

# THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

W. B. JACOBY, Publisher.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

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## STAR OF THE NORTH.

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W. B. JACOBY.

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### Choice Poetry.

#### IT MAY BE.

It is a fearful mystery,  
This yielding up the breath,  
Ceasing to hear, to feel, to see,  
And sinking into death  
With tears we lay the form away,  
Within its last cold bed,  
And of the friend we loved, we say,  
That "he is with the dead."

"It is with the dead?" and where are they,  
Who knoweth? It may be,  
That hovering round us every day  
Are forms we cannot see;  
That sunny eyes look down on us,  
Kind hands are clasping ours,  
And loving hearts are striving thus  
To cheer life's weary hours.

It may be, what we often call  
The dim and faint ideal,  
Is far more true and near to all,  
Than what is termed the real.  
It may be we who sleep and dream,  
And that who watch and wake,  
They may be active, though they seem  
In life no part to take.

And if these gentle spirits prove  
That they are with us yet,  
That theirs is an undying love,  
— Oh! we must not forget.  
If but this misty veil divides  
The seen from the unseen,  
We pray, as life still onward glides,  
"Lord, keep our memory green."

**The Herald** says, "the rebellion is on its last legs." So it has been for three years, by the weekly announcement of that journal.

A work has just been published showing "how young ladies should receive attentions." The author, Mrs. Harries says, "might as well write a book telling young folks how they should kiss, eat honey, or suck new cider out of a bung-hole. Some things come by sater," says she, "and coming is one of them." Teach a girl to court! It can't be done.

"Do you consider lager beer intoxicating?" "Val," replied W., "as far as I gant say I drink feety or seexy klasses in von day, and it no hurts me; but I don't know how it would be if a man vas to make a tam hog of himself."

### Woollyhead Poetry.

"In sixty-one, the war begun;  
In sixty-two, it was half through;  
In sixty-three, the niggers were free,  
In sixty-four, the war will be o'er.  
In sixty-one your party swore,  
In sixty days it would all be o'er."

Two sailors were sitting on the gunwale of their ship drinking grog. "This is meat and drink," said Jack, and fell overboard as he was drinking.

"And now you have got washing and lodging," coolly remarked Tom.

"My dear," said Mrs. Dogberry to her daughter, "you should not hold your dress so very high in crossing the street." "Then ma," replied the maiden, "how shall I ever show the beauty of my flooned pantalones that have almost ruined my eyesight to manufacture? I'm sure I don't care if the beaux do look at me."

President Lincoln is recovering from a slight attack of varioloid.

"The government" has been freely bled for the last three years, but this is the first time it ever had the small pox.

A New Orleans paper says that a true Union woman is like the sugar we sometimes get—a combination of sweetness and grit.

**TAKE CARE OF SMALL THINGS.**—No man ever made a fortune, or rose to greatness in any department, without being careful of small things. As the beach is made up of grains of sand, so the millionaire's fortune is the aggregation of the people, of single adventures, often inconsiderable in amount. Every eminent merchant, from Girard and Astor down, has been noted for attention to details. Few distinguished lawyers have ever practiced in the courts, who have not been remarkable for a similar characteristic. It was one of the most striking peculiarities of the first Napoleon's mind. The most petty details of house-hold expenses, the most trivial facts relating to his troops, were in his opinion, as worthy of attention as the tactics of a battle, the plans of a campaign, or the revision of a code. Demosthenes, the world's unrivaled orator, was as anxious about his gestures and intonations, as about the texture of his argument or the cadence of his words. Before such examinations, and the very highest walks of intellect, how contemptible the conduct of small minds who despise small things.

## Hypocrisy of Senator Hale.

The recent debate in the Senate, in which Mr. Davis, of Kentucky, and Mr. Hale, of New Hampshire took part, was a most pitiable revelation of the impudence of Abolition hypocrisy. The severe and just strictures of Mr. Davis upon the course of the Administration in their manner of conducting the war, and his assertion that he honestly believed this war was to be continued until after the Presidential election, was the signal for a great display of very virtuous indignation on the part of Mr. John P. Hale. All that simulated indignation was in the very fancy Senator from New Hampshire's best vein; but no one who has been in the habit of listening to his jokes in the Senate believed for a moment that he was in earnest.

