a new plow, cultivator and harrow, showing that Jerry is getting new ideas into his head in spite of himself.

When we reached John Nugent's we thought we had lost the way, but the old one-horse wagon with the white-oak thills was a landmark not to be mistaken. There was a new barn, with the inevitable cellar, and a good nated-looking woman, with both hands on her hips, looking up with as much satisfaction as if she were monarch of all she surveyed. A ditch had been dug straight through the old swamp, and heaps of muck were tipped up by the roadside, good evidence that a new leaf had been turned over. True, the ditch was not very deep, and no sufficient outlet had been provided for the water, but a beginning to drain had been made, and this always has a logical consequence. That swamp will bear better grass next year, and more of it, and John's wife will see it, if he does not. She will suggest that if water could only run off all it wanted to, the grass would be much higher and sweeter still, and there would be more butter to sell, she has John under her thumb though he does not know it and there will be more dicheing there next fall, done by herself in the way she built the barn. It is a blessed thing that some of our farmers have good wives. It takes a woman to read the papers, and then follows reform.

"Old Hundred."

Can you find a tomb in the land where sealed lips are, that have not sung that tone? If they were grey old men, they had heard or sung "Old Hundred." Sinner and saint have joined with the endless congregation where it has, and without the pealing organ, sounded on the sacred air. The dear little children looking with wondering eyes on this strange world, have lisped it. The sweet young girl, whose tones tomes told of sixteen summers; she, whose pure and innocent face haunted you with its mild beauty, loved "Old Hundred," and as she sung it, closed her eyes and seemed communing with the angels who were so soon to claim her. Her whose manhood was devoted to the service of his God, and who with faltering steps ascended the pulpit stairs, with white hands placed over his breast, loved "Old Hundred." And though sometimes his lips only moved, away down in his heart, so soon to cease its throbs, the holy melody was sounding. The dear white headed father, with his tremulous voice how he loved "Old Hundred!" Do you see him now, sitting in the venerable arm chair, his hands crossed over the top of his case, his silvery locks floating off from his temples, and a tear perchance stealing down his furrowed cheeks, as the noble strain rings out? Do you hear that thin, quivering, faltering sound now bursting forth, now listened for almost in vain? If you do not, we do; and from such lips, hallowed by four score years' service in the Master's cause, "Old Hundred" sounds indeed a sacred melody.

You may fill your churches with choirs, with Sabbath prima donnas, whose daring notes emulate the steeple, and cost almost as much, but give us the spirit-stirring tones of "Old Hundred," sung by young and old together, Martirs have hallowed it, and it has gone up from the dying beds of saints. The old churches, where generation after generation have devoutly worshipped, and where many of the dear dead have been carried and laid before the altar, where they gave themselves to God, seems to breathe of "Old Hundred" from vestibule to tower top—the very air is haunted with the spirit.

Think for a moment of the assembled company who have, at different times and in different places, joined in the familiar tune! Throng upon throng—the stern, the timid, the gentle, the brave, the beautiful—their rapt faces all beaming with the inspiration of their heavenly sounds.

"Old Hundred!" King of the sacred band of ancient airs! Never shall our ears grow weary of singing thee! And when

TO THE VOLUNTEERS.

Press on! Press on! Ye brave and free,
Our freedom on our soil may be,
Press on! Your Country, Liberty,
Ask that your strong arms say,
Press on! resist the rebel hand,
Press on! oh freemen! gallant band,
From traitors save our glorious land;
To arms again ye brave!

Press on! and make the rebels feel,
There's virtue in the freemen's steel,
Once more a blow for freedom deal,
Ye Northern true and brave;
Press on! Press on! defend the right,
To battle! and decide the fight,
Let rebels, traitors never blight
The land your fathers gave,

Fight for the flag now trailed in dust
Fight while in God you put your trust,
Fight the "Star" and "Banner" must,
Over our loved land wave,
Go and demand the laws obeyed;
Demand that rebel hands be stayed,
Against that flag by patriots made,
To battle, on ye brave!

