

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

W. H. JACOBY, Proprietor.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

[Two Dollars per Annum.]

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STAR OF THE NORTH

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The Pleasant World.

This is a very pleasant world and very pleasantly made, curiously contrived indeed, to keep wide awake until we "round it with a sleep."

There is an arrangement effected in the last way in the world we mortals should have thought of—just by rolling the globe over and over. Of course we mean the day and night—the lights and shadows of life's fair perspective. Aside from the necessity we feel of that almost dying now and then, which we christen "sleep," what could possibly afford a grander series of surprises than the alternation of night and day. Day: nothing but a lighted vestibule to something, we know not what. Night: a short dim hall that leads us to another. And on we go, through this grand suite of brilliant chambers with shadowy passage ways, between, until we have explored this wondrous castle of our mortal being.

What if it were one great, unbroken day, how dull 'twould grow in life's long afternoon! How like a Monday would existence be! Nothing made over new; no dawning to await; no to-morrow to dream of or to hope for; no surprise to quicken thought and heart, but just a steady blaze of day—an Arabia the Rocky, without an "Araby the Blest."

For our part, we are glad we are ignorant; glad we are not ubiquitous; we would not have "the wings of the morning," if we could. This opening and shutting of doors all through the world pleases us. It is a poem without a preface, "argument;" a play without a program. Were life and action "laid out," then action and life would be a corpse, and all we mourners should "go about the streets."—*Chicago Journal.*

CHANCES OF BATTLE.—"At Waterloo," said Napoleon, "I ought to have been victorious.—The chances were a hundred to one in my favor. But Ney, the bravest of the brave, at the head of 42,000 thousand Frenchmen, suffered himself to be delayed a day by some thousands of Nassau troops. Had it not been for this inexplicable inactivity, the English army would have been taken *flagrant delicto*, and annihilated without striking a blow. Grouchy, with 40,000 men, suffered Baulow and Blucher to escape him; and finally a heavy shower of rain made the ground so soft that it was impossible to commence an attack at daybreak. Had I been able to commence early, Wellington would have been trodden down in the files of the forest before the Prussians would have had time to arrive. It was lost otherwise without resource. The defeat of Wellington's army would have been peace, the repose of Europe, the recognition of the interests of the masses, and the democracy."

All Sorts of Paragraphs.

Vaccination was first tried upon condemned criminals in the years 1772.

The interest of the national debt of Great Britain is over twenty-four millions pound sterling.

Looking glasses were first made in Venice in the year 1800.

Iron was first discovered by the burning Mount Ida, one thousand four hundred years before Christ.

Muslins were first manufactured in England during the year 960.

The oak tree lives in a state of nature one thousand five hundred years.

Air is eighteen hundred and sixty times lighter than water.

Military uniforms were first adopted in France, by King Louis XIV.

Linen was first discovered and made in England, in 1553.

The average coinage of the mint of Great Britain for the last thirty years is eighteen million pounds sterling per annum.

When Lieutenant Governor Patterson was speaker of the Massachusetts Legislature, some dozen boys presented themselves for the place of messenger, as usual at the opening of the house.

He inquired into their names, conditions, &c., that he might make the proper selection. He came, in the course of his examination, to a small boy about ten years of age, a bright looking lad.

"Well, sir," said he, "what is your name?" "John Hancock, sir," replied the boy.

"What," said the Speaker, "you are not the one that signed the Declaration of Independence, are you?"

Freedom of the Press.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia Inquirer, writing from Washington on the 23d ult., says:

"The Administration decided to-day to take another step, which will be quite as startling at first as the former, but which is equally founded on sound policy. The Constitution provides for the freedom of speech and of the press. But it also provides for the privileges of the writ of habeas corpus. It has been found that the safety of the Republic required the suspension of that writ. The Administration is now satisfied that the safety of the Republic requires that those papers in the North which do not yield a hearty support to the Government, and to all the measures of the Administration, and which, by their sympathy with the South, nourish at the North a hostile feeling against the Government, shall be suppressed. Attorney General Bates has been counselled on the subject, and says that the Government would be perfectly justified in doing so."

