

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

[Two Dollars per Annum.]

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

W. H. JACOBY, Proprietor.]

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NUMBER 18.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Mme. Demore's QUARTERLY MIRROR OF FASHIONS, GREAT IMPROVEMENTS!

THE Summer Number will contain four large and splendid Fashion plates, three Full Sized Patterns, comprising the new French Waist, and elegant sleeve, and a Misses' Sack, together with nearly 100 engravings of all the novelties for Summer bonnets, Cloaks, Trimmings, Children's Dresses, etc., Valuable information to Milliners, dress makers, mothers, and ladies generally, presenting the largest and best Fashion Magazine in the World, published 47 1/2 Broadway, and sold everywhere at 25 cents, or sent by mail post free, on receipt of the amount, Yearly \$1, with the following valuable premium:

Each yearly subscriber will be entitled to the selection of 50 cents worth of plain patterns, from the designs in the book, or from the show room, or they may be ordered and sent by mail any time during the year, by paying the postage.

Splendid inducements to Canvasers. The summer number will be ready on or about the 1st of May.

Greenwood Seminary.

THE Spring Term of this Institution will commence on the 7th of April next. The Principal will be assisted by able instructors, and ample facilities will be afforded to qualify Students for teaching, for business, or for a more extensive course in literature, a liberal share of patronage is again solicited.

Pupils who do not come from home, or are not put under the charge of near relatives, must board at the Seminary, and be subject to the regulations thereof. They must provide their own towels and have each article of clothing distinctly marked. Eleven weeks constitute a quarter and there will be a vacation of about six weeks in mid summer.

Boarding, washing and Tuition with furnished rooms, will be \$25 per quarter, or half payable in advance. Tuition alone in Common Branches, \$5 00 including advanced Algebra mathematics, history &c. 6 00 in Latin, German or French 1 00 [each extra] For further particulars address WM. BURGESS, Principal, Millville, Col. co., Feb. 26, 1862.

STAR OF THE NORTH

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Choice Poetry.

THE GOOD SHIP UNION.

BY H. P. MALER.

The gale is bursting o'er us,
And fast the lightning fly,
While the great peals of thunder
Rend all the southern sky;
Up to the heavens the waters
Dash in their frantic rage,
But the good ship Union rides
Through all the war they wage.

Will she live through the tempest?
Do not her timbers strain?
Will she be seen at morning,
When the storm is lulled again?
Oh, yes, through all the darkness,
God rules on land and sea,
And the crew who sail with her
Are a praying company.

When the storm clouds, low muttering,
Roll off, all spent their wrath,
And the sun so long in hiding
Streams out above her path,
Then will the good ship greet it,
With the old flag at the fore,
And her children all be blessed,
As in the days of yore.

God guide the good ship Union,
Whatever wind may blow,
From the sultry land of cotton,
Or the northern plains of snow;
No black, black night of treason
O'ercloud our sun again,
And let no war fall ever to the earth
From all our glorious train.

FOR THE "STAR."

A PAINFUL TRAGEDY.

Of what is woman, when religion's ray
Lights not the clouds that hover round her,
Her life a tempest, death a wretch forlorn,
In sorrow dying as in sorrow born.

One year ago in the town of P—, where one hundred miles from Bloomsburg, note duty and business called me, to tarry for a short time, I received a sudden notice to attend a funeral; where I witnessed the mournful deposit of the late young form, in the dark cold grave. This is always a sad picture,—it speaks of disappointed hopes—of sorrowing hearts—of usefulness terminated almost ere begun. When the departed has fallen by the visitation of God, we feel disposed to mingle our tears with those of the bereaved. There were no dry eyes at the funeral, and with these mourners every heart did throbb with sorrow.

I will briefly sketch the painful history, hoping that it may awaken parents to greater watchfulness, and cause them to be careful about the principles of those whom they admit to the intimacy of their children; also, that it may stimulate the modern class of ladies to be careful about the characters of those whom they receive as suitors,—to be resolute in repelling undue familiarity of manner, at all times, and on all occasions, and to maintain that dignity of deportment which forbids roteness—remembering: that no man designs an honorable alliance who attempts or proposes indiscretions; may it serve also, to show the danger of taking medicines without a full knowledge of their probable effects, or the advice of a competent physician.