"The charral house" figure was excellent, but meant no more than Mr. Edward Everett's "fields wet with brother's blood." One can easily have a monopoly of patriotism in the torpedo touch of an indignant denial of disloyalty to establish it; and Mr. Hale perfectly comprehends this. His idea of "Republican Senators being bound by the sanctity of their oaths to sustain the country and the Constitution," when for the last three years they have been endeavoring to destroy the one, and to overthrow the other, is perfectly sublime in its unapproachable impudence, and when he added to it the assertion that the destinies of this country have been submitted to the Republican Senators, we could not but think, from the experience of the last three years, that it was in very unsafe hands.—Uncle Toby had two ideas in his head—one of his bowling green, and the other of the widow Wadman. Mr. Hale has one—that slavery is a most horrible evil—and the other, that war is one of God's heaven sent agencies to overthrow it; and so he twattles in a most profane way about God's trying the question of free government before the world, and asserts his belief that He has entrusted the destinies of the country, to the hands of the Republican party. God help the land if they are to work up its destinies. If there is any other man, always excepting Mr. Sumner, responsible for all the innocent blood that has been shed, and all the desolation that has swept over us, it is this very Senator Hale. Does he suppose that he can blind the eyes of his countrymen to this fact, by these overstrained bursts of patriotism? But the richest part in the play was when he lashed himself into a burst of indignation over the assertion by Mr. Davis "that the Republican party wished to prolong the war for a political object." We wonder whether the indignant Senator had forgotten Mr. Seward's speech at Auburn, when he said:—  
"Abraham Lincoln was elected in 1860, to be President not of a part but of the whole of the Union; but he has been forcibly kept out of a part of the United States.—There can be no peace and quiet until Abraham Lincoln is President under the next election for the whole United States." We wonder if he supposes that the people are so blind as not to discover the plan recently developed in Mr. Lincoln's message, of the one-tenth scheme of reconstruction, as a most feasible plan by virtue of the bayonet and cartridge-box, to perpetuate his power. Virtuous patriotic Senator Hale! you may possibly have deceived yourself in the idea that you were indignant at such a charge, but the great mass of the people understand too well the plots and counter plots of you and your Abolition crew, ever to give you credit for a sincerity. You may have deceived Mr. Garret Davis, but you cannot deceive the American people.

### The Difference.

The United States under Democratic and under Whig rule was prosperous, her people happy, and every seeming encroachment of power was sternly rebuked. Ours was then a nation of laws; to the Judiciary man could turn for that justice which his fellowman denied him, with a certain assurance of receiving it.

From the eighteenth day of June 1812, when Congress declared war against Great Britain to the end of the year 1814, when that fierce war was ended, it was denominated with a bitterness that, up to that time had no parallel, by many of the leaders of the old Federal party; yet, although it was a war against the greatest power of the world, no American citizen ever supposed that he would lose his liberty by such opposition, and the Democratic Administration that conducted the war to its glorious close, never deemed that within the pages of the Constitution, and hid away in the words, "Congress shall have power to declare war," there existed, or could exist, the right of the President to turn our forts into bastilles, and, without judge or jury, without law and without crime, to imprison American citizens, as if criminals of the deepest dye.

The war commenced in May, 1846, "by the acts of the Republic of Mexico," in shedding American blood on American soil, was denounced with a bitterness exceeding, if possible, that of the war of 1812, as a "God abhorred," a "God-accursed," and a damnable war, and a leading Senator of his party so far forgot himself and his country as to speak as if he wished the Mexicans to "welcome with bloody hands to hospitable graves" our brave soldiers, who at the nation's call went to avenge the nation's wrongs. Yet Mr. Corwin, now the New York Tribune, which paper first, if memory serves us, excitingly published his speech, ever supposed that his author

and his publisher were equally liable to imprisonment in a fortress as a victim to war necessity.

