

# THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

W. H. JACOBY, Proprietor.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

[Two Dollars per Annum.]

VOLUME 14.

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY JULY 16, 1862.

NUMBER 28.

## STAR OF THE NORTH

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY BY  
W. H. JACOBY.

Office on Main St., 3rd Square below Market.  
TERMS:—Two Dollars per annum if paid  
within six months from the date of subscrip-  
tion; two dollars and fifty cents if not paid  
within the year. No subscription taken for  
a less period than six months; no discon-  
tinuance permitted until all arrearages are  
paid, unless at the option of the editor.  
The terms of advertising will be as follows:  
One square, twelve lines, three times, \$1.00  
Every subsequent insertion, . . . . . 25  
One square, three months, . . . . . 3.00  
One year, . . . . . 8.00

### THE VOLUNTEERS BURIAL.

"The eve; one brightly beaming star  
Shines from the eastern heavens afar,  
To light the footsteps of the brave  
Slow marching to a comrades grave.

The Northern winds have sunk to sleep;  
The sweet South breathes as low and deep  
The martial drums beat the tread  
Of those who bear the silent dead.

And whose the form, all stark and cold,  
Thus ready for the loosened mould,  
And stretched out on so rude a bier?  
Thine, soldier—thine! the Volunteer.

Poor Volunteer! the shot, the blow,  
O'er which disease has laid him low;  
And his early loss deplored—  
His battle fought, his journey o'er.

Alas! no wife's fond arms caressed—  
His cheek no tender mother pressed—  
No pitying soul was by his side,  
As lonely in his tent he died.

He died—the Volunteer—at noon;  
At evening came the small platoon  
That soon will leave him to his rest,  
With sods upon his manly breast.

Hark to their fire! his only knell—  
More solemn than the passing bell  
For, ah! it tells a spirit flown,  
Unshivering to the dark unknown.

His deeds and fate shall fade away,  
Forgotten since his dying day,  
And never on the roll of Fame  
Shall be inserted his humble name.

Alas! like him how many more  
Lie cold upon Potomac's shore!  
How many green unmarked graves  
Are bordered by those placid waves!

Sleep, soldier, sleep! from sorrow free,  
And sin and strife, 'tis well with thee!  
'Tis well! though not a single tear  
Lament the buried Volunteer.

### Last Words.

Judging by the various recorded utterances of our great men when they lay a-dying the subjects which occupied their last thoughts were as diverse as those which occupied their lives. Oftentimes, the last broken exclamations recorded of our great men contain dim forebodings of things to come, as often, however, they are merely expressive of happiness and resignation or of despair and weariness of life. In other cases, again, we see "the ruling passion strong in death." We find warriors thanking God with their last breath that they done their duty, and martyrs, while ascending the scaffold, resigning their souls to Heaven, feeling assured that their deeds would live after them, and would be their truest monument of all future time. Occasionally, too, we have men poking jokes at the grisly King of Terrors, himself, and pass behind the dark curtain with a jest upon their lips!

Surely, there is something very pathetic in those last words of Dr. Adam of Edinburgh, the High School head master: "It grows dark, boys, you may go." As the shades of death were fast closing around him, the master's thoughts were still with his work; and thus regarding the shades of death as but the waiting twilight of the earthly day, he gave the signal of dismissal to his imaginary scholars, and was himself at the same instant "dismissed" from work to his eternal rest! Every one knows that the two last words which Goethe uttered were truly memorable—"Draw back the curtains," said he, "and let in more light!"

Washington's last words were firm, cool and reliant as himself. "I am about to die," said he, "and I am not afraid to die."  
Noble words these. There is something in them which reminds us of Addison's celebrated request to those around him "to mark how a Christian could die."

Poor Oliver Goldsmith's farewell words are also very plaintive. "Is your mind at ease?" asked the Doctor. "No it is not," was poor Goldsmith's melancholy reply. "This was the last sentence he ever uttered, and it is sorrowful, like his life."

That great man and incorrigible joker, Sir Thomas Moore, perished; it will be recollected upon the scaffold. Observing, as he was ascending the scaffold, that it appeared very weak, he turned to the lieutenants, and said to him merrily: "I pray you, Mr. lieutenant, that you see me safe up, and as for my coming down, why, let me shift for myself." Thus speaking, passed away one of the best and bravest spirits of that age. Surely it was men like him that first won for our fatherland the title of "Merry England."

