

# THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

W. H. JACOBY, Publisher.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

[Two Dollars per Annum.]

VOLUME 15.

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY DECEMBER 2, 1863.

NUMBER 6.

## A FORTUNE FOR ALL! EITHER MEN OR WOMEN!

NO HUMBING, but an ENTIRELY NEW thing. Only three months in this country! No clap-trap operation to gull the public, but a genuine money-making thing! Read the Circular of instruction once only, and you will understand it perfectly. A Lady has just written to me that she is making as high as TWENTY DOLLARS SOME DAYS! giving instructions in this art. Thousands of Soldiers are making money rapidly at it. It is a thing that takes better than anything ever offered. You can make money with it home or abroad—on steam boats or railroad cars, and in the country or city. You will be pleased in pursuing it, not only because it will yield a handsome income, but also in consequence of the general admiration which it elicits. It is pretty much all profit. A mere trifling is necessary to start with.

There is scarcely one person out of thousands who ever pays any attention to advertisements of this kind, thinking they are humbug. Consequently those who do send for instructions will have a broad field to make money in. There is a class of persons in this world who would think that because they have been humbugged out of a dollar or so, that everything that is advertised is a humbug. Consequently they try no more. The person who succeeds is the one that keeps on trying until he has something that pays him.

This art costs me only thousand dollars and I expect to make money out of it—and all who purchase the art of me will do the same. One Dollar sent to me will insure the prompt return of a card of instructions in the art. The money will be returned to those not satisfied.

Address WALTER T. TINSLEY,  
No. 1 Park Place, New York.  
Oct. 21, 1861—5m.

## BELL'S SPECIFIC PILLS—Warranted

in all cases. Can be relied on! Never fail to cure! Do not hesitate! Are speedy in action! No change of diet required! Do not interfere with business pursuits! Can be used without detection! Upward of 200 cases the past month—one of them very severe cases. Over one hundred physicians have used them in their practice, and all speak well of their efficacy, and approve their composition, which is entirely vegetable, and harmless on the system. Hundreds of certificates can be shown.

Bell's Specific Pills are the original and only genuine Specific Pills. They are adapted for male and female, old or young, and the only reliable remedy for effecting a permanent and speedy cure in all cases of Seminal Discharge, or Seminal Weakness, with all its train of evils, such as Urethral and

Vaginal Discharges, the whites, nightly or involuntary Emissions, Incontinence, Gonorrhoea, Debility and Irritability, Impotence, Weakness of loss of Power, nervous Debility, &c., all of which arise principally from Sexual Excesses or self-abuse, or some constitutional derangement, and in expeditious the sufferer from fulfilling the duties of married life. In all sexual diseases, Gonorrhoea, Gleet and Strictures, and in Diseases of the Bladder and Kidneys, they act as a charm! Relief is experienced by taking a single box.

Sold by all the principal druggists. Price

They will be sent by mail, securely sealed, and confidentially, on receipt of the money, by

J. BRYAN, M. D.  
No. 76 Cedar street, New York.

Consulting Physicians for the treatment of Seminal, Urinary, Sexual, and Nervous Diseases, who will send, free of all, the following valuable work, in sealed envelopes:

## THE FIFTIETH THOUSAND—DR.

BELL'S TREATISE on self-abuse, Premature decay, impotence and loss of power, sexual diseases, seminal weakness, nightly emissions, genital debility, &c., &c., a pamphlet of 64 pages, containing important advice to the afflicted, and which should be read by every sufferer, as the means of cure in the severest stages is plainly set forth. Two stamps required to pay postage.

Nov. 25, 1863—1y.

## EDITOR OF THE STAR.—Dear Sir:

With your permission I wish to say to the readers of your paper that I will send by return mail to all who wish it, (free) a Receipt, with all directions for making and using a simple Vegetable Balm, that will effectually remove, in 10 days, Pimples, Blisters, Tins, Freckles, and all Impurities of the Skin, leaving the same soft, clear, smooth and beautiful.

I will also mail free to those having Bald Heads or Bare Faces, simple directions and information that will enable them to start a full growth of Luxuriant Hair, Whiskers, or a Moustache, in less than 30 days. All applications answered by return mail without charge. Respectfully yours,

THIS F. CHAPMAN, Chemist,  
No. 531 Broadway, New York.  
August 24, 1863—3m.

