

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 JANUARY 27, 1864.

NUMBER 14.

A FORTUNE FOR ALL!

EITHER MEN OR WOMEN!

NO HUMBAG, 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 trifle 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 humbugs. 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 hits something that pays him.

This art cost me one 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, 1863—3m.

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, so matter from 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 25c.
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 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 A. C. T. No. 78 Cedar street, New York
Sold by all the principal druggists,
Nov. 25, 1863—1y.

Old Things Become New,

The undersigned would beg leave to inform his old friends, and the rest of mankind, that he has lately returned from the service of his country, and again re-opened his OLD ESTABLISHED TAILORING SALOON, with a view of making up entire new garments, as well as mending old ones, for all mankind, [and any body else] who may favor him with their work in his line. He is prepared to do work KEPT FASHIONABLE and SUBSTANTIAL, and hopes by so doing, and strict attention to business to merit and receive a due share of patronage. But remember, all that these times require money, or something to live upon, he therefore hopes and trusts, that when he has done his part, his customers will do theirs, by furnishing the "poor John," or ready trade. For truly the "Laborer is worthy of his hire."

BERNARD RUPERT,
Bloomsburg, Sept. 10 1862.

THE NEW GROCERY STORE.

MORE

Fresh Goods.

Just received at Erasmus' New Store.

Molasses,

Sugars,

Tees,

Collon,

Rice,

Spices,

HATS & CAPS

Fish,

Salt,

Tobacco,

Candies,

Razens,

FEED AND PROVISIONS.

Together with a great variety of notions

&c., too numerous to mention.

Butter, Eggs, Meat and produce generally taken in exchange for goods.

A. B. ERASMUS.

Bloomsburg, Nov. 4, 1863.

Selling off at Reduced

PRICES!

L. T. SHARPLESS, wishes to dispose of his PRESENT STOCK OF GOODS TO READY PAY CUSTOMERS at REDUCED RATES. Give him a call and examine his prices. Bloomsburg, Jan. 6, 1864.

DAVID LOWENBERG.

CLOTHING STORE.

On Main street, two doors above the "American Hotel."

STAR OF THE NORTH.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY BY

WM. H. JACOBY,

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

TERMS:—Two Dollars per annum if paid within six months from the time of subscribing; two dollars and fifty cents if not paid within the year. No subscription taken for a less period than six months; no discontinuance permitted until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the editor. The terms of advertising will be as follows: One square, twelve lines three times, \$1 00 Every subsequent insertion, 25 One square, three months, 3 00 One year, 8 00

Choice Poetry.

GET UP BEFORE THE SUN.

Get up before the sun my lady,
Get up before the sun!

This snoozing in a feather bed,
Is what should not be done.

Between sunrise and breakfast, lady,
Rise, breathe the morning air,

'Twill make you look so bright my lady,
'Twill make you look so fair.

Get up before the sun, my lady;
Shake off your sloth—arouse!

You lose the greatest luxury
That life has, if you drowse.

Between sunrise and breakfast, lady:
Arise then, do not lose

The key to health and happiness,
By lying in a snooze.

Get up before the sun, my lady,
And in the garden hoe,

Or load the pigs, or milk the cow,
Or take the scythe and mow,

'Twill give you buoyant spirits, lady,
Give vigor to your frame—

Then rise before the sun, my lady,
And these rich blessings claim.

THE REBEL OFFICER.

Toward the close of a beautiful day, during the invasion of the North by the rebel army a superior officer of that army presented himself at the door of one of the most aristocratic residences of the place, and respectfully begged a bowl of coffee for a sick companion. The lady of the house hastened to prepare it, and presently he received at her hands a large pitcher of the refreshing beverage.

He pledged himself to return shortly, and the lady, impelled by curiosity, resolved to discover whether he was truthful, or whether it was a pretext for realizing himself with a luxury. She saw him take it to an officer whose pale countenance and stooping figure she had noticed, and who drank off cup after cup as if his thirst was unquenchable, until the pitcher was drained. Immediately his visitor turned to best back the borrowed articles, and on reaching the door he said: "May God bless you for your kindness to a suffering man. He is feeble and almost exhausted and you cannot know how much this has comforted him."

He offered compensation, which was refused. He lingered as if wishing an invitation to tarry, and immediately some young ladies, whose curiosity to see "a splendid rebel officer," outweighed their fear, appeared on the threshold, and among them a little girl of three years. At the sight of her, the sad face of the confederate brightened, and extending a hand, he said, "Sister, I left a little girl at home, just about your size, and she could sing very sweetly. Can you sing?"

"Yes, sir."

"Wouldn't you like to sing me a song for my little girl's sake?"

"Mamma said you were a rebel, and had come here to shoot us and burn our house."

"O, no, my little dear, I couldn't think of shooting you," he replied with evident embarrassment. "I will take care of you, indeed."

