

# 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 30, 1862.

NUMBER 30.

## 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 time of subscrib-  
ing; 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

## POLITICAL.

### The Republican Candidates.

The wireworkers of the Republican party had the candidates for Auditor General and Surveyor General selected weeks ago. So the Convention was spared the trouble of casting about for available nominees. It will be recollected that several weeks since the so-called Union Democrats of the last Legislature held a meeting in Harrisburg. This meeting was no doubt for the purpose of selecting a candidate for Surveyor General, this office having been assigned them as a consideration for their eminent service to the Republican party. The choice fell upon Judge Ross, of Luzerne county, and he was consequently nominated by the Convention on Thursday last. Hosea Carpenter, the President of the secret midnight order called the "Loyal League," was in Harrisburg at the time of this meeting, and as he resides in Luzerne county, it is fair to presume that he had a hand in the selection of Judge Ross, and promised him the undivided support of the order. The secret history of the nomination of Judge Ross would unquestionably be enlightening to the public, as well as to the unsophisticated delegates to the Convention, who innocently imagined that they came to Harrisburg to select candidates, whereas they were only permitted to ratify selections long since made by bargain political leaders.

The nomination of Mr. Cochran for Auditor General was a foregone conclusion. He is a bitter, uncompromising party man, although he was defeated as a no-party candidate for Judge in the York and Adams district last fall, and is now put forward as a candidate for reelection to the office he holds under no-party colors. As a public officer, we believe that he has discharged his duties with fidelity. We have never heard a whisper against either his capacity or integrity as Auditor General. Our candidate Mr. Slenker, being also a man of the highest personal character, the issue before the people is one purely of political principle. Mr. Cochran as the representative of radical principles, and the editor of the special organ of T. K. Stevens in Lancaster county, and Mr. Slenker as the representative of Constitutional Democracy, having for its motto—"Constitution as it is; the Union as it was"—this is the issue involved in the presentation of rival candidates to the public.

Wm S. Ross, the nominee for Surveyor General, is put forward as the special and peculiar representative of the "Union Democrats." He is expected to entrap Democracy into the support of Abolition principles. Fortunately he has made a record which deprives him of all capacity for harm. No man attached to Democratic principles can vote for him. He was elected as a compromiser of the members of the last House from Luzerne county, and acted with the Republican party throughout the whole session. His sympathies, as manifested by his votes, were invariably against the party to which he professed attachment. He was greatly instrumental in procuring the passage of the infamous Congressional gerrymander intended to disfranchise the Democratic voters of Pennsylvania, and an act which no fair-minded Republican can look upon without shame. The peculiar manner of his selection gives rise to the reasonable suspicion that he is connected with the secret political order known as the "Loyal League." The attempt to palm him off as a Democrat is an impudent cheat. He is about as much a Democrat as John W. Forney or Judge Knox. Personally we understand that he is a gentleman of standing and integrity. Our objections to him are purely of a political character.

The Democracy of Pennsylvania and the thousands of conservatives who will set their faces against this ticket with a reasonable degree of organization and effort.

### Gen. William S. Ross.

Our people were not surprised last week at the nomination by the Republican State Convention, of our fellow townsman, Gen. Ross, as their candidate for Surveyor General. We knew for some months past that the Abolitionists had arranged, through the secret league of which Hosea Carpenter is President, to "rope in" some fishy Democrat to place on their ticket along side with a full-blown Republican, and we were assured by various mapmakers that they had fixed upon General Ross. His nomination, therefore, was but the completion of an understood plan, and consequently surprised nobody. He was to be the stool-pigeon by which Democratic voters were to be entrapped, because he had called himself a democrat. With all due respect to Gen. Ross (for he is an estimable citizen, of whom we do not intend to speak a hard word personally) we propose to show up to the reader what kind of a democrat he has been, and

how he has proved his attachment to the party here at his own home. We know Gen. Ross for many years, as a clever citizen and a man of wealth; but we confess we never knew him as an active politician save in opposition to the democratic party and the democratic organization of Luzerne.