Infringe no right, inflict no wrong
On brother, man, if weak or strong;
But, onward! for your country;
Fight for your country's good;
Fight as your patriot fathers fought,
Fight for the noble truths they taught,
Fight for the freedom which they fought—
Fought with their patriot blood.

Waking up from Winter Sleep.

Hibernation, or winter sleep, is a condition beautifully devised by the Creator to indemnify certain animals for the loss of their necessary food during winter time.— Nutrition being arrested, all the other vital functions are either suspended, or are carried on at low steam pressure so to speak. This is the case with respiration, and the accompanying evolution of animal heat.— Animals may be likened to furnaces in more than a figurative sense. Food furnishes fuel, and the breath supplies oxygen for the support of combustion. During ordinary sleep, this combustive function is notably lowered. The human system is so delicately organized that it cannot sink into the deep torpor of cold and be afterwards revived; but the long winter sleep of some animals is no more extraordinary to them than the few hours' nightly rest to each of us.

Let us take some examples. The bat lives upon insects and nothing else. Where were the insects in winter? Either dead or torpid—hibernating too—hidden away in minute holes and corners, where the bat could not follow them, even if he were about and stirring; so that more sensible thing could the bat do than to sleep also, remain sleeping until springtime comes again. The frog is an insect feeder too, which he, no more than the bat, can obtain in winter; so the frog goes to sleep. In the north of France and Germany, there are pretty little frogs of green color, and which live on trees. Many attempts have been made to naturalize these pretty things in England, but without much success. The very mildness of insular winters kills them. The degree of cold we experience is usually enough to send them in deep winter sleep. The economy of their furnace combustion is not brought down sufficiently low to do without food entirely; and, on the other hand, food they cannot obtain. So the usual result is, that the pretty tree-frogs die. As frogs eat insects, so in their turn do snakes eat frogs; and the latter not being complaisant enough to stop about in winter time, what more sensible thing could a snake do than go to sleep too? For a similar reason the spiny hedge-hog sleeps; and he sleeps soundly too, as people who have found him in his winter quarters can testify.

One of the most curious of foreign hibernators is the little North American animal called the "prairie dog." Prairie dogs congregate in immense herds; and whilst in summer lasts they are active enough. As winter approaches, however, and before cold weather actually sets in, the prairie dogs build themselves houses, and getting under shelter of the same, fasten up the doors securely, and take their long winter nap. In late winter, or very early spring, whilst snow is yet on the ground, and the prairie land is tormented by icy, howling winds, the prairie dogs may be noticed, in the morning of some bitterly cold day, open their doors, poking out their noses, and not apparently finding things as pleasant as they might have wished retiring once more. Again they close their mansion-door, and go to sleep. The time had not arrived for coming out, indeed, but the little prairie dogs will not be deceived.— Some indication of a good time coming they perceive. The instincts lead them notwithstanding. The Indian and the backwoodsman, noticing the sign, are able to predict that fair weather is near at hand, having trusted to the sure instinct of the prairie dogs.

Hibernation must only be excepted as a relative term. Whilst some animals admit of being frozen outright, and thawed again without damage to their constitutions, others are by no means so tolerant of lowered temperature. A human individual, having sunk into the sleep of cold, is generally frost-bitten at once, in some prominent and exposed part. The nose is the most likely organ to suffer; after which comes the fingers and the toes. If the sleeper be aroused at once incipient frost-bites may frequently be cured by judicious friction, with ice or snow at first; the object being to supply warmth by degree. But if the first frost-bite touch any innervation organ, the seal of

Like Shows his Colors.