As this proceeding would only be a piece with the other high-handed, unconstitutional, and equally unjust acts of the Administration, during the past two months, no one need experience any surprise if this statement, though emanating from an irresponsible newspaper correspondent should be carried out to the letter. Already the Administration has foreshadowed its policy in this respect. It has suppressed the *Jeffersonian*, at Westchester, and a religious paper in Philadelphia—the *Observer*. It has stopped the *New York Daily News*, while passing through Philadelphia, in the mail—taking it out of the mail by an arbitrary act of a Government agent. It has also excluded the *New York News*, *Freeman's Journal*, the *Journal of Commerce*, the *Lacy Book*, and the *Brooklyn Eagle*, from the mails; the Post-Master General having notified these Journals, through the P. M. at New York, that their papers will not be delivered, or carried, from that Post office. These proceedings have a grave significance, and indicate, beyond a doubt, that the Administration is proceeding gradually in the work of throttling the press. Subjugation is the word! and every Northern man who does not voluntarily throw up his hat and huzzas for Abraham Lincoln and the Chicago Platform, and who does not endorse every act of the Administration, no matter how unjust, or how derogatory it may be to the liberties of the people, must be coerced or subjugated. In this connection, we cannot do better than to direct the attention of our readers to the following article from the *Daily News*, of Saturday last. We wish every man, woman and child in the land could read it:

SUGGESTIONS UPON AN OLD SUBJECT.

Few people, perhaps, have seriously and temperately considered the true force and beneficence of those provisions of our Constitution which have attempted to secure to our country freedom of speech and freedom of the Press. These oft-repeated phrases too frequently pass from the lips as stereotyped expressions, the meaning of which is but little felt. The privileges which the guarantees of our Constitution were intended to secure in these respects make the distinguishing differences between our own and the worst Government of the world. Without that difference, America is no more free for the mass of the people than is Austria or Spain. These privileges, moreover, were guaranteed by the fundamental law with special reference to times of public excitement and public danger. When the nation is quiet, and no great emergency is pending or at hand, free speech and a free Press are of course harmless and need no Constitutional protection. It is only when our liberties are threatened that these privileges are endangered, and it is only then that public discussion is most a safety and a blessing. Without the good will of the people no government can rightly demand support, whether in peace or war; and, assuredly, that good will cannot be justly gained without the utmost freedom of thought and expression. If the people rule themselves, they must do so rationally and with the free exercise of all the noblest attributes of the mind. Truth cannot suffer from investigation, nor from discussion—neither can a just cause nor a just Government. In fact, a confiding trust in the conclusion and results of the free interchange and communication of thought is the strength and support of just men and just governments at all times and everywhere, and especially, in times of great trial.

The consequences of a suppression of a press at the present trying time in the history of the American Union can hardly be estimated. If the press is dangerous to the existence of the Government, then is public discussion equally dangerous. The principle is the same. So, also, it follows that freedom in private discussion is a danger—also freedom of private thought, especially in political matters, is but the germ of action. The suppression of one press, therefore, that is published within the protection of the Constitution, involves the principle that free public and private discussion, and even private opinions, are dangerous to the existence of the Government, and may also be suppressed, so far as the strong arm of power can reach them. In fact, the suppression of a press is itself but the invasion of the private right of opinion, since the object is not to suppress the publication of the newspaper, but to take from the citizen the privilege of reading

lication of a newspaper is interdicted, the attack is upon the readers of that paper, involving a denial of their right to read anything save that which is prescribed for them.

