

# THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

[Two Dollars per Annum.]

VOLUME 14.

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY APRIL 30, 1862.

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## STAR OF THE NORTH

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY BY W. H. JACOBY.

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## COURT ADVERTISEMENTS.

### Court Proclamation.

WHEREAS the Hon. Aaron K. Peckham, President of the Court of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery, Court of Sessions of the Peace and Court of Common Pleas and Orphans' Court, in the 26th Judicial District, composed of the counties of Columbia, Sullivan and Wyoming, and the Hon. Stephen Baldy and John McKeenleys, Associate Judges, of Columbia Co. have issued their precept, bearing date one thousand eight hundred and sixty one, and to the directors for holding said Court of Oyer and Terminer, and General Jail Delivery, Quarter Sessions of the Peace, Court of Common Pleas and Orphans' Court, in Bloomsburg, in the county of Columbia, on the first Monday (being the 5th day) of May, next, and to continue one week.

Notice is hereby given to the Coroner, the Justices of the Peace and Constables of the said County of Columbia, that they be and these in their proper persons at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, with their records, inquisitions and other remembrances to do those things which to their offices appertain to be done. And those that are bound by recognizance to prosecute against the prisoners that are or may be in the Jail of said county of Columbia, to be then and there to prosecute them as shall be just. Jurors are requested to be punctual in their attendance, agreeable to their notice, dated at Bloomsburg, 24th day of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty one, and in the eighty-sixth year of the Independence of the United States of America. (God save the Commonwealth.)

JOSIAH H. FURMAN, Sheriff's Office, Sheriff, Bloomsburg, Mar. 26, 1862.

### Public Notice for Licenses.

NOTICE is hereby given that the following persons in Columbia county, have filed their petitions in the Court of Quarter Sessions of the said county for Tavern and Store Licenses in their respective townships, which said petitions will be presented to the said Court on Monday, the 5th day of May, A. D. 1862, of which all persons interested will take notice, and the Licenses for the county of Columbia, will be granted on Wednesday, the 7th day of May, next, at 2 o'clock p. m.

| Applicants.        | Tavern. | Store.       |
|--------------------|---------|--------------|
| Levin, E. L.       | do      | Berwick      |
| Frederick Nicely   | do      | do           |
| Ellis Walton       | do      | do           |
| Daniel Obitz       | do      | do           |
| Wm. B. Knops       | do      | Bloom.       |
| John L. Leacock    | do      | do           |
| Robert Hazenbuch   | do      | do           |
| Oliver A. Jacoby   | do      | do           |
| Samuel McHenry     | do      | Benton.      |
| John L. S. Lee     | do      | do           |
| Charles F. Mann    | do      | Bever.       |
| Franklin Shuman    | do      | do           |
| David Beunoid      | do      | Catawissa.   |
| Samuel Kosterbauer | do      | do           |
| Jacob B. Kistler   | do      | do           |
| Reuben R. Wassar   | do      | Conestoga.   |
| Henry Galt         | do      | do           |
| Ernest R. Wolfarth | do      | do           |
| John L. Kline      | do      | do           |
| John R. Jones      | do      | do           |
| John Grover        | do      | Centre.      |
| Benjamin McHenry   | do      | Fishingcreek |
| Daniel McHenry     | do      | do           |
| W. A. King         | do      | Greenwood.   |
| John Hartman       | do      | Hemlock.     |
| John L. Hurs       | do      | Leont.       |
| Jackson George     | do      | do           |
| Isaac Rho'es       | do      | do           |
| Joshua Womer       | do      | do           |
| Samuel Rimby       | do      | Madison.     |
| Keller A. Smith    | do      | do           |
| Isaac Yeater       | do      | do           |
| John Nuss          | do      | do           |
| Emanuel Couner     | do      | Montour.     |
| Thomas Jones       | do      | Mt Pleasant. |
| John Keller        | do      | Midlin.      |
| Jacob Good         | do      | Orange.      |
| Samuel Everett     | do      | do           |
| Alexander Hughes   | do      | Roaringcreek |
| George Tinsley     | do      | Sugarloaf.   |
| Ezekiel Cole       | do      | do           |
| Peter Schug        | do      | Scott.       |
| Daniel L. Everhart | do      | do           |
| Enoch Howell       | do      | do           |
| Reece Fairman      | do      | do           |
| William Long       | do      | do           |
| William C. Green   | do      | Bloom.       |
| L. D. Mendenhall   | do      | Spr.         |
| Jacob B. Grosz     | do      | do           |
| Jeremiah S. Brall  | do      | Catawissa.   |
| Washington Yeager  | do      | Leont.       |

JACOB EVERLY, Clerk, Bloomsburg, April 9, 1862.

