

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

W. H. JACOBY, Publisher.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

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N. Y. WEEKLY NEWS.

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POLICY OF PEACE

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June 4th 1862

[COMMUNICATED]

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TIME TABLE.

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SOUTHWARD. Mail Train leaves Sunbury daily except Sundays, at 10.10 a.m. Leaves Harrisburg, at 1.15 p.m. Arrives at Baltimore, 5.35 " Express Train leaves Sunbury daily except Sundays, at 11.07 p.m. Leaves Harrisburg, except Monday 2.00 a.m. Arrives at Baltimore daily except Monday, at 6.15 a.m. Accommodation leaves Harrisburg 6.30 a.m.

NORTHWARD. Mail Train leaves Baltimore daily except Sundays, at 9.15 a.m. Leaves Harrisburg, at 1.15 p.m. Arrives at Sunbury, 4.08 p.m. Express Trains Baltimore daily, 9.15 " Arrives at Harrisburg, 1.35 a.m. Leaves Harrisburg, except Monday 3.00 " Arrives at Sunbury, 5.38 " For further particulars apply at the office. I. N. DUBARRY, Sept. Harrisburg, Aug. 8, 1863.

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Choice Poetry.

Hood on Dueling.

Tom Hood describes an intended duel which was prevented by amicable arrangement made upon the ground. The parties—Mr. Brady and Mr. Clay—rivals for the affections of Lucy Bell, found it necessary to appeal to arms:

But first they found a friend agree, This pleasant thought to give— That when they both were dead, they'd have Two seconds yet to live.

To measure out the ground, not long The seconds next forebore, And having taken one rash step, They took a dozen more.

They next prepared each pistol-pa Against the deadly strife; By putting in the prime of death Against the prime of life.

Now all was ready for the foe; But when they took their stand, Fear made them tremble, so they found They both were shaking hands.

Said Mr. C. to Mr. B., "Here one of us must fall, And, like St. Paul's Cathedral now, Be doomed to have a ball."

"I do confess I did attach Misconduct to your name; If I withdraw the charge, will then Your ransom do the same?"

Said Mr. B., "I do agree; But think of Honor's shot; If we be off without a hint, There will be strange reports."

"But look; the morning now is bright, Though cloudy it began, Why can't we aim above, as if We had called out the sun?"

So up into the harmless air Their bullets they did send; And may all other duels have That upshot in the end.

The War Power.

Under the clause "to provide for the common defence and general welfare," the Jacobins profess to find their authority for what they call "The War Power." How absurd such a claim, may be exposed by the simple statement that our Courts have over and over again decided, "that these words confer no distinct and substantial powers unconnected with taxation." The Courts have always insisted that it is a sufficient objection to this construction that it would make the Federal power unlimited, and the specific enumeration which follows this particular clause, unmeaning, if not absurd.

It is very clear to every constitutional lawyer that the weight of reason as well as of authority, simply makes these words a qualification of the taxing power. The whole provision means the same as if the words were "in order" "to pay the debts and provide for the common defence and general welfare." Thus, while Congress is not limited by this clause as to the subjects upon which taxes may be levied, it is limited as to the purposes for which they may be levied. Congress cannot wantonly exercise the taxing power, for any purposes whatsoever, but only for the specified purpose of paying the debts and providing for the common defence and general welfare.

It has always been considered a sufficient objection to this construction that it would make the Federal power unlimited, and the specific enumeration which follows the clause unmeaning, if not absurd. This is the language of all the commentaries on the Constitution, and of the Books of Reports. It has been reserved for the men of this generation to find out a power as given to the Executive under this clause, absolute and unlimited in its scope. This war power, whose influences have been felt, and the extent of whose authority knows no limit, it is actually claimed finds its warrant in the above clause which we have quoted. Strange as such a claim is, it is not stranger than to find jurists, men at the bar and upon the bench, yielding to the influences of power, and not only acquiescing in the doctrine, but actually giving it countenance and support. This clearly arises from a want of that moral courage so prolific in our age, and which strange to say, is nowhere more apparent than in that profession, whose peculiar province it is to vindicate rights, and redress wrongs—a profession that in past ages has been the bulwark against the advances of arbitrary power. Now when dangers threaten, when unprincipled rulers would trample the law under foot, or mobs would rise to overthrow the men of this profession should be the sentinels to give the alarm. With some few glorious exceptions, we regret to say, that in these times of misrule the people have looked in vain to that class of men, whose profession it is to watch over the laws, and who in times past have been its most zealous defenders.

