

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

W. H. JACOBY, Publisher.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

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STAR OF THE NORTH

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CONJUGAL POETRY.

Our friend David Barker, Esq., says an
Eastern paper, "who has produced some of
the best poetry ever written by a Maine
bard, pleased at a little incident that hap-
pened in his family, (the first occurrence
of the kind,) gives vent to his feelings in
the following imaginative piece."
MY CHILD'S OSOON.
One night as old St. Peter slept,
He left the door of Heaven ajar,
When through a little angel crept,
And came down with a falling star.
One summer, as the blessed beams
Of morn approached, my blushing bride
Awakened from some pleasing dreams,
And found that angel by her side.
God grant but this—I ask no more—
That when he leaves this world of pain,
He'll wing his way to that bright shore,
And find that door of Heaven again.
Whereupon some fellow of the practical
sort, and without any imagination, and not
possessing the "divine afflatus," attempts
to destroy the little illusion of David, as fol-
lows:
ST. PETER'S REPLY.
Fall eighteen hundred years or more
I've kept my door securely tyed
That was no "little angel" strayed,
Nor one been missing all the while.
I did not sleep, as you supposed,
Nor left the door Heaven ajar,
Nor was a "little angel" left
And gone down with a falling star.
Go ask that "blushing bride," and see
If she don't frankly own and say
That when she found that angel babe,
She found it by that good old way.
God grant but this—I ask no more—
That should your number still enlarge,
That you will not do, as before,
And lay it to old Peter's charge.

Never before, we think, was there so
much bewildering nonsense uttered about
any one thing in this world, as is now daily
put forth in writing, and talking, and spout-
ing about the words *loyal* and *disloyal*.
Small boys, who think they are men be-
cause they can smoke and swear, will tell
you who is *loyal* and who *disloyal* with as
easy an impudence, and with as small an
outlay of brains, as the ass in the fable
used in criticizing the conduct of the lion.
This word *loyal* is a very simple affair. It
is a French word, from *lois*, which signifies
the law. To be *loyal*, is simply to abide by
the law. A *loyal* man is one who is attach-
ed to the laws—who faithfully acts accord-
ing to the constitution and laws of the coun-
try.
This gives you at once the measure of
loyalty and disloyalty. All those who hon-
estly and faithfully adhere to the constitu-
tion and laws, are *loyal*; and all who, from
whatever pretense, disregard the constitu-
tion and laws, are *disloyal*. Whether the
man's name is "Jerry" or "Abner," if he dis-
regards the constitution and laws of his
country, he is *disloyal*, and, instead of being
praised by his stupid followers as a patriot,
ought to be punished as a felon. Whether
he is a president or a fishmonger, he falls
within the rule. A president has no more
right to transcend the law, than a fishmonger
has. Both are bound to act within the
limits of the law—with this difference, that
the president has to take an extra oath that
he will be faithful to the constitution and
the laws. On an unfaithful president, there-
fore, there is an extra weight of perjury and
deceit. He has been faithful to higher
pledges and more sacred trusts. Such is
the law and the fact; and all the spouting,
and twisting, and turning, and lying, can
make it no otherwise.
But, exclaims some moon-eyed philoso-
pher, must not the president put down re-
bellion?—The laws must put down re-
bellion, and the president is no more than
the agent, *pro tempore*, for directing their ad-
ministration. Rebellion must be put down;
but it must be put down according to law,
and by nothing else, or the strife is simply
that of one disloyalty pitched against an-
other. When the judge leaves his bench,
and rushes down at the culprit, exclaiming,
"I declare the laws to be incompetent to
punish this scoundrel, and so I will take
the matter into my own hands!" you have
something to match the folly and crime of
a president and a congress who proclaim
their determination to suppress rebellion by
unlawful means. Then your president and
congress rush into the ring on even terms
with rebellion, to fight it out, like two law-
less pugilists contending for the national
belt. Now that is the bad sight we shall
see—two noted pugilists entering the ring,
and falling to fighting after a fashion that
is a confessed violation of the laws, and
therefore sinks the whole affair into a com-
mon level of disloyalty and blood. "But