## A GENTLEMAN, cured of Nervous Debility, Incompetency, Premature decay and Youthful error, actuated by a desire to benefit others, will be happy to furnish to all who need it, free of charge, the Recipe and directions for making the simple Remedy used in his case. Those wishing to profit by his experience—and possess a valuable remedy—will receive the same, by return mail, carefully sealed, by addressing,

JOHN B. OGDEN,  
No. 49 Nassau Street, New York.  
August 24, 1863—3m.

## STAR OF THE NORTH.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY BY

W. H. JACOBY,

Office on Main St., 3rd Square below Market.

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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.

THE OLIVE BRANCH OF PEACE.

BY JAMES H. KENNEDY.

Clasped hands in friendship, warm with love,  
Hours winged with holy peace and light,  
With blessings fraught, on pinions white,  
Proclaim the olive-bearing dove!

Again the bliss of rural scenes—  
The melody of home-walked hours  
Tell that the sword no more detours  
The laud—that cheerful toil serene.

The town, an aspect new assumes—  
Brisk times glad thrift and vigorous trade;  
With frolics and harvests, lawn and shade,  
The country, heaven-delighted, blooms.

The herds—the flocks, with snowy fleece—  
The neat and cultivated farms  
And villages, em-bowered charms,  
Tell of the Olive Branch of Peace!

The traces of gardens and the wealth  
Of landscape, summit, vale, and field,  
Orchard and mead, enchantment yield,  
To manhood's noble strength and health.

Mind, talent, genius, science, art,  
Worth, industry, improvement now  
Adorn the nation's peaceful brow,  
And store with springs its powerful heart!

Ocean and shore alike rejoice—  
Again o'er'spread with commerce bright;  
The Mississippi rolls in might—  
And is heard of Niagara's voice!

Again among our hills and rocks,  
The explorer scientific bends;  
No battle cry the welkin rends—  
No sound of war the distance shocks!

Wise, conscientious, just, humane—  
Truth, freedom, love, philanthropy,  
God and redeemed humanity—  
Are all the themes that men retain.

From ships and cities, new and old,  
The Stars and Stripes peace-smiling wave!  
Yet battle field and patriot-grave—  
Let not the patriot's love grow cold.

Yet, like old Bunker Hill, apart,  
Adorned with monumental crest,  
From Gettysburg, Antietam's breast,  
Come thrillings of Columbia's heart!

The valiant freemen's memory—  
The brave who died their land to save,  
Live in the heart-throbs of the brave—  
The glad bosoms of the free!

The loved young volunteer, who left  
Home children, wife, weighed not the cost,  
His limbs or life for country lost  
Is cherished, with his ones best!

Peace—sacred name for happiness—  
Peace, with her olive-bearing dove;  
Love—brotherly, benigning love,  
The poet's page sublime and bless!

The angel-heart of gratitude  
Hymns peace—right principles expand—  
Ours is outspread, a goodly land,  
With sons of liberty endowed!

Hail, Olive Branch! such is thy need—  
Soon may our glorious country be  
United and forever free!  
For this our patient soldiers bleed.

God bless our arms! from sea to sea,  
Our land again in peace excel;  
Of human hopes the citadel—  
The home and shrine of Liberty!

## IMPORTANT TO LADIES—Dr. Harvey's

Female Pills have never yet failed in removing difficulties arising from obstruction, or stoppage of nature, or in restoring the system to perfect health when suffering from spinal affections, prolapsus, Uteri, the whites, or other weakness of the uterine organs. The pills are perfectly harmless on the constitution, and may be taken by the most delicate female without causing distress—the same time they act like a charm by strengthening, invigorating and restoring the system to a healthy condition and by bringing on the monthly period with regularity, no matter what causes the obstruction may arise. They should however, NOT be taken during the first three or four months of pregnancy, though safe at any other time, as miscarriage would be the result.

Each box contains 60 pills. Price \$1.

Dr. Harvey's Treatise on diseases of Females, pregnancy, miscarriage, Barrenness, sterility, Reproduction, and abuses of Nature, and emphatically the ladies' Private Medical Adviser, a pamphlet of 64 pages sent free to any address. Six cents required to pay postage.

The Pills and book will be sent by mail when desired, securely sealed, and prepaid by J. BRYAN, M. D. General Agt., No. 76 Cedar street, New York.

Sold by all the principal druggists.  
Nov. 25, 1863—1y.