As we are credibly informed, he first started out, when a young man, by opposing Gen. Jackson in 1828, and supporting Adams. His next step was in 1844, in coalescence with the Whigs of the district as a candidate for Senator in opposition to the late Andrew Beaumont, the regular Democratic nominee. While in the Senate he illustrated his attachment to the democracy by "bolting" the caucus nomination and assisting in the election of Simon Cameron. Gen. Ross then subsided into private life, and pursued a course politically which gave him the character of anything but a consistent democrat—until the rebellion broke out and a fine opening was presented by the hollow professions of "Union" made by the Abolitionists (who had control of the Government) for just this sort of fishy material. He was last year nominated by the Republican convention as a candidate for the Legislature, and elected by less than a hundred votes. Although he called himself a "Union democrat," he acted with the Republican party throughout the whole session. He voted, among other things, to stifle the voice of old Luzerne by denying to Messrs. Walsh and Trimmer their seats, and installing the two Abolition candidates, Hall and Russell, whom the Supreme Court have decided had not the slightest right there. By this act he assisted in throwing the last House of Representatives into the hands of the Republicans—thus again illustrating his claim to the title of Democrat. In addition, it is said, he also voted against Messrs. Walsh and Trimmer (the Democratic candidates) their mileage and expenses in contesting their seats.

We have thus hastily sketched the General's political character, in order to illustrate the gross injustice the Philadelphia Press and other Republican papers are doing him in calling him a democrat. If Simon Cameron, A. H. Reeder, Judge Knox and other Abolitionists are democrats, then is Judge Ross also. But we think the Democracy of Pennsylvania will want some better evidence than the record we have alluded to, to convince them of that fact.

### Luzerne Union.

### Union-savers and Peace-makers.

When the Democratic party years ago seeing the portentous clouds which have since burst in thunders of civil war, hanging over our heads, and warned the people of Pennsylvania and the entire North against the dangers threatened by the Republican party to the integrity of the Union, we were derisively called "Union-savers." While the Republicans carried in their processions and hung from their houses in 1856, banners and flags with but sixteen stars upon the blue square, and Democrats admonished the masses of the people that such conduct was unreasonable, we were replied to contemptuously as "Union-savers." When the Republicans were defiantly saying "let the south go, we can do without them," and the Democrats told the people that peaceable separation was impossible—that a dissolution of the Federal Union could not be accomplished through seas of blood and over the dead bodies of thousands of our fellow-citizens, we were denounced as "Union-savers." When they disregarded, sneered at and openly condemned the decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States, and the Democracy warned them that their conduct was a direct blow at one of the constituent departments of our government and calculate only to precipitate a free and happy people into anarchy, we were constantly reproached as dough-faces and "Union-savers."

Now, when their political heresies and sins have culminated in their natural and inevitable results—a conflict of arms between men of the same noble race—now, when the country on which Providence has bestowed innumerable blessings is involved in the most terrible civil war ever known—now, when our fathers, sons and brothers are falling lifeless or wounded by scores upon the field of terrible carnage—now, when almost every house in the whole land is a house of mourning, and a pall of gloom and sadness is cast over nearly every heart by each successive report from the various scenes of strife—if the Democratic party suggests or dreams of any possibility of ending the war without freeing the negroes of the south, we are indignantly denominated "peace-makers." If we ever speak of protecting constitutional rights anywhere we are likely to receive the reply, "Ah! you are one of those peace-makers, are you?" We must say that we rejoice in the appellation of peace-maker. The mission of the Gospel of Christ is one of peace—every instinct of refined humanity cries peace—and the angels, when they behold the wicked war now devastating this fair land, unite their voices and proclaim throughout the infinity of space, "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace and good will toward men."

Yes, we are willing to be called peace-makers, and we are willing to make peace honorably and without humiliating ourselves lower than the stiff-necked and preserve pride and fanaticism of the northern abolitionists and wicked southern secessionists are already humbling and degrading us.