Thus in the two foreign wars since the Revolution, we see that the Opposition was violent in denunciation, and in the first of these, at a time when every effort was strained to resist the colossal power of Great Britain, the New England States were ready to revolt, and their representatives sat with closed doors, in convention at Hartford, to mature, it is believed, their treasonable schemes; yet no "war power" was claimed to punish them; no American bastilles yawned to receive these men, for no power existed to punish, save after an indictment had been found by a Grand Jury and a trial and conviction by a jury of their peers. But now, the same Constitution in existence, how different its interpretation. Then statesmen and judges construed its provisions wisely and strictly in letter and spirit; now when it says one thing, it is deemed and taken to mean its reverse.

Thus, in defining the powers of Congress it says that the "privilege of the writ of habeas corpus shall not be suspended, unless when, in cases of rebellion or invasion, the public safety requires it," means that the President may suspend it in States where there had been no invasion, or where rebellion, except years ago by the Abolitionists against the Fugitive Slave Law, never did exist; that the denial of the right of Congress to make laws "abridging the freedom of speech or of the press," means that the President, without law, can do so with impunity by his Provost Marshals; that the clause which in the other and better days of the republic guaranteed that the "right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers and effects against unreasonable searches and seizures shall not be violated," gives to the President, his Secretary of War, or of State, the power to seize upon any person and imprison him, search his house, make a prize of his papers, and destroy his effects, and the only right Congress has to interpose is to pass a law exempting such officer from arrest and from damages for his lawless and unjustifiable acts.

How different these things from monarchical England, which has no written Constitution to govern her, but where, to her high praise be it said, man is never punished except for crime, and after a fair and impartial trial, and where all his rights are guarded with scrupulous care.

Mr. Seward, once the very embodiment of the "free speech" party, and now the premier member of the Cabinet, in conversation with Lord Lyons, the English Minister, boasting of the power he possessed, said:—

"My Lord, I can touch a bell on my right hand and order the arrest of a citizen in Ohio. I can touch the bell again, and order the imprisonment of a citizen in New York; and no power on earth but that of the President can release them. Can the Queen of England in her dominions do as much?"

Mr. Seward was right in asking the question, "can the Queen of England do as much?" Much as she is loved, such an imprisonment of her subjects, without law and without crime, would cost her crown, and her advisers their heads. How "my Lord" must have smiled on hearing this question asked when he remembered it came from the Secretary of State for the "only free government on earth," and in his mind's eye contrasted it with that noble speech, so eloquent and so true, of the freedom of an Englishman, said:—

"The poorest man in his cottage may bid defiance to all the forces of the Crown. It may be frail; its roof may shake; the wind may blow through it; the storm may enter; the rain may enter; but the King of England can enter it. All his power does not cross the threshold of that ruined tenement."

Yet England is a monarchy, the United States a republic based upon a written Constitution and upon the deep-seated affection of our people. In the monarchy there is freedom and justice, in the republic, so far as our rulers are concerned, there is neither. "Ho! Roger O. Calaine, wilt thou abase our patience?"—N. Y. Daily News.

ARTEMUS WARD.—I was fixin' myself up to attend the great war meetin', when my daughter entered with a young man, who was evidently from the city, and who wore long hair, and had a wild expression in his eyes. In one hand he carried a portfolio, and in his other paw clasped a bunch of brushes. My daughter introduced him as Mr. Sweber, the distinguished landscape painter from Philadelphia.

"He is an artist, papa. Here is one of his masterpieces—a young woman gazin' admirably upon her list borne, and my daughter showed me a real nice picture dan in ile, 'tisn't beautiful, papa? He throws so much soul into his work."

"Does he?" does he?" said I. "Well, I reckon I'd better hire him to white-wash our fence; it needs it. What will you charge, sir," I continued, "to throw some soul into my face?"

My daughter went out of the room in a very short meeter, takin' the artist with her, and from the very emphatic manner in which the door slammed I concluded she was samwhut disgrated at my remarks.

She closed the door, I must say in *Italics*. I went into the closet, and larned all alone by myself for over half an hour.

WHAT SORT of table do they keep at our boarding-house? said Jim to his chum, Dick. "What sort of a table, Jim? why unpalatable?"