*"LOYAL" VS. "DISLOYAL"

Jeff gave the challenge, and drew the first
blood." Then he proved himself to be a
disloyal villain. But was that a good rea-
son why we should accept the challenge
on illegal grounds, and rush into the dis-
loyal ring? For "Jeff's" disloyalty, he should
have been met by the whole force of the
constitution and law; neither the president,
nor Congress, nor any other power, had a
right to go beyond that. If the challenge
was an act of disloyalty, is not the accept-
ing of it, on a field of violated law, also an
act of disloyalty? Has Abraham Lincoln
and Congress any more right to violate the
law, in punishing rebellion, than Jeff Davis
has to violate the law in starting rebellion?
Broken law is broken law, whatever party
may be guilty of disloyalty. But we are
told that "the constitution is suspended."
Who suspended it? Who had a right to
suspend it? To suspend the constitution of
our country by force of arms is, itself, an
act of treason, usurpation and rebellion—is a
felon's deed, and deserves a felon's doom.—
If the constitution is suspended, what are
Abraham Lincoln and his Cabinet, and that
negro-spouting Congress doing there in
Washington? If the constitution is sus-
pended, they have no more business there
than any other equal number of crazy men
and vagabonds. If the constitution is sus-
pended, all their acts are without the autho-
rity of law, and are no more binding upon
the people, than the edicts of a political
caucus. If the constitution is suspended,
the tax bill is a farce, and the people will
be under no legal obligation to respect it.
O, ye wretched doers! keep on telling the
people that the constitution is suspended,
and how long, think he, it may be before
they will take into their heads to suspend
you and your tax-gatherers? If the constitu-
tion is suspended, the United States has
ceased to have any existence, and the State
Governments would then be the only legal
authorities in this land. Suspend the con-
stitution, and, in an instant, the aforesaid
fishmonger and his second cousin, the clam-
rier, will become the equals of Abraham
Lincoln in authority—with this single ac-
cidental difference, that the one may have an
army at his back, and the other not. But
there is this about it: if the constitution is
suspended, the army has no legal existence
and it would be under no more obligation
to Mr. Lincoln, than it would be to follow
the fortunes of the traitor Jeff Davis. Such
is the jumble of absurdity and nonsense we
get into by proclaiming the constitution
suspended.
No: rather let us declare at once that
any man who dares to suspend the constitu-
tion, must himself be suspended, and that
directly, unless he give up his disloyal busi-
ness. If we are men, let us show the
courage of men, and speak out. If there is
yet left a drop of patriot blood in our veins,
let our souls stand bravely up, in our own
defiant bones and muscles, and proclaim it
aloud, right in the face and eyes both of re-
bellion and usurpation, that the constitu-
tion is not suspended, and never shall be,
while we've a hand to strike in its defense!
It cannot be suspended, except by the
same authority of the States which created
it. Mr. Lincoln has no more right to vio-
late one of its least provisions, than the
hostler in the stable of the White House
has. He has taken a solemn oath to sup-
port the constitution, each and every part
of it; and any effort on his part to violate
one of its sacred provisions would only
make him a criminal while that immortal
instrument would still stand, "the supreme
law of the land," or the whole legal being
of the Republic would tumble.