A Portable Sheep Rack.

A sheep farmer of Columbia county, Ohio, who has tried several kinds of racks gives the following description of one which prevents crowding, is in every way satisfactory and so simple that any farmer can make one. It consists of four posts three feet long and if made of three by three scantling will be heavy enough. Two bottom boards one inch thick and ten or twelve wide and two for the top, one inch thick and five or six wide. These boards are placed horizontally for the sides of the rack, and similar boards two feet long are nailed to the posts at each end. The rack may be about twelve feet long and two feet is a very suitable width. Upon these horizontal boards are nailed uprights, six inches wide and placed six inches apart. This makes a cheap portable rack, which we like in every respect.—N. E. Farmer.

War Democrats Insure the Permanency of the Lincoln Administration.

This is a problem susceptible of very simple demonstration, which we give. The Constitution of the United States declares a majority of the electoral votes of all the States to be necessary to the election of President, and in case none of the parties before the Electoral College shall receive such a majority, the election shall devolve on Congress, which shall select from the three receiving the highest number of votes in the Electoral College. As it is nearly certain that the Confederate States will not be legally represented in the Electoral College, it may safely be assumed that no one will receive the vote required by the Constitution, and that therefore the election will devolve upon Congress, and as the Republicans can have and will have a majority in Congress Mr. Lincoln's re-election may fairly be pronounced a foregone conclusion.

Should it so happen that Mr. Lincoln should get a majority of the electoral vote cast, we may feel well assured that he will declare himself duly elected, and this he will do by the same good authority which issued the Emancipation Proclamation, the Confiscation and the Habeas Corpus Proclamations, and the like; and the same power which enforced them will enforce his election; and the same pliant judiciary which has sanctioned all these, and pronounced the Conscription act constitutional, and having decided that paper is gold, will continue to play Polonius to our Presidential Hamlet, and when he thinks he sees a whale it will see something "very much like a whale." But in case a Democrat should get the majority, the President will very clearly see that the Constitution interposes an insuperable bar, and that the election must go to Congress.

So, when the election is made by Congress, if he shall get a majority of the States voting, it will suffice, though it be not a majority of all the States, and Western Virginia and bogus representatives from Southern States be there to give him the majority, it will be declared legal by the President, and be held to be perfectly in accordance with the Constitution by our Polonius judiciary. But should a Democrat chance to get a majority, the President will suddenly be visited by constitutional scruples, and the proclamation would be issued that no election can be made.

What then? Mr. Lincoln will announce his purpose, which imperial "necessity" forces upon him, to forego his desire to retire to private life, and to submit to a continuance of the labors of office, lest anxiety should ensue in this unprovided condition of affairs; he will continue to act as President until a restoration of the Union shall enable the people constitutionally to elect a President. Will not a Polonius judiciary, which honors to his topmost bend the Presidential Hamlet, say Amen to his decision?

Peace would reverse all this. Instead of such a programme, rendering the perpetuity of the Lincoln dynasty a certainty, peace would render its extinction certain at the end of Mr. Lincoln's term, and with its extinction and Laws. The tortuous policy of the War Democrats defeats its own aims—is it they who have given the Administration power to perpetrate all its infamies, which render us such a stench in the nostrils of all nations. They have put the lash in the hands of the Administration, which it so vigorously applies to their backs; it is they, and they alone, who have given a power to the Administration which effectually and permanently shuts the door upon all their hopes of office and of spoils.