The young girl who has commenced the long sleep of the body, but the never ending life of the immortal spirit, was the third daughter of a man in humble life, who being rather below the ordinary standard of intelligence, though not particularly inclined to impurity of conduct and conversation, was, nevertheless, a rather unsafe guide and example for his children. Miss ——— the deceased, was, by all who knew her, considered an unusually fine girl, especially when her limited advantages for self improvement were taken into the account.—She was respected and greatly beloved, and the breath of slander had never reached her,—was deemed the sweetest singer of a choir,—her deportment was singularly staid and modest,—her person about the medium height, and her countenance unusually prepossessing,—she had even been the especial favorite of her parents.

The fond mother was often heard to say, "A— is my greatest comfort, she is a blessing indeed," and "what could I do without her." Alas! the time was near when she was to learn the hard lesson.—There was one fond base enough—a demon foul enough to crop their fair flower—to destroy their bud of promise, and send her, in the midst of health and usefulness to a premature grave.

A young man of about twenty-six years, whose parents live in the vicinity, taught school in their neighborhood, during that winter, and as the school house is very near the dwelling of Mr. G—, he often saw A—, and boarded with her parents part of the term. His attentions to her were very pointed, and led to the supposition by some that they might terminate in a matrimonial alliance; others, from his known character, feared the result. It was stated, it is believed, that more victims of his profligacy still live, to bear witness to his villainy. Poor A—, who was remarkably artless

and unsuspecting, believed the tales he told, and undoubtedly expected to become his wife. Being an excellent teacher, he was again employed to teach the same school, the second term. His boarding place was at the house of Mr. G—; for many weeks, making it his home, his attentions to his victim were still marked and unremitting, until her parents, feeling anxious about the matter, questioned him as to the purpose of his assiduity. He informed them that he was engaged to their daughter, and expected to be married at the close of the term. As his social position was somewhat more elevated than their own, his person uncommonly fine, and his abilities far above mediocrity, the proposal was considered favorably and they were, in a measure, satisfied; yet, their anxieties were not wholly at rest, and repeatedly warned their child against his arts, but probably all too late.

It was Friday, at the close of a beautiful afternoon the village was thrown into consternation by the report that A— G— was dead, and that her death was occasioned by taking poison—not knowing it to be such.

The house was soon filled; friends, neighbors, physicians, clergymen, and the guilty cause of all this woe, having rushed thither at the first summons, to find the report, alas! too true. An inquest was held,—a post-mortem examination, by two skillful physicians, instituted, and the following facts elicited, that Mr. H— had applied a few days previous, to a physician, in a neighboring village, to attend a young woman for an improper purpose, offering a large reward for the service. The pious physician declined committing the crime, but advised an immediate marriage.

He then asked for medicine, and was refused. Determined not to be baffled, he went to another village, and without stating his object, led he should be "told again it was a sin, procured some medicine (not counted poison) which he gave her. It made her sick, but did not produce the desired effect, he then purchased of a druggist in the village (who would have been much more likely to have exposed him than sell him the drug) had he guessed his purpose; poison. It appears she did not wish to take it, and remonstrated strongly; but as her lips are sealed in death, her argument can never be known; but, it is from circumstances, supposed, that she urged the fulfillment of his promise, and feared the effect of the medicine,—not however apprehending its deadly qualities, she must have taken small quantities several times, and was suffering from the consequences—her face swelled and swollen, insomuch that her friends were alarmed about her, and supposed she was threatened with fever; her father having made this statement at a meeting of the choir, where she was expected, on the evening before her death.

O the above named afternoon she had been out, and feeling ill as she said, put something in a tumbler with water and drank it, she then sat down by the fire, when her face turned instantly very red. On being asked what was the matter, she replied she was "sick," and would lie down. She did so in an adjoining room; in a moment after a strange sound was heard, when all hurried to the room; she was in a spasms, from which she partially recovered, and her distracted mother asked what ailed her; who made an effort to speak but her jaws were set and her tongue paralyzed, she could only clasp her mother's neck, and kiss her, when another spasm seized her, and she died, and in less than one hour from her return home, the unhappy victim of man's perfidy had given to the early age of seventeen years, to meet her judge. To paint the distress and horror of those so suddenly and awfully bereaved, or to portray the universal indignation felt and manifested against him who planned and executed the fiendish scheme, would be a vain effort; the deepest sympathy, nor remorse, can bring the poor dishonored dead to life, and restore her to the bosom of one who looked to her to soothe her sorrows, or to smooth her passage to the grave. The guilty youth, with unblanched countenance, was present at her death. What could remorse for his crime, avail, even if he felt it, which there was no evidence that he did.—He told the parents he was engaged to her, but seemed to exhibit no sorrow, or indeed any emotion, except restlessness. He sent the sad sight of her death alone in the school-house—almost in hearing of her Mother's shrieks and groans—and in the morning made his fire, expecting scholars, but none came, all confidence and respect were withdrawn, and before two days passed he was arrested for manslaughter.