This is the ground we stand upon. The
constitution, the whole constitution, and all
the laws resting upon its firm foundation,
must be supported, defended, and obeyed—
not in the South only, but in the North
also; not by the people of one sec-
tion; but of every section; not only by Jeff
Davis, but by Abraham Lincoln, and by all
the furious imbeciles of Congress, who have
been working to overthrow our government.
To support the constitution and the laws is
the true *loyalty*. To violate these, is the
real *disloyalty*. If the constitution-defying
and law-despising party in power is not
disloyal, then the word has no meaning.—
And to say that those who are pleading for
the constitution and laws are not the true
loyal people, is to be a fool, and not to
know our own language.
Lincoln does not blush to own that he has
violated the constitution, and done deeds
without the warrant of law; and the party
in power puts in the plea for him that the
constitution and laws of our country are
defective, and unequal to the crisis. There-
fore Mr. Lincoln sets up his will, as above
the constitution and laws he has sworn to
obey. In one word, he virtually proclaims
himself *dictator*; and, seeing that his entire
party press justifies his usurpation, he has
lately, we are told by his organs, assumed
personal direction of the departments of
the army and navy, as if ambitious to play,
as unasily as possible, the role of the old
Imperators of Rome, who, by precisely the
same steps, destroyed the Republic, and
established the Empire upon its ruins. The
tyrants of old Rome said it was necessary
to assume extraordinary powers, because
the laws were incompetent; and the delu-
ded people permitted this impudent as-
sumption until it was too late for them to
regain their lost liberties. It is only a few
months since a Senator of the United States
stood up in his place in the Capitol of our
republic, and declared that he "was will-
ing to make Abraham Lincoln dictator for
the time!"—What a delusion! Admit a
dictator for a year—admit him for a day—

may, admit him long enough to drive a nail
in the Capitol—and you have conceded the
principle. Consign the liberties of the peo-
ple to one for an hour, and why not for a
year—for a year, and why not for life?

Once, during the hardest period of our
revolutionary struggle, when the British
army was devastating the State of Virginia,
some parties in the legislature, moved by
weak fear and blind cowardice, proposed to
make Patrick Henry temporary dictator.—
At the sound of these words a noble mind-
ed Virginian sprang to his feet, and ex-
claimed, "Though I am the friend of Patrick
Henry, the day you place your dictatorial
crown upon his brow, that same day I'll
plant my dagger in his heart!" This bold
step brought the deluded cowards to their
senses; and from that day such words of de-
lusion and folly have never been repeated
within the boundaries of this Republic un-
til the accession of the present party to pow-
er. Since the foundation of the Govern-
ment, the name of dictator, of military gov-
ernor, or of martial law, has been a sound
as foreign to these shores as that usurper,
imperator, or tyrant. Never, since the stars
shone above our fair fields, were these
names heard until now. Alas! my coun-
trymen, what millions of gloomy miles
have we run back in a single year! Over
what precipices and into what gulfs have
we plunged in a single year! While the
thunders of ungodly rebellion are rattling
and hissing at one end of the Union, a con-
tumacious disregard of constitutional and
statute law is breaking up the very founda-
tions of our Government at the other. In
the whirl of rebellion at one end, and of
usurpation at the other, the land of our
fathers seems to be going down, and utterly
sinking in an ocean of blood. My God!
with what fearful, bewildering velocity we
fall! Never before, I think, since the Ja-
dean herd, suddenly filled with devils, rush-
ed down the steep places into the sea of
Galilee, and were drowned, was there such
another sight to behold!

Then there is this further brutish stid-
pity—that the only men in our land who are
honestly and earnestly working to preserve
our constitution and laws, are denounced
as *disloyal*, while those who are subverting
both, are pronounced *loyal*. In the mad
jumble of human nonsense, *loyalty* and
disloyalty have changed places. To ask
that the constitution and laws shall be re-
spected, is to *sympathize with rebellion*—so
we are told; and further subjects every true
patriot to threats of hanging, or being drag-
ged off to military dungeons, to be subject-
ed to treatment which sends the stoutest
and bravest men to the grave in a few
moments!

