

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

W. H. JACOBY, Proprietor.

Truth and Right and our Country.

[Two Dollars per Annum.]

VOLUME 14.

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY OCTOBER 8, 1862.

NUMBER 39.

To Consumptives.

THE advertiser having been restored to health in a few weeks, by a very simple remedy, after having suffered years with a severe lung affection, and that dread disease, Consumption, is anxious to make known to his fellow-sufferers the means of cure.

To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription used, [free of charge.] with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a sure cure of Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, &c. The only object of the advertiser in sending the prescription is to benefit the afflicted, and spread information which he conceives to be invaluable, and he hopes every sufferer will try his remedy, as it will cost him nothing and may prove a blessing.

Parties wishing the prescription will please address Rev. E. A. WILSON, Williamsburg, Kings county, N. Y. October 1, '62.—3m.

THE contentious and experience of a sufferer—Published as a warning, and for the special benefit of Young Men, and those who suffer with Nervous Debility, Loss of Memory, Premature Decay, &c., by one who has cured himself by simple means, after being put to great expense and inconvenience, through the use of worthless medicines prescribed by learned Doctors. Single copies may be had of the author, C. A. LAMBERT, Esq., Greenpoint, Long Island, by enclosing a post-paid address envelope. Address CHAS. A. LAMBERT, Esq., Greenpoint Long Island, N. Y. May 21, '62.—2m.

A CARD to young Ladies and Gentle men. The subscriber will send [free of charge] to all who desire it, the Receipt and directions for making a simple Vegetable Balm, that will, in from two to eight days, remove Pimples, Blisters, Tan, Freckles, Sallowness and all impurities and roughness of the Skin, leaving the same as Nature intended it should be—soft, clear, smooth and beautiful. Those desiring the Receipt, with full instructions, directions, and advice, will please call on or address [with return postage] THOS. F. CHAPMAN, Practical Chemist, 831 Broadway, New York. May 21, '62.—2m.

Administrator's Notice.
Estate of Franklin Longenberger deceased. LETTERS of administration on the estate of Franklin Longenberger, late of Columbia county, dec'd, have been granted by the Register of said county, to Wm. K. Longenberger, of Beaver twp., Col. Co. All persons having claims or demands against the estate of the dec'd, will present them in administration for settlement, and those indebted to the estate are requested to make payment immediately to the undersigned.
Wm. K. LONGENBERGER, Adm'r.
Beaver twp., July 9, 1862.

Administrator's Notice.
Estate of ALEM MARR, DEC'D. Letters of administration on the estate of ALEM MARR, late of Scott twp., Columbia county, dec'd, have been granted by the Register of said county to Peter ENT, residing in Light Street, township and county aforesaid. All persons having claims or demands against the estate of the dec'd are requested to present them duly authenticated to the administrator for settlement, and those indebted to the estate will make payment forthwith to the undersigned.
PETER ENT, adm'r.
Scott, May 28th, 1862.

NEW BARBER SHOP.
Opposite the Court House and next door to a Democrat Office.
The undersigned, respectfully informs his friends and customers that he has opened a New Barber Shop.

In Court House Alley, next door below the Office of the Columbia Democrat, where he will be happy to wait upon all customers, and from long experience and strict attention to business, he hopes to merit and receive a liberal share of public patronage.
All things here done in decency and in order.
THOMAS BROWN.
Bloomsburg, March 5, 1862.

COLUMBIA COUNTY AGRICULTURAL FAIR.
The Executive Committee of the Columbia County Agricultural Society, have fixed upon the 15th, 16th, 17th, & 18th days of October next, as the time of holding their Seventh Annual Fair.
CALEB BARTON, Pres't.
August 13, 1862.

ESTRAY COW.
INSTRAYED from the premises of the subscriber, in Greenwood township, Columbia county, on or about the 10th of July last, a young
LIGHT RED COW, marked with white spots, and hind on when she left, a yoke, with a piece of chain attached. A liberal reward will be paid for any information which will lead to her recovery.
S. STADON.
Greenwood, Aug. 13, 1862.

CAUTION.
Notice is hereby given that Hester Hess wife of James Hess, has left his bed, and board without any just cause or provocation and all persons are forbidden to trust her on his account. The parties reside in Sugarloaf township, Columbia county.
JAMES HESS.
Sugarloaf, Aug. 20, 1862.—2t.