"Will you? Then I will sing you my nicest new song," and regarding him as a worthy friend, she placed her hand in his, and looking up into his face with childish confidence, began to sing, with hesitating accents:

"The Union forever, hurrah, boys, hurrah!
Down with the traitor, up with the star,"

with such much assurance as though she had known he admired the sentiment. His face took on its former serious, abstracted look, and he seemed unconscious that she had ceased until one of the ladies inquired if he would favor them with singing. He consented to join in that grand old hymn which can never die, and he reverently uncovered his head while they sang,

"Be thou, oh God exalted high,
and the fullness, and richness, and exquisite melody of his tones can never be forgotten by that little company.

He took leave of the party, but as if having forgotten himself, turned back and inquired: "Will one of you ladies oblige me by exchanging a postage stamp, for I wish to communicate with my sister in Washington, which I cannot do with my stamps or currency."

A lady promptly assented, and received the curiosity, and on discovering traces of his High Mightiness, Jeff Davis, perched it on the tip of her fingers and eyeing it askance inquired in the sassy spirit of mischief which her beauty and grace guaranteed her, "Will it bite?"

"No it's warranted not to bite," he said, smiling at the oddness of the question.

"How long are you rebels going to stay here?" she continued.

"As long as you rebels have no go! We shall protect you as carefully as your own army would do."

"Perhaps so, but we don't need protec-

tion, and that is not the object of your coming."

"We propose to make a tour of the North, partly on business and partly on pleasure."

"Well, but how long will it take you to accomplish your plans?"

"Really, I could not say, perhaps six weeks, perhaps all summer. Possibly we may like it so well we may never go back."

"No," she said, with a burst of passionate impulse, "I hope you will never get back, but your bones will strew the way, and bleach in the sun all the way from here to the Potomac."

"You are very bitter, I should have expected that from a Yankee lady, but hardly from you."

"I am from the opposite extreme, from Iowa, but I hate a rebel worse than the Yankees do. You are rebelling against the power of God and the kindness of man."

"Lady you don't consider what you say—Those are fearful words."

"I know they are, but I will repeat that I hope that not one of you will escape to carry the tidings. You had no right to come here, and destroy our homes, and take away our friends and leave nothing but desolation in your track. You may not hope for the blessings of God upon your undertaking."

"Lady," he answered while a tear sprang to his eye, "I would not be found here today, had your army found its way to my home, and desolated it. I had a beautiful young wife, fair as the beauty of heaven, loving and tenderly loved, but even her she did not spare, but well nigh broke her heart with fear and sorrow. Then I resolved to forfeit my life, or avenge the wrong. I determined that the homes of the North should feel the power of the invader's hand, if my single strength could accomplish it—It is easy for you with your abundance, to sit and declaim against us, who have been nerved to the last point of desperation, by the wrongs of our armies, and when we see our dear ones reduced to the last extremity, what shall we do but raise our hands, and strike in their defence? I did not willingly enter into this struggle, but having entered it, death alone shall put a limit to my efforts."

"Do you expect God will forgive you?"

"I trust I have a father in heaven who has forgiveness for me, for I am conscious I am forever only my duty, and does not that always meet the approbation of God? My convictions of duty brought me here, and will sustain me to the end. But if I fall, I should hardly expect you to minister to me. Would you comfort a dying man whom you call a rebel?"

"I don't know as I should, if he continued a rebel."

"May God forgive you. The chances of war may cause us to meet again." Gradually raising his hat, "until we meet," he said, and mounting his horse, he rode away.

Those words of the resolute young officer rang in her ears like a fatality. What could he mean? He surely was not so unfeeling as to seek revenge yet the soul of the young girl, whom scarcely any danger daunted, was filled with unrest.

For several days all remained in quiet suspense. Vast bodies of cavalry and infantry were moving to and fro like the surging of enormous billows. Heavy demands were made upon the people; and those supplies that were not willingly granted, were forcibly taken, until all began to look anxiously for the time and place when the dreadful blow should fall. At last it came, and that in the consecrated abodes of the dead.

O the terrible thunder of artillery! O the sickening thought that thousands unprotected human breasts were the targets for those horrible missiles of destruction! How can humanity look on such scenes as these and live?

The contest was frightful and bravery desperate on either side, but at length there was a lull, and the stars and stripes were in the ascendant.

The firing ceased, and the armies slowly retired. Every available spot, from the spacious halls consecrated to God, down to the veriest hole, was filled with the wounded, and dying, friend and foe side by side, blaspheming, groaning, praying; and there are the noble forms whom but yesterday were in the full glory of manhood.

Mothers and sisters, with tenderest sympathy quickly gathered round to perform kind offices, fearing lest each moment should see countenances of dear ones; and among other ministering spirits was found our rash, impetuous friend—and as though Providence had directed her, the first person whom she reached was the rebel officer—shot! Yet he smiled as she advanced, saying: "You could not refuse a dying man, even a rebel."

"I have repented of those cruel words. A soldier, from the moment he is wounded is no longer a rebel, but a man, deserving all the kindness of humanity."

"Thank you. I could not have stopped to bandy words with you, had you not so powerfully reminded me of my wife—Where on this wild green earth she is, I cannot tell, for she fled from her home and I could never get trace of her afterward. If she has passed beyond, I trust I soon shall go to her, for she is mine still. You are her exact counterpart, and I could not force myself to go out of your presence, until you told me that neither God nor yourself would forgive me, for my share in this wicked rebellion." But now, lying here in the very face of death I do not regret

what I have done for my country."