Alas! into what a swinish gulf are we
fallen, when such men as Sumner and
Wade are called "patriots;" while those
who love their country, and would willingly
die to save it, are denounced as "traitors!"
O, reason! O, shame! where have you hid-
den yourselves, when these loud-praying
foes of the constitution, who have for a
quarter of a century denounced our nation's
flag as a "falsifying lie" and a "polluted
flag," are allowed to elevate their treason
into patriotism, and to glorify their mis-
treated hatred of the constitution into a blow
for the Union! Shall I be told that I sym-
pathize with the accused folly and crime
of Southern rebellion, because I cannot sit
still in cowardly silence, and see the party
in power trampling the constitution under
foot, and pulling down the whole temple
of our liberty and laws over our heads?
Who are they that run up and down, his-
sing and sneering and praying about *dis-
loyalty*? Why the infamous indorsers of
the treasonous "Halper book," which de-
clares—
That "henceforth we will have no union
with slaveholders;"
That "we are wedded to one purpose,
from which no earthly power can ever di-
vorce us. We are determined to abolish
slavery at all hazards."
That "against slaveholders as a body we
were an exterminating war."
That slaveholders must emancipate their
negroes, or "we will emancipate them for
you."
That "it is a solemn duty to abolish
slavery in the South, or die in the attempt."
That "the present is time to try the strength
of arms—now is the time to strike."
That "we are not only in favor of keep-
ing slavery out of the territories, but, carry-
ing our opposition to the institution a step
further, we here unhesitatingly declare our-
selves in favor of its immediate and uncondi-
tional abolition in every State in this con-
federacy where it now exists."
That, "in this extraordinary crisis of
affairs, no man can be a true patriot with-
out becoming an abolitionist. A Free-soiler
is only a *fad pole* in an advanced state of
transformation; an abolitionist is the full
and perfectly-developed frog."

This book was called the "Impending
Crisis,"—meaning the coming doom of the
South. It was the text-book of the Lin-
coln campaign. Sixty-three Republican
members of Congress subscribed a hundred
dollars a piece to circulate gratuitously a
hundred thousand copies of the work. Be-
sides these congressional associations of con-
stitutional rights and the Union, the leading
members of the Republican party all over
the country were also subscribers. In the
black list of conspirators we find the names
of Governor Morgan, Horace Greely, William
Cullen Bryant, Thurlow Weed, H. Seward.
The last-named patriot! gave it the follow-
ing particular indorsement:
"AUGUST, June 28, 1857.

"Gentlemen:—I have received from you
a copy of your recent publication, enti-
tled, "The Impending Crisis of the South,"
and have read it with deep attention.
"It seems to me a work of great merit, yet
accurate in statistical information, and logical
in analysis. I do not doubt that it will exert a
great influence on the public mind in favor of
the cause of truth and justice."
"I am, gentlemen,
"Very respectfully,
"Your obedient servant,
WILLIAM H. SEWARD.
"Messrs. Birdick Brothers, New York."

This seditious, disunion book was not
only the text-book of the Lincoln campaign,
but after this election, a new subscription
was made by the leading members of his
party, for the purpose of reducing the retail
price of the work from 25 to 10 cents, so
that it might "obtain universal circula-
tion."
The author of this plea against the con-
stitution and laws of our country was re-
warded with a consulate by Mr. Lincoln,
and nearly every one who had devoted his
time to circulating its disunion poison has
been rewarded with a similar post of honor
and profit by the President.

This, then, is the style of traitors who are
spouting and praying around about the "*dis-
loyalty*" of all the God-fearing and constitu-
tion-loving men who are working to save
our beloved country from the doom of utter
destruction. These "*loyal*" howlers are
the same who lately showed their teeth,
and snarled at us as "*Union-savers*"—the
same who, in the Fremont campaign,
marched up and down throughout the
North, shouting and screaming, and sing-
ing, with only sixteen stars on their ban-
ners, as if independent proclamation that
only the Northern States were entitled to a
place on the flag of our Union—the same
who, in the Lincoln campaign, took the name
of "*Wide-awakes*," indicating that they were
on the lookout for Halper's "*Impending
Crisis*," of "a war against slaveholders," and
arayed themselves in a sort of military uni-
form, marched before the people in martial
columns and sections, used military phrases
in all their calls for private meetings and
public demonstrations, and spouted, and
shouted, and raved against "the slavehold-
ers," until the South was frightened at once
out of its senses and its loyalty. This is
how the thing came to pass. And these
same seditious spouters and military march-
ers who frightened the enraged and foolish
South into rebellion against the government,
because it had fallen into such hands, are
now screaming "*loyalty*" over the wreck
they have made, in imitation of the cunning
thief, who cried out, with all his might, to
"Stop thief!" in order to draw off attention
from himself.