## SPIRITUAL RAILWAY.

Lines found in a railway station in England, supposed to have been written by a gentleman there detained.

The line to heaven by Christ was made  
With heavenly truths the rails were laid,  
From earth to heaven the line extends,  
To life eternal where it ends.

Repentance is the station house,  
Where passengers are taken in;  
No fee for them is there to pay,  
For Jesus is himself the way.

The Bible is the engineer;  
It points the way to heaven so clear,  
Through tunnels dark and dreary here,  
It does the way to glory steer.

God's love the fire, his truth the steam,  
Which drives the engine and the train;  
All you who would to glory ride,  
Must come to Christ—in him abide.

The first, the second, and third class,  
Repentance, faith, and holiness,  
You must the way to glory gain,  
Or you with Christ can never reign.

Come, then, poor sinner, now's the time;  
At any station on the line,  
If you repent and turn from sin,  
The train will stop and take you in.

### "Refined and Christian Hearted" War Democrats.

The Journal of Commerce, a few days since, without naming him, drew a picture of the man it would prefer as the candidate for President. "He should be a man of youth and vigor of mind." "He should know how to lead armies," "he "man of refined Christian heart," etc. From this we should judge that, like Sempronius, our contemporary's "voice is still for war," albeit he wishes it conducted (Heaven save the mark!) on Christian principles!

The World leaves us in no doubt as to its position. It is still "War Democratic." True, it holds that the war is badly conducted; that the war as conducted is for the abolition of slavery, even if it abolishes the Constitution, which it necessarily must if successful; that the freedom and elevation of the negro is the major, while a reunited State and a reunited people, bound together as in days of yore, are but minor considerations. "Peace men" with it are but disturbers of the peace, while engaged in efforts to stop the war and on terms, honorable alike to both parties, to put a check to a patricidal strife, and again to inaugurate an era of good feeling. It is hard to tell which most admire, the Joseph Surgeson of the Journal of Commerce or the fatherly care with which The World seeks to give advice to the Democrats in Congress who prefer Peace to War—a prosperous to a ruined country. Alarmed at the strength of the Peace party in Congress, The World alternately cajoles and threatens; begs and blusters; yet this, as Mr. Lincoln once said, "is all artificial—nobody is hurt."

Mr. Stanton, whom The World abuses so heartily for his supposed complicity with the fronds of Hurt, and for sending the main witness against him off, post haste, to the Pacific Coast, ostensibly for disloyalty in refusing to vote against Mr. Vallandigham, is, like the World, a War Democrat, and so is the inefficient Secretary of the Navy, and Mr. Lincoln's Postmaster General, Mr. Chase, too, professes to occupy the same platform. The Peace Democracy have no such men in their ranks. They get no contracts; their sons are not decorated with shoulder straps; their hands are unstained with public plunder, and, better still, in the clear face of Heaven, with hearts laid bare before their God, in the unutilized nobility of their nature, they can swear that this war is not the work of their hands, for they had neither lot or part in it.

The cause of this outbreak on the part of our contemporary is the resolution introduced into Congress by the Hon. Fernando Wood, looking to a termination of the war. Against the action of the majority in laying those resolutions on the table, The World contends, many "War Democrats" voted. If this be true, it was one good vote given.—In this connection it says:—

"Were it permitted us to believe that the courtesy which the Peace Democrats have received at the hands of their brethren is reciprocated by a corresponding feeling, we would ask them what, even in their own view, they can expect to gain by their present attitude? They must know that the Democratic party cannot elect a President on their platform! Is this true? We doubt it. If not, upon what platform, can they elect? Not upon a War platform, for that would be but a change of rulers without change of measures. The people are tired of the war. They believe with the late Senator Douglas that 'war is disunion,' and that the longer it is continued the wider and deeper the breach. Many honest men who never voted with the Democracy—men, indeed, who are strongly anti-slavery in their feelings, but who have seen the horrors of war, and felt it—who hold their love for the negro as subordinate to their love for the Union, would gladly vote for the Democratic nominees upon a Peace platform, while not a single Democrat or conservative Henry Clay Whig in the land but would vote heart and soul for the nominees standing upon so glorious a platform. To elect a "War Democrat" of the Stanton or the World school, they fear, would be but a change of masters. The Treasury leeches, it is true, would vote such a ticket if convinced it would be successful, but not otherwise. Its success might make the

Government realize the fable of the Fox and the Flies. To drive off the present batch of shoddy contractors and Government jobbers who go for the war because it makes them rich, might, if the war policy of the present Administration is to be continued, in the next, bring a more hungry swarm as yet ungorged, and the frauds and speculations of the past three years be continued to the shame and mortification of those that elected it, and to the ruin of the country.