But there is another enlarged aspect in which this matter of a free press should be considered. We refer to its influence upon the character and position of the press generally. So soon as the Government, in the exercise of its arbitrary power, shall deprive the people of one independent press, such newspapers as remain, become by that fact dependent, and are published simply by permission. And the organs of public opinion, or of the opinions, of their publisher, they become devoted of title to consideration or respect. They become but the sewers through which flow opinions dictated to them by their masters. Their editors dwindle to mere mouth-pieces of others, without the right to more than rattle their chains. The blow which deprives them to human machines. Their nobility as free and independent men vanishes with the first invasion of the right of their neighbors. The censorship which prescribes the boundaries of public discussion is as necessarily humiliating and destructive to those who submit to that censorship as to those who refuse, since, whatever their disposition, the sacred right of independence is taken away. The human being who submits to a degrading bondage because he likes it, is as much a slave, and much more abject and degraded, than the one who makes a resistance for the sake of freedom. The forcible discontinuance of one press, therefore, enslave all, and leaves them no attribute worthy of respect.

Probably the freedom of the press and the freedom of speech never were intended upon, except upon the plea of public necessity. It was the theory of Mr. Jefferson, and of the founders of the Republic, that no such necessity could exist in a Republican government, since the suppression of popular discussion could further a bad cause, and no other. It was argued, moreover, and rightly, that if men in power were made the judges as to the existence of such necessity, there would be no limit to the occasions upon which the suppression of presses and of free discussion would occur. The practical wisdom of this view has been fully illustrated in the United States within the last eighty years. No party has ever held the reins of the government in its hands which did not profess to believe the government endangered by the opposition; and no political convention has ever met since the organization of national parties which did not charge upon the opposing party a design to subvert the Constitution.

The present case does not differ essentially from others, except that the executive has become possessed of a greater military power. The emergency is great; it is true, public danger indeed exists. But the truth of the principle yet remains. A free press is dangerous alone to a bad cause. If there is any truth in the theory of our republican institutions, a bad press cannot overturn a good Government, much less a press truly and avowedly devoted to the support of the Government. So as to the policy of the Administration in the present war. If that policy is based upon good sense, upon right and justice, the voice of no opposition press can drive the people from its support or endanger its success. If the measures of the Administration are in themselves right and expedient, they will bear discussion and prevail; and if otherwise they will not be sustained though our streets throng with the armed agents of the Government and our prisons overflow with its victims.

LENDING TO THE LORD.—A poor man, some of whose family were sick, lived near Deacon Murray, referred to in the tract, "Worth of a Dollar," and occasionally called at his house for a supply of milk. One morning he came while the family were at breakfast. Mrs. Murray rose to wait upon him, but the deacon said to her, "Wait till after breakfast." She did so, and meanwhile the deacon made some inquiries of the man about his family and circumstances. After family worship, the deacon invited him to go out to the barn with him. When they got into the yard the deacon, pointing to one of the cows, exclaimed, "There, take that cow and drive her home." The man thanked him heartily for the cow, and started for home; but the deacon was observed to stand in the attitude of deep thought until the man had gone some rods. He then looked up and called out, "Hey, bring that cow back." The man looked around and the deacon added, "Let that cow come back, and you come back too." He did so; and when he came into the yard again the deacon said, "There, take your pick out of the cows; I ain't going to lend the Lord the poorest cow I've got."—*Ga. Messenger.*

Pay your small debts. Don't think they are not worth your prompt attention any the less because they seem trifling.—Minutes make hours, drops fill oceans, one by one the tiny types are set up to fill newspapers, and just on the same principle, the settlement of the little accounts owing him, may save the printer days of restless anxiety, and countless business embarrassments.

ASSAULTED.—The office of the Sunbury Democrat was cowardly assaulted one night last week by a number of rowdies; when the discharge of a pistol caused a general panic, to the discomfort of those present.

The Treadmill of Life.

A good honest soul once said that "all she wanted, when she got to Heaven, was to put on a clean apron and sit still." After all, the idea is more profound than funny.—There are times in every housekeeper's life when this would be the embodiment of paradise. When the head throbs with planning, contriving and directing; when every bone aches in the attempt to carry the programme into successful execution; when after having done one's best to draw to a focus all the infinitesimal cobweb threads of careful management, some new emergency is born of every last attempt, till every nerve and muscle cries out with the old woman, for Heaven and clean apron! Of course, after a period of careful, free rest, this earth seems after all a very nice place to stay in, but while the fit lasts, no victim of unsuccessful love, or of sea sickness, is more truly deserving of that which neither ever get—heartfelt pity. It is well that it is not the prevailing feeling, else how could we all toil and moil as we do day after day, for six feet of earth to engulf it all at last. It is well that no pains-taking mothers and delving fathers, earth seems so real. Were it not so, the wheels of this world would sick fast.—*Fanny Fern.*

A Good Name.