He was taken after examination here, to ———, where the court was in session to be examined before a Grand Jury, when the above facts and many others were substantiated the particulars of which could not be obtained from the sealed lips of the Judge and Jury. His father gave bail in the sum of \$15,000 for his appearance.

Now, reader, please mark another feature in this dark picture. This poor victim of depravity, and a too credulous affection had been supposed to be pious; she seemed to love religion, but, alas! she worshipped the creature more than the creator.

Soon after his assiduity became marked, her seat in the choir was sometimes vacant, then more frequently, and at last abandoned altogether. He had led her deluded steps to his own place of meeting—not worship—where those congregated, who believe God too merciful to punish sin. What a comment upon the erring faith of the universalists. They cannot think that death, which according to their belief, is to

terminate all sorrow, and translate them immediately into the presence of a reconciled God—an evil, therefore, would have no hesitation in periling the life of another, if they could themselves escape the penalty imposed by law; though I do not see why that penalty also, if it is death, should not be deemed a blessing, yet they seem to fear it, and dread to incur the very death, which it appears, that after nearly a year of cajoling attentions, she was not wholly won, and it became necessary to poison her principally, and uproot her religious views, before her purposes could be attained; in this unholy deed he was partially successful,—but she had latterly resolved to abandon that church, as teaching unsafe doctrines, and return to that of her parents.

The last time I saw her was at a meeting of the Society for Home Missions—apparently a gentle, quiet, modest maiden.

On the day of the funeral, the church was crowded in every slip and aisle, and after service the practice of opening the coffin to the curiosity of the multitude was complied with. All who wished to look upon the swollen disfigured face, late so fair, were told to pass up one aisle and down the other, and take their leave of the corpse before the altar. As the crowd pressed slowly on one gentlemanly head, lowering high above the rest attracted by attention by bending to speak to a person at his side, there was a sort of motion visible among the people;—heads turned,—some half rose—some muttered—an indignant and surprised look seemed to pass over them—two or three covered their faces to shut him from their sight, and a lady whispered "that is he!"—I saw him pause, leaning against the coffin (near where the stricken father had just raised his tear washed face which had rested there, buried in his arms, during the whole of the Prayer) longer than any other, alone—for all seemed to recoil from him, and either passed on, or passed for his passing, until he also slowly walked away, with head bent down, but searching anxious eye, exhibiting, as all who saw his face, declare no other trace of emotion whatever. The feeling against him was so great that some gentlemen were disposed to forbid his approach.

He had sent to the parents to beg the favor of sitting with them in church, as a mourner! which request was indignantly denied. This was probably a ruse to ward off suspicion. Nothing has ever occurred at P— creating so great a sensation, or at which the indignation of the people has seemed so thoroughly aroused.

What has shown more than anything else the effort he has made to blacken the character of his victim, and show that he was not the seducer. To the folly of this when contrasted with his avowed design and wish to marry her, (neither of which, however, any one believed) it seems to have been blind; and in this mean design he was signally defeated—the utter falsity of his accusations having been proved by the persons he implicated—and many threats added thereto.

He charges his arrest wholly to hostility to his universalism, although it is probable that had the dead victim belonged to any other denomination, than that to which she did, even his own inconsistent as it would be, he would not have passed unquestioned.

The father has reared his son in his own strange faith; a bad one even for this life, and no better than any other for the next, even if it were true—but if false O, how great the error! Eternity alone can show its magnitude. His mother, I learn is a pious, good woman, and laments the wrongs which she cannot remedy.

The end of the tragedy, it appears, is not yet; a few weeks have rolled on, and the sad mother has only at intervals been aroused from her absorbing horror, consternation and grief; and now, it is said, that the agonizing shock has sapped the springs of life, and that she is likely soon to follow her lost darling to the grave. Ah! my friends, beware of beginnings. I suppose that the sinful cause in this dark drama—the heartless actor of all this misery, would scarcely have dared the deeds which are likely to fill so many graves, if he had seen the end from the commencement; or, if he had a soul capable of remorse, would have been willing to allow it a perpetual resting place in his bosom, as the result of his intrigues. And she, the last one, where is she? hurried, without the power to utter one prayer for mercy, into the presence of an offending God,—not willingly, or with her own knowledge, but in consequence of a blind confidence in her destroyer. Avoid, I pray you, my young readers, the first step towards iniquity. You here see its awful termination.