E. H. LITTLE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Office in Court Alley; formerly occupied by Charles R. Buckalow.
December 28, 1862.—1t.

BLANKS! BLANKS! BLANKS! DEEDS, SUMMONS, EXECUTIONS, SUBPOENAS, of proper & desirable forms, for sale at the office of the "Star of the North."

STAR OF THE NORTH

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY BY Wm. H. JACOBY, Office on Main St., 3rd Square below Market.
TERMS:—Two Dollars per annum [paid within six months from the time of subscribing: two dollars and fifty cents if not paid within the year. No subscription taken for a less period than six months; no discounts permitted until all arrears 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

Choice Poetry.

HUMBLE WORTH.
Tell me not that he's a poor man,
That his dress is coarse and bare;
Tell me not his daily pittance
Is a workman's scanty fare.
Tell me not his birth is humble,
That his parentage is low;
Is he honest in his action?
That's all I want to know.

Is his word to be relied on?
Has his character no blame;
Then I care not if he's low-born;
Then I ask not whence his name.
Would he form an unjust action
Turn away with scornful eye?
Would he then defend another,
Sooner on the scaffold die?

Would he spend his hard gained earnings,
On a brother in distress?
Would he succor the afflicted,
And the weak one's wrongs redress?
Then he is a man deserving
Of my love and my esteem;
And I care not what his birth place
In the eyes of men may seem.

Let it be a low, thatched hovel;
Let it be a clay built cot;
Let it be a parish work-house,
In my eyes it matters not;
And it others will disown him,
As inferior to their caste,
Let them do it; I'll befriend him
As a brother to the last.

From the Philadelphia Sunday Mercury.
Orpheus C. Kerr, and Gen. Pope's Campaign.

After arriving near the celebrated malarious junction, where a number of Mackerels were placing a number of new cars and locomotives on the track—the object being to delude the Southern Confederacy into taking a ride in them, when it is believed the aforesaid Confederacy would be speedily destroyed by one of these "lightning accidents" without which a day on any American railroad would be a perfect anomaly—arriving there, I say, I took an immediate survey of the appointed field of strife.

To the inexperienced civilian eye, my boy, everything appeared to be in a state of chaotic confusion, which nothing but the military genius of our generals could make much worse. On all sides, my boy, I beheld Mackerel chaps marching and countermarching, falling back, retiring retreating and making retrograde movements. Some were looking for their regiments, which had become mixed with other regiments; some were insanely looking for their officers as though they did not know that the latter have resided permanently in Washington ever since the war commenced; some were making calls on others, and here and there might be seen squads of Confederates picking up any little thing they might happen to find.

Finding the general of the Mackerel Brigade, lurching upon a bottle and tumbler near me, I saluted him, and says I: "Tell me, my veteran, how is it that you permit the Southern Confederacy to mean der this within your lines?"

The general looked tolerantly at me and said he:

"I have a plan to entrap the Confederacy and end this doomed rebellion at one stroke. Do you mark that long train of army wagons down there near by my quarters?"

"Yes," says I, nervously.

"Well, then, my nice little boy," says the general cautiously, "I'll tell you what my plan is. Those wagons contain the rations of our troops. It is my purpose to induce the celebrated Confederacy to capture those wagons and attempt to eat those rations—If the Confederacy will only do that," says the general fiercely, "It will be taken sick on the spot and we shall capture it alive."

I could not but feel shocked at this inhuman artifice, my boy. The Southerners have indeed acted in a way to forfeit all ordinary mercy, but still we should abstain from any retaliatory act savoring of democratic malignity. Our foes are at least human beings.

Suppressing my horror, however I assumed a practical aspect and says I: "But how are the Mackerel warriors to subsist, my Napoleon, if you allow the rations to go?"

"Thunder!" says the General handing me a paper from his pocket, "They are to subsist exclusively on the enemy. Just peruse this document, which I have just furnished."

Taking the paper, I found it to be the following:

PROCLAMATION.
WHEREAS, The matter of provisions is a great expense to the United States of America, besides offering inducements for unprovoked raids on the part of famishing foes, the Mackerel Brigade is hereby directed to live entirely upon the Southern Confederacy, eating him alive wherever found, partaking of no other food.