Union-savers! and peace-makers! names

given to the Democratic party by its political opponents in derision, will soon become names of pride and honor—if they are not so already—proud appellations for any party in any county to bear! My their spirit and meaning sink deep into the hearts of men, and soon, very soon, yield to our torn, wounded, bleeding and distracted nation the golden fruits of peace, happiness and unity.—Luzerne Union.

"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 disreputable 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 or 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 the speculations and frauds, which were of such gigantic proportions as to call for 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 Mr. Lincoln who occupies by chance a position or held by George Washington. *Idid 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 phrase which is to stop the mouths of the American freemen complaining of oppression.

To such a pass we have come at last.

WILL OUR MEN EXIST, OR MUST WE DRAFT?—The great anxiety of the people at large appears to be that Pennsylvania's quota of the 300,000 troops may be raised without conscription, and there is no doubt but what it can be done if the proper means are adopted. Heretofore soldiers have in some instances waited three or four months for their pay, notwithstanding there is a small army of paymasters following in their wake, while their families were suffering for the necessities of life. Give the soldier something to leave his family—pay him promptly, and Pennsylvania will raise her quota without drafting.

Would it not be well for Governor Curtin to convene the Legislature, and recommend the passage of a bill offering a liberal bounty to every soldier as soon as he enlists? Pennsylvania is as deeply interested as any State in the Union in the speedy crushing out of the rebellion. We can have no business, no prosperity, so long as the war is raging. The sooner it is ended the better. It is neither economy or humanity to prolong it an hour longer than can be avoided. Let Pennsylvania then, one and all, assist by every means in their power, to place our quota of men in the field at as early a day as possible, so that our difficulties may be ended, the leaders banished from our soil or executed, and peace once more restored.

On Wednesday last, as we were standing at the depot, awaiting the departure of the Schuylkill Valley train, an honest hibernian had imbibed rather freely of the "O, be joyful," was haranguing the passengers, a negro happening to pass that way with some baggage, he exclaimed, "Git on ov me way, you black nager, you. Be jaters, if it hadn't been for the likes ov ye, my countrymen wouldn't have been murdered in this war. So git on ov me way, I'm a Dimmecker, and don't like the smell of a nager."—Pottsville Standard.

THE necessary reconstruction of the navy will effect an entire change of nautical phraseology. "Shiver my timbers," will be obsolete, and the corresponding exclamation will be, "Unrivet my plates." Instead of "Scuttle my coppers," the dramatic Jack Tar will have to say "Fowl my screw," or "Smash my cupola," and whereas he used to utter imprecations on his bowsprit, he will henceforth, perhaps, invoke injury on his bowsplitter.

NEW COMET.—A comet was discovered by Prof. Bond, director of the Observatory, Cambridge, on the night of the 3d inst., in the constellation "Ursa Minor." This new visitor, though extremely faint and barely visible to the naked eye, is apparently moving with almost unexampled velocity, having passed over 24 degrees of an arc of a great circle in a southerly direction, and five hours, in right ascension towards the sun in twenty-four hours.—Boston Traveller.

FOOD FOR OXEN.—Frequent observations have shown that an ox will consume two per cent of his weight of hay per day to maintain his condition. If put to moderate labor, an increase of this quantity to three per cent will enable him to perform his work and still maintain his flesh. If he is to be fatted, he requires about four and a half per cent of his weight in good nutritious food.

### Experience in Horse-Flesh.

A correspondent of the *Chicago Times*, who has been following the Army of the West, gives an amusing account of his experience in equine locomotives. Here it is:

Speaking of horses reminds me of some experience I have had in that line during my pilgrimage with the army as journalist. It is a matter of some importance that every correspondent should have some kind of a riding animal at his command; otherwise he will find himself deficient on emergencies when haste is essential. My first idea of the proper thing was a gallant charger, gaily caparisoned, prancing high and low when crowds were about, and always holding himself in readiness for a public exhibition. That is the officer style of doing the thing. I found that the article was difficult to procure and expensive to keep, having no soldiers at my command to guard a fine horse light and day to prevent his being cramped and carried off. Before I had done with experience in this line I was contented with more modest pretensions.