### Notice to the heirs of Peter Hoffman, dec'd.

COLUMBIA COUNTY SS: HE Commonwealth of Pennsylvania to Louise Lynn, Henry Hoffman, Geo. W. Hoffmann, Harriet Fisher, Anna Maria Fowler, Rozetta Amanda Cleaver, Sarah Foster Hoffman, William Hoffman, Sarah Elizabeth Richards, Charlotte Hoffman, Hannah Hoffman, Joseph Hoffman and Samuel Seely, children and heirs of Peter Hoffman, deceased, late of Leont township, Columbia county.

You and each of you are hereby cited and commanded to be and appear in your persons before the Judges of the Orphan's Court of said county, to be holden at Bloomsburg, in and for said county, on the first Monday of May next, then and there to accept or refuse the estate of said dec'd at the relation of show cause why the same should not be sold. Witness the honorable Aaron K. Peckham, Esq., President of our said Court at Bloomsburg, the fourteenth day of February, A. D. one thousand eight hundred sixty two.

JACOB EVERLY, Clerk O. C. JOSIAH H. FURMAN, Sheriff, Sheriff's Office, Bloomsburg, Feb. 26, 1862.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

## REGISTER'S NOTICES.

NOTICE is hereby giving to all legatees, creditors and other persons interested in the estates of the respective decedents and minors, that the following administrators and executors have been filed in the office of the Register of Columbia county, and will be presented for confirmation and allowance to the Orphan's Court, to be held at Bloomsburg, in the county aforesaid, on Wednesday the 7th day of May next, at 2 o'clock, in the afternoon of said day.

1. Account of Samuel Cressy, Guardian of Hannah Boone daughter of Aaron Fry.
2. Account of Aaron Lamberson, Guardian of William Jones, son of Jesse Jones.
3. First and final account of Hon. Warren L. Woodward, Executor, of Miss Ellen Scott, deceased.
4. Final account of Daniel Gearhart, administrator of John Gearhart, of Franklin township, deceased.
5. Final account of Martin V. B. Kline, administrator of Hon. Peter Kline, late of Leont township, deceased.
6. The account of Jonathan C. Pennington, administrator of Samuel Rozell, late of Benton twp., deceased.
7. First account of Samuel Cressy, executor of the last Will of John Brown, late of Midlin township, dec'd.
8. Account of William Buckalew, one of the executors of John M. Buckalew, late of Fishingcreek twp., deceased.
9. Account of Franklin Ritzler and John W. Wither, adm'rs of Elizabeth Helwig, late of Leont township, deceased.
10. Account of Jesse Mensch, guardian of Clariss Sidler, minor child of John Sidler, late of Franklin township, deceased.
11. Account of Elwood Hughes, executor of Stephen Adams, late of Benton twp., deceased.
12. Account of Thomas Reece, adm'r of Philip Reece, late of Greenwood township, deceased.
13. Final account of Lewis Yeater, adm'r de locis non of Erv Harder, late of Catawissa township, deceased.
14. Account of Lewis Yeater and Samuel Drum, executors of John Gearhart, late of Midlin township, deceased.
15. Account of Wesley Perry and Mark Williams, adm'rs of Mordcael Perry, late of Leont township, deceased.
16. Account of Julia Roper, Executrix of Catherine Roper, late of Bloom. twp., dec'd.
17. Final account of Philip Freas, John Freas and Andrew Freas, executors of John Freas, late of Centre township, dec'd.
18. Account of C. H. Dieterick & Phoebe Johnson, executors of the last Will of Geo. W. Parks, late of Scott twp., dec'd.
19. First and final account of Levi Cressy and Samuel Cressy, executors of the last Will of Adam Cressy, late of Midlin twp., deceased.
20. Account of Samuel Cressy, guardian of Abraham Angle, minor child of Jacob Angle, late of Midlin twp., dec'd.
21. Account of J. R. Pennington, executor of the last Will of Elias Lutz, late of Benton twp., deceased.
22. Account of Isaac K. Krickbaum, executor of the last Will of John Kline, blacksmith, late of Benton township, deceased.
23. Account of Daniel Masteller, executor of Jonathan Masteller, late of Madison twp., deceased.
24. Account of Benjamin M. Wilson, adm'r of William L. Fause, late of Hemlock twp., deceased.
25. Account of George W. Dreisbach, adm'r of the estate of Elizabeth Dreisbach, late of Bloom township, deceased.
26. Account of Catharine A. Welliver, administratrix of William Welliver, late of Madison township, deceased.
27. Account of Franklin Yeom, adm'r of Jacob Yeom, late of Roaringcreek township, deceased.