The Brigade will not be permitted to take any clothing with it on the march, being required henceforth to dress exclusively in the habiliments of captured Confederates.

We have done with retrograde movements. No more lines of retreat will be kept open, and henceforth the Mackerel Brigade, is to make nothing but captures.

By order of the

General of the Mackerel Brigade.
[Green Seal.]

This able document, my boy, pleased me greatly as an evidence that the war had indeed commenced in earnest, and though at that moment I beheld some half dozen Confederates—ransacking the tent where the General kept his mortgages, his bank account, and other Government property, I felt that our foes were to be summarily dealt with at last.

An orderly having finally given notice to the Confederates rummaging within our lines to get in their proper places, in order that the battle might begin, the Anatomical Cavalry, under Captain Samyale Sam-mih made a headlong charge upon a body of foes who were destroying a bridge near the middle of the field, and succeeded in obliging them to remain there. This brilliant movement was the signal for a general engagement, and a regiment of Confederates at once advanced within our lines and acquired the way to Washington.

Having given them the desired information, and allowed a number of similar regiments to take position between the Mackerels and the capital, the General gave orders for the Conic Section and the Orange County Howitzers to fall cautiously back in order that the remaining Confederates might get between us and Richmond.

My boy, we cut the enemy's forces completely in two, compelling him to attack us either in the front or in the rear, giving him no choice of any operation save flank movements. Our plans being thus perfected, Captain William Brown with Company 3, Regiment 5, was ordered to charge into a wood near at hand, with a view to induce some recently arrived reserved Confederates to take position in our centre, while still others would be likely to flank us on the right and left.

You may remember, my boy, that it has heretofore been our misfortune to fight on the circumference of a circle, while the Confederacy had the inside and this great strategic scheme was intended to produce a result *vice versa*. It was a great success, my boy—a great success; and our troops presently found themselves inside the most complete circle on record. William Brown not only, charged into the wood but staid there, and when one of the Orange County Howitzers was discharged with great precision at a reporter who was caught sneaking into our lines the report was heard by the Venerable Gammon at Washington, caused that revered man to telegraph to all the papers, that no one need feel alarmed, as he was perfectly safe, and that our victory was very complete.

What particular danger the Venerable Gammon incurred, I cannot say, my boy, nor what he knew about the battle, but his dispatch caused renewed confidence all over the country, and was a great comfort to his friends.

Having got the Confederates just where we wanted them, the General of the Mackerel Brigade now dispatched ten veterans under sergeant O'Pake to attack a few hundred foes who intrenched themselves in an unseemly manner among our wagons. The Mackerels were well received as prisoners of war, and paroled on the spot, a proceeding which so greatly pleased the idolized that he at once issued a second

PROCLAMATION.
It must be understood that in his recent proclamation directing the Mackerel Brigade to dine exclusively upon Southern Confederates, the General commanding did not intend that such dining should take place without the free consent of the aforesaid Confederates.

It must not be understood that the order concerning the confiscation of Confederate garments is intended to authorize a forcible confiscation of such costumes in opposition to the free will of the wearers.

The General of the Mackerel Brigade.
This admirable order, my boy, produced great enthusiasm in the ranks, as no Confederates had yet been caught, and there was some danger of starvation in the corps.

And now my boy occurred that magnificent piece of generalship which is destined to live forever in the annals of fame, and convince the world that our military leaders possess a genius eminently befitting every one of them for the next Presidency or any other peaceful office. By skillful manoeuvring the gifted general of the Mackerel Brigade had succeeded in cutting the enemy's forces to pieces, the pieces being mixed up with our own army.

Then came the words "Forward, double quick!"

Facing toward Washington our vanguard forced the Confederates before them to the right about. Swiftly following the vanguard, and evidently fancying that it was flying before them, came a regiment of Confederates. Pursuing the latter, as though in triumph, appeared the Conic Section, Mackerel Brigade; closely succeeded in its turn by a regiment of Confederates in charge of our baggage wagons, facing after whom was a regiment of Mackerels, and so on to the end of the lines.

You may ask me, my boy, with which side rested the victory, in this remarkable movement?

That question, my boy, can't be decided yet as the whole procession has scarcely

reached Washington but the answer may be said to depend very much upon whether the last regiment coming in is Mackerel or Confederate.