## BORN AGAIN.—Mr. Secretary Chase,

in his speech at Indianapolis, said this great Nation must be "born again." We are afraid that it will prove a Negro baby.

But what does he mean, in fact, but that the Nation must die. The old Government, the old Constitution, that happy system founded by Washington and Jefferson, and sustained for so many years of prosperity and honor, must die, vanish forever, to give place to the hybrid monster begotten by Abolition-out of War, and having that for its breath and fanaticism for its food.—*Albany Argus.*

## CROCODILE HUNTING.

CROCODILE LIFE IN SOUTH AMERICA.

Don Ramon Paez has recently published in England a Book of Travels in South America, which contains some exciting adventures. Here is a sketch of Crocodile Life and Death.

While walking along the banks of the Portuguese one may see these huge lizards collected in groups of half a dozen or more basking in the sunshine near the water, with their jaws wide open till their ghastly palates are filled with flies or other creatures alighting within them. We tried in vain shooting them with guns; the reptiles were so wary that the moment we took aim they rushed into the water. Being at a loss how to procure a subject for my pencil, I sought the advice of an old man, an angler by profession, who lived in one of the huts near the river. He agreed to let me have his canoe, with his son to paddle it, and the requisite number of harpoons, providing I could obtain the assistance of an Indian boy from the neighborhood, who was a capital marksman with the bow and arrow.

"What!" I exclaimed in astonishment; "do we expect to kill one of these monsters with so slight a thing as an arrow?" "No, Señorito," he exclaimed; "but you must first know where to find him under water before you can strike him with the harpoon; the arrow of which I speak we use in catching turtles."

These arrows are constructed so as to allow the head affixed to the shaft: somewhat in the manner of a lance, to come off the moment it strikes an object in the water. A slender cord, several feet in length, connects it with the shaft, which last is made of a light, buoyant reed; around this the cord is wound closely until it reaches the point where the head is, then fastened securely. The shaft being extremely light, floats on the surface of the water the moment it is set free from the head of the animal thus acting as a guide for its recovery.

The old angler then proceeded to explain that the operation must be conducted first by sending one of these arrows into the body of the crocodile to mark his position under water; and then if practicable, we might plunge a harpoon into the only vulnerable spot we could hope to reach, viz: the nap of the neck, after which the animal could be easily dragged on shore by means of strong ropes attached to the harpoon.

Accordingly, I went in search of the Indian boy, whom I found under a tree, seated like a toad on his haunches, skinning a porcupine he had just killed. At my approach he raised his head and fixed on me his unmeaning eyes. When spoken to, he only replied to all my questions with the monosyllabic *si*. No after a little coaxing, and the promise of some fish hooks, he followed me to the canoe without uttering a word more.

We were not long in getting a chance to test the skill of my new acquaintance. As we approached the river banks large crocodile hove in sight, floating down the stream like a log of wood. Our position was most favorable to send an arrow rattling through his scales, and my young Nimrod lost no time in improving the opportunity. Stepping a few paces in advance, and bending gracefully over the precipice, he let fly at the reptile's head his slender, yellow reed, *por elevacion*, viz: shooting the arrow up into the air at an angle of forty-five degrees, which causes it to descend with great force upon the object, after describing an arc of a circle in the manner of a bomb shell.

Although the distance was fully three hundred paces, the arrow struck the mark with the precision of a rifle ball. A violent plunge of the huge reptile was the first intimation that the trial had been successful, and the moment after I perceived the golden reed, now attached to him, skimming swiftly over the surface of the water. We hastened for the canoe and immediately gave chase up stream, as the crocodile had taken that direction. We were rapidly gaining upon him, when, alarmed at the sound of the paddles, he sank in very deep water, as we indicated by the reed. This circumstance rendered it impossible to employ our harpoon. We tried in vain to start him; he stuck to the muddy bottom, whence neither pulls nor curses could move him. We hoped that in time he would come to the surface to breathe, and then we might strike him with a harpoon; but in this we were equally disappointed.

After waiting for him two hours, we gave him up, along with the arrow head sticking in his own body. I made various other attempts to secure a specimen, but with no better result, as the river was yet too high to sound for them.

