

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 OCTOBER 22, 1862.

NUMBER 41.

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STAR OF THE NORTH.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY BY Wm. H. JACOBY.

Office on Main St., 3rd Square below Market. TERMS:—Two Dollars per annum if 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.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.
We love the friends our hearts hold dear,
Our sisters and our brothers,
But most of all, we ought to love
Our dear devoted mothers.

Although this world is dark and drear
Its joys partake of sadness,
Yet, none of them there will appear
A beam of love and gladness.

A friend may love us long and well,
And cling through joy and sorrow,
But then some evil cursed spell
Its joys partake of sorrow!

But dearer than the love of friends,
And stronger than all other,
The purest love we ever knew
Is that of our dear mother.

A sister's love is fond and true,
And full of tender feeling,
Appreciated by the few,
And often unrevealing.

But dearer than a sister's love,
And tender than all others,
The dearest, sweetest love on earth
Is a devoted mother's.

A brother's love is firm and true,
A father loves us longer;
A wife's devotion greater still,
But dearer than those loves combined,
And sweeter than all other,
There is no love as true and kind
As a devoted mother.

They tell that spirits hover round,
From evil to benign;
That friends, whom once we knew on earth
In Heaven may still befriend us;
But dearer here than angel's love,
And purer than all others,
The love on earth we need the most,
Is a devoted mother's.

Then let us prize our mothers more,
While they are left to love us;
And cherish in our hearts their words,
If now they watch above us;
And never forget or treat with slight,
Phrases above all others,
Which filled forever burning bright,
The hearts of our dear mothers.

One of the Unrecorded Incidents of the Camp.

Many a glorious incident of the field, and many a humane action in the hospitals of our soldiers, but how few of these will be recorded by the pens of the country. Yesterday we happened to be in conversation with one of our brave Dauphin county boys, a soldier from gallant old Wisconsin township, who had seen much of the hardships of march and the brunt of the battle, and who knew what it was to suffer in the hospital.

He was with McClellan in the swamps and was wounded in one of the severe skirmishes which took place in that locality. He was sent to the hospital and then, to use his own homely but emphatic language, "he suffered lots and gobs of pain," and thought that at one time he would be compelled to fall back in good order into the grave.

While he was in the hospital at Harrison's Landing, he noticed a quiet, benevolent, middle aged lady, hovering over sick beds like a ministering angel, and passing among the wounded with the power of a health giving, soothing and inspiring influence. One day the kind matronly lady told a number of sick Pennsylvanians, that she would order a lot of oysters to be sent to the hospital, as she believed that stewed oyster broth would be invigorating to the system.

The oysters came, but the surgeons and some of the nurses in charge decided that they were not the thing for the sick—that a soldier should not luxuriate on oyster soup—that it would unfit him for his usual rations when he was discharged from the hospital—and therefore surgeons and nurses had a grand time over a splendid oyster supper that night. The next morning the same lady returned as ever the bearer of comfort and cheer to the wounded, and upon inquiring after the health of her-sons, as she called all in the hospital, desired to know how they had relished their oysters. The sick boys hesitated a moment, and then informed her that the oysters had been decided unfit food for common soldiers—and that the gentlemanly nurses and brave surgeons had regaled themselves with those she had sent, in an oyster supper. A frown suddenly gathered on her features, but it was as suddenly given way to the placid smile which was wont to render her countenance so beautiful in the eyes of the sick men to whom she ministered. At this moment several of the nurses and surgeons appeared, and having heard that the old lady was inquiring as to the disposition of the oysters, and learning that she was informed of their conduct attempted to look very dignified, and in an imperious voice wanted to know why the old woman was interfering with the men, and what right she had to sow discontent among the patients. She gently remonstrated, and in a seeming supplicating voice, said that she had some right in the hospital. One of the surgeons next inquired as to how she sustained that right. This was answered by the old lady

that she had a son in the army. "Plenty women have sons in the army, and still they have no right to interfere with the hospitals," was the insolent rejoinder—"What is the name of your boy, mother," was the next question. "George B. McClellan," mildly replied the lady. Had a bomb shell suddenly burst in the midst of those surgeons and nurses—or had the entire rebel army suddenly rushed on the hospital, the confusion could not have been greater among all present.