The last words of an old Norse hero named Thorwald, who had been mortally wounded by the shaft of an arrow striking him in the back, he raised to a barn, where a woman servant tried to pull the shaft of the arrow out of his wound with the help of a pair of tongs. Not succeeding in her attempt, however, Thorwald reproved the girl for her tenderness in using the tongs; took them himself, and by main force, pulled the arrow out of the wound. Upon it there hung some morsels of flesh from his heart, some red, some white. When Thor-

mod saw them, he said grimly—"The king has fed us well. I am fat, even at the heart-roots." And so saying, he leaned back and was dead.

Here is another account of the last words and actions of another old Norse king. This hero, feeling that his time was at hand and being sternly resolved not to die a natural death, ordered his war galley to be brought out. This being done, he proceeded on board, set it on fire, and slowly drifted out to sea, chanting his war song with his last gasp. Surely the gates of the Wallhalla of the Norsemen would fly open to welcome two such heroes as this old Norse king and Thorwald.

### The Solution of Our Troubles.

In 1856, a party noted for false promises, and mountebank pretensions, persuaded the people that the country needed a change in the spirit of our government; that change was made, and great God! what a change. Look at the blood, the treasure and the ruin it has produced. Does any man believe that such ruin would have followed if the good old national and constitutional sentiments that built up and protected this country had been retained? Bad men wanted a change, they drew geographical lines as the basis of party organizations, and sought by every invention in their power to divide the friendly, religious and political relations between the North and the South. Their schemes succeeded, and we have, as the result, the greatest disaster that ever befell a nation. Our armies are now conquering the rebellion, but what hope is there for reunion and peace, unless these sectional disorganizers and treasury plunderers, are made to give place to constitutional men in our legislative halls. If we would have the Union restored, and the Constitution obeyed, we must have men whose national instincts and constitutional love, fit them for the work, and not men whose geographical ideas, political prejudices form an impassable barrier between the two sections that are to be united. We want a Union, a union of States a union of feeling, a union of commerce and a union of interest. Who can for a moment suppose that such bitter sectionalists, such arbitrary and unconstitutional pretenders, such irreconcilable conflict doctors as the leaders of this Republican party are, can ever make such a Union. There is but one solution to this great revolution—but one way to save the Union and the Constitution from certain and final ruin, and that is to fill our Congressional halls with men, who will lay aside all geographical and sectional ideas, and point to the Constitution as the terms and basis of a final settlement. The Republican papers all tell us that the Union sentiment of the South is strong, who then can doubt that the masses there would rise up and declare themselves in favor of the Union were it not for the constant abolition legislation and the bitter sectional prejudices of our fanatical rulers. Let national men be placed in Congress, and let the people of the South be convinced that the Constitution is to be the basis of reunion, the leaders of the rebellion cannot hold the masses for a single day. Why then will the North send to Congress men, whose political prejudices, sectional bitterness and deadly antagonism is constantly preventing instead of inviting reunion? We believe the people will be wise and that such men as will labor to cultivate the Union sentiment of the South instead of constantly repelling it, will be placed in our Congressional halls. The border States are strong ly for the Union, but who does not know that their Union love is sorely tried by the insulting and bitter invective of such men as Wilcox and Sumner. If actions and a reckless disregard for the Constitution and decency could drive these Union members from the border States into rebellion, it has not certainly been wanting on the part of the abolition fanatics who have disgraced us in the Capitol. Justice calls upon the people to rebuke the men, who after having dissolved the Union by their sectional agitations, and plundered the country in its hour of peril, are now striving to interpose barriers to prevent a reunion; while human ity, bleeding, plundered and suffering humanity calls loud for the wisdom of national and constitutional men to stay the tide of ruin which had been hove put in motion.

NOSE AND LIPS.—A sharp nose and thin lips are considered by physiognomists certain signs of shrewdness and disposition. As a criminal was once on his way to the gallows, proclamation was made that if any woman would marry him under the gallows, with the rope around his neck, he would receive a pardon.

"I will," cried a cracked voice from the middle of the crowd.