Had the war Democrats proved true to their pledges of honor and declaration of principles, this war could have no existence; if begun by Mr. Lincoln it would have fizzled out in a month; it could not now continue six months, and but for the War Democrats the tyrant scepter would fall from the palsied hand. Whatever of evil flows from this war the blame must rest equally on the Administration and on the War Democrats, the first being the wicked will which enacts it in all its hideous character and proportions. Now in vain does this War Democracy (a cat's paw to the Administration,) look forward to the possession of office and spoils by continuing the war until after the period of the next Presidential election; the expected fruit, it will be seen by this article, will turn to bitter ashes in their mouth, and it will remain as now, the subservient, unwarded depe of this accursed Administration. Peace will put the Democracy in power beyond all reasonable doubt. A protracted war only aggravates every evil, and insures the destruction of all that it purports to save. This Administration is as much the enemy of every man true to Democratic principles as it is to the South.

Our Dead.—Who can tell the agony of feeling which has existed for weeks in the breasts of wives, mothers, friends, who left us in good health, but now who may be lying cold in death, slain by the hand of an enemy in war. The torture of uncertainty attending the absence of an enumeration of the casualties occurring in the action in which they were engaged, has been dreadful. What sad uncertainty—what a hard lesson. Some hope, but mingled with anxious fear. If the name of a dear one, a husband, a father, a son, or a brother be found among those reported dead, crushing as the blow may be, its force can be measured, the worst is known. But who shall tell the woes of the woman who reads the name of a loved one in the mind racked, and the heart tortured. And this report "missing" is, if anything, more terrible still. He may be a prisoner, and may return. He may have been so mutilated as not to be recognized—may have just strength enough to crawl out of the way and die in some obscure spot, where only the filthy bird that scents the battle from afar, shall, by the stoppage of its lazy flight, point out his resting place. Many a one reported "missing," meets such a fate as this.

Do one thing at a time, that's the rule, when you have done slandering your neighbors, then begin to say your prayers.

It is said that the wheel of fortune revolves for all, but many of us are broken on the wheel.

"Mr. Brown, I owe you a grudge, remember that, sir."

"I shall not be frightened, then, if I never knew you to pay any thing that you owed."

Poor Devils.

We can scarcely conceive a more miserable being, or one who has so powerful a temptation to hang or drown himself, as a gentleman of leisure, in a community of workmen. The very fortune that has placed him above the necessity to labor, has imposed on him a greater curse than if he had been doomed to the galleys. He works harder to get rid of himself, than he would to forge an anchor. Companions he has none, for the industrious hold no fellowship with the idle. He roams from pillar to post; from parlor to counting-house; from acquaintance to acquaintance, from one hotel to reading room to another; finding no rest for the soles of their feet, nor the vertebrae of his back. His soul is disquieted within him. He would fain be merry, but mirth without companionship is questionable joyance, and his gaiety is repressed and subdued by lack of sympathizers, until the poor devil is driven to melancholy madness. Such a man has our honest emigration, for we pity his impetuosity and dependence. The honest but needy laborer, whose daily task must be daily completed, before he can look forward to cessation from toil, is happier in his sinewy strength and cheerful industry, than it ever entered into the independent idler to suppose or conceive.