A good name is above all price. Have you not found it so, young man, you whose well known virtues have placed you in a position which you occupy with feelings of commendable pride. And you whose fame has been the target of envious tongues, have you not seen a good name to be the only breast-plate that is impervious to the poisonous shafts of calumny? Bold and brave, what are these without a character? A light to render darkness visible; a guiding, which, by contrast, makes the substance more revolting? Cherish it then, all who possess it, guard it carefully—for depend upon this, its purity once tarnished, the now wearing effort will hardly restore it to its pristine lustre. Let it attend you through the journey of life, crowning your days with peace and happiness. The recollections which it will engrave upon your face a letter of recommendation to the people of every nation and tongue. And when the treasure is no longer needful to you, it shall descend to your posterity, a legacy with which millions on millions would not bear to be compared.

THE LITTLE ONES.—Do you ever think how much work a child does in a day? How, from sunrise sunset, the dainty little feet patter around—to us—so aimlessly. Climbing up here, kneeling down there, running to another place but never still. Twisting and turning, rolling and reaching and doubling, as if testing every bone and muscle for future uses. It is very curious to watch it. One who does so may well understand the deep breathing of the rosy little sleeper, as with one arm tossed over its curly head, it prepares for the next day's gymnastics! Tireless through the day, till that tires, as the maternal love, that so patiently accommodates itself, hour after hour, to its thousand wants and caprices, real or fancied. A busy creature is a little child. To be looked upon with awe as well as delight, as its clear eye looks trustfully into faces that to God and man have essayed to wear mask. As it sits down in its little chair to ponder, precociously, over the white lie you thought of "fancy" to tell it. As rising and leaning on your knees, it says, thoughtfully, in a tone that should provoke a tear, not a smile—"If I don't believe it." A lovely and yet fearful thing is that little child.

MRS. PARTINGTON VISITS THE TENTED FIELD.—We take the following from the Boston Post:

"Did the guard present arms to you, Mrs. Partington?" asked the commissary of her as she entered the magazine.

"You mean the century," she said, smiling. "I have heard so much about the tinned field that I believe I could deplore an attachment into line myself, and secure them as well as an officer. You asked me if the guard presented arms. He didn't, but a sweet little man with an epilepsy on his shoulder and a smile on his face did, and asked me if I would not go into a tent and smile. I told him we could both smile outside, when he politely touched his chapeau and left me. The commissary presented a hard wooden stool upon which she reposed herself. 'This is one of the seats of war, I suppose,' she said. 'Oh, what a hard lot a soldier is objected to. I don't wonder a mite at the hardened influence of a soldier's life. What is that for?' said she, as the noise of the cannon saluted her ear. 'I hope they ain't firing on my account.'—There was a solicitude in her tones as she spoke, and she was informed it was only the Governor, who had just arrived upon the field. 'Dear me,' said she, 'how cruel it must be to make the old gentleman come away down here, when he is so feeble that he has to take his staff with him wherever he goes.' She was so affected at the idea that she had to take a few drops of white wine to restore her equilibrium, and to counteract the dust from the 'tainted field.'"

The Washington papers are throwing out pretty strong intimations that an onward movement is soon to be made by General

Frightful Disclosures.