One year later, and not yet, it appears, do the curtains of the tragedy fall, or the ball of evil consequences stop rolling. The physicians' report that the young man above mentioned, has been for some days in a constant state of delirium, and is not likely to recover. His apprehension anxiety, or shame,—for it does not appear to be grief,—has at length laid him on a sick bed, from which he may not rise, and his unsettled brain forbids a true saving penitence. Truly, the way of the transgressor is hard.

Bloomsburg, Col. co., Pa.
The Richmond *Whig* says that such Generals as Floyd and Pillow "are roses upon the fair body of the Southern Confederacy." A loyal editor says, "Yes, running sores, no doubt."

The Tax Bill

Since the report of the tax bill published, was given to the public, several new amendments have been made to it as follows:

For kissing a pretty girl \$100
For kissing a homely one \$200—the extra amount being added probably as a punishment for the man's folly.
For ladies kissing one another \$10.00—the tax is placed at this rate in order to break up the custom altogether. It being regarded by our M. C.'s as a piece of inexcusable absurdity.
For every flirtation 10 cents.
Every young man who has more than one girl \$5.00.

For courting in the kitchen 25 cents.
Courting in the sitting room 50 cents.
Courting in the parlor \$1.00.
Courting in a romantic place \$5.00, and 50 cents for each offence thereafter.

Seeing a lady home from church 25 cents for each offence.
Seeing her home from the dime society 5 cents—the proceeds to be appropriated to the relief of disabled army chaplains.

From a lady who paints 50 cents.
For wearing low necked dresses \$1.00.
For each curl in a lady's head above ten 5 cents.

For every unfair device for entrapping young men into the sin of matrimony \$5.00.
For wearing hoops larger than ten feet in circumference 8 cents for each hoop.
Old bachelors over thirty \$10.
Over forty \$20.
Over fifty \$50, and sentenced to banishment in Utah.

Each pretty lady to be taxed from 25 cents to \$25, she to fix the estimate on her own beauty. It is thought that a very large amount will be realized from this provision.

Each boy baby 50 cts.
Each girl baby 10 cents.
Families having more than eight babies are not to be taxed.

Yorktown.

Yorktown, as every reader knows, is memorable as the place where Lord Cornwallis surrendered the British army to Gen. Washington, October 19th, 1781, which event terminated the revolutionary war. It is the capital of York county, on the south side of York River, and twenty-four miles towards Richmond from Fortress Mifflin. The town is of no importance, as it never contained a thousand inhabitants. Gloucester, spoken of as having water batteries, is directly opposite Yorktown, on the north side of York River. It is a small village and the capital of Gloucester county.

York River is formed by the junction of the Pamunkey and Mattaponi. Its lowest part forms a bay generally two or three miles wide until it enters Chesapeake Bay between York and Gloucester counties. At Yorktown it is contracted at one mile in width. Here is the best harbor in Virginia. The river is navigable for large vessels twenty miles above Yorktown, and the distance from the mouth to its remotest sources is 120 miles. Thirty miles above Yorktown is where the Pamunkey and Mattaponi unite. From this point a railroad runs to Richmond, thirty-seven miles distant.

A LAFORABLE FRENCH MIRACLE.—The well known French Missionary, Father Bribain, was always poor, for the simple reason that he gave away everything he had. One evening he asked for a night's lodging of the curate of the village through which he passed, the worthy man having only one bed shared it with him. At daybreak Father Bribain arose according to custom, and went to say his prayers at a neighboring church. Returning from his sacred duty, he met a beggar who asked alms. "Alas, my friend, I have nothing," said the good priest mechanically putting his hand into his breeches pocket, where to his astonishment, he found something hard wrapped up in paper, which he knew he had not left there. He hastily opened the paper, and seeing four half crowns in it, cried out that it was a miracle. He gave the money to the beggar and hastened to the church to return thanks to God. The curate soon after arrived there, and after Bribain related the miracle with the greatest emotion, the curate turned pale, put his hand in his pocket and in an instant perceived that Father Bribain, in getting up in the dark, had taken the wrong breeches; he had performed a miracle with the curate's crowns.