The culprit desired the eager candidate for matrimony to approach the cart, which she did; and he began to examine her countenance.

"Now take a knife," said he, "lips like wafers. Drive on hangman."

A store was broken open one night, but strange to say nothing was carried off. The proprietor was making his bags of it at the same time expressing his surprise at losing nothing. "Not at all surprising," said his neighbor; "the robbers lighted a lamp, didn't they?" "Yes," was the reply.

"Well," continued the neighbor, "they found your goods marked so high they couldn't afford to take them."

Among the conditions of sale by an Irish auctioneer was the following: "The highest bidder to be the purchaser, unless some gentleman bids more."

### You are a Stupid Blockhead.

Are you sure of that? Is it not just possible that the boy's teacher is a stupid one? Are you quite certain that your questions, or your explanations, are expressed in intelligible language? Don't you talk so rapidly that none but the brightest scholars can follow you? Does not your severity of manner frighten the poor fellow so he cannot tell what he knows perfectly? Are you not in your anxiety to make him recite promptly and brilliantly, embarrassing him so that he cannot recite at all? Have you ever done anything to give that boy self-confidence? Have you ever heartily encouraged him, sympathized with him, made him feel that you are his friend? Have you ever earnestly tried to find the avenue to his heart and his head? Say to yourself, thoughtfully, "After all, am not I the stupid one?"

But grant that the boy is naturally a "stupid blockhead." Is it his fault? Had he the making of his own brains? And is it not misfortune enough to him to have been born a blockhead without your repeatedly reminding him of the disagreeable fact? Will your statement make him any the brighter, or yourself the more amiable? Put yourself down in that boy's place. How much better would you feel, how much more cheerfully would you afterwards study if your teacher were to make a public announcement of your stupidity? Would you not be either utterly discouraged or righteously indignant? What right, then, have you to outrage that scholar's feelings by cutting words? If his father were sitting in the school room, think you that you would utter such harsh words? And have you the thoughtfulness, the meanness, to use language in the father's absence which you would be ashamed, and would not dare to use in your presence? Is it not your duty to remember, that that boy has sensitivities to be moved, and feelings to be respected as much as you have? And have not his parents a right to demand that you shall treat him with kindness and patience? Will you not do away, then, with all bitter words, assured that they do no good, but much harm?—*Massachusetts Teacher.*

### Liability of Gas Companies.

The Supreme Court of Wisconsin recently decided a case involving the liabilities of gas companies. In 1857, Sydney Shepherd applied to the Milwaukee Gas Company for gas to light his store, in that city he was informed that he could have it if he would sign the application book, endorsing the printed rules of the company. He refused, and the gas was denied him. He sued the company and gained a verdict of \$100 damages. The case was carried to the Supreme Court, where it was decided that the company had the exclusive right to make and sell the gas; was bound to supply it on reasonable terms; that applicants might be required to sign an agreement that is reasonable, and that the following rules were unreasonable:—"That the company shall at all times, by their agents, have access to the premises to examine the gas apparatus or remove the meter or service pipe.—That the company reserves the right to cut off the service pipe to protect the works against fraud. That the fittings, after the admission of the gas, must not be disconnected or opened either for repairs or extensions without a permit from the company." Immediately after the commencement of the suit, Mr. Shepherd made another demand and tender of money for gas, and was again denied. His store was without gas 19 months. He brought another suit against the Gas Company—the previous judgement having been paid. At the County Court the plaintiff was nonsuited. He carried the case to the Supreme Court, where the non-suit was reversed, and the jury found a verdict in favor of the plaintiff for \$1500.—The company appealed to the Supreme Court, and that Court affirmed its judgement, amounting with costs, to \$18,000, and there the matter rests.