The surgeons and nurses scarcely knowing what they did added to their humiliation by their awkward apologies—while the sick soldiers who were within hearing of what was going on, rose on their pallets, cheered and then fell back again weeping and sobbing with ecstasy of joy.

It was the mother of Major General George B. McClellan, who had been the nurse and the benefactor of the sick soldier. What mother in the land will refuse to invoke Heaven's richest blessing on her head!

Conspiracy to Depose the President.

The following, which appeared in the New York Herald yesterday, under the Washington date, Sept. 16, will not surprise the reading community, after the proceedings of the New York War Committee, notwithstanding its seeming sensation character. That there is on foot some such conspiracy as that alluded to, we think scarcely admits of a doubt. Fremont and those who support him are capable of attempting anything that holds out to them a chance of success.

Most astounding disclosures have been made here to-day, by letters and verbal communications from prominent politicians showing that a conspiracy has been set on foot by the radicals of the Fremont faction to depose the present administration, and place Fremont at the head of a provisional government, in other words to make him military dictator. One of these letters asserts that one feature of this conspiracy is the proposed meeting of Governors of the Northern States to request President Lincoln to resign, to enable them to carry out their scheme. The writer, in conclusion, says Governor Andrew and Senator Wilson are at work and they are probably at the movement. From other well informed it is learned that the fifty thousand independent volunteers, proposed to be raised under the auspices of the New York National Union Defense Committee were intended to be a nucleus for the organization of this Fremont conspiracy. It was the purpose of those engaged in this movement to have this force organized and armed by the government, and placed under the independent command of their chosen leader, and then to call upon all sympathizers to unite with them in arms to overthrow the present administration and establish in its stead a military dictatorship, to carry out the peculiar policy they desire the government should execute. Failing in this, it is stated that a secret organization has been inaugurated, the members of are known by the name of Roundheads. It is intended that this organization shall number two hundred thousand men in arms, who shall raise the standard of the conspirators and call General Fremont to the command. They expect to be joined by two thirds of the Army of the Union now in the field, and that eventually one million of armed men will be gathered around their standard. This startling disclosure is vouched for by men of high repute in New York and other Northern States. It is the last card of those who have been vainly attempting to drive the President into the adoption of their own peculiar policy.

The President's Proclamation in Kentucky.

The Louisville Journal denounces the President's late emancipation Proclamation and says it "will prove only to effectually for the purposes of the enemy" The Journal further says:

Kentucky cannot and will not acquiesce in this measure. Never! As little will she allow it to chill her devotion to the cause thus cruelly impelled anew. The government our fathers framed is one thing, and a thing above price; Abraham Lincoln, the temporary occupant of the executive chair, is another thing, and a thing of comparatively little worth. The one is an individual, the sands of whose official existence are running fast, and who, when his official existence shall end, will be no more or less than any other individual. The other is a grand political structure, in which is contained the treasures and the energies of civilization, and upon whose lofty and shining dome, seen from the shores of all climates, centre the eager hopes of mankind. What Abraham Lincoln as President does or fails to do may exalt or lower our estimate of himself but not of the great and beneficent government of which he is but the temporary servant. The temple is not the less sacred and precious because the priest lays an unlawful sacrifice upon the altar. The loyalty of Kentucky is not to be shaken by any mad act of the President. If necessary she will resist the act, and aid in holding the actor to a just and lawful accountability, but she will never lift her own hand against the glorious fabric because he has blindly or criminally smitten it. She is incapable of such guilt and folly.

The True Cause of the Rebel Northward Move.