Dr. HANLOW, Medical Superintendent of the Maine Insane Hospital, has eliminated some startling statistics of madness, demonstrating the connecting links between dyspepsia and insanity in a very impressive manner. In a plain and lucid style he explains that the unhealthy condition of the stomach is chiefly attributed to the dietetic habits of the American people, that a strong sympathy exists between the brain and the stomach and in conclusion argues that nothing is more common than a deranged state of the stomach and bowels, and that indigestion and costiveness are the inevitable adjuncts of insanity. He finally admits that all these predispositions can be counteracted by proper care and attention—a strict regimen, and the judicious use of vegetable medicines. The foregoing doctrine is nothing more than an enforcement or corroboration of the treatment prescribed by Dr. Holloway fifty years ago, and still practised by him with the greatest success in all parts of the civilized world. With the intuition of a savant, Dr. Holloway, after great study and deep research, divined that the stomach was the parent source of nearly all disorders, such as indigestion, headache, liver complaint, morbid and bodily prostration, and his celebrated Pills were the glorious result of many years scientific investigation. Through the stomach and circulation these Pills act on the general system. They purify the blood, renovate the digestive organs, invigorate their action, and restore their natural tone and power. They stimulate the secretions of the liver, regulate the functions of the bowels, give buoyancy to the animal spirits; elasticity to the body, and health and vigor to the general constitution. Consequently, in cases of prostration, they can be prescribed with as much benefit for the infants as for the adult of either sex.—*Weekly Journal.*

Getting Old.

Did you ever consult the mirror to ascertain whether you were growing old—to detect, if you could a pair of feet, and a crown at that, at the corners of your eyes—to see if that gray hair somebody charged you with having yesterday was nothing but a peculiar reflection of the light, and not much whiter than the ace of spades after all? But the mirror is nothing to go to for information; it reflects to very little purpose. If you would know what age is doing for you, look upon the face of a friend you have not seen for ten years, and the story is as plain as a pike staff! There is some thing or other about him you cannot quite understand; his features are a little sharper, the expression of his eyes a little colder, of his brow a little harder, of his mouth a little firmer. To be sure his laugh hasn't gone, but then a tooth or two has. He is the same, yet not the same, but yet somewhat harder and rougher and not so much of him as of old. But the strangest of all his hardening has grown older faster than his face. How soft and smooth it used to be, you remember, and plump as a partridge. There was a tracery of blue veins upon the back of it, and you and he used to read each other's fortunes and life journeys in the meandering currents that flowed on so quietly just under the surface; but it is more like a crow now, as if he used it in digging; then it is brown as October, the full rounded muscle has shrunk away from the veins, and they stand out like ridges in a fallow. Veins, indeed, they look like a handful of whiplash. There is a knotty look and a knotty feel about the joints as if you were grasping a handful of walnuts. Then again his hair has grown gray, or brilly, or gray, or thin, or something that it was not, for the truth is it is growing upon an old head. You think, as you look at him, 'is it possible, and he keeps you company with his wonder 'how can it be?' and in that look you have seen yourself as he sees you, as they all see you, as you are.

Fire Shells.

Capt. J. Norton, in a communication to the London American, states that shells filled with molten iron, if kept for a few minutes "over time" become cold and perfectly harmless as hot shot. Respecting his own fire shells, he describes them as follows: "I charge my shells with phosphorus dissolved in sulphuric acid of carbon, which does not become damaged by time on passing through water. I can make them of type or fusible metal, both of which are brittle, and become fragmented without the aid of a bursting charge. On striking the ground or a plank of timber, the fragments, being coated on the inside with the liquid, burn with intense heat for a long time. The shell may, moreover, be charged with bullets of wood, which being saturated with the liquid, each will burn till consumed, and its ashes glow with fire for some time after. My light muzzled-loading rifled field gun is well calculated for throwing these incendiary shells so as to strike the ground a short distance in front of a hostile battery, where on striking the ground they become fragmented, and the blazing segments are thrown forward among the gunners and horses of the battery. They would operate in a similar manner on striking the inside of embrasures, or the port-holes of a man-of-war."

A young man named Neck has recently been married to Miss Heels. They are now, therefore, literally tied neck and heels together.

A clergyman once prefaced his service with "My friends, let us say a few words

Choice Poetry.

RED RIVER VOYAGER.

BY JOHN C. WHITTIER.

Out and in, the river is winding
The links of its long red chain,
Through belts of dusky pine-land
And gusty leagues of plain.