DOUGLAS ON SUMNER.—If there was any man that the lamented Senator Douglas regarded with abhorrence, it was Senator Sumner, of Mass. Here is a portrait that he drew of him in debate in 1854. Addressing himself to him he said:

"Is there anything in the means by which he got here to give him a superiority over other gentlemen who came by ordinary means? Is there anything to justify it in the fact that he came here with a deliberate avowal that he would never obey one clause of the Constitution of the United States, and yet put his hands upon the holy Bible in the presence of this body, and appealed to Almighty God that he would be faithful to the Constitution, and with a pledge of perjury on his soul, by violating both that oath and the Constitution? He came here with a pledge to perjure himself as the condition of eligibility to the place. Has he a right to arraign us because we felt it to be our duty to be faithful to that Constitution which he disavows, to that oath which he assumes and then repudiates? The Senate have not forgotten the debate on the fugitive Slave law, when the Senator said, in reply to a question whether he was in favor of carrying into effect that clause of the Constitution for the rendition of fugitive slaves, 'Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?' A dog to be true to his position, and still be comes here and arraigns us for crimes, and talks about audacity! Did mortal man ever witness such audacity in an avowed criminal?"

### Not a Word.

Has the Republican press had a word to say against Wendell Phillips who publicly boasted that he has been engaged for nineteen years in the work of destroying the Union?

Not a word!  
Has it had a word to say against Vice President Hamlin who, knowing Phillips' treasonable sentiments, publicly left the Speaker's Chair, in the United States Senate, and almost embraced him on the floor of that body?

Not a word!  
Has it had a word to say against Senator Wade who declared publicly in the Senate that—"the man who prates about the Constitution in this great crisis is a traitor?"

Not a word!  
Has it had a word to say against Representative Bingham who said in the House, only a month ago—"Who in the name of Heaven wants the Cotton States or any other State this side of perdition to remain in the Union, if slavery is to continue?"

Not a word!  
Has it had a word to say against Thaddeus Stevens, who recently said in Congress that he "was not for the restoration of the Union if slavery is preserved?"

Not a word!  
Has it had a word to say against any of the fanatics who declare—"the Constitution a league with hell" and the "Union a covenant with the devil?"

Not a word!  
Has it had a word to say against any of its friends who have plundered the treasury in one year of a greater sum than the yearly current expenses of Mr. Buchanan's administration?

Not a word!—*Lebanon Advertiser.*

### A Beautiful Appeal.

We copy the following beautiful appeal from the Nashville (Tenn.) Union of the 17th ultimo.—The appeal is applicable not only to Tennessee, but also to those from every other State who are now fighting under the banner of rebellion:

"Wanderers from the fold of patriotism, who have gone from the protecting shadow of the flag of our country, come home, oh, come home! Thousands of your neighbors stand with outstretched arms and with tearful eyes eagerly awaiting your return. Do you not hear the clansmen of the Union rallying once more along the hills of Tennessee? Break not on your ear the familiar strains of Yankee Doodle, Hail Columbia and the Star Spangled Banner! Do you not behold the same old flag which floated over Lundy's Lane, and Lake Champlain, and Monterey and Vera Cruz, and Cerro Gordo, Chetumal, and Buena Vista, flying at the head of triumphant legions and victorious navies? Do not your hearts warm within you at the recollection of a thousand holy and patriotic memories?—Come back to the Union—Desert the black flag of falling and ignominious rebellion. Fly from the rebel camp as from a city crushed with the leprosy or the plague!"

### Mr. Partington on Picket.

"As for sleeping on pickets," said Mrs. Partington to a volunteer who had dropped in to see her, "I don't see how they can do it without hurting 'em. Sleeping on a post would be more sensible, unless there's a nail in it, which might be prejudicial to the uniform. Every one to his taste, and such things as where a man shall sleep is at his own auction; but nobody can help thinking that either a picket or post is a very uncomfortable thing to sleep on, at any rate, there is 'nt much room for any more than one in a bed and—"

The man interposed to tell her the nature of pickets and posts in military parlance, to which she listened very attentively, while like was trying experiment in Prestidigitization, by essaying to rub the cat, and the soldiers little brown dog into one.

A TRUE GENTLEMAN.—Show me the young man who can quit the society of the young to listen to the kindly words of age; who can hold cheerful converse with one whose years are deprived of charms, show me the man willing to help the deformed who need help—show me the man who no more looks rudely on the poor in the village than the well dressed lady in the saloon—show me the man who abhors the libertine's gibe—who shuns as a blasphemer the traducer of his mother's sex—who scorns, as would a coward, the ridiculous of woman's reputation—show me the man who never forgets for an instant the delicacy, the respect that is due to woman in any condition or class—and you show me a gentleman—may you show me better—you show me a true gentleman.