From the Richmond Examiner, Sep. 12. The grain growing and provision raising country which stretches from the Potomac at Harper's Ferry to Memphis on the Tennessee is now exhausted of its provisions. The armies of the South have consumed everything in the central portion of it, and the joint armies of the two belligerent Powers have consumed the supplies of the extremes. Much of the productive of North Carolina and the Gulf States have been also exhausted, and the general scarcity of all sorts of supplies is attested by the high prices of everything eatable. Wheat is worth two dollars and a half at Bristol, in the heart of a fine wheat country, and cattle are bringing seven cents gross in Southwestern Virginia, the chief cattle raising region for the whole South. Pork is not to be engaged now of the pork raisers of East Tennessee at twenty-five cents, though one-fourth that figure has always been doubt a good price after it had reached the markets of consumption. Hay, which used to be difficult of sale at fifty cents a hundred in the interior, now cannot be obtained in sufficient quantities to supply the demand at two dollars. Every article of farm produce has gone up to these fabulous prices, and the ready payment of these tempting rates has exhausted the farming regions of the South of their supplies. High prices now no longer command, in requisite quantities, the farm staples of the country.

The fact has resulted from the circumstance that a comparatively limited region of country has been compelled to support not only its own population, but also the armies both of friend and foe. The exhaustion which has resulted is almost complete, as is shown by the fact that while a dozen eggs may be procured for three cents in

Boston, they readily command a dollar in Richmond. As our armies have now advanced into Kentucky and Maryland, the scarcity of food will be relieved to the extent of the army supplies; but the exhaustion is so absolute that it must be some time before prices can subside to their accustomed rates.

There are two sources only from which Government and people can obtain the provisions necessary for their support. The first source is the cotton country, in which unusual areas, heretofore devoted to cotton, are said to have been sown and planted in grain, the source of supply will be ample for the emergency. But the rearing of animals cannot be increased with the same rapidity as that of grain crops; and the cotton country will remain still longer a consumer of meats rather than a producer.

The deficiency in cattle might possibly have been made up from Texas, and probably will be to some extent; but the command of a large portion of the channel of the Mississippi by the enemy will seriously diminish the supply of flesh derived from that quarter.

The great and true source of meat supply is the State of Kentucky. If our armies could push directly forward on that State and occupy it to the banks of the Ohio, the political advantages secured to the South would be of no small account compared with those she would derive in a supplementary point of view. There are more hogs and cattle in Kentucky available for general consumption, two or three to one, than are now left in all the South besides, and steps ought to be taken by Government to drive these animals as well as mules and horses as the armies march forward, and place them within our lines. It is not only positively important to us that these animals should be promptly secured as they fall within our grasp, but it is negatively so, also in depriving the enemy of the convenient supplies of meat for their army which they have derived from Kentucky.

The Best Advantage.

A countryman went into a store in Boston the other day, and told the keeper that a neighbor of his had entreated him with some money to be spent to the best advantage, and he meant to do it where he would be treated the best.

He had been very well treated in Boston by the traders, and would not part with his friends money until he found a man who would treat him about right. With the utmost civility the trader says,

"I think I can treat you to your liking, how do you want to be treated?"

"Well," says the farmer with a leer in his eye.

"In the first place I want a glass of toddy," which was forthcoming. "Now I will have a nice cigar," says the countryman. It was promptly handed him, leisurely lighted, and then throwing himself back, with his feet as high as his head, he commenced puffing away like a Dutchman.

"Now what do you want to purchase?" says the storekeeper.

"My neighbor handed me two cents when I left home to buy him a plug of tobacco," answered the farmer, "have you got the article?"

The storekeeper stopped instantly, and the next thing that was heard from him was that his sides were shaking and his face on fire as he was relating the sell to his friends down town.

A Soldier's Story.

Not long since a lot of us—I am an H. P., "high private," were quartered in several wooden tenements and in an inner room of one lay the corpse of a young seaman off on a village not far off, and down came tearing a sentimental, not bad-looking specimen of a Virginia dame.

"Let me kiss him for his mother!" she cried, as I interrupted her progress. "Do let me kiss him for his mother!"

"Kiss whom?"

"The dear little Lieut. the one who lies dead within. I never saw him but oh!"

I led her through a room in which young Lieut. of Philadelphia lay stretched out on an upturned trough, fast asleep—Supposing him to be the article sought for, she rushed up exclaiming—

"Let me kiss him for his mother," she cried, as I interrupted her progress. "Do let me kiss him for his mother!"