But let the eyes of the people be kept
steadily upon the traitors who have wrought
all this mischief. Let them not skulk out
of sight under the cry of "*disloyalty*"
which they set up against all who are hon-
estly endeavoring to preserve the constitu-
tion and laws, and to save the Union from
doom that threatens it. The latest device
of these enemies of the constitution is to
persuade the people that "the restoration
of the Union, under the old constitution, is
neither possible nor desirable." Such is
the language they use. Believe them not!
As a good child will never forsake the bed-
side of his sick parent, nor give up hope so
long as life remains, so the good loyal citi-
zen will never desert his country in the day
of its trial, nor despair of saving it while he
has a heart to pray, or a hand to strike in
its defense. Let us rather say, *As God will
help us, the Union must and shall be restored!*
—restored to its old foundations of justice,
equality, and the rights of States—of liberty,
freedom of speech and of the press, and all
the sacred old guarantees of constitutional
and statute laws! Let us swear the oath
of liberty, that we will prefer death in de-
fense of these, sooner than meanly pur-
chase life by their loss!

And as for the Southern rebellion, we
have to say, that the Constitution must
and shall be enforced, until the laws of
the Union are acknowledged over every inch
of its territory; but we will have also the
olive-branch—offers of peace, justice, equal-
ity, and protection to property and life. All
the unconstitutional acts of the last disloyal
Congress we will promptly repeal, as soon
as we can send loyal men to fill their dis-
graced seats. All the illegal deeds of the
present administration we will wipe out, so
far as a return to constitutional legisla-
tion can repair the mischief. The negroes
have stolen, or induced to run away, we
will send back to their happy homes and
rightful masters. Whatever has been done
contrary to the constitution and laws, must
be undone. But their shall never be any
destruction of this Union—neither on the
ground of *cession* nor *abolition*. Let the
multitude of Union men in the South, who
have been frightened and silenced by the
horrible din and tyranny of war, patiently
trust the true loyal people, the real friends
of the Union, in the North, will yet work
out these results, and bring the Govern-
ment back to its old foundations, from
which it has been dragged by the abolition
party now in power. Let this be the hope
and the programme of the real loyal people
of both the North and the South. To this
end, let the people of every section pray
and work without ceasing, until the hated
mother and daughter of rebellion—Abolition
and Secession—are both dead, and buried
together in a common grave. Then our
lost peace and prosperity will be restored.
Then—and not till then.

Rules for Passengers and Conductors of City
Railroad Cars.

1. When a lady enters a car in which there are but few passengers, she should appropriate two seats, for the proper accommodation of her flowing skirts, and as the car fills up, yield not an inch.
2. When a gentleman rises and proffers a seat to a lady in a crowded car, she will, if she belongs to the *bon-ton*, bounce into it without making the slightest acknowledgment.
3. Loud talking and laughing is particularly lady-like in public cars; and should one of the passengers be the subject of meriting, so much the more refined.
4. If a conductor fails to hear a question asked by a lady, in reference to where she wishes to alight, and a *bon-ton* woman answers for him, she will, if she is a true lady, "look him through" for taking such an unwarrantable liberty.
5. Should a conductor forget where a lady wishes to stop, let her, on leaving the car, give him a "regular blowing up!"—This will not only teach him to mind his business better for the future, but also teach him what position he holds in society.