FRANKLIN said, that a man with a library which he never reads, is about as respectable as an animal as a donkey, with a load of books on his back. In a sense, that is true; but one day the old donkey dies, and his library is willed to a college. It must at least be said of him, that he helped learning by putting his capital into the publishing business, and now a thousand minds are feeding on his stupid benefaction.

A young lady once hinted to a gentleman that her thimble was worn out, and asked what reward she merited for her industry. He sent her an answer in the shape of a thimble, on which the following lines were engraved: "I send you a thimble for fingers nimble, which I hope will fit you when you try it; it will last you long if it's half as strong as the hint you gave me to buy it."

### My Country.

From the Columbia Democrat.

BY REV. JOHN SUTTON.  
Hail Columbia, favored nation,  
Blest with all that's great and free,  
In the earth, how high thy station,  
Boasted home of Liberty.

Rolling oceans girt thy borders,  
Noble rivers net thy plains,  
Nature's powers obey thy orders,  
Spreading on lightning trains.

Grandly rise thy lofty mountains,  
Rich with treasures they contain,  
Mighty lakes and sparkling fountains,  
Valleys filled with waving grain.

Gold and silver in abundance,  
Garrets running o'er with bread,  
Enough for thee, with a redundancy,  
By which a hungry world is fed.

Richer still in mental treasure,  
Science spreads her golden wings,  
Fans the mind to boldest ventures,  
Accomplishing unheard of things.

Blest with virtue and religion,  
Blest with all that man can have,  
Blest with light in every region,  
Blest with all that God can give.

O! my country what doth all thee,  
Not contented with thy store,  
Why should any one bewail thee,  
Need'st thou, can'st thou ask for more.

Why these notes of preparation?  
Why these hosts in martial strife?  
Why these acts of desperation?  
Why this waste of human life?

Has some proud foe from foreign nation,  
Invaded now thy fair domain?  
Jealous of thy lofty station,  
Wouldst thou growing greatness gain.

Are not these hosts of foment, brothers?  
Brothers pledged to sacred trusts?  
Thou leave this bloody strife to others,  
For each one killed, a brother dies.

Can'st thou by false restore communion?  
Can'st thou by hatred make a friend?  
Will cannon balls bring back the Union?  
Or will rebellion gulf us end?

God of Washington protect us,  
Bid this bloody contest cease,  
Let thy goodness Lord afflict us,  
Dispel our minds and hearts to peace.

Still Water, June 25, 1862.

### "I Did It."

ABRAHAM LINCOLN has always at his tongue's end an unanswerable excuse and apology for the rascalities committed by his understrappers, and the greater the thief is, the more spirited is the Presidential interference. Witness the devotion of His Excellency to the interests of Simon Cameron.—When that distinguished despot was arrested at the instance of Pierce Butler, for false imprisonment, and there was a probability that Simon would suffer, it was enough in the eyes of the law for Abraham to assume the dignity of an Oriental satrap, say "I did it," and the illustrious prisoner goes free.

No ordinary man would have dared to share the notoriety of the financial exploits of Simon Cameron. The whole country was shocked and amazed at his speculations and frauds, which were of such gigantic proportions as to call forth even from a Republican House of Representatives, a resolution of censure. Abraham Lincoln dares to share the fame of Simon Cameron. In his late special message he by insinuation rebukes Congress for its censure, saying in substance. You were wrong in censuring Cameron. It was me, I did it—now what will you do?

"I did it!" What supercilious insolence, coming from such a man as Abe Lincoln, who occupies by chance a position once held by George Washington.—I did it! So that is to be the way the American people must be answered when they become uneasy over frauds and violations of their liberties! I Abraham Lincoln—I did it!—the Presidential ukase which is to stop the mouths of the American freemen complaining of oppression.

To such a pass we have come at last.

THE SHOE BUSINESS.—The Newburyport Herald says that the shoe business is reviving, all the shoe towns feel the good effects. In Lynn, Marblehead, Haverhill, and a hundred other towns in this State, work is abundant, and the working people are few; wages have advanced, and the manufacturers refuse to take orders for the future at present prices, so that wages may be better yet. Real estate is advancing, the tradesmen are very hopeful and everything looks first rate.