Even if this success was to be consummated under the lead of the Journal of Commerce's "man of refined and Christian heart," we do not see that it would much better the matter. Such a "heart," coming in contact with the Santons, Blairs, Burgesides and Camerons of the present war—all War Democrats—the depravity which surrounds it would soon loose all its refined Christian feeling, and thus would a good man be lost to the country by his contact with War Democrats.

Believing that the salvation of the country is in Peace; that the party who support it are the Union's true and its best friends, and that under that glorious banner we alone can conquer a Peace which will restore our now distracted country to its wonted prosperity, we will urge its adoption with all the energy which patriotism can give us.

### A City in the Rocky Mountains.

The resident population of Virginia, Nevada Territory, on the 1st of July, was estimated at fifteen thousand, the daily number of transient visitors being as many more. Main street, which is the Broadway and Wall of the city, is some three quarters of a mile in length, crowded with every grade and description, a large proportion being elegantly dressed males and females.

The buildings of Main street are mostly brick, the first story iron, open in front.—This gives a light, cheerful appearance to the street, especially in the night time when brilliantly lighted with gas. Many of the buildings of this city are provided with vaults and salamanders, the four and five story brick and front fire proof now going up, all have one or both of these indispensable features. Some of the streets are so blocked up with lumber, brick and mortar, that teams are at times unable to get along; common laborers get from two to four dollars a day without board.

The city supports four daily newspapers, a theatre, opera-house, several churches, an number of negro minstrel and melodists, to say nothing of the institutions already enumerated above.

No one who has not been there can form an idea of the amount of treasure to be seen in passing through Main street. At Well's & Fargo's banking-house and express office it is not uncommon to see tons of "silver bricks" wheeled in and out in the course of an hour. These "bricks" in shape resemble the ordinary fire-brick but are much larger, and form nine hundred and eighty five to nine hundred ninety per cent. fineness, which is from ten to fifteen per cent. pure silver, averaging some \$1,80 each.

The eight drafts sold frequently amount to \$100,000. Some of \$20 and upward are usually paid in \$20 pieces. No paper currency there, or in any of the mining towns west of the Rocky Mountains—Salt Lake City being the only place where paper circulates for money. So much for a city less than six years old.

### The Blessed Home.

Home! To be home is the wish of the seaman on the stormy sea and lonely watch. Home is the wish of the soldier, and tended visions mingled with the troubled dreams of trench and tentedfield, where the palm tree waves its graceful palms, and birds of jewelled lustre flash and flicker among the gorgeous flowers, the exile sits staring on vacancy; and borne on the wings of fancy over intervening seas and lands he has swept away home and hears the lark singing above his father's field and see his fair-haired brother, with light foot and child-hood's glee, chasing the butterfly by his native stream. And in his best hours, home his own native home, with his Father above that starry sky, will be the wish of every Christian man. He looks around him—he finds the world is full of suffering; he is distressed with its sorrows and vexed with its sins. He looks within him—he finds much in his own corruptions to grieve for. In the language of a heart repelled, grieved, vexed, he often turns his eyes upwards, saying, "I would not live here always. No not for all the gold of the world's mines—not for all the pearls of the sea—not for all the pleasures of her flashing, frothy cup—not for all the crowns of her kingdoms—would I live here always." Like a bird about to migrate to those sunny lands where no winter shades her snows, or stripes the grove, or binds the dancing streams, he will often in spirit be pluming his wings for the hour of his flight to glory.

COLD COMFORT.—A Copperhead paper tries to draw consolation from the fact that "Lazarus survived after the dogs had 'licked him.' Yes, but they were not "Lincoln dogs,"—Nigger paper.