The contest, my boy, has assumed a profound metaphysical aspect and the development of a little more military genius on our side will tend to utterly confound our enemies and—every body else.

Yours ponderingly,
ORPHEUS C. KERR.

Proclamation No. 2.

The slaves are allowed three months and a half before they are converted into freemen. Freemen have no such day of grace; for Mr. Lincoln's Proclamation No. 2 goes into effect at once and everywhere. It declares martial law throughout the North, with a Provost Marshal and his deputies in each State and county. It suspends the writ of *habeas corpus*, not in specified regions but everywhere, in the case of suspected individuals. It degrades the trial of persons before "Military Commissions." These are its chief provisions, interesting to every man, woman and child in the Northern States.

Let us, in a plain and direct way, reduce these large sounding phrases and announcements to their elements. What does martial law mean? It means, in plain English, the supremacy of the military to the civil authority. When they do not come in conflict, the civil authority possibly may act; but when they do, the civil authority must yield. The commanding general is the Federal Mayor, and the provost marshal the Federal high constable. If Mayor Henry is willing to do what the commanding general directs, then the Mayor may continue his functions; but if Mayor Henry demurs, then General Montgomery, or some other general, may put the Mayor in custody. All constables are subject to the provost marshal, and (so says the order of the adjutant-general) must obey his orders. If during martial law, the commanding general chooses, he may take possession of any house in Philadelphia and do what he pleases with it. He is not answerable to the law, only to his military superiors, and they are a hundred miles distant from Washington. Such is martial law, which Mr. Lincoln's proclamation says exists in Philadelphia. The marshal, as an agent of the war Department, claims the right to make military arrests; and if Judge Cadwallader dares to say he has no such right, the marshal will, by virtue of martial law, exercise it in spite of the denial. Such, we repeat, is martial law.

What does suspending the writ of *habeas corpus* mean? Let us see. It means a denial of the right to meet one's accuser face to face; a right to know why a citizen is deprived of his liberty and locked up in jail. A man is accused, on an *ex parte* affidavit, made before some magistrate who neither knows nor cares for its contents, or, as is the fashion, before some man who has no right to administer an oath or witness an affidavit. It is sent to Washington, and "L. C. Turner" sends word to arrest the man, and the arrest is made, and he is hurried away to the Capitol prison, or kept in custody here; and when he or his friends—his wife or his children—ask why? what is the charge against him? they are told it is none of his or their business, because the President has suspended the *habeas corpus* act, and they must submit. The suspension of the writ gives a glorious immunity to spies and informers and detectors, and stool pigeons, and all that brood of noxious vermin which the stagnant pool of irresponsible power creates in profusion.

Having secured the citizen and carried him off where neither wife nor children, nor friends nor relatives can trouble him with questions, he is brought before a "Military Commission" (so says Proclamation No. 2 in so many words,) a sort of grand drum-head court martial, and there he finds out what he is accused of. Military Commissions are summary tribunals, not much restrained by technicalities and having a supreme contempt for Constitutions and laws and rules of evidence. General Hunter, who, we see, is President of one of them, might give a black man a fair trial, but will make short work with a white one.

The poor citizen ventures a suggestion as to trial by jury, and his peers, and his vicinage, and his distant witnesses; but he is pook-pooked, and maybe he is told to prove his innocence, and, failing in that, is sentenced to one of the humane penalties of military law—not flogging, which has been abolished, but a ball and chain, or perhaps to be shot, and so the matter ends.

Now, this is the plain English of martial law—suspension of the *habeas corpus*, and the establishment of military commissions. But something else remains to be considered.

Who does the Proclamation say are to be arrested? The old-fashioned rule was, that a man was penally responsible for "illegal acts." Misdemeanor is the legal term—rising on the scale of gravity to felony. Both mean "illegal acts." The new Proclamation says men are to be arrested and tried for "disloyal practices," and the postscript of the Adjutant-General says "disloyal persons" are to be arrested. What exactly is meant by "disloyal practice," as distinguishable from an illegal act or a "disloyal person" from a criminal, it is hard to say; but something is meant, and the public is left to the mysterious awe which these dark threats inspire—no one knowing what he may not do to attract arrest, or what he may not do to make him obnoxious to the new "holy office." It is, as is said of Mr. Lincoln's

No. 1, enough to make one thoughtful to find whether we are drifting. Our only object is to state, in plain and intelligible terms, the dreadful meaning we attribute to these Executive manifestoes.