## OUR ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

Headquarters, 84th Regiment, P. V., BEAUMONT, VA. April 14 '62.

Friend Will:—There is nothing new transpiring in this vicinity that would interest your readers, unless it be the capturing of now and then a full blooded rebel who is immediately supplied with quarters in the Guard House, until shipped to some other point I know not whither.

A severe snow storm visited us on last Tuesday, snow fell to the depth of eight or ten inches, which was the deepest snow they have had this winter. The weather has been rather severe for the fruit crops, and it is feared that this cold snap has injured them, if not totally destroyed them in this section; but at present writing, the earth is again free from its snowy cover, and the roads are fast drying off. The citizens are fast returning to their homes, and all appear to receive the Union troops with a shy feeling of joy. They say that if this place is to be held by the Union forces they hope that the 84th P. V. may be retained here. But our boys would rather be up and doing—they do not like the idea of lying spinely by, guarding a town (far distant from the field of active operations) containing nothing but old men, a few women, and any quantity of Palom's wards, viz: "niggers," whilst others are winning unparishable laurels.

Heavy firing was heard on Saturday morning in the direction of Strasburg, but as yet I have not been able to ascertain the cause, but rather think it was some of our batteries practicing with their new guns.

Not having important news to communicate, I will give you some incidents of our late battle at Winchester.

Sergeant Goldsboro was in the thickest of the fight and as the colors fell the second time, he caught them up, and rising to the front of the column, amid a shower of lead, he shouted at the top of his voice, "Come on boys, rally around the colors, and let us die rather than retreat!" With a shout that would have done honor to as many natives of the woods, they rushed forward carrying everything before them.

"Louisiana Tigers, to the rescue!" ran along the lines of the rebels, when they were hard pressed by the Indiana boys. "To—b—l" with the Louisiana Tigers Hoosiers go in," was the reply; and they did go in, and drove back the hordes of Jackson with terrible slaughter.

Sergeant Henry Funk of our company—the "Hurley Guards"—received a painful wound in the thigh, and at the same time a ball struck his gun, cutting the stock and ram rod off, thus spoiling the gun. Nothing daunted, he borrowed another and with the exclamation—"you d—d rascals, here's another gun to break!" he continued to advance and fire, until night put a stop to our further progress, and saved the rebels from total annihilation, when he returned to camp completely exhausted. He is not ready for another chance of obtaining satisfaction for the broken gun. Hope he may succeed.

We copy the following from the *Cartridge Box* of March 31st, published by some of the printers of the 84th:

JUVENILE BRAVERY.—Little Stephen Halloran, a drummer boy, aged thirteen years, belonging to the 84th, appropriated the gun and cartridge box of a rebel soldier, who was killed in the commencement of the action at Winchester, and fought bravely until the enemy were repulsed. Tears were discovered trickling down the heroic lad's cheeks, but he evinced no signs of cowardice. His valiant disposition is most assuredly an index to a bright and glorious future. His noble conduct has already won him a position that men of warmer envy by the boasting cowards who feared to stand by his side in the deadly conflict for their country, and left the ranks to find shelter behind some straw stack or the trees in the woods.