That's a fact, if they had been, Lazarus would have died. Democrats have a stronger constitution.

THE ONLY petitions in the Lord's Prayer that many people utter in sincerity are the fourth and part of the fifth verses—give us our daily bread and forgive us our debts.

## The President's Message.

What can we say of this bungling document? We dare not pass it over with indifference, for by doing so we would be guilty of "the treason of silence," about which the President, a few months since, hurled forth his official condemnation. We must therefore give our views of the Message, or our "loyalty" might be doubted by Mr. Lincoln and the man who taps a bell at his right hand and another at his left. "A man should say nothing unless he has something to say," remarked Mr. Lincoln at Gettysburg, on being serenaded by a band on the evening previous to the consecration of the soldiers' cemetery, and really we feel like following the advice, and would prefer to "say nothing" concerning this last production from the classic pen of the "Western jester." As Artemus Ward would say, "for the people who like such kind of messages, this is just the kind of a message such people like." It will be extolled to the skies by the lick-spittles, contractors, pensioned editors and loyal thieves in general, who hover around the "Government" as vultures hover over a carcass. But to disinterested men—men of sense, who are not coining money from the blood and tears of the people—the reading of this cloudy document will cause them to sigh for their country, and to curse the day that the people in their blindness and folly, called Abraham Lincoln, the incompetent, to the chair of State.

The greater portion of the Message is business-like in character, but put together in a bungling manner, and was no doubt prepared by the chief clerks of the several departments. The abolition portion of it, however, is evidently Lincoln's own, liberally interspersed with the ideas of Greeley, Fred. Douglas ("American gentleman of African descent," Jim Lane, Beecher, Phillips, and Mrs. Lucretia Mott. These radical Abolition dignitaries, we noticed, were all at Washington, during the two weeks the message was being prepared, and, according to a correspondent, gave their counsel and advice in the preparation of the document." Fred Douglas, the negro, has for once, therefore, sent into Congress his dictation to the representatives of the people. After performing this duty, Fred returned to Boston, and made a speech to a mixed audience of whites and blacks, and in it he complimented the President, and said "he (Lincoln) had received him (Douglas) with the cordiality and friendship due from one gentleman to another."

The most important feature in the Message is its tail or appendage—the Proclamation proposing to extend Executive clemency to a portion of the rebels, provided they all turn to be good and obedient Abolitionists, give up their slaves, and take an oath that they will yield a hearty support to all Lincoln's Proclamations and whims, and to the acts of the Abolition Congress! In short, he will pardon them, (or some of them) if they stop fighting and become his serfs.

This Proclamation is nothing more nor less than a premeditated insult to those to whom it is addressed, and the oath the President dictates no white man or decent negro in America could or would take even to save his life. One half the people of the free States would spurn it. The Proclamation, then is worse than nothing, and, in the language of the Journal of Commerce, "sounds very much like the ukase from the chambers of an autocrat, instead of the voice of an ordinary man, temporarily representing the Constitutional Government of the United States."

The President has yielded to the demands of the radicals of his party, and the questions of peace and Union he makes secondary to the abolition of slavery! The negro, not the Union, is what he is solicitous over. He has taken his stand, he tells us, and the freedom of the slaves is made paramount to a restoration of the Union! The people, therefore, can no longer be kept in the dark in reference to the objects of the war. By the confession of the President himself it is a war for the negro and for nothing else. Such being the fact, let the people make up their minds that this war is to go on from year to year so long as the present party has control of the Government. In the language of a prominent statesman who voted for Lincoln "oh, that we had a Jackson in the chair of State, if but for one day."—Carlisle Volunteer.

A VETERAN officer of the regular army writes as follows to the Army and Navy Journal:—

"At Gettysburg, on the first three days of July, the regulars, out of 2,044 men, lost 1,000—by far the heaviest loss, proportionally, suffered by any body of men in that field. And yet, while every State whose volunteers were engaged, is to have a plot for its illustrious dead, these brave fellows of our regular army, many of whom had served for twenty years, and who finally met their death in the van, are to be buried with the unknown—thrown into a corner-ditch because they fought but voted not—put on a level with the horses that fell with them, because their officers were soldiers, not politicians."