Only at times, a smoke-wraith
With the drifting cloud rock join—
The smoke of the hunting-lodges
Or the wild Assiniboin's!

Dreamily blows the north-wind
From the land of ice and snow;
The eyes that look are weary,
And heavy the hands that row.

And with one foot on the water,
And one foot on the shore,
The angel of shadow gives warning
That day shall be no more.

Is it the clang of wild geese?
Is it the Indian's yell,
That lends to the voice of the north-wind
The tone of a far-off bell?

The voyager smiles as he listens
To the sound that grows apace;
Well he knows the ve-per-ringing
Of the bells of St. Boniface!

The bells of the Roman mission,
That toll from their turret towers;
To the battlement on the river,
To the hunter on the plain.

Ever so in our mortal journey
The bitter north-wind blows,
And thus upon life's Red River
Our heart as oarsmen row.

And when the angel of shadow
Recess his feet on wave and shore,
And our eyes grow dim with watching,
And our hearts faint at the oar

Happy is he who heareth
The signal of his release
In the bells of the Holy City.

MODERATION.—In every locality there are certain Republicans far more zealous than wise, who employ irritating, exciting and threatening language towards and in reference to democrats. The effect of this is in every way, unhappy. It impels men to assume ultra positions and to employ language injurious to the individual who utters it and to the community in which it is uttered. The indiscreet remarks thus heaped are frequently and widely repeated and, generally, with exaggerations, additions and unfair coloring. From all this evil results to everything and everybody.

The greatest danger to our State now is that it may soon be precipitated into civil war. The agents of the secessionists, in our State who are aiming to enlist and commit a portion of our people to the scheme of annexing New Jersey to the southern confederacy, find the ultra republicans to be their most efficient allies in their wicked and horrible scheme. Those ultra republicans, by threats of mob violence, and by unjust, ungenerous and provoking remarks in reference to really loyal and patriotic men get them under excitement, into positions where the agents of southern confederacy can get them to throw their influence as the disunionists wish it to be thrown.

Ultraism in one direction begets ultraism in the opposite direction.

The times require the prudent efforts of all loyal men of every party. Democrats should not, under any provocation, permit themselves to be provoked into disloyal acts or words. Those republicans who are loyal and who desire to avoid civil war in our State, should employ all their efforts to restrain their fellow-partisans from those excesses which culminate in mob violence and in drifting and forcing loyal men under disloyal influences and into disloyal and unlawful positions.—*Banner, N. J.*

THE HEALTHY MAN.—On all the know-nothing persons in this world command us to the man who has "never known a day's illness." He is a moral dance, one who has lost the greatest lesson in life, who has skipped the finest lecture in that great school of humanity, the sick chamber. Let him be versed in mathematics, profound in metaphysics, a ripe scholar in the classics, bachelor of arts, or even a doctor of divinity; yet he is one of those gentlemen whose education has been neglected. For all his college acquirement, how inferior is his useful knowledge to a mortal who has had but a quarter's gout, or half a year's ague, how infinitely below the fellow creature who has been soundly taught his tie-douloureux, thoroughly grounded in the rheumatics, and deeply red in scarlet fever! And yet what is more common than to hear a great hulking, florid fellow, bracing of an ignorance, a brutal ignorance, that he shares in common with the pig and bullock, the generality or whom die, probably, without ever having experienced a day's indisposition!—*Hood.*

QUALIFICATIONS FOR OFFICERS.—The board recently appointed for the examination of volunteer and army officers have resolved upon a standard of qualifications, as follows:

"Field officers must understand all that is required of company officers, and also be able to answer questions regarding evolutions of line, proper conjuncture, the elements of military engineering, the circumstances under which the use of field artillery is proper, and other such collateral interrogations as the board of examiners think proper to propose.

"Company officers must answer orally and correctly all questions on the manner of instructing recruits, the use of the manual of arms, the school of the soldiers, the

Judge Findlay on Jobs.

On Wednesday of last week, the Hon. John K. Findlay, the President Judge of this District, took occasion to address the Grand Jury upon the subject of mobs in an especial charge.