NARROW ESCAPE.—One of the enemy's shells struck the harness of Corp. Jas. M. Price, while he was standing in line of battle, and scattering his contents over the field. The gallant Corporal remarked that the scoundrels were cutting off his supplies. He was slightly wounded in the leg by the explosion.

## I AM DYING FAR FROM HOME.

BY JOEL K. REIMER.

[NOTE.—The words "I am dying far from home" were the last uttered by a young volunteer of the 19th Mass. Volunteers, who died of Typhoid fever and was buried near Darnestown, Md. The circumstances were related to the author—hence these lines.]

Beneath the hills the sun was sinking  
On a pleasant Autumn day,  
And upon the trees top-shining  
Were the sun's last lingering ray.

As beneath a canvass awning  
From his humble couch he lay,  
One whose title of life was ebbing  
From its tenement of clay.

Racked was his mind and body sore,  
Hot and burning was his brain,  
As he on his couch lay turning,  
Full of anguish and of pain.

But now there shot a gleam of reason,  
From his fever-troubled eye,  
As to his home his thoughts were turning  
Ere he was about to die.

Once again he sees his mother,  
Feels her calm and magic touch;  
Once again he sees his brother,  
Grasps his hand in friendly clutch.

Spirit Sisters round him hover,  
Father with his meen so kind,  
Fancy's visions wait around him,  
Like a tale that's twice been told.

Ah! did not that thrilling spasm,  
As it closed life's mortal tone,  
In low and feeble accents whisper,  
"I am dying far from home!"

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## Too much praise cannot be awarded to

Capt. Frick and Lieut. Ent, for their coolness, bravery and daring, while under the most severe fire. It seems as though the fates favored them for their bravery, as both had their clothes cut with rebel balls. Their escape unhurt is a miracle. Long may they continue to lead the "Hurley Guards" to victory. The whole company, with few exceptions, done nobly, and a glorious welcome awaits them, should they ever return to their homes, unless that idiot Doctor should take it into his head to blast the fair fame they have won, fighting the battles of the country, or as his preceptor rons, freeing the negro.

I perceive by a late number of that astute sheet—the *Republican* of your place—that its editor does not relish "Toodles" letters, and says that he shall tell his "readers who 'Toodles' is, and something of his antecedents." Don't, Doctor, don't! I was not aware when I wrote those communications, that I was treading on the *Quack's* toes, for how could he expect me to know that he had formed a coalition with Simon, the thief? Sorry for you, doctor, you certainly have shown the cloven foot, by your uncall ed for attack upon me. Why bless your poor ignorant soul—quack, has he got a—o—?—I did not mean you, I only hit thieves and swindlers. But from his ravings one would be led to think that he was Simon himself; or from his sympathy with the negro that there is a hint somewhere. But I suppose ere this reaches you, that his readers will know who "Toodles" is! What a discovery he has made! What astounding disclosures! Now doc, let me tell you honestly what the opinion of the majority of the Company is in regard to yourself: They say that you are not only a blackguard but a coward in every sense of the word, and I must endorse their opinion. You certainly cannot lay claims to decency, and as to braver your own actions belie you, or you would not wantonly assail a man who has left home and friends, all, all behind, and taken up arms to assist in putting down this rebellion, which was caused by such notorious abolitionists as yourself. Ah, you are very brave! This is bravery: Sitting at home far from the scenes of toil, hardships and dangers, that daily beset the soldier, you act bravely and show your love for the Union by your tirade against the soldiers that have faced the deadly cannon's mouth—that have taken their lives in their own hands—that have dared to bare their breasts and welcome the death blow, so that it did secured this great Union. What consolation has the soldier, after making all the sacrifices in his power, even to that of offering up his life for his country, if she in turn stab him in the back? Shame! doctor, shame!

There appears to be a conviction settling upon the minds of the soldier that this war is not as much for the perpetuation of the Union as it is to free the negro; and I firmly believe that this was the idea of all the leading Black hearted Republican Abolition leaders. And time will show that these surmises are correct—*vile* last Congress—It is well known that this is the *nigger love*—John's creed the Chicago Platform his bible. Simon Cameron his God, and Sumner, Wilson, Stevens, Greeley & Co are the profits. What cares this insignificant idiot, whether the Union is divided or not only so that the slave is freed.