An exchange comes to us with the notice that "Truth" is crowded out of this issue. This is almost as bad as the up-country editor who said: "For the evil effects of intoxicating drinks, see our inside."

When we look around us now upon the ruin of our country, it is a proud and grateful consciousness to feel that we can "look into the blue sky," and say "it is no fault of ours."

A German writer observes that in America there is such a scarcity of thieves, that they are obliged to offer a reward for their discovery.

"Come, sonny, get up," said an indulgent father to his hopeful son, the other morning. "Remember the early bird catches the worm."

"What do I care for worms?" replied the young hopeful, "mother won't let me go fishing."

### Major-General Pope.

Maj. Gen. Pope, who has been appointed to the command of the Army of Virginia, is upward of forty years of age. He was born in Kentucky, but emigrated to Illinois before attaining his majority, and is now a citizen of that State. He entered the West Point Military Academy in 1838, as a cadet from Illinois, and graduated with distinction in 1842.

He was soon after appointed a brevet second lieutenant of Topographical Engineers in the United States service; and at the commencement of the war with Mexico accompanied the army in that capacity. At the battle of Monterey, he distinguished himself, and for his gallant conduct on that occasion was breveted a first lieutenant the commission bearing date September 23, 1846. For meritorious service at the battle of Buena Vista, he was breveted a captain, his commission dating from the 23d of February, 1847. In July, 1849, he became a full Captain in the Topographical Engineering corps, and soon afterwards was placed in command of the Expedition sent out by the United States government to ascertain the practicability of boring artesian wells in the Staked Plain lying between Texas and New Mexico. Not succeeding in the undertaking, Captain Pope returned to Illinois. He supported Mr. Lincoln for the Presidency, and in February, 1861, at the request of the newly elected President, he accompanied him on his journey to Washington.

Being known to Mr. Lincoln as an able and loyal officer, he was successively promoted until, on the 17th of May, 1861, he was appointed a Brigadier General, and assigned to the department of Missouri. In March last he was promoted to a Major-Generalship, and subsequently commanded a division of Gen. Halleck's army before Corinth. Thus he has risen step by step to one of the most important positions in the Union army.

EVEN THE WORD "UNION" MAKES THEM GNASH THEIR TEETH.—We take the following paragraph from a long article in a late issue of the Philadelphia North American, on the subject of establishing a new Democratic paper in Philadelphia:

"If a democratic paper could be published without constant iteration of the words 'Constitution and Union,' in its title as well as its text, it is possible that a reasonable degree of success would attend it. But one cannot be so published, and therefore such journals are not pleasant while they live, and in enlightened communities they speedily die. If democratic speeches, pamphlets, and utterances of every sort could also steer clear of this incessant iteration—an appropriate adjective is applied to such iteration in the English classics, which, as it is difficult to print we recommend to be consulted in the original, if these daily speeches, we say, would leave out all surplus references to the Union and the Constitution, the public would feel great relief, and possibly these utterances would be rendered tolerable."

The reason here assigned cannot fail to strike the reader with the utmost astonishment. The "Union" and the "Constitution" are, of all names, the most obnoxious to this high-toned, dignified(?) journal. Any other name would suit it better—such names stink in their nostrils.

If our Government had been suddenly changed to a monarchy, or a despotism, and all our free and liberal institutions, so carefully shaped, and so nicely adjusted by our revolutionary fathers, had been suddenly swept away, such contemptuous slurs upon the loved names of our once glorious "CONSTITUTION" and "UNION" would be appropriate enough; but now when every loyal breast cherishes the hope of the restoration of both, as our only escape from utter anarchy and final ruin, such language is in the highest degree detestable.

NEGROES IN THE ARMY.—The Abolition agitation are seeking by every means to force upon the people their perverted ideas of negro equality. The latest movement is a bill introduced in the Senate by the notorious John P. Hale, to authorize the enlistment of negroes in the army, and has created a profound sensation at Washington. It provides that the President shall have the power, by proclamation, to call on every person to enlist, without distinction of color, race, or condition, and that every slave so enlisted shall ever thereafter be free and entitled to all the pensions and bounties of white soldiers. The movement is most ill advised and has aroused the utmost indignation among the troops now in the vicinity of the Capital. They say they are willing to fight for the country but in doing so they are not willing that negro soldiers should be on an equality with them. The bill has gone to the Military Committee, and it is extremely doubtful whether it will be reported to the Senate in its present shape.