Whether they will avail to crush out the spirit of freedom which used to animate not merely the Democratic party but the American people, we do not pretend to say. If they do, then we may as well get ready for No. 3, which will be that, on the second Tuesday of October, the people of Pennsylvania shall not be allowed to vote, or, at least, that the privilege shall be confined to those who are "loyal" to the Powers that be. We hourly look for such a proclamation. Ours is the day of downward progress, and we slip on carelessly—almost easily.—Constitutional Union.

The Surrender of Harper's Ferry.
COLONEL MILLS EXCULPATED.

Currency has been given to scandalous rumors in connection with the above event, by which it is sought to cover with infamy the memory of a gallant and loyal soldier as ever drew a sword in defence of the country. Even the officers who served under him have not escaped similar calumnies. When the facts come to be correctly ascertained, we believe it will be found that everything was done by our troops at Harper's Ferry that was possible for so small a force to accomplish against such overwhelming odds. The blame of the surrender rests not with the officers in command, but with the War Department, which failed to reinforce this important strategic point when it was in danger. McClellan had too much on hand at Sharpsburg to spare any of his troops without endangering his plans. It was for the War Department to have despatched a sufficient force from Washington to enable Colonel Miles to hold out until the Rebels in front of McClellan were either compelled to surrender or driven across the Potomac. Thus again to the insufficiency of the blundering of the department do we owe the loss of the services of eight or ten thousand of our best troops, and the facilitating of Jackson's junction with Lee, which cost us the lives of several thousand more. Of what use is it for us to have good Generals if they are thus seconded?

A CLEAR CASE FOR COURT MARTIAL.

If the responsibility of the surrender of Harper's Ferry belongs especially to any one officer, we think that Colonel Tom Ford, of Ohio, is that man. His abandonment of Maryland Heights was the loss of the whole position; for with those Heights in possession of the enemy all the other defences of the town were untenable. Nor does it appear that Ford made even a respectable show of resistance to hold those Heights. Gen. McClellan fought the successful battle of South Mountain on Sunday the 14th, the cannonading of which was, perhaps, heard in the same mountain range at Harper's Ferry, only some twelve or fifteen miles off. We know, at all events, that had our officers in charge of that position held out till Monday night, instead of basely surrendering that morning, the beleaguering rebel forces would have been compelled to leave the place on Tuesday morning, as they did, to go up the river to the relief of General Lee.

Thus, in holding Harper's Ferry a few hours longer, we should have saved to our Army of the Potomac from ten to twelve thousand men, some fifteen thousand muskets and rifles, from fifty to one hundred pieces of artillery, and valuable supplies of ammunition, provisions, wagons and stores of all kinds; but, above all, in connection with these troops and materials of war, we should have saved a military position equal to fifty thousand men to General McClellan. But all was lost through this disgraceful capitulation, and thus the means and the way of escape were provided for the rebel army from Maryland, which otherwise would have been cut off. From the facts before us, had our forces at Harper's Ferry been under the command of an officer of Jeff. Davis, the capitulation would not have been contrived more advantageously than it has been to Gen. Lee.

We submit that the abandonment of Maryland Heights by Tom Ford should be thoroughly investigated. We have had of late quite enough of these shameful capitulations, with the smallest possible show of honest resistance; nor until some exemplary punishments are administered for such outrageous delinquencies can we expect any great success. In conclusion, while such incompetent, blather-skiting politicians and adventurers as Tom Ford are assigned to such important military trusts as Maryland Heights, we have no right to expect anything but disappointments and disgrace.

To make larger beer the following new receipt is given: Take a barrel and fill it with rain water, put in a pair of old boots, a head of last fall's cabbage, two short sixes, a sprig of wormwood and a little yeast. Keep it for a year and then "dish out."

"Why did you come back?" asked a sleek, well-fed citizen of a poor half-sick Federal soldier just returned from McClellan's army. "Why don't you go?" replied the soldier.

A peddler being asked by a long-spindle, shanked wag, if he had any tin overalls, answered: "No, but I have a pair of candle moulds that will just fit you."

THE EMIGRANT'S DYING CHILD.