During a period of four months I have been owner and sold proprietor of five horses. The first of these was a relic of the Donelson fight. He came from somewhere in the mountains of Tennessee, and from a habit of climbing rocks and holding on by his nose, he was much addicted to standing on his hind legs, without regard to who might be in the saddle. This was a favorite feeding position, and grass being scarce and hay and oats scarcer, he was accustomed to take his meals in the tops of small trees, where his cultivated taste taught him to find tender twigs and juicy buds.

This nutritious food gave him a frame like a clothes-horse, and his legs to use an apt phrase, were as fat as rye straw. His back bone split a new saddle in two, and cut a hair cloth blanket into shreds. I could have got along with this, but he constantly brought me to shame and disgrace by going on his hind legs for browse on state occasions, to say nothing of a propensity for climbing every steep cliff he came to, and sliding me over his tail in the operation. He was a good horse to go bird-nesting with, or, in case of emergency, to run up the side of a house and get out of danger but he was so far from my idea of a perfect horse, that I sold him for \$30, as Floyd's veritable war charger, to a trophy-seeker who wore blue spectacles and carried a pocket watch. As I saw him afterward, in company with five others as poor as himself, dragging an army wagon I concluded that the purchaser was not sufficiently vigilant to elude Uncle Sam's watchfulness and get him home. My last glimpse of him was as he stood upon his hind legs, with his fore feet on a rail fence, apparently reaching for browse in the moon.

My next attempt was in the mule line.—A friend in the Quartermaster's Department insisted upon presenting me with a superb riding animal which had come into his possession, he didn't say how, but suppositively by the camp process. The beast had a prepossessing exterior. Ears as long as my arm, a head like a butter firkin, pipe stem neck, body as comely as a sugar hog-banquet, and legs not exceeding eighteen inches in length. With this inviting exterior, he had a disposition still more outrageous and perverse, if possible. The first time I mounted him he kicked up his heels, and landed me over his head, some twenty feet in advance. The next time, he sat on his haunches, and slid saddle and all over his tail. Then he laid down and rolled over and over faster than a Bengal monkey could have followed him; and, finally, he resorted to every trick an animal could be guilty of to show his perverse temper. He had a way of making a great fuss when the saddle-girth was buckled—putting on a deplorable countenance, and groaning dismally, as though his life was being squeezed out. You might pull and tug for ten minutes, straining the girth up to the last notch, and fairly tiring yourself out with exertion, when upon stepping back with a malicious consciousness of having brought the brute to terms, you would see his body collapse, and the girth hang suddenly limp and loose, while he looked askance with a cunning leer, as much as to say: "How do you like that, now?" He never failed to inflate himself like a balloon when the saddle was put on, and then collapse for the satisfaction of having it turn around and unseat his rider at the first mad-ho he came to. I rode him for the spite of the thing for two long weeks. I got a pair of spurs with rowels an inch and a half long, and flayed his side with them whenever he ventured to flap his ugly ears at me, and I finally had the satisfaction of seeing him tumble down a bluff a hundred feet high and break his neck.

Having had enough of vicious horses, I determined to try a quiet one next time. I accordingly invested in a demure specimen of the pony breed. He proved all I could ask for, for, from that time onward during my term of ownership, I did no hard work except to urge him to a dense sense of his duty as a horse, and more especially a journalistic horse. The arguments used in this controversy were clubs of the largest possible size, sharp pointed spikes, spurs at the rate of several a day, building fires under his tail, and, on occasions of emergency, feeling good-sized trees upon him as a starting impetus. He was patient under these afflictions, and never allowed anything to disturb his equanimity except the last two alternatives, which were always reserved for an impending battle or a sad-

den movement to the rear. He was the best horse in the world to lead an army with, for he was sure to be behind and out of danger, but the very worst for a retreat for obvious reasons. I was finally obliged to succumb to his pertinacity from a scarcity of timber and spurs, the soldiers having used the former for fuel, and his rider having demolished all of the latter that were available in ten regiments. I sold him to an army chaplain who was too much reduced by bad whiskey and the Tennessee quickstep to exert much physical force, and he was taken prisoner while going at the mad gallop of fourteen miles in fifteen hours, with several thousand howling Texan rangers in the rear.