While in this place I was told several incidents in relation to the cunning and instinct of these saurians, one of which appeared to be most remarkable in an animal of the reptile tribe. The ferryman here possessed a great many goats. One day he perceived that several of them had disappeared, and, not being able to account for it in any other way, he at once laid the blame on the hated crocodiles, although these creatures seldom carry their attacks beyond their own element. His suspicions, he discovered in the end, were well founded, having witnessed the destruction of one of his goats in a very singular manner. It appeared that a crocodile had in some mysterious way discovered that goats delight in jumping from place to place, but more especially from rocks and mounds. Rocks however, being rather scarce in the

country their treacherous enemy undertook to gratify their taste for this innocent pastime, and at the same time cater to his own. Approaching the water's edge to within a few feet of the bank, he swelled out his back in such a manner as to give it the appearance of a small island or promontory. The stupid goats, perceiving this, varied their gambols by jumping from their secure places on shore upon the seeming island, which they, however, never reached, for the crocodile, tossing up his head at the right instant, received them into his open jaws, and swallowed them without difficulty.

No person can venture near the water without danger from their attacks, being so treacherous that they approach their intended victim near enough to strike him with their powerful tails before he is even aware of their proximity. The tubbling sound of a goat being filled in the water by some imprudent person specially attracts them. To obviate this danger, a calabash bowl, with a long wooden handle, is usually employed for the purpose; yet even this is not infrequently snatched from the hands of the water carrier.

If by accident a human being falls a prey to this tyrant of the river, the reptile is then called *cebado*, which appellation impels everything that is bold, ferocious, and treacherous in animal of the species, as from that time they not only waylay persons, but follow them in the canoes, in hopes of again securing this dainty morsel. There are, however, men bold enough to meet the enemy face to face in his own element. The man who makes up his mind to this encounter is well aware that this must be a conflict to the death for one of the antagonists.

The ferryman related to us a feat of gallantry, worthy of a better cause, performed by a Llanero with one of these monsters. The man was on his way to San Jaime on a pressing errand. Being in haste to get there the same day, he would not wait for the canoe to be brought to him, but prepared to swim across, assisted by his horse. He had already secured his saddle and clothes upon his head, as is usual on similar occasions, when the ferryman cried out to him to beware of a *caiman cebado*, then lurking near the pass, urging upon him, at the same time, to wait for the canoe. Scorning the advice, the Llanero replied with characteristic pride: "Let him come; I was never afraid of man or beast!" Then laying aside a part of his ponderous equipment, he placed his two edged dagger between his teeth and plunged fearlessly into the river.

He had not proceeded far when the monster rose and made quickly towards him. The ferryman crossed himself devoutly, and muttered the holy invocation of *Jesus, Maria y Jose!* fearing for the life, and, above all, for the toll of the imprudent traveler. In the meantime, the swimmer continued gliding through the water towards the approaching crocodile. A war of the impossibility of striking his adversary a mortal blow unless he should reach the armpit, he awaited the moment until the reptile should attack him to throw his saddle at him. This being accomplished so successfully that the crocodile, doubtless imagining it to be some sort of good eating, jumped partly out of the water to catch it. Instantly the Llanero plunged his dagger up to the very hilt into the fatal spot. A hoarse grunt and a tremendous splash showed that the blow was mortal, for the ferocious monster sunk beneath the waves to raise no more.

Proud of this achievement, and scorning the tardy assistance of the ferryman, who offered to pick him up in his canoe, he waived his bloody dagger in the air, exclaiming, *ashe did so*, "Is there no other about here? and then turning, he swam leisurely back to take his horse across. The *cannero* who related this adventure then added, "So delighted was I on that occasion that I killed my fattest hen to treat the man to a good *sancocho*, for the *caiman* had devoured all my goats."

## THE RESULT OF STREET EDUCATION.—Keep

your children off the street. By that we mean, do not let them make acquaintances on the sidewalks. If they frequent the public squares they must establish a sort of verbal juarantine at their own door and examine the youthful tongue once a day, to see if it has not a secretion of slang, about it.

Mrs. Careful's little son Manfred came running into the paternal mansion the other day shouting to the cook: "Now, then, old girl, slap up the dinner." "Why, Manfred," began the astonished mother, "where did you learn such language? Who have you been playing with?" "Me," said the hopeful: "I generally play with Dick Turner, cause he's a billy boy with a glass eye. That's so." The fond mother was about to express some astonishment at the optical misfortune of Dick, when the son continued: "Mother, I'm going to buy a plug! Jem Smith wears one, and I'm as big as he."

"A plug?" gasped the mother. "Yes, sir; a plug. I've got the sponduck salted down in my box, sure; it's bound to come." The mother at this juncture ordered the youngster up stairs, and sent for a man servant to interpret the slang.