Father I'm hunger'd! give me bread:
Wrap close my shivering form!
Cold blows the wind around my head,
And wildly beats the storm,
Protect me from the angry sky;
I shrink beneath its wrath,
And dread this torrent robbing by,
Which intercepts our path.

Father these California skies,
Yen said, were bright and bland—
But where, to-night, my pillow lies,
Is this the golden land?
'Tis well my little sister sleeps,
Or else she too would grieve;
But only see how still she keeps—
She has not stir'd since eve.

I'll kiss her, and perhaps she'll speak;
She'll kiss me back, I know;
—Oh! father, only touch her cheek;
She's cold as very snow.

Father, you do not shed a tear,
Yet little Jane has died—
Oh! promise, when you leave me here,
To lay me by her side!

And when you pass this torrent cold
We've come so far to see,
And you go on, beyond, for gold,
Oh think of Jane and me.
Father, I'm weary! rest thy head
Upon thy bosom warm—
Cold blows the wind around my head,
And wildly beats the storm.

It Pays to Take the Papers.

A capital story is told of an old farmer in the northern part of the county, who had been "savin' up" to take up a mortgage of \$2000 held against him by a man nearer the sea shore. The farmer had saved up all the money in gold, fearing to trust the banks in these war times. Week before last he logged down his gold and paid it over, when the following colloquy ensued.

"Why, you don't mean to give this \$2000 in gold do you?" said the lender.

"Yes, certainly," said the farmer, "I was afraid of the pesky banks, and so I've been saving up the money in yellow boys, for this long time."

"All right," responded the lender, "only I thought you didn't take the papers, that's all!"

"Take the papers! No, sir, not I. They have gone on so since the war's been going that I won't have one of the d—ish things about. But the money is all right, isn't it?"

"Yes, all right, \$2000 in gold. All right, here's your note and mortgage!"
And well he might have called it all right as the premium on gold that day was 22 percent, and his gold was not only worth the face of his bond, but \$440 besides, enough to have paid for his village newspaper for himself and posterity at least three weeks. It pays to take the papers.—*Norfolk Gazette.*

A notorious scamp was brought not long ago before an Onondago Justice. He was accused of having come the "strap-game" over a native. The portly Justice wishing to decide understandingly, requested the culprit to give him a sample of his skill. The party instantly produced a leather strap gave it a scientific whack across the bench, and remarked:

"You see Judge, the quarter under the strap?"

"What?" interrupted the dignified functionary, "do you mean to say that there is a quarter there?"

"Sartin!" was the reply.

"No such thing," said the Justice.

"If I go you a dollar on it," said the prisoner.

"Agreed!" said the Bench.

With accustomed adroitness the strap was withdrawn, when lo! there was the quarter!

"Well," said the astonished Shallow, "I wouldn't have believed it if I hadn't seen with my own eyes! There is your dollar, and you are fined five dollars for gambling, contrary to the statute in such case made and provided!"

The elongated countenance of the discomfited gambler required no additional evidence to testify his appreciation of "the suck."

FARMING ON SHARES.—Connecticut boasts of some good farmers. They have a curious way of doing things on shares, and the result of these operations sometimes offer a fine field for the display of logic. One of their farmers leased to his son-in-law three acres of land to be planted with corn and cultivated by him at the halves. In the fall the lessee said that was the poorest land he ever worked on; "for," said he, "I worked hard all summer, and at harvest time, when we came to divide crop, I not only had no corn left for myself, but I had to go and buy five bushels of shelled corn to make out my father-in-law's half!"

Here is another case illustrating the workings of this peculiar institution of doing things on shares:—Farmer A—happened to have more pigs than he could keep, while his neighbor B—had more milk than he could dispose of. One day A—brought two pigs over and deposited them in B—'s pen, saying that he wished B—to keep them, on shares, and that he might keep them two months, and have one of them as his share. B—replied that as he had plenty of feed he would keep them four months and have them both as of course that would amount to the same thing! A—left, saying that he supposed it was all right but guessed he wouldn't bring any more.

"There's two ways of doing it," said Pat to himself, as he stood musing and waiting for a job, "If I save me four thousand dollars I must lay up two hundred dollars a year for twenty years, or I can put away twenty dollars a year for two hundred years—now which shall I do?"

From the Weekly Scotsman. The Confederate Forces and Prospects.