I then determined to live upon my wit, so far as my flesh was concerned. So I found myself sometimes in possession of a borrowed animal, sometimes riding a mule sometimes bridling a picketed horse from the woods, and not infrequently disgracing myself and my profession by resorting to the corral of rejected and broken down Government horses. Sometimes I had a saddle and no horse, other times I had a horse and no saddle again I had both and no bridle, and, as a consequence, during the majority of the time I wandered about disconsolately, carrying a saddle and bridle, and looking for a horse, or leading a horse and searching fruitfully for a saddle and bridle.

Of my next attempt at ownership I can say but little. I had reason to believe him all my fancy pictured him. He had unlimited style and action, enlarged capacity for getting over the ground, and a generally prepossessing demeanor; but the next morning after I became his owner the picketed rope was found cut, and the horse gone, while to the stake was attached a paper containing an original drawing of a school-boy horse on the high prance, mounted by a man composed of two rotundities for head and body, and four straight lines for legs and arms. Underneath was the pithy announcement "Off for Dixie." The picture was remarkable for the expression of the countenance, where the artist had forgotten to insert the usual organs of vision and taste and for the three erect hairs which composed the tail of the horse. It was also remarkable for the effect produced on my mind, on finding it in place of my valuable horse. By a singular coincidence, a Seeseh deserter, who had been pressed into the rebel service, hung several times, and periodically starved to death, and who brought information that the Rebels were greatly disaffected, and had nothing but corn bread and molasses to eat, disappeared and never was heard of afterward. It was insidious that he was a spy, but I believe Gen. Halleck does not allow spies within his lines—at least that is why he turned the newspaper correspondents out. I lost forty dollars by that operation.

I now rejoice in the possession of a chief d'œuvre of horse-flesh. I paid \$10 for him—saddle, bridle, and all—and I feel safe in saying Uncle Sam hasn't money enough to buy him. He left the Texan Ranger Association on the occasion of the late battle in consequence of his rider having met a cannon ball and stopped to cultivate its acquaintance, while he went on in pursuance of previous orders, and never passed until he had gone clean through our ranks, and found a mule which he proceeded to masticate with all possible speed. He brought along several specimens of his master in the saddle bags and holsters, which he seemed to regard with sanguinary affection; and being inspired with a sight of the remains, he immediately went on the rampage among the quadrupeds in the vicinity, and put them all hors de combat with his teeth and heels. He was captured and bestrid by an ambitious warrior, who was immediately carried into the midst of an artillery fire, which singed the hair off his head with fright, but, being finally toned down by the application of several lariet ropes and a rail fence all round his feeding place he lost the battle fever, and became a sensible horse, hating a desecrated do mischief and fight mules. He never missed the opportunity to go the wrong road to bolt fiercely and unexpectedly in the direction of the enemy's pickets, to run over general officers and their staffs, to kick up his heels despitely at military persons of great airs and dignity, and, above all, to indulge in the delight of his heart—thrashing a mule. With these and numerous other qualifications he has endeared himself to my heart, and money cannot buy him.

With a change of scenes it is fit to bring about a change of names. In memory of that historic spot where for months I have burned the midnight oil, and eaten hard bread and bacon, I subscribe myself,

SHILOH.

If there be any among us who do not know the origin of Yale College, we will state for their information, that in the year 1707 ten clergymen met at Bradford, each bringing a few books under his arm. Placing these on the table in Parson Russell's study, each said solemnly—"I give these books for the founding of a college in this colony." A century and a half have gone by, and the Yale College contains her books and her graduates by thousands.

A quaker once hearing a person tell how much he had felt for another who was in distress, and needed assistance, dryly asked him: "Friend, hast thou felt in thy pocket for him?"

We are commanded to let our light shine before men; the man with a red nose keeps his light shining before himself.