He stated that on the Monday evening previous, he was engaged in his room, heard shouting and noise in the streets, but supposed some political meeting was being held; it did not disturb him until some person came up to his room and told him what was going on.

He then came out and saw that a mob was destroying, or in the language of the times "gutting" a printing office. He went there and commanded the peace. He looked around and saw crowds of persons looking idly on or making demonstrations of approval, and he was surprised at persons he saw there withholding their disapproval but he could see no officer of the peace.

As to the law upon the subject, he said: "A mob is always wrong, it never can be right. The country had witnessed with what unanimity and alacrity the whole North had rallied to the defense of constituted and constitutional authority—to support the Government, and in favor of law and order against rebellion and disorder. Yet what do we behold? Here in the North, in times like these it is notorious that a lawless mob has violated the dearest rights of citizens, and set the Constitution and laws at defiance. Do men know that they are committing crimes which, if convicted of, might consign them to the Penitentiary for a term of 7 years, crimes but little below treason itself. When an armed mob is doing its work there can be no neutrality. It is the duty of every citizen to interpose and the prevent it by all the power they possess."

The Sheriff should have been there with a posse, summoned on the spot, and if any one refused to serve on that posse, he was liable to indictment and punishment. In view of these facts, he would say to the Sheriff, thus publicly, that if there was any reason to apprehend a recurrence of what had been so notoriously done, it was his duty to summon a posse sufficiently large to command the peace in any emergency and hold them in readiness to keep the peace, for where mobs are there is no safety for any one and no liberty for the citizens.—*Easton paper.*

ONE OF THE WESTERN OBITUARY NOTICES. Mister Edgair—Jem, bangs, we are sorry to state, has deceased. He departed this life last mundy Jem was generally considered a god feller. He died at the age of 23 years old. He went 4th without any struggle; and such is life. Tu Da we are as pepper grass, mighty smart; in Morrer we are cut down like a cucumber of the ground. Jem kept a nice store, which his wives now waits on. His vircuews was numerous to behold. Menny is the things we bot at his growcery, and we are happy to stait to the admirin world that he never cheeted, spehully in the wate of markel, which was nice and smelt sweet, and his survivin wife is the same way. We never knew him in put sand in his shugar too; he had a big sand-bar in front of his house; ne water in his Lickers, tho the Ohio River runs past his dore. Pece to his remanes! He leaves a wife, 8 children, a cow, 4 horses, a growcery store, and other quodredups to mourn his loss; but in the spalendid language of the poet, his loss is there eternal gane.

PEACE VS. WAR.—The New York Charter speaks as follows:

"We are among the most earnest friends of peace. We would suffer wrong for the sake of peace. But we see no possible solution of the present complication of our national troubles, except in these adjustments of the Union on the basis of the Constitution. We deprecate the war spirit and desire to cultivate that feeling which will the most easily restore friendly relations with those who have cast off the bonds of allegiance their lawful government. But we cannot forget that the men who are now in arms against this Government initiated a causeless, unjustifiable and awful war; that the guilt of the war is chiefly on their heads and that we are solely seeking to uphold the Union which our fathers formed, and on which the future prosperity of the country depends. As religious men, the duty of allegiance to lawful governments and to suppress rebellion is as clear to us as the duty of obedience to the laws of God. All we ask as the condition of that allegiance, is the fidelity of the rulers to the laws that they are bound to obey as well as we. When they disregard law the people may justly call them to account. And if we go through the war without counter-revolutions, and our country comes out of this life and struggle re-established and immortal, we must stand firmly and united by the Constitution as it is, until it can be constitutionally modified. Our liberties are all gone when this instrument is trampled on by rulers and people."

"We want peace. We pray for peace.—But we must have order, law, government, first. There is no peace to the wicked. To agree for a moment to any terms that shall recognize the right of any part of the country to retire at will from the burdens and obligations that devolve on all, is to consent to suicide, to fill the future of our history with war and to leave to our children a legacy of confusion, anarchy and shame."

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