The Times publishes a statement from George Saunders, late American Consul in London, who has arrived in England by the Jura, direct from Richmond. He has important advices from the Confederate Commissioners. He says:—The army in Virginia numbers 200,000 fighting men, with 400 pieces of well-appointed field artillery and 10,000 splendidly mounted and armed cavalry. The army was in fine condition, marching on the enemy and anxious to give them battle, and no one in or out of the army doubted the result. 150,000 infantry and artillery and 12,000 cavalry are in supporting distances in North Alabama, East Tennessee, and South Eastern Kentucky, and were making concerted marches upon the front and rear of Buell's and Grant's armies, supposed to be less than 150,000. The Confederate cavalry, under Generals Forrest and Morgan, had cut off the Federal reinforcements and supplies by river and rail, destroying the bridges, tunnels, trains, and transports from close proximity to 150 miles in Buell's rear. It was confidently believed at Richmond that Gen. Buell's army would have to capitulate.—To hold St. Louis and Missouri against the Confederate forces would require 150,000 men. Accounts from Tennessee, Missouri, Kentucky, and Maryland represent that the young men are ready and anxious to take up arms as soon as the Confederate army shall advance; that the Confederate Government calculate upon adding to their number in the field not less than one hundred and fifty thousand from these States, they having furnished scarcely a regiment to the Federal army under the last call, and that the health of Richmond is particularly good. The Times believes the above statement to be genuine.

THE FIGHTING FORCE OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES.

A writer in the *Mobile Register* gives the statistics of the fighting force of the Confederate States, professedly derived from the United States census table of 1840 and 1850, and assuming that the ratio of increase from 1850 to 1860 is as great as that from 1840 to 1850. The census tables for 1850 show that the fourteen slave states had a white male population between the ages of 15 and 50 of 1,470,000; and the States increased as rapidly between 1850 and 1860 as they did during the preceding ten years, their present white male population between 15 and 50 will be 2,030,000. "Assuming the census tables to be correct," says the *Richmond Whig*, "we now have in the fourteen Southern States, upwards of two millions of white males between the ages of 15 and 50, and it is idle to talk about conquering them. They are not shopkeepers, tailors, factorymen, button-makers, &c., turned loose upon the world, and forced to enlist from want; but they are use to handling the shot gun and rifle from the age of 12. Grant, however, that this estimate is extravagant, let us suppose that the ages of 18 and 40 should govern as the limit. Still this would not reduce us to despair, for, by no rule of calculation could our fighting forces be reduced to one million of men. This force can be kept in the field as long as the North may assail us, and it will not interfere with our producing and agricultural population. When the present crops are gathered, the South will not again feel any want of food for man or horse. Insurrection among her black population, upon which the North counted so largely, does not exist; our slaves can be safely trusted to the management of the boys under 18 and the old men, and abundant crops be thus secured while our fighting men are in the field. Not so with the North. Whenever she puts anything like her military strength into the field she weakens her power to feed her people; and though her white population in 1860 was 19,000,000, against 8,700,000 whites of the South, and though she ought, therefore, to be able to send out two soldiers where we can send one, yet we question much if she can send out one million as readily as the South can. The prolongation of this struggle will develop more of the resources of the South than of the North."

A CALL TO ARMS.—The following "exciting" call to arms has been extensively circulated in the State of Connecticut, United States:—

"Invaild Brigade! Pour in Patriotic Sons of Connecticut, and fill up the Ranks!—Glory, Hallelujah! Your Country calls! Let'er call. Get your certificate, and join the glorious Brigade of General Debility! The first Regiment of this Brigade will consist of the following companies:—Company A. Sapheads and Minors; Company B. Undertakers' Zouaves; Com'y C. Crutch Company, (in ambulances); Company D. Only Sons Company; Company E. Peace Guards in Private Carriages; Company F. Substitute Corps; Company G. Disabled Patriots; Company H. Forty-six year olders 'pet lams'; Company I. Invited Guests, (foreigners); Company K. Canadian Volunteers. There will be a 'grand inspection' of the corps on Saturday; every 'ill' that flesh is heir to' is expected to be in the ranks. The Undertakers' Zouaves will form the right of the line. A few more men wanted for this company. None but able bodied men need apply. Each man will be armed with a pine coffin and a 'certificate.' Bounty Land—A Farm 6 ft. x 1, will be given to each recruit."