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The Episcopal Convention.

SPEECH OF MR. SEYMOUR.

The Convention continued its meeting on Saturday.

A debate was had on a series of resolutions introduced the day before by Hon. Judge Hoffman, recommending the convention to declare that the Southern churchmen, in rejecting the authority of the church and the government of the country, should be declared not of their body.

Hon. Horatio Seymour arose and spoke upon this subject. He desired, he said, to offer a few observations relative to the vote he had on the preceding day cast in favor of the resolutions introduced by the Rev. Dr. Brunot, of Pennsylvania. He was a close and constant reader of the public journals, more so, perhaps, than any member of the august and honorable body before him, and on the morning of the day in question, he had read in one of the public prints what would probably be the purport of the resolution to be presented. Thus informed beforehand of their scope and character, he had come to the convention with his mind prepared, and had voted in favor of the resolutions.

He had done so deliberately, because he sincerely thought that a fair, free, and thorough discussion of the great question would clear the mental atmosphere of the convention of any doubt that lingered there; would set the great Episcopal body of the Union right before the country and its brethren everywhere, and would, in the restoration of a perfect understanding and the settlement of the disputed points, contribute to the future harmony and joy of all men members of that convention when they should return to their homes. He for one, did not fear debate in its widest and fullest sense.

Why should any number of dignified and, in the persons of its reverend clergy, so exalted a convocation, hesitate to adopt any course in consonance with its high and holy mission? The discussion that was proposed would, perchance, remove from among them many subjects of dispute, nay, even of discord, with which the church had directly nothing whatever to do, and in this light, and with this aim, he could not but believe that the introduction of the question would be productive of essential good, for it was his earnest hope, as it was his sincere conviction, that the influence of the Episcopal Church, would be a most ready and effective instrument in bringing about the healing up of wounds, and the restoration of a blessed peace.

Such had been the mission of the Church of Christ in all ages and all lands where its standard had been reared, and no hour so dark had come, no tempest so fierce had rolled over the world, when the sacred emblems of our glorious faith and the teachings of the man of God had not been able to arrest and soothe, and finally to subdue the wrath of human passions.

War had its uses, and, at times, the path to peace lay over the bloody furrows of the battle field, but where was a power in love that transcended all the achievements of brute force. Such was not only the doctrine of God's word, but it was the common testimony of the past.

It was with this view, and penetrated by this sentiment, that the speaker had voted for a special, and common form of prayer for this emergency—a form in which all might fervently unite—one that would express the inmost throbbings of their hearts, and at the same time convey to the world a true comprehension of the position of the church. In so doing it was essential that the invocations addressed to the Most High, and the Episcopal action taken by this important body should be conceived in a true spirit of love for their erring and misguided brethren, and that the record should be such as to withstand the scrutiny of the future—When he contemplated the stalwart form of his revered friend from New York, Dr. Vinton, as he rose, every inch the type of a soldier for the field as well as a soldier in the service of Christ—when saw him stand up before this house and bear him, in that pregnant, forcible and eloquent language, which was so singularly his gift, heap denunciation on the South, carried on by the fervent zeal that distinguishes him in all his undertakings, he (the speaker) could not refrain from casting his thoughts forward for relief to that period, still three years in the future when this convention would again assemble; when the whole church, North and South, would again be gathered around the common altar to offer there a common sacrifice.

In that day, and amid that scene, he knew that his old friend, whose voice had yesterday rung like a war-trumpet in their ears, would be among the first in good feeling—would be a very child in the gracious joy with which he would greet his Southern brethren returning to their old accustomed seats. Let there be nothing, then, placed upon the record to revive

Effects of Negro Emancipation

The inevitable fruits of negro emancipation can be seen in the recent attempt of Gen. Jim Lane's negro brigade to cross from Kansas into Missouri, for the purpose of robbing and murdering the white men, women and children of that section.