I have not been the only one that he has seen fit to vent his spleen upon; no, far from it, even GEORGE B. McLELLAN, the second Washington of America, is not free from his blistered tongue. He attempts to rob him of the laurels he has won and sacrilegiously place them upon a man's head who is no more fit to wear them than a donkey is to appear upon a ball-room floor. But I will drop the subject, for this time, by saying that, I sought no controversy with the editor of the *Republican*, I did not even make an attack upon him or his correspondent. They have opened the ball, fired the first shot, and I have and shall respond, God defend the right. As far as his army correspondent in this Company is concerned, I can prove him to be as great a coward as the doctor himself. If he self conceded and bombastic elated defender of Cambridge that I am done with that prince of swindlers he is much mistaken, for I intend to follow him up and expect ere long to be able to lay before your readers some astounding intelligence of his movements in Russia. I know not why the doctor defends him so valiantly, unless he thinks to gain the favor of the old sinner, and secure for himself a position as Private Secretary; or, perhaps he is taking lessons under him—Well, the old scoundrel will find in the doctor an apt scholar. But, thank God Simon will not have the chance of defrauding the poor soldiers of their honest dues as he did in the three months' service, by paying them off with money from the *Warren Bank*, *Shamokin Bank*, and others of the same stamp, worth at that time from *forty to sixty cents to the dollar*, when he received payment from the Government for the payments. Now see the honesty of the old traitor sinner and thief. He exchanges with these Banks at from forty to sixty per cent discount, and then paid off the men with this trash at full value, thus stealing—yes, stealing the hard-earned and honest dues of the soldier, and putting them into his pocket—This act alone was sufficient to have called down the execrations of all honest men upon his head; but so far from it, the Republican party take him by the hand, laud him to the skies, and secure for him the appointment of Minister to Russia. Oh, Abe! Abe! has reason entirely deserted

her throne, that you appoint a man to so responsible a post, knowing his thieving propensities and his secession and Abolition proclivities! But what more can we expect from this same party? Not satisfied with producing this war, they rob in every way, shape, form and manner imaginable, and now have the country upon the brink of ruin, both physically and financially, and all for—what? Why, that this Abolition party may free the negro, ruin the country, place the black man upon an equality with the white, and by their aid and assistance ride into power, crush out the last remaining vestige of freedom, throw down the pillars of liberty and erect thereon a monarchical and tyrannical Government. This is what they are striving after—for this they have been scheming and planning for the last twenty years, and they now gloat over the prospects of the consummation of their hellish designs. This may seem harsh language, but it is truth, and I hid it into the teeth of the black Abolitionists and dare them to deny it with truth.

But, a day of reckoning is coming; the horizon of their joy, where all was sunshine is fast becoming covered over with the clouds of retributive vengeance—the people are becoming sick of such proceeding—they are beginning to get their eyes open to the true condition of affairs—they are just awakening from a lethargic sleep, and with Sampson like strength they will hurl those proud oppressors from power, take the reins of Government into their own hands—chase out the thieves and money changers, cement the tie of the Union stronger than ever, bring back the nation to its former greatness and glory, and cause it to become again respected by all the nations of the earth—and not as now—a by word and a reproach.

Awake Democrats, gird on the armor, fling your banner to the breeze, rush to the rescue, throw yourselves into the breach, shout forth your battle cry of "truth and right—God and our country" and victory will perch upon your banners.

Perhaps the doctor and his friends think that I am pling it on rather steep, but I can assure them that I do not wish to exaggerate nor to throw blame where it should not at all. The people are disappointed, disheartened, and disgusted. They see their government bankrupt; they see, too, that the Abolitionists are making no effort toward an adjustment of our national troubles; and they see, too, that until the slaves are free these discussions do not want peace! They would rather see the glorious fabric of our liberties a heap of smoldering ruins and the slaves free, than to have the sacred Union once more united, and peace and harmony reigning supreme throughout this land, and the southern people still holding property, to which the Constitution and the Laws give them a perfect right. Why does not the inveterate abolitionist Dr. John, come down this way and try and secure a few *signs as prels*, and keep them in a cage in his sanctum, to wit away the tedious hours when not otherwise engaged—or they would make a splendid parlor ornament—especially during the summer season—for all such rank black Republican Abolitionists. There is not a negro in the south but what is in favor of Uncle Abe—and there is not one in the north, black or white, but what is in favor of the same *honed* individual. So much for that.