### Proclamation of Gov. Curtin.

THE CALL FOR TROOPS.

HARRISBURG, July 4.—The following proclamation was issued by the Governor, to-day:—*Pennsylvania, ss:*

In the name and by the authority of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, Andrew J. Curtin, Governor of said Commonwealth.

### A PROCLAMATION.

More men are required for the suppression of the rebellion. Our regiments in the field are to be recruited to their original strength, and in addition, new regiments are to be formed.

Pennsylvania has hitherto done her duty to the country. Her freemen are again called on to volunteer in her defense, that the blood of her sons, who have already fallen, may not have been shed in vain, and that we may hand down to our posterity the blessings of Union, and civil and political liberty, which we derived from our fathers.

The number of men now required, and the regulations for enlistments will be made known forthwith to general orders. Meanwhile the men of Pennsylvania will hold themselves in readiness for a prompt compliance with the necessary demand upon their gallant and patriotic spirit.

Our noble Commonwealth has never yet faltered, and must stand firm now when her honor and everything that is dear to her are at stake.

Given under my hand and the great seal of the State, at Harrisburg, this fourth day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, and of the Commonwealth the eighty-seventh.

By the Governor.

ELI SLIFER,

Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Address of Gen. McClellan on the Fourth of July.

Headquarters Army of the Potomac, Camp near Harrison's Landing, July 4, 1862.

SOLDIERS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC:

Your achievements of the past ten days have illustrated the valor and endurance of the American soldier. Attacked by superior forces, and without hope of reinforcements, you have succeeded in changing your base of operations by a flank movement, always regarded as the most hazardous of military expedients. You have saved all your material, all your trains, and all your guns except a few lost in battle, taking in return guns and colors from the enemy.

Upon your march you have been assailed day after day with desperate fury, by men of the same race and nation, skillfully massed and led.

Under every disadvantage of number and necessarily of position also, you have, in every conflict, beaten back your foes with enormous slaughter.

Your conduct ranks you among the celebrated armies of history. No one will now question that each of you may always with pride say, "I belong to the Army of the Potomac."

You have reached this new base completed in organization unimpaired in spirit. The enemy may at any time attack you. We are prepared to meet them. I have personally established your lines. Let them come, and we will convert their repulse into a final defeat.

Your government is strengthening you with the resources of a great people.

On this, our nation's birthday, we declare to our foes, who are rebels against the best interests of mankind, that this army shall enter the capital of the so called Confederacy, and that the Union, which can alone insure internal peace and external security to each State, must and shall be preserved, cost what it may in time, treasure or blood.

(Signed) GEO. B. MCLELLAN,

Major General Commanding

### Northern Treason.

An anti-slavery organization has been formed in the City of New York, at the head of which is the editor-in-chief of the *Evening Post*, William Cullen Bryant, the poet, which announces as one of its fundamental principles the dogma that "no State now in the rebellion shall be again recognized as a member of the Union except on condition of emancipation." What treason is this! The association is called the "Emancipation League," and addresses have been delivered before it at the Cooper Institute by Senator Jim Lane, of Kansas, and Owen Lovejoy, the fanatical M. C. from Illinois. It is intended, if possible, to engraft this treasonable principle upon the platform of the Republican party, and convert the war at once into an anti-slavery crusade. It is as rank treason as secession itself, and is based upon the absurd doctrine of the Southern demagogues, that a State can take itself out of the Union, and that those States in which the rebellion now prevails are really out. The Newburyport Herald, a Republican journal, thus disposes of the fallacy upon which the "Emancipation League" has established its creed:

"No States has gone out of the Union, and we are not attempting to bring one into the Union. We only aim to suppress insurrection in certain States of the Union, that the laws may be executed and the loyal people hold control. If the States could take themselves out of the Union, this would be a foreign war, a war of invasion, and not be justified on a good grounds; but not being out, we can make no conditions for their return. There is the Constitution—they must obey that, and we can impose upon them nothing different or beyond that. Mr. Bryant's League accepts the ground on which Jeff. Davis started and it is no more to be tolerated than should be a most of secessionists."