In this case, fortunately, they did not accomplish their brutal intent, but under the lead of the drunken out throat, who commands them, who can tell what crimes they will not perpetrate? In this white men can see the inevitable consequences of negro emancipation and equality. No sooner are they equals than they aspire to be masters, and then follows murder, arson, rapine, and all the more disgusting and inhuman crimes. And this is the class of our population upon which all the care and sympathy of the Abolition Republican faction is expended. They are enlisted in the service, and mustered into brigades, and paid regularly, whilst the poor white soldiers do not see the paymasters once in six months! All for the negro, nothing for the white man.—Constitutional Union.

GEN. POPE IN LANCASTER.—General Pope was at Lancaster on Monday night. He was heartily cheered, and in response said:

Citizens of Lancaster—I thank you for your kind reception, and regret that I have no cheering news to tell you; but I still live in hope that Pennsylvania will be invaded. The troops under my command fought well, and among them none fought better than the Pennsylvanians. We did all that men could do but we were not supported by the Government as we should have been.

The following, from the Journal of Commerce, in correction of an allegation recently put into currency against Gen. McClellan, corresponds, the National Intelligencer says, with information in its possession:

We have received numerous inquiries on the subject of the accusation that Gen. McClellan refused to forward supplies to Pope, and the recent appointment of the General to the high command he now holds seems not to have been sufficient to stop the circulation of the misstatements. We have the best authority for declaring the whole allegation untrue. Gen. McClellan had forwarded all his cavalry to Gen. Pope, even to his own bodyguard, and sent forward the supplies with an infantry escort, asking and expecting a cavalry escort to meet them. The whole foundation of the story was in the fact that he sent forward the request for this cavalry, although the supplies were actually in motion.

rancor in that hour of cordial reunion; let there remain no seed of future discord in the church; but let the proceedings of that high body bear evidence to the abundant love and charity that filled it.

Such he felt was the real sentiment of those around him, and hence he favored the discussion that, he knew must elicit it. Just and wise caution he believed would follow the debate. To the cause of the war he would not refer. There, as in all other large bodies, different political opinions were entertained, and these he did not wish to involve in controversy, yet he could not and would not refrain from saying, and saying emphatically, too, that whatever might have been the origin of this unhappy contest, this seemed to be abroad in the land a forgetfulness or a disregard of the wise policy and glorious principles of our fathers—a neglect of those essential elements of Republican liberty that were the life of the state and a reckless spirit of headlong theory—which had plunged our country into gigantic difficulties.

Our sins—the sins of the whole land had invited our present troubles, and it would be well, in the question now before the house, to avoid, if possible, the fatal error of ascribing all evil to one source, and to place upon the record that which three years hence they would bitterly regret to see there. Let not the idle pastime of issuing paper bulls against the blazing comet be repeated by so grave a body, but let those things which are not of the church take care of themselves in other channels. Let the bonds of brotherhood so remain that on another day we may meet our Southern brethren once more, and draw the remembrances of past differences in the tears of a heartfelt reconciliation.

For his part he has conscientiously and frankly, under strong convictions of duty to his country, and animated by undying loyalty to her happiness progress, from the very first, opposed the extravagant action of those especially wedded to the war, yet he desired just as earnestly to see the church made unmistakable before the South and the whole world.—But, in whatever action the convention might propose to take, he conjured it to deal with our Southern brethren as children of the same Father, as members of the same flock—as fellow countrymen once, as such to be again—as Christ an men.

In conclusion then, disclaiming all intention or desire to call up any question not conducive to the best interests of the Church, he would again express the hope that the resolution might be fully and freely discussed.

Marked sensation accompanied the delivery of the above address, and a very visible disposition to applaud was noticed in a portion of the house.

Such had been the mission of the Church of Christ in all ages and all lands where its standard had been reared, and no hour so dark had come, no tempest so fierce had rolled over the world, when the sacred emblems of our glorious faith and the teachings of the man of God had not been able to arrest and soothe, and finally to subdue the wrath of human passions.

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the boy who was told that the best cure for palpitation of the heart was to quit kissing the girls, said, "If that is the only remedy, which can be proposed, I for one say let'r palpitate."

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.