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

A poor man gives his mite to the cause of benevolence, which is scarcely noticed and the rich man out of his abundance gives hundreds of dollars, and the contribution is paraded in the public journals as evidence of his wonderful liberality. And yet may not God see more in the gift of the one than please him than in the large donation of the other?

OMEGA.
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—Louisville Journal.

POPPING THE QUESTION.

Fair Sally and her lover, Mat,
Close by the fire in silence sat;
A dish of apples, rosy faced,
Was 'twixt them on the table placed.
In vain poor Mat essayed to speak,
White blushes mantled Sally's cheek;
For well she knew what Mat would say,
If he could only find the way.
To him she cast a side long look,
Then from the dish an apple took,
And deftly slicing it in twain,
She passed it half to the silent swain.
Mat looked confused then brightened up
And said, as he the apple took:
"Now Sally, dearest, an'no more,
As kind as to this pippin be—
'You've halved the apple, pray have me!'"

A touching scene from the battle field is thus related by a wounded witness from Newbern:—

"The Lieutenant was in advance of his men in the bayonet charge, when a volley from the enemy shattered his right leg and the Captain's left. The men were both removed and laid side by side, when William called to the Surgeon, and said, 'Surgeon you must amputate my leg; I cannot stand this. The Captain tried to persuade him not to have it removed, but he was determined, and said it must be done. The surgeon then administered chloroform and amputated his leg. As soon as the operation was performed, William called for a cigar and smoked it very leisurely until the fire was near his lips. The Surgeon then came along and inquired 'How do you feel now, Lieutenant?' to which he replied, 'Very comfortable, but I feel as if the stomp of a leg you cut off was on again and the toes were cold.' The captain said it made him shudder to hear William speak so coolly, and he turned his head so as to look in his face. As he gazed at him he thought his eyes looked strangely. At that moment William sat up, and in a voice which never sounded louder or clearer, shouted to his men, 'forward, march!' and fell dead."

A SCENE BETWEEN MOTHER AND SON—

A most affecting scene occurred the other day on the avenue, in Washington, while the California regiment was passing up that thoroughfare. At the corner of Seventh street an elderly lady and gentleman were seen to alight from an omnibus. The lady, upon learning that it was the California regiment then passing, ran towards the colonel and very eagerly inquired if her son whom she had not seen for a number of years, was connected with his regiment. Receiving an affirmative answer, the mother closely scanned the passing platoons, until her eyes fell upon the figure of her son marching along with his companions. Unable to restrain her joy, she rushed into the ranks, and clasped her boy in her arms, weeping tears which only a mother can weep over her child. The platoon halted for a moment, the men being struck with this exhibition of motherly feeling, and the long absent son returned his mother's embrace, the big salt tears streaming from his eyes and rolling down his cheeks, which for years perhaps had not felt their refreshing influence.

A WEALTHY FEMALE MISER—

The Cotner of Philadelphia, in searching the trunk of an old woman fifty-six years of age, who was found dead in her bed a few days ago, discovered no less than \$1,600 in gold, sewed in a piece of bed ticking. The arrangement was constructed with four pockets, each pocket containing \$400 in the precious metal. There was also found in a pocket-book the sum of \$117.18, mostly in gold making a total of \$1,717.18 all of which had been hoarded by the deceased. She had lived in the capacity of chambermaid at the Washington House, Chestnut street, above Seventh, for a number of years, and, last August, retired from that establishment and rented a room in a house near Ninth and Market streets, where she lived by herself, and was finally found dead, as above stated. Letters found in her trunk gave a direct clue as to the whereabouts of her relatives who reside in New York. The coroner immediately wrote to a brother of the deceased, respecting the discovery of the money, &c. The brother at once adopted the legal preliminary measures towards taking out letters of administration, and all the effects of the deceased were handed over to him a few days since.

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

DYING SPEECH OF BEN MCCULLOUGH—

The last words of distinguished men have always been a matter of interest to the world. Those of Washington, John Marshall, John Q. Adams, Webster and Calhoun, are remembered and often repeated. And now those of Ben McCullough have passed into history. When the surgeon, with faltering voice and a tear in his eye, told him he was dying, Ben looked up, and, with unflinching countenance and in a firm tone, remarked, "Oh Hell!" That was Ben's last. Ben evidently knew where he was going. He greeted his heaven as he was about to enter it.—Louisville Journal.

Graceful Act.