Rules for the Gentlemen.—1. It is the mark of true refinement in a gentleman entering a car partially filled to make a lounge of the seats—stretching himself out at full length! If his boots soil the cushions, no matter, the ladies (considerate creatures) wear *dusters* for this very purpose to remove any mud or blacking from the seats, left by these gentlemen.
2. Smoking has been prohibited, except on the platforms, from whence ladies are often regaled by aromatic zephyrs; but chewing, that more elegant accomplishment, is still allowed, and as there are no spittoons in the cars, gentlemen can use their fancy by expectorating where they please—some prefer the street, and should a breeze flutter and bring the saliva back into the car, it makes a most agreeable shower of a summer afternoon; but the most truly refined mode is to make a spittoon of the mating, and whatever is left there by gentlemen ladies will kindly remove by sweeping up with their lengthened skirts. It is surprising how any one can doubt the utility of long dresses, when they are found of such public service in wiping up tobacco spittle from our cars, &c.
3. When a gentleman sits opposite a beautiful girl, he should stare at her all the time. She will be much gratified by this, as all women are vain; and if she chance to blush under the gaze, it will but enhance her loveliness!
4. A gentleman should rise immediately when a fashionable young lady wants a seat, but show no politeness to either the aged or the shabbily dressed; it is the mark of a true gentleman to show them no attention whatever.
5. The most convincing display one can give of being a "finished gentleman" is to ask a lady in a crowded car to sit on your lap.

Rules for Conductors.—1. Keep your cars dirty as possible—cushions dusty, windows and lamps dirty. Be sure and never trim the lamp until the time to light them, then use for that purpose the strongest matches you can find—the damaged ones will be best, as you will probably have to use a half a dozen for that purpose, and it will make an agreeable odor for the passengers. Never be in haste in having broken glasses attended to, especially in winter.
2. Keep your hammers, &c, &c, under the cushions; this will make a pleasant variety to the monotony of car-riding for the fortunate individual who may chance to occupy that seat.
3. In winter, when the weather is intensely cold, make frequent trips through the car (leaving the door open) to speak to the driver; some of the passengers may remonstrate, but it is the duty of a conductor to attend to the health of the passengers by a frequent ventilation of the car.
4. Be all attention to young ladies, but quite the reverse to the aged of either sex. Indeed, it will be well, and we suggest it in this connection, that our spruce young conductors call a meeting for the purpose breaking up the barbarous practice of old people riding about in cars. It will be well to put a stop to this annoyance, as it is always their slow movements which endangers the situation of drivers and conductors by being "behind time." Should the meeting be successful, it will not only prove a benefit to the fraternity, but also to our foot citizens generally—and if by this arrangement the proprietors find themselves some hundreds out of pocket at the end of the year, what of that! Is that to be compared to the situations of their employees being endangered by being "behind time?"
5. Some few of our young conductors have adopted a very pretty and spirited mode of introducing ladies into the cars, viz: They ring the bell while the lady is still on the platform; this gives her a graceful pitch into the cars, which generally (without the passengers are all French) creates visible merriment, which makes a pleasing variety to the dull times. We warmly recommend this elegant improvement to all our conductors.—KATE M.—Eveing Post.

THE SHODDY MEN AND A. G. CURTIN.

Who sold to the Government, for the use of the soldiers, shoddy clothing that one rain would utterly destroy?
Republican Greenback Shoddy Contractors.
Who sold shoes to the soldiers that had paper soles?
Republican Greenback Shoddy Contractors.
Who gave contracts to shoddy speculators, and probably shared in the spoils?
Andrew G. Curtin.
Who, after they were detected in their swindling operations, cheating the soldiers and the State, still retained them and gave them his confidence?
Andrew G. Curtin.
Who, then, helped them to cheat the soldiers and the State?
Andrew G. Curtin.
Who have speculated off the soldiers?
Republican Greenback Paymasters.
Who have made money off contracts of all kinds in this war?
Republican Greenback Patriots.
Who form Union Leagues, but do not go to war?
Cotton speculators, Draft Commissioners, Postmasters, etc.—all belonging to the Greenback Aristocracy.
Who want the war prolonged indefinitely that they may make money?
Finally, who has aided and abetted this whole host of swindlers, robbers and scoundrels, who associates with them daily, and who is their favorite candidate for Governor the man on whom they "go their pile?"
ANDREW G. CURTIN.