There is another class of men who deserve neither our commiseration, sympathy, or consideration;—who are miserable by choice, and of no value in society. We allude to those who have led a life of penurious celibacy, until the property amassed by niggardly savings and self-mortifying deprivations hovers over them, by day and by night, in visions of distress, disquietude, and fear. These are they who never listen to the petition of the widow, nor the cry of the orphan; whose charities end where they began—at home—if he may be said to have a home who has no feelings in common with the world and its families. We have one such in our mind's eye at this moment. He is a man who indulges neither in the vicious nor the innocent pleasures of the age. His life is as regular and monotonous as an eight-day clock. He is punctual in waking and rising; punctual in lying down and sleeping; punctual at breakfast; punctual at his desk, and the performance of his regular duties; punctual at church except when there is to be a collection, and then he is suddenly indisposed; punctual in his appearance at another's dinner table, and most dilatory in making a return. The "old clothes man" down town have frequently proposed to barter coats with him, but they have never been able to trade, as they always demanded something "to boot." The ladies, members of a charitable society, once sent him their subscription book, in hopes that, as a rich old bachelor, he might contribute to their funds. He enveloped the book in brown paper, begged at a grocery, and returned it through the post office, poor as when it came to him. If he wants a shilling to purchase some urgent necessary article, he has no change in his pocket and draws a check. If he pays his board a day or two before the end of the month, he demands a discount for ready money. He employs a man servant to cut his hair, and forgets him at Christmas—Dancing is eschewed by him, because it occasions unnecessary waste of sole-leather; and common parties are equally ignored, because, as he says, they are only excuses for squandering money in hack-hire. Such is a brief sketch of a man who, in common parlance, has neither "chick nor child"—has lived more than two score years, is worth fifty thousand and upwards, and is, in our estimation, nothing more nor less than a POOR DEVIL.

George Washington. BY JOHN PUGHENIX.

George Washington was one of the most distinguished movers in the American Revolution. He was born of poor but honest parents, at Genoa, in the year 1732. His mother was called the mother of Washington. He married early in life, a single widow lady, Mrs. Martha Custis, whom Prescott describes as the sweetest pretty woman south of Mason and Dixon's line. Young Washington commenced business as county surveyor, and was present in that character at a sham fight under General Paddock, where so many guns were fired that the whole body of militia were stunned by the explosion, and set down to supper unable to hear a word that was said. The supper was afterwards alluded to as Braddock's defeat, and the smile, "deaf as braddock," subsequently vulgarized into "deaf as haddock," had its circumstance. Washington commanded several troops during the revolutionary war, and distinguished himself by crossing the Delaware river on the ice of very inadequate thickness, to visit a family of Hessians of his acquaintances. He was passionately fond of green peas and string beans, and his favorite motto was, "In time of peace prepare for war."

Washington's most intimate friend was a French gentleman, named Marquis Deee, who, from his constant habit of writability was nick-named "langhy yet." His great victory was achieved at Germantown, where, coming upon the British at night, he completely surrounded them with a wall of cotton bales, from which he opened a destructive and terrific fire, which caused the enemy to capitulate. The cotton bales were perforated with musket balls, were much increased in weight, and consequently in value, and the expression playfully used, "What's the price of cotton?" was much in vogue after the battle.

During the action, Washington might have been seen driving up and down the lines, exposed in a small Concord wagon, drawn by a bobtail gray horse. His celebrated dispatch, "Veni, vidi, vici," or I came and saw in Concord wagon, his reference to the circumstance.

Washington has been called the father of his "country," (an unapt title, more properly belonging to the late Mr. McCloskey, parent of one of the celebrated publicists) the child has grown, however, to that extent its own father would not know it. General Walker (William Walker) is also called the "father of Nicaragua," and we have no doubt, in case of his demise, his children, the native Nicaraguans would erect a suitable monument over his remains, with the inscription, "Go father and fare worse."

Washington was a member of the Know Nothing order, and directed that none but Americans should be put on guard, which greatly annoyed the Americans, their comfort being greatly destroyed by perpetual turns of guard duty.

He was elected twice President of the United States by the combined Whig and Know Nothing parties, the Federalists and Abolitionists voting against him; and served out his time with great credit to himself and the country—drawing his salary with a regularity and precision worthy all commendation.

Although, for the time in which he lived a very distinguished man, the ignorance of Washington is something perfectly incredible. He never traveled on a steamboat; never saw a locomotive engine; was perfectly ignorant of the principles of the magnetic telegraph; never had a daguerrotype, Colt's pistol, Sharps rifle, or used a traction match. He ate his meals with an iron fork, never used postage stamps on his letters, and knew nothing of the application of chloroform to alleviate suffering, or the use of gas for illumination. Such a man as this could hardly be elected President of the United States in these times, although it must be confessed we occasionally have a candidate who proves not much better informed about matters in general.