A stranger in a printing office asked the youngest apprentice (devil) what his rule of punctuation was? "I set up as long as I can hold my breath, then I put in a comma, when I gape I insert a semi-colon; and when I want a chew of tobacco, I make a paragraph."

## The New Battle-Call.

Under our flag beat the long roll once more!  
Call up the North as you called her before.  
Up from the work-shop, the office, the  
Up from the mill—

She responded before, she will answer you now!  
In Freedom's warfare what freeman can lag?  
Beat the old battle-call under the flag!

Call the young men, in the prime of their life,  
Call them from mother, from sister, from  
wile;  
Blessed if they live, and revered if they fall,  
They who respond to Liberty's call.

Where the air thickens with the Faltroun's  
brag,  
Beat the old battle-call under the flag!

Hoist up the flag to its stout staff again,  
Swearing that treason shall leave there no  
stain;  
Some loyal hand with a vigorous grasp  
Bear up its folds with an answering clasp:  
Where our tried soldiers their weary feet  
drag,  
Beat the old battle-call—beat for the flag!

On to the fields where our brothers have  
gone—  
Side by side, under the flag we'll press on,  
Charging the foe in the place of the slain,  
Fight till old glory shall triumph again!  
Our country calls us, what freeman can lag,  
While the old battle-call beats for the flag!

## Are "Greenbacks" a Legal Tender?

This question, which has been occupying the attention of our State Courts for some time past, we are pleased to learn is soon to be argued before the Supreme Court of the United States, at Washington. We have no hesitation in saying that the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States as to whether "greenbacks" are a legal tender in payment of debts, will completely explode the paper bubble of Secretary Chase, and put an effectual stop to the extravagant speculations which are now being carried on by political gamblers at the expense of the national credit. The enormous circulation of paper money is just now beginning to be seriously felt in every branch of trade. It has inflated the prices of the actual necessities of life to an alarming figure, and unless speedily checked must end in a revolution which will bring ruin and destruction to every branch of industrial pursuit. Indeed, in a short time "greenbacks" will be of as little value to the holder as the continental money issued during the revolutionary war. The depreciation of the continental money arose solely from the fact that the States issuing it, had no gold or silver to redeem it when it became due, and the consequence was that the holders of continental money were heavy sufferers by the foolish experiment to make paper promises to pay equivalent to gold and silver. After the declaration of peace and the recognition of the independence of the United States, one hundred dollars in continental money would scarcely purchase a breakfast. That will soon be the case with "greenbacks."

If Secretary Chase were called upon to redeem his promise to pay, he would not be able to furnish one dollar in gold for every hundred he has issued in paper money. In fact the only thing which has thus far kept "greenbacks" in circulation has been the law of Congress making them a legal tender in payment of debts, and their redemption in United States bonds upon which the government promises to pay six per cent. interest in gold. Even now they are at a discount of over fifty per cent, and it is easy to see that we are rapidly approaching a financial crisis which will soon establish the fact that no government, or banking institution, can long sustain its credit unless it is based upon a gold and silver basis. A bank that is unable to redeem its notes in gold and silver coin, is justly regarded as insolvent, and is soon compelled to close its doors. This doctrine holds equally good with governments. It may require a longer period of time than in ordinary banking operations, but in proportion to the time it may require to bring about such a state of affairs, will be the ruin and misery entailed upon the country. At the time of the passage of the law by Congress, it was predicted by some of the ablest men in that body that it would produce precisely the results which we have experienced. It is useless for the abolition papers to cry out against speculators; the evil is in the paper bubble of Secretary Chase, which has been swelled to such proportions that an explosion may take place at any moment. No government can dispense with gold and silver coin without sinking into hopeless and irredeemable bankruptcy, and it has never been attempted by any Secretary of the Treasury, until the advent of the present imbecile and factious abolitionists, who now, unfortunately for the country, fill that office.

The only power delegated to the United States by the Constitution on this subject, is to be found in Article 1st, Section 7th: "To coin money, regulate the value thereof, and of foreign coin, and fix the standard of the weights and measures; to provide for the punishment of counterfeiting the securities and current coin of the United States." It is very evident to every reflecting mind that the framers of the Constitution never intended that anything but gold and silver coin should be used as money by the United States Government.