There was a glorious time at the school-house on the occasion of raising a flag that had been purchased with contributions by the boys. It was on Saturday afternoon and the teacher allowed them to have it all their own way. The boys assembled in the school house yard, and when the flag was released they all commenced singing "Our flag is there" in a manner that wakened patriotic echoes all around the neighborhood. Sick people heard their cheerful voices and smiled at the sound, old people who remembered about 1812, heard them, and blessed the patriotic hearts of the boys, and girlhood heard them and felt proud of these brave supporters of the flag, and many of them, we dare say, wished they were boys that they might participate in, rather than sympathize with, the demonstration. Such a cheering time you never heard of, there is nothing so rich and pure as a boy's voice. As soon as the cheering had subsided, or was suppressed, for it was very hard to hold the little fellows in now they were started, Ike Parington came forward to make a speech. He mounted a pile of lumber in the street and spoke as follows:—

Boys—We are here to hoist our flag, and to let people know on which side we are.— We don't want any mistake about it; for though we are not big enough to go to war, we don't mean that any body shall call us rebels any how. If they do, we shall point to our flag with its stripes and stars and pitch in to sustain it. [Cheers and cries of "That's so."] We don't hoist this flag to try to scare any body; we don't want to make men bow to our flag if they don't choose to, but if there are any secessionists round here they had better look out for their linchpins, and must keep their dogs at home, or something might hurt 'em.— [Cheers.] Boys—there is Bunker Hill over there where our grandfathers fit, and this isn't, but, though brag isn't thought much of, let any traitors try to touch our flag, or to come up this hill with any hostile intention, and we'll give 'em—Bunker Hill. [We will "let 'em come on!"] Boys—we ain't very big and can't do much against the enemy abroad, but we can worry 'em dreadfully at home, if we find any. We can keep 'em awake nights, we can put dead cats in their front yards, we can ring their door bells, we can throw mud on their windows, we can daub their paint, we can send all the hand organs to play round their houses, we can tell folks they've got the small pox and make up faces at their babies if they look out doors. [Shouts and cries of "Yes!"] That glorious flag shall be our daily devotion. [Cheers.] Long may it wave, and he who doesn't say amen to this ought to have his head bruis'd, as they are going to bruis'e the head of the rattlesnake down South, according to Scripture when the North puts its foot down. ["Good."] "Flag of the free still bear thy away, Uddimmed through ages yet unborn, And he who will not for thy pray Had better have been done and gone."

Like the old dragon in Revelations, the snake is trying to swallow some of the stars, but they will go very hard against its stomach. The stars still shine, till all the rattlesnakes and pelicans arrayed against it have been killed and stuffed and moldered away thousands of years hence in some old museum. [Tumultuous cheers.] I have only one word to say. ["Go on."] Stick to the flag like men—show your colors, never be ashamed to sing Hail Columbia, and remember the saying of Dr. Watts,

Give to rebellion powder and ball,
United we stand, divided we fall."

He got down amid tumultuous applause, but with great calmness he commenced eating his peanuts as though he hadn't said anything.

The Sentiment of the South.

IMPRESSIONS OF A TRAVELER.

Benson J. Lossing, the historian of the Revolution, has just returned from a trip through the South western Slave States, and communicates to *The Poughkeepsie Eagle*, some interesting particulars of the condition of sentiment in those States. From all that he has observed he says:

"My conclusions are that underlying the Secession sentiment that covers the whole surface of society in the South, there is a deep and abiding love of the old Union, silently praying for a deliverance from despotism which has few parallels in the history of the world. It needs only to be informed and assured to become fearfully energetic. Thoroughly unlettered its limbs by the strong arm of Federal power, it will become speedily omnipotent in crushing the eggs of selfish rebellion out of which are hatched the foul serpents of disunion. Let the Government give that assurance by quick, powerful, and effective action, and convey the truth to a deceived people, at the mouth of the cannon if necessary, and all will be well soon. Yet the Government has a foe to meet not to be despised. The chief rebels are desperate and determined men, endowed with superior talents, and furnished with many resources. It is now, with them, a question of life or death, honor or dishonor, glory or infamy. Those who are involved in this treason by taking up arms for them are in the same desperate condition. And the South is full of brave and self sacrificing men. In all emergencies, when the flag of our common country called for defenders, they have shown an alacrity and courage in response not to be surpassed. In a good cause they make