THE PARLOR'S "WEBB FEET."—The President, in his Springfield letter, said, in allusion to our iron-clads and gunboats:
"Nor must Uncle Sam's webbed feet be forgotten. At all the waters' margins they have been present, not only in the deep sea, the broad bay and rapid river, but also up the narrow, muddy bayou and wherever the ground was a little damp, they have been and made their tracks."
Upon this the *Peoria Morning Mail* perpetrates the following:
We have no eagle—change is there—
Abe swapped our bird away;
We have no eagle any more,
Bald headed, black or gray.
Abe swapped away our glorious bird—
Got cheated like the dunce!
The talons for the web-foot west—
The eagle for the goose!

QUESTIONS OF THE DAY.—The following dialogue occurred the other day between a gentleman residing in Washington city and his friend out west, who he is visiting:
Host—Well, how are you getting along at Washington, anyhow?
Guest—Oh, pretty well. We have plenty of greenbacks. I live near the Treasury building, and from my window, I see a horse and cart back up every morning and go away with a load of them for the different departments during the day.
Host—Well, but what do the Administration and people think about affairs now?
Guest—Think! Why they think if that "old horse" was to die, the Government would go to the devil in no time—*Ex*

NEVER FORSAKE A FRIEND. When enemies gather around, when sickness falls on the heart, when the world is dark and cheerless—is the time to try true friendship. They who turn from the scene of distress betray their hypocrisy, and prove that interest only moves them. If you have a friend who loves you, who has studied your interest and happiness, be sure to sustain him in adversity. Let him feel that his former kindness is appreciated, and that his love was not thrown away. Real fidelity may be rare, but it exists—in the heart. They only deny its worth and power who never loved a friend, or labored to make a friend happy.

"These smacks of heaven!" said a youth, and he kissed the maiden's cheek.
"Well, you've pleased the lip, I'm sure!" replied the madin. "Yes, and you've plenty of cheek," responded the youth, as he repeated the osculation.

A MODERN MUNCHAUSEN, addicted to humming an air, beginning "Strike the lyre," was much surprised when one of his acquaintances, taking him at his word, knocked him down.
NEVER BE WITHOUT A QUARTER IN YOUR POCKET, and you will always be a quarter-master.
"Anything to please the child," as the nurse said, when she let the baby crawl out of the third story window.
Most Men have some of the milk of human kindness in them, but there is a nation in the East consisting entirely of Kurds.
The man who courted an investigation, says it isn't half as good as courting an affectionate girl.
THE KING OF PORTUGAL has ordered a census of the population, a process never before realized in that Kingdom.

JUDGE WOODWARD IS A CITIZEN OF UNIMPEACHABLE CHARACTER. AN ABLE JURIST, AND A PATRIOTIC GEN-
TLEMAN."—Philadelphia Inquirer, June 18, 1863, (Republican paper.)
This is a good endorsement of the Democratic candidate for Governor, coming as it does from one of the most influential Republican journals of the State.