Reply of Bishop Hopkins to Bishop Potter.

We have heard of embalming in prussic acid, but never had a visible example of it before we read the recent admirable epistle by Bishop Hopkins. Yet there is nothing fierce or denunciatory in a single paragraph. There is the dignity of the Bishop, the courtesy of the gentleman and the gentleness of the Christian, manifest in every line. "He does not tender railing, for railing, but contrariwise," in accordance with the Apostle's injunction. The attack of the Pennsylvania Bishop was so unprovoked, unnecessary, and so full of the malignity of a political partisan, that it might have stirred the heart of even so pure and gentle a nature as that of the Bishop of Vermont to rebuking with bitterness. But his high Christian nature was proof against the temptation, and he responds to the attack simply in the language of rebuke and Christian expostulation; but the rebuke and expostulation manifest what is meant by the phrase "heaping coals of fire" on the head of an adversary. What a soothing, withering rebuke upon the consistency of this Bishop turned politician, is administered in the following passage:

"For many years you met in brotherly council with these Southern slaveholders. You invited them to the hospitalities of your house, and paid them special deference. The new light of Eastern Abolitionism had not yet risen within our Church; and if you then thought, as you now think, you took excellent care that no man among your Southern friends should know it.—Moreover, your favorite Theological Seminary, only three years ago, was the Virginia school at Alexandria, raised to great prosperity by Bishop Meade, a slaveholder, and I am sure that nothing at variance with my Bible view of slavery was taught in that institution."

Bishop Hopkins's allusion to the site of the new lights in New England, the encouragement of irreligion, and the impious innovations countenanced by New England religious societies, is as just as it is true. It shows that he has been no idle, observer of the condition of the community about him, and manifests a statesmanlike sagacity in tracing the cause of our present troubles to their true origin. Horace has warned painters against combining a man's head with a horse's neck, of making a beautiful woman terminate in the tail of a fish; and we would advise the senior Bishop of Pennsylvania against a similar incongruity, by trying to write the head of a prelate in lawn sleeves, with the scaly tail of a political serpent of the Loyal League pattern, crawling on his belly in all the dust and slime of that political arena, where venomous asps are content to wriggle.

How Affairs are Managed. Less than a year ago a boy imbecile in mind arrived at the port of Philadelphia, from Europe, and was brought to Williamsport, where his parents reside. Several months ago he strayed from the residence of his parents, and by some means found his way to Philadelphia, where the substitute sharks got hold of him, and got a board of enrollment to accept him as a substitute—no doubt paying the members of the board a portion of the substitute money. The boy was given eighty dollars as his share, and during the first night after his acceptance the money was stolen from his pocket—in all probability by the very men who gave it to him. After being sent to camp—where, of course, his conduct was nothing more nor less than that of a partial idiot—he was frequently flogged, and several times officers (who could see, if they had brains enough to see anything but hush money, what kind of a boy he was) presented a pistol to his head and threatened to blow his brains out—a threat which, if executed would have covered the guilt of all concerned, and perhaps will yet be executed, for that purpose. A few days ago this boy was provided with a free pass from camp to Williamsport and back again, and given tickets for Curtin and Agnew, with instructions how to obtain their acceptance at the polls, and a threat that he would be shot if he did not vote them, and sent home to follow out these orders of his officers, notwithstanding he is a minor, a foreigner of less than one year's residence, and his mental incapacity. The whole transaction—the acceptance of him as a substitute; the theft of the paltry sum paid to him, his admission to a military camp as a soldier, the abuse he suffered while in camp, and sending him home to poll an illegal vote for Curtin and Agnew—forms a chapter in human depravity too monstrous for contemplation.

If anybody doubts this narrative of revolting facts, he can easily have his doubts dispelled. We have the name and residence of the boy, and any one interested can test it for himself.

Typing C. & D.