Yours &c. TOODLES.

There is not really half the gallantry of manners as there used to be some fifty years ago. Now a gentleman only lifts his hat to a lady, then the hat was entirely removed before her uncovered. Now the gentleman takes a smack from her rebby lips, and hardly looks red in the face then he struggled for the smack, and never drew a long breath for half an hour after. Then he knelt gracefully to tie up her shoe string, now she puts her foot into his lap, and he ties the string with a gasp, and releases the foot, without any ecstasy or even a tight squeeze. We are growing barbarous.

In the town of —, in Wisconsin lives a busy little shoemaker, who, at sundry times officiates as preacher. In order to save little expense of printing, it was his custom to write his notices of preaching—Here is one of the latest:—There will be preaching in the pines next Sunday afternoon on the subject—All who do not believe will be damned at 2 o'clock."

## The Pennsylvania's at Pittsburg Landing.

Gov. Curtin is responsible for the announcement that no Pennsylvania soldiers participated in the glorious victory gained over the enemies of the Union at Pittsburg Landing. The Governor must either have supposed that he was stating facts, or else was perfectly indifferent to awarding honors to the brave soldiers of his own State for their share in that terrible fight. Let the motive be what it may the neglect to make known, officially, the part taken by our Volunteers in the action is inexcusable. It has leaked out, however, at last, notwithstanding Curtin's attempt to keep it from the public, that a Pennsylvania Regiment participated in that battle, and to other States—Kentucky and Ohio—are we indebted for the first account of the heroic conduct of the gallant Pennsylvanians on that bloody battle field. Two weeks ago the Governor should have made known this glorious news through a General Order, congratulating the 77th Pennsylvania Volunteers, for their gallantry at the battle of Pittsburg Landing. Nothing of the kind has been done, or will it likely take place unless our prompting should bring it out. These Republican Administrations have a queer way of dealing with the soldiers. It is not enough that they cover their backs with shoddy, issue them scanty and unwholesome rations, withhold their pay for three or four months at a time while their families are in want—all these wrongs it seems are not sufficient but the poor boon of an acknowledgment of their share in achieving a glorious victory must too be withheld. Byron once said that "glory consisted in being killed in battle and having your name misspelled in the Bulletin." These Republicans would go a little further—they are very willing to have you killed in battle but would omit the name altogether. There was a time when Gov. Curtin could not visit a camp of Pennsylvania soldiers without being hissed or hooded at. Are we waiting back to those days? Have the white washings of the Legislative Committee so emboldened him and his clique as to make them believe that they can renew their outrages on the soldier with impunity? To the Democratic press of the country must our gallant soldiers look to have their wrongs righted. It has in every war proven itself the steadfast friend of the defendants of our Country's Flag and it will not be found wanting at this time. The many wrongs perpetrated on the soldiers have never been excused or winked at by the Democratic press, or has a single member of the party it represents ever descended so low in the scale of patriotism as to express the wish that they may be "welcomed with bloody hands to hospitable graves." That is a sort of *loyalty* that the Democratic party will never understand in practice or theory.—*Valley Spirit.*