"THOU ART THE MAN."—Jack Hale in a speech in Manchester, N. H., last week, asked, in the voice of the Bull of Bashan—  
"Where is the man who is such a dastardly coward that he will not sacrifice friends, property, and even life itself in the present great struggle with the rebellion?" We answer, as Nathan said to David, "Thou art the man."

## WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO KNOW?

I know a girl with teeth of pearl  
And shoulder-white as snow;  
She lives—ah! well,  
I must not tell—  
Wouldn't you like to know?

Her sunny hair is wondrous fair,  
And wavy is its flow;  
Who'll make it less  
One little tress—  
Wouldn't you like to know?

Her eyes are blue (celestial hue)  
And dazzling in their glow;  
On whom they beam,  
With melting gleam,  
Wouldn't you like to know?

Her lips are red and finely wed,  
Like roses ere they blow;  
What favor kiss  
These dewy lips—  
Wouldn't you like to know?

Her fingers are like lilies fair,  
When lilies fairest grow;  
Whose hand they press  
With fond caress—  
Wouldn't you like to know?

Her foot is small and has a fall  
Like snow flakes on the snow;  
And where it goes—  
Beneath the rose—  
Wouldn't you like to know?

She has a name, the sweetest name,  
That language can bestow;  
'T would break a spell  
If I should tell—  
Wouldn't you like to know?

## Playing into Each Others' Hands.

Not a year ago, Thurlow Weed, the Republican leader, uttered in the Albany Journal, these startling and true words:—  
"The chief architects of the rebellion, before it broke out, were aided in their infernal designs by the Abolitionists of the North. This was too true, for without such aid the South could never have been united against the Union. But for the incendiary recommendations which rendered the otherwise useful Helper Book a fire brand, North Carolina could not have been forced out of the Union. And even now the ultra abolition press and speech makers are aggravating the horrors they helped to create, by thus playing into the hands of the leaders of the rebellion and keeping down the Union men of the South, and rendering re-union difficult if not impossible."  
If this was true in 1862, how doubly so is it now! The two extremes of agitators and factionists are playing into each other's hands.

The Richmond Enquirer and New York Tribune, agreeing in common hatred of the Democracy, play into each other's hands now as before the rebellion. The Enquirer publishes insulting articles to inflame and unite the North, and the Tribune utters doctrine which consolidate the South.

Those two organs started years ago upon this dishonest work. Each inflated to the utmost the fanaticism of its followers.—Each taught them to hate the opposite section. While the Southern States were hesitating on the brink of secession Greeley came out and proclaimed to them that they had the same right as the Colonies had in the revolution.

He assured them they might securely try the experiment. Thus urged on, they took the fatal plunge.

Now the question before the country is, whether the slaveholding States will be allowed to return. Never, cry the radicals, except upon the basis of emancipation and the stipulation of negro rights. All State constitutions must be abolished, as already the Federal Constitution has been broken down by the violence of fanatics.

Such men are indeed "the architects of ruin." But are we contentedly to sit by and contemplate their work? Are the great majority of the people—the masses who loved the old Union, the conservatives who dread revolution, to set sumpily by and see this monstrous work of desolation go on?—No. Let the people rise and confront these fanatics, who have no strength but imposture, and no courage but the insolence of ephemeral power.—*Albany Argus.*

The New York Post thinks Copperhead Democrats ought to be hanged.

So the devil would like to hang every Christian or lover of humanity, and so the murderer or highwayman would like to put all informers out of the way. But suppose you try it. Go and hang one for his Democratic principles, and there will be an end of you, in less than a hundred hours.

GEN. SCOTT AND OUR CIVIL WAR.—It is stated that General Scott, in a recent conversation on the developments of the war, remarked that the fighting had only commenced, and that the real hard fighting was yet to take place. He also added that the administration had fooled away nearly every golden opportunity, and thus instead of ending the rebellion, as they could have done long since, have extended it to the distant future.—N. Y. Herald.

IMPORTANT INFORMATION.—Col. J. G. Fessenden 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.