### What a Bayonet Charge is.

It is said that severe as the fight at Pittsburg Landing undoubtedly was, but one bayonet wound has been discovered by our surgeons there, and that was inflicted by a baron rebel upon a helpless sick soldier, lying in a hospital tent. Some surprise has been expressed at this fact; there is a general impression that after a bayonet charge, if the contesting forces are composed of brave men, there should be a great number of such wounds. The truth is, that a bayonet charge is a very different affair from what it is generally supposed. In the first place, the regiment or other force which makes the charge, though probably ranged as near as possible squarely opposite its enemy, cannot keep up this formation during the quarter of a mile or more of ground which must be traversed by it before the foe is reached. Even with the best drilled and bravest men, one end of the line lags behind, and if the enemy should stand still to receive the charge, only a part of the line would be engaged at first. In practice, however, military writers confess that bayonets are very rarely actually crossed. A bayonet charge usually takes one of three forms; either the charging party by its firmness and impetuosity, throws the opposing force into a panic and it breaks; rank and files without awaiting the thrust of the bayonet; or, by firmness and a well directed volley at short distance, the side, which is attacked drives off the other; or in the least case, both sides behave well, and then in the words of one of our most experienced generals, "the best sergeant decides the fate of the charge."

Because only the sergeant and one or two men at the end of the line which first comes in contact with the enemy's lines are really engaged during the few decisive moments, and thus the conduct, individual bravery and strength of perhaps half a dozen men, who alone cross bayonets with the enemy, gain the victory for the side to which they belong. "What do you suppose we keep our bayonets bright for, but to scare the enemy?" a distinguished general said to one who was inquiring into the nature of bayonet charges; and a marshal of France wrote; "It is not the number killed, but the number of frightened, that decides the issue of a battle." Junimo says distinctly that he saw a bayonet fight but once in all his military experience; and it is related by one of the historians of Napoleon's wars, that when the French were once charging the Prussians with the bayonet, when the latter could not or would not retreat, there ensued a spectacle unexpected by the officers of either side. The French and Prussian soldiers clubbed their muskets, and fought desperately.

### Down with the Secessionists.

It is time that this cry, learned by note and parrot against the Democrats of Illinois should lose its terrors.

There can be no more disgraceful epithet applied to any man than that of a "traitor"; but when party leaders, for partisan purposes, visit this reproach upon better patriots than themselves, the appellation will sooner or later come home, like chickens to roost, on those from whom it emanated.

The Democracy, at the first gun from Sumter sprang to arms in defence of the government. They had always been for their country right or wrong, believing it time enough to inquire into the cause of the conflagration after the fire should be extinguished. So, when the question was between the preservation of the Union and the support of an administration with which they had no sympathies in common, they hesitated not a moment in rallying for the country, regardless of the fact that in so doing they were obliged to aid their political foes. If they buried the hatchet, the least that could have been expected was that the Republican leaders, with equal patriotism, should also sink the slogan of abolitionism in the shout for the Constitution and the Union.—Chicago Times.

A person received a very polite note from a neighbor, requesting the loan of an axe for a few days. Being unable to decipher his friend's hieroglyphics, and wishing to conceal his ignorance from the servant, he hastily returned for an answer: "Very well, tell your master I will wait upon him myself presently!"

"Did you ever go to a military ball?"—asked a lispng maid of an old veteran. No, my dear, growled the old soldier, "in those days I once had a military ball come to me, and what do you think, it took my leg off!"

"Mother," said Ike Partridge, "did you know that the 'iron horse' has but one ear?" "One ear! merciful gracious, child, what do you mean?" "Why the engine-ear, of course."

An old bachelor who edits a paper somewhere in the Western country, puts "Melancholy Accidents" as a head for Marriages in his paper.

At a Printer's Festival recently, the following sentiment was offered: "Women—second only to the press in the dissemination of news!"

A famous Spanish bull-fighter offers to bet that he can kill a bull in six minutes.—We have seen an ordinary American cox-echer do the same thing in two seconds.