## Ministering Angels.

The beautiful have gone with their bloom from the gaze of human eyes. Soft eyes that made it spring time in our hearts are seen no more. We have loved the light of many a smile that has faded from us now, and in our hearts have lingered sweet voices that now are hushed in the silence of death. Seats are left vacant in our earthly homes, which none again can fill. Kindred and friends, loved ones have passed away one by one, our hearts are left desolate, we are lonely without them. They have passed with their love to "that land, from whose bourne no traveller returns." Shall we never see them again? Memory tugs with lingering regret to call those smiles and the loved tones of those dear familiar voices. In fancy they are often by our side, but their home is on a brighter shore. They visit us in our dreams, floating over our memory like shadows over moonlit water. When the heart is weary with anguish and the soul is bowed with grief, do they not come and whisper thoughts of comfort and hope? Yes, sweet memory brings them to us, and the love we bore them lifts the heart from earthly aspirations, and we long to join them in that better land. They hover round us, the ethereal departed ones, loving and the loved, they watch with eyes that slumber not. When gentle dreams are wandering to the angel land in whispers wake the hymning strains of that bright and happy choir, revealing many a tale of hope, sympathy and love. They tell of sunny realms, ne'er viewed by mortal eye—of forms arrayed in fadeless beauty—and lofty anthems to their great Creator's praise are sounded forth in sweet seraphic numbers. And this bright vision of the blest dissolves the turmoil of life's jarring scenes, they fade in the light of our glory in the thought that we are heirs of immortality. And why is it that we regard with such deep reverence and love, those bright celestial beings of another sphere? Ah, it is because they take an interest in our welfare, and joy over our success in the great battle of life. They are not selfish in their happiness but fair would have us share it with them.

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

"I am a great gun," said a tipsy printer, who had been on a spree for a week. "Yes," said the foreman, "and half cocked and you can consider yourself discharged." "Well," said Typo "then I had better go off."

The lazy wife's friend.—A rockingchair.

## The True Reason.

"If we had no slavery in this country we should have no rebellion."—*Republican Pa. Pa.*

The correct reading of the above is this:—It was no Abolitionists in this country we should have no rebellion. Slavery existed in the country at the time of the formation of the government and still exists, but we had no rebellion in consequence of it. For three quarters of a century, peace, happiness and prosperity reigned supreme in the land, but no sooner did the monster abolitionism raise its hydra head and assume to control the destinies of this great nation, than we had rebellion, civil war, bloodshed, carnage and devastation throughout the length and breadth of a once peaceful and happy country. From Exeter Hall in old England the poisonous weed was brought and planted in the congenial soil of New England, and from small beginnings its poison infused itself gradually into the minds of the Northern people, until it resulted in the organization of the Republican party with abolitionism for its basis. And as soon as abolitionism entered the halls of our national Legislature did peace harmony and good feeling leave, and bitter hatred, sectional animosity and vindictive prejudice succeeded the good old days of fraternal kindness and mutual regard for each other's rights, which existed in the time of the Fathers of the Republic and continued for many years thereafter. Abolitionism in an evil hour was permitted to lead the people astray, and to-day the nation is paying the penalty of its folly.

SEATING—COURTING—Well, sir, Mary caught the skating lever which is razing so fearfully. I heard her express a wish for a pair of skates, and the next day she had the best pair that could be bought in the city, and nobody knows who sent them to her. We went upon the ice, and then Mary sat quietly down, ordered me on my knees, and quietly placed that foot, a foot in my lap, and bid me to put on her skates. If, sir, Venus had dropped from Heaven, and told me to rub her down with rotten stone and oil it could not have astonished me more than when that divine foot was placed on my unworthy lap, I felt faint—but buckled on the skates and stood up, with Mary by my side! No; we'll let me tell you.

Mary and her victim in the first skating lesson. Mary and I started—she on my left arm—all square. First, Mary's dear little gaiter boots presented themselves to my astonished vision, and before I had time to wonder how they came up before me, I felt them pressing their blessed beauty with emphasis into the pit of my stomach. Next came a wavy hair, with thirty dollar bonnet came pitching into my waistcoat with such violence that I felt the buttons against my spine. Next, Mary gazed at me from between my jack boots, and anon her blessed little nose was thrust into my shirt bosom. Ah! my friends, all research and study on the mysterious subject of woman has been comparatively vain till in this eventful year of 1862, the fashion has opened new and various sources of information. Do you remember your first attempt at driving tandem? Do you remember how that infernal perverse beast that you had selected for your leader, would insist on turning short round and staring you in the face as if to ask, "what the deuce you'd be at?" Well, just you go and try a woman on skates, that's all—just try it!—Ah, woe, you come to the conclusion that women have sundry and divers ways of accomplishing their object. Dear Mary, I offered myself to her every time she turned up or came around. I am hers.

AMESING EACH OTHER.—A correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune, writing from the Peninsula Va., on