THE FIRST ROLLER MADE FOR A PRINTING PRESS IN ALBANY WAS MADE IN 1816. One of the persons who aided in making that roller is still alive. We allude to that well known citizen, John G. White. The idea of a roller came from New York, by Thomas Tillman, who then worked for Webster & Skinner, at the Old Elm Tree Corner. Before the introduction of rollers, every printer knows, "balls" were in order of the day, and night, in printing offices. The first person to use balls, in Albany, was James Duffy, in 1844. Duffy then kept on the corner of Broadway and Hamilton street. The printers of Albany were so attached to old fogy ideas, that they actually held an indignation meeting to put down Tillman and his rollers. They insisted that it would reduce the demand for labor, cut down wages, and lead to ruin generally. Tillman, however, persevered. He knew he was right, and resolved to go ahead. But he was so closely watched by the printers that he had to work on the sly in a back cellar, with no one to help him but John G. White, who was then an apprentice boy to Webster & Skinner. The rollers made by Tillman, in 1816, were composed of green pipes. The pipes were rolled up in cloth or paper, and stamped upon till all the oil was worked out. They were then worked into a roller. The composition rollers, made of glue and molasses, were not invented until about 1824. The improvement in rollers is but one of the great advancements which have been made in the art of printing since 1816. In that year the best press would only throw off some three hundred impressions per hour; at the present day, twenty-five thousand is attainable in the same space of time.

THE WORDS OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE are a compound of several foreign languages. The English Language may be looked upon as a compilation, both in words and expressions, of various dialects. Their origin is from the Saxon language. Our laws were derived from the Norman, our military terms from the French, our scientific names from the Greek, and our stock of nouns from the Latin, through the medium of the French. Almost all the verbs in the English language are taken from the German, and nearly every other noun or adjective is taken from other dialects. The English language is composed of 15,734 words—of which 6,732 are from the Latin, 4,321 from the French, 1,665 from the Saxon, 1,669 from the Greek, 691 from the Dutch, 211 from the Italian, 106 from the German (not including verbs), 90 from the Welsh, 75 from the Danish, 55 from the Spanish, 50 from the Icelandic, 31 from the Swedish, 41 from the Gothic, 16 from the Hebrew, 15 from the Teutonic, and 1 the remainder from the Irish, Scotch, Arabic, Syriac, Turkish, Portuguese, and other languages.

A PORTION OF OUR OWN AND THE REBEL ARMIES are divided by the Rappahannock. Orders were recently given not to fire on the pickets of the enemy unless they attempted to cross the stream. Orders were also given not to hold any conversation. One of our soldiers, regardless of these orders, opened conversation with a rebel picket, crossed the stream, which is about twenty-five yards wide at the point where this occurred, and entered into a game of bluff with his rebel friend. They played for some time, when they got into a quarrel. Both had laid aside their muskets, and resolved to settle the difficulty with the fist. The rebel being the larger of the two, got the advantage of his opponent, and the Union soldier, picking up his musket, stabbed the rebel through the shoulder inflicting a very ugly wound which disabled him. The Union soldier whose name is Zundi, and a resident of Brooklyn, having won five dollars of the man, returned to his quarters in safety. His bayonet was covered with blood. Having violated orders he was placed under arrest for trial by court-martial.—*Ex*

AN ADDRESS TO THE JURY—"Gentlemen of the Jury," said a Western lawyer, "you are met here on one of the most solemn occasions that ever happened since I had a brief. The defendant, being a stout, able-bodied man, rushed like an assassin upon my client, who is a frail young widow; and, why did not the thunders of heaven blast him, when he stooped towards her, stretched forth his arms like the forked lightning of Jupiter, and gave her a kiss on the mouth?"

GOVERNOR CURTIN CAN NOT SECURE THE SUPPORT OF EITHER HIS OWN PARTY OR HIS OFFICE HOLDERS.—Speech of Alex. Cummings, before the Republican State Convention, Aug. 5, 1863.
Mr. Cummings is only one of the many formerly warm and influential friends of Curtin, who now are deserting him in the hour of trial when he most needs their support. So it is, Curtin has made a very unpopular Governor, even with his own party. Cummings is a leading Republican!

A LADY BEING ASKED WHAT BUSINESS HER husband followed, said he was engaged in "finishing." Father explanation was necessary and after a brief hesitation she continued—"finishing his time in the State Prison."
A YARBER TRADED—Free the negroes and make slaves of the white man.