Gov. Morgan, the Republican Governor, New York, has done a noble thing, in nominating for Harbor Master, Col. Michael Corcoran. The Colonel is a democrat, but he is a poor man; brave and patriotic, and still suffering in the hands of the rebels, and Gov. Morgan has passed by some one of his political friends to confer an appointment which will afford something handsome to the Colonel's family. It is well done. The tidings of this remembrance will cheer the whole body of Union prisoners in rebel dungeons, showing them that, though absent, they are not forgotten.—*Miners' Journal, Pottsville.*

The above looks very much like courting the influence and votes of the adopted citizens, and we think it but a neighborly act on our part to remind the editor of that oath we read in his paper some time since on this subject. Aside from the editor's well known hostility to "foreigners," this very "graceful act" of the Republican Governor of New York, is of no earthly benefit to either Col. Corcoran or his family. Colonel is not here to draw the salary of Harbor Master, nor is he in position to execute a power of Attorney to others to draw it for him, and consequently the appointment conferred upon him by Governor Morgan is but an empty compliment.—*Pottsville Standard.*

The New York correspondent of the Philadelphia *Leigler*, under date of April 19th, ult., says: "The friends of Col. Corcoran scarcely appreciate the compliment paid to that gallant man, by the Governor and Senate, in making him a Harbor Master. Even if there were no reason to suspect the sincerity of the Albany politicians, in the matter, the appropriateness of the proceeding is not visible. The post of Harbor Master has always been occupied by a scurrilous politician which Colonel Corcoran is not, and never was. The appointing power hitherto, has always bestowed it upon some partisan favorite, who is likely to command a good many votes on election day, and the conferring of so empty an honor, now, upon a brave but unfortunate man, who is still a prisoner in the hands of the enemy, at Richmond, and who cannot, therefore, accept it if he would, savors strongly of what is called Albany management. If the Governor and Senate were really desirous of doing something for Colonel Corcoran, for which he himself would thank them, they might have recommended an appropriation for the benefit of his family. As it is, whenever he is restored to liberty, there is an abiding conviction in this community, that the President of the United States will bestow upon the Colonel a higher office than New York Harbor Master and what is more without the remotest reference to the Irish vote. I am sure, if Gov. Morgan and his friends could but hear what the Colonel's countrymen have to say in reference to their action, they would be convinced that in tendering him such a compliment at all, at such a time, they were, to say the least of it, very unfortunate."

Private William Scott was pardoned

last summer by the President after being sentenced to be shot, for sleeping on his post. The President went to the camp of the Third Vermont to see that the pardon was received. Scott was killed at Lee's Mills, Yorktown, and with his dying breath he prayed for the President. He was interned in the presence of his Regiment, in a little grove about two miles in rear of the rebel fort, in the centre of a group of holly and vines; a few cherry trees in full bloom are scattered around the edge. In digging his grave a skull and bones were found and metal buttons, showing that the identical spot had been used in the Revolutionary War for our fathers who fell in a righteous cause. The chaplain narrated the circumstances to the boys, who stood around with uncovered heads. He prayed for the President, and paid the most glowing tribute to his noble heart that we ever heard.

The following incident, says the Indianapolis Journal, is related as having actually occurred at Pittsburg. Capt Moorman was on Gen Johnson's staff and while riding along with the latter, a mortally wounded Federal Soldier called out, 'For God's sake give me some water!'

The captain dismounted, gave the dying soldier some water, and, at his request, pulled from his knapsack the likeness of his wife and children, that he might rest his eyes upon them once more. The Captain was compelled to return to duty, and just as he was mounting his horse he was struck by a spent ball which stunned and rendered him insensible, and when consciousness returned, he found himself a prisoner in the Federal Camp. Capt Moorman is now confined in Indianapolis, at a private house we believe, quite ill, and though still a prisoner, is the recipient of that kind treatment which humanity to a suffering foe fully entitles him to.—*Exchange.*

Chom Foote, in personal appearance,

is short thick set, compact, muscular and formed for endurance; having a constitution of iron strength. Like Gen. Sigel, he is a close student and devoted to his profession. His hair is tinged with silver, and his brow bears the marks of severe thought; but his form is erect, and his step elastic. He is endowed with rare conversational powers, and imparts information as though it afforded him pleasure. He can preach a sermon or fight a battle with equal composure. He is much beloved by his men, whose confidence he enjoys in the highest degree.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

THE CELEBRATED ASHLAND MILLS WADDING, A SUPERIOR COTTON FOR QUILTING, &c. for sale cheap at the Cheap Cash Store of L. T. SHARPLESS, Bloomsburg, October 30, 1861.