They alone are recognized by the Constitution as forming the "current coin of the United States," and as such, were designed by the fathers of the Republic as a circulating medium. In Section 9 of Article 1, it is expressly provided that no State shall "make anything but gold and silver coin a

tender in payment of debts," and it can not be supposed that a Constitution which only recognizes gold and silver coin as a tender in payment of debts on the part of the several States, has conferred upon the general government the right to make paper money a legal tender. The right "to borrow money on credit of the United States," is expressly granted, and is the only provision in the Constitution by which a depleted Treasury can be replenished. At the time of the adoption of the Constitution, the people of the several States had realized too fully the evils arising from the Continental money to place any confidence in anything but a metallic currency. A Constitution which recognized any other could not have been ratified by the people and the States. M. Madison tells us in the "Federalist" that the clause in the Constitution prohibiting the States from making anything but gold and silver coin a tender in payment of debts, was inserted to prevent a repetition of the evils which had arisen from the issue and circulation of paper money during the revolutionary war.

To suppose that the Supreme Court of the United States, which has uniformly held gold and silver to be the currency of the government, will recognize "greenbacks" a legal tender in payment of debts, is to suppose an absurdity. The Constitution confers no power upon Congress beyond that which is expressly delegated. The law is clearly in violation of the Constitution, and will be declared so by the Supreme Court of the United States. It is vain to attempt to bolster up a paper currency. Our whole experience as a nation, from the revolutionary war up to the present time, has proven the utter futility of attempting to elevate it to the dignity of money. The evils which it has entailed upon the people, have always been greater than those which it was intended to remedy. During the Presidential term of Gen. Jackson that distinguished hero and statesman felt it to be his duty to oppose the re-charter of the U. S. Bank, upon the ground that such an institution was not only unconstitutional, but dangerous to the liberties of the people. If a monied institution was dangerous to the liberties of the people under an administration like that of General Jackson, which recognized the reserved rights of the States and the liberty of the citizen, how much more dangerous is it in the hands of men who ignore the Constitution, trample under foot the rights of the States and violate the liberty of the citizen; and who by Congressional enactments have endeavored to place both the purse and sword in the hands of an unscrupulous Executive. It is high time that we should pause and reflect. The liberties of the people are no longer safe.—*Pottsville Standard.*

## What is the People's Remedy.

We ask all Democrats to consider well the alarming nature of the privilege of control over the ballot-box now openly claimed by the Black Republican party. The organs of the Administration no longer seek to disguise the intention to disfranchise a portion of the citizens of the Republic. The Tribune assumes the responsibility of judging what manner of men shall exercise the elective franchise, and directly asks whether such or such citizens "ought to vote in a Border State in a crisis like the present?" Alluding to the refusal of the Democracy of Delaware to vote under constraint, it mockingly asserts that "the coon comes down," thus signifying that the Administration had gained its end, and had contemplated such an exercise of arbitrary power as would render futile the efforts of the Opposition.

If this system of military interference with elections is to be confirmed and applied to the next Presidential election, the coon has no alternative but to come down or be brought down by the aim of tyranny, unless indeed he show his teeth. We acknowledge the significance of the Tribune's taunt. It is true that a power is armed against the people with which it is in vain to cope unless with equal weapons. It is true that there is no escape from injustice, insolence and outrage, except in the magnanimity, forbearance and virtue of those who hold the absolute scepter, and we have already been rudely taught that those attributes exist not in our rulers. Moral resistance is of no avail against those who are ruled by fanaticism and who rule with sword and bayonet. The coon was at the mercy of Captain Scott, and they are at the mercy of the Administration. So far the similitude is striking, and we congratulate our contemporary upon its aptness in paralleling.

But may the trapper not err as to the nature of the game he tracks? May he not have a lion in the toils, with strength to rend the meshes and courage to stand at bay? It is a fearful thought when ambition ventures into the domain of Liberty and strikes at such noble quarry as the most sacred rights of freemen. It would be more generous and more prudent for the Radical press to abstain a while from levity and sarcasm upon so grave a theme as the destruction of the elective franchise. The Democracy have "come down," but not in the spirit of humility and fear. They trusted to the legitimate weapons of political warfare. They were tenacious of their faith in the influence of a long tried principle to redeem the land from error. They were loth to believe that it was possible for an enlightened and free borne people to pass in three years from Republicanism to bondage. They hesitated to accept the now

glaring and humiliating fact that military dictation sways their rightful suffrages and transforms the ballot-box into an engine of despotism. All outrages short of this have been endured, in the hope that the ballot-box could not be tampered with, and that it would ultimately work out their redemption. They beheld the armed band dragging the citizen at midnight from his home; they were conscious that their most precious judicial prerogative, the writ of habeas corpus, had been virtually annulled; they permitted Conscription to realize its own impotence and absurdity, they submitted to insult and suffered fanatic, demagogues, and contractors to impugn their motives and assail their patriotism. They bore all this in the hope that the ballot box still remained to them, a sanctuary that power dare not assail and that bayonets could not penetrate. That hope has vanished, and there remains no barrier between the people and despotism.