Almost every young lady's public-spirited enough to be willing to have her father's house used as a court-house.

### Proclamation by Gov. Curtin.

HARRISBURG, July 21.—The following proclamation has just been issued:—  
Pennsylvania, ss:

In the name and by the authority of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, ANDREW G. CURTIN, Governor of the said Commonwealth.

### A PROCLAMATION.

To sustain the Government in time of common peril by all his energies, his means and his life, if need be, is the just duty of every loyal citizen. The President of the United States has made a requisition on Pennsylvania for twenty-one new regiments and the regiments already in the field must be recruited.

Enlistments will be made for nine months in the new regiments, and for twelve months in the old. The existence of the present emergency is well understood. No patriot will pause now to investigate its cause. We must look to the future. Everything that is dear to us is at stake. Under these circumstances I appeal with confidence to the freeman of Pennsylvania. You have to save your houses and your firesides, your own liberties and of the whole country. I call on the inhabitants of the counties, cities, boroughs and townships throughout our boarders to meet and take active measures for the immediate furnishing of the quota of the State.

Let those who cannot go themselves contribute to provide bounties equal, at least, to those offered by the adjoining States. The Constitution prohibits me from drawing money from the Treasury without authority of law, and I will not cast a doubt on the patriotism of our citizens by assuming the necessity of calling the Legislature at this time. This is no time to wait for legislative action and the negotiation of loans. Delay might be fatal.

To put down this Rebellion is the business of every man in Pennsylvania, and her citizens will show on this occasion that they do not wait for the slow process of legislation, and do not desire to throw on the Treasury of the Commonwealth a burden which they are individually ready to bear themselves.

The conduct of our men already in the field has shed immortally lustre on Pennsylvania. Let their brethren fly to arms to support them and make the victory speedy as well as certain.

I design below the number of companies which are expected from the several counties in the State, trusting the support of her honor in this crisis, as it may be safely trusted, to the loyal, fidelity and valor of her freemen. Whilst the quota of the several counties is fixed equitable, so as to fill the requisition for twenty-one regiments, let not the loyal people of any county remit their exertions to the enlistment of the companies named. Our heroic sons of Pennsylvania have moistened every battle-field with their blood. Thousands have bravely died defending the unity of the Republic and the sanctity of our flag, and other thousands have fallen, sick and wounded, and there places must be filled.

Freemen of Pennsylvania! Friends of the Government, of order and of our common nationality! One earnest struggle and peace will again dawn upon us as a happy, prosperous and united people.

Given under my hand and the great seal of the State, at Harrisburg, this 21st day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, and of the Commonwealth the eighty-seventh.

A. G. CURTIN.

By the Governor, ELI SLIVER,

Secretary of the Commonwealth.

### SCHEDULE OF APPOINTMENT.

Companies.	Companies.	Companies.	
Adams	2	Junata	1
Allegheny	15	Lancaster	8
Armstrong	1	Lawrence	2
Beaver	2	Lebanon	3
Berk	3	Lehigh	2
Bucks	2	Luzerne	2
Butler	1	Lycoming	3
Carbon	2	Mercer	2
Chester	2	Mifflin	1
Columbia	2	Montgomery	2
Delaware	2	Montour	1
Franklin	2	Northampton	2
Greene	2	Northumberland	2
Harrisburg	2	Perry	1
Indiana	2	Philadelphia	20
Jefferson	2	Pottsville	1
		Richmond	1
		Schuylkill	5
		Snyder	1
		Somerset	1
		Sullivan and Wyoming	1
		Tioga	2
		Union	1
		Wayne	2
		Washington	2
		Westmoreland	2
		York	3

### GEN. HALLECK IN COMMAND OF ALL THE LAND FORCES.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, July 11, 1862.

Ordered, That Maj. General Henry W. Halleck be assigned to command the whole land forces of the United States as General-in-Chief, and that he proceed to this Capital as soon as he can with safety to the positions and operations within the Department now under his special charge.

(Signed) ABRAHAM LINCOLN.