There must be remedy for this unnatural political condition. It can not be that a people not only educated to freedom, but nurtured under the ennobling influence of enlightenment, will permit their last refuge from oppression to be denied them. It must not be that the next Presidential election shall be controlled by the armies of the administration. What is the remedy?—Protestation is of no avail, the laws are held at naught by Federal officials, the States have apparently yielded their sovereignty, and neglect to protect their citizens from unlawful imprisonments, from exile, from unconstitutional edicts and arbitrary violence. The situation invites the will of tyranny to assert its supremacy. Absorbed in the contemplation of military events, the people take no note of their own helplessness and debasement. The months roll on, bringing us close upon an election which more than any other has been held in this country, should be decided by the full, free and unhindered expression of the popular sentiment. There is no shade in ultraism of political opinion that should be debarred its privilege of expression at that election. The right and the wrong alike are entitled to vote, and the more extreme their contrary of opinion, the more essential is it that there should be no monopoly of the right of suffrage. Yet we have proclaimed in advance that such or such a man "ought not to vote." If an Administration organ dares thus early advance such a pernicious doctrine, it is certain that the Administration will dare to establish it at the polls upon election day. If bayonets shall be employed to enforce that doctrine, and if the shameful military dictation exercised in Delaware and Maryland shall be attempted throughout the North at the Presidential election, there is but one remedy. Our Revolutionary fathers taught us that there is but one remedy against persistent and reckless despotism. God grant that their descendants may not be obliged in that particular to follow their example.—*New York News.*

## NEW OR (HIC) MOOR!

During the delivery of a recent temperance lecture, Mr. Gough tells one of the funniest and most characteristic stories we remembered ever to have seen. It is more thoroughly manly and mellow than anything in the "Toodles." Two men, after drinking and carousing all night at a saloon, started in the morning to go home. It was a beautiful sunny morning, and as they staggered along, the following conversation arose:

Inebriate No. 1.—How bright (hic) the moon shines!

No. 2.—You don't call that (hic) moon, do ye? That's (hic) sun!

No. 1.—Taint it's (hic) moon.

No. 2.—I tell ye it's sun!

No. 1.—Well, let's leave (hic) matters to first man we meet!

No. 2.—"Agreed."

The two toddled along for a short distance when they chanced to meet a man in the same condition with themselves. The individual was immediately treated to the following interrogation:

No. 1.—"I shy (hic) old fellow! We've got inter little spite; want ye to 'elp us out. My frien here says that's the sun, [pointing upwards to Old Sol who was blazing fiercely down upon them,] and I say it's moon!"

The person addressed braced himself, after considerable difficulty, against a lamp post, and then commenced to scrutinize, as well as he could, the burning orb overhead—repeating in a meditative tone of voice: "Sun—moon—sun—(hic)—" After a short observation, he exclaimed: "Fact is, gen'l'men, I'm a stranger in this part (hic) of the country, and I can't tell whether it's sun or (hic) moon."

Thus the matter was undecided, and the two inebriates, baffled and disheartened by the unsatisfactory result of their search into astronomical mysteries, reeled a way.

## IMPORTANT INFORMATION.—Col. J. G. Freese

keeps constantly on hand and for sale, at the Recorder's Office in Bloomsburg, "The Constitution of the United States," and of the "State of Pennsylvania," in various styles, at prices to suit; also, sundry other democratic books, documents, and speeches; together with legal, note and cap paper, pens, ink and envelopes, of all sizes and styles, as well as theological, poetical, historical and miscellaneous books, cheap.

WANTED, OR SUBSCRIPTION, AT THE OFFICE, Wheat, Corn, Rye, Oats, Buckwheat, and grain of all kinds. Also, corn in the ear, good winter apples, potatoes, butter, lard, and produce of most all kinds. Money never refused.