The lady was silent, but at length replied:

"I had a little sister, who closely resembled me, and as we were motherless, my father gave her to a wealthy Southern lady visiting North, who took a fancy to her—Her name was Ella, and the lady's name was Nottingham."

"My wife's name, and you are her sister! That accounts for my strange fascination—But it is a sad meeting. Will you not forgive a brother who has met death in defence of your sister?"

She could not utter a word, but the tears fell like rain, she placed her hand on his head granting him the coveted petition—

"Thank you. Be kind to Ella and Maggie, if you can ever see them. Tell them my last thoughts were for them."

His sentence which from the first had been indistinct and disconnected, grew more and more feeble, until she stood alone before the dead.

Such sad developments these dark days, bring! Who shall count the hearts bleeding, breaking, because the light of the household hath gone out forever? Will not our father in heaven soon say: "I have seen that it is enough!"

Truths to be Heeded.

In the following paragraph, which we quote from the Providence Post, the truth with regard to the actual position taken by the President in his latest "proclamation" is stated with much conciseness and point. Nor can the best friend of the President deny that this manner of stating his real position is literally correct. And being true, in what a light does it exhibit Abraham Lincoln and those who follow him!

(From the Providence Post)

If we can understand what the President, in his message and proclamation, is driving at, it is to prevent any restoration of the Union until he has gotten rid of slavery in the States where it exists. According to Republican authority, the rebellion is almost subdued; we have but to fight earnestly a little longer, and the old flag will wave from the capital of every State, and the Constitution will be the supreme law of the whole land. But this says Mr. Lincoln, will not do. "I must make a new condition of reunion. Loyalty isn't precisely what I wanted. All these rebels have been guilty of a crime, and I will punish them as traitors unless they will agree, under oath, to give up their property." This is the proclamation. It is to repress Union sentiment in the South—to prevent the Southern States from returning to the Union. It is precisely as though a President should issue a proclamation declaring all the manufacturing property of the North confiscated, and holding all the inhabitants as criminals until one-tenth of them should endorse his proposition.

And here is another paragraph from the same paper, which also contains truths that should be heeded by the Republicans. Will they heed them for are they blinded and governed wholly by partisan animosity and an excited, wild and delusive expectation of a coming Millennium which is to dawn on this awful work of war and ruin! The Post says:

The Peace party at the North will be greatly strengthened by the President's avowal of his policy. He no longer leaves open the door to a restoration of the Union, through support of the government's war measures. We must fight hereafter, not for the Union and old flag, but for the negro and the reconstruction of state governments so as to accord with Executive proclamations. This is plainly Mr. Lincoln's declaration. The Slave States are to be deemed readmitted as free States when one-tenth of their voters have signified that the whole are willing to give up their property; and then what? Why, we are to go on again with the war until the nine-tenths join the one-tenth! At this rate, and upon this condition, the war may last twenty years, and the Union may then be an impossibility.

"A STOPPER."—A renowned clergyman of Lincolnshire lately preached a long sermon from the text, "Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting." After the congregation had listened about an hour some began to get weary and went out, others soon followed greatly to the annoyance of the minister. Another person started, whereupon the parson stopped and said: "That's right gentlemen; as fast as you are weighed pass out."

He continued his sermon to some length after that, but no one disturbed him by leaving.

"Hon. Mr. Ancona, of Pennsylvania, has introduced a resolution in Congress, in which he calls the conscription act, 'The lottery of death.'"

The Buffalo Courier humorously calls the Gettysburg graveyard celebration, "the National Wake." The way we are sending our people into the army—into the jaws of death, the end of Mr. Lincoln's Administration will be the national sleep—the sleep of death.

A man who washes his dirty face and then gets it dirty again merely changes his ground.

The N. Y. Herald gives him up—hear it: "We abandon 'Honest Old Abe' as a hopeless case. We have puffed him, in every way, but can get no good out of him."

Shocking Treatment of a Young Woman.

A case has just been brought to light at Parkgate, near Rotterdam, showing the most shocking and inhuman treatment of a daughter by her father and stepmother. For several years it has been well known in the neighborhood of Parkgate that a young woman was shut up in the house of her parents, but for what reason and under what circumstances no one knew. Persons who have occasionally heard her cries and feared she was subjected to some cruel treatment have spoken of it to the police and others, but nothing was done to ascertain the real condition of the girl. On the night of the 16th, however, she seized a favorable opportunity and escaped to the house of a neighbor. Her appearance excited feelings of horror, and the tale she told of the sufferings she had undergone could scarcely be credited. She returned to her "home," and information was given to the police. On the following morning, Sergeant Horne went to the father's house, and insisted upon seeing his daughter. After some little hesitation she was called, and an object presented itself that could scarcely be recognized as a human being. Wrapped around her were a few rags in a most filthy condition; her eyes were black, and nearly closed; her lips were swollen to an enormous size; and one of her ears was a large wound from which blood was flowing. Her features were shrunken and distorted, and altogether her appearance was one of the most sickening description. The officer tried every means to induce her to speak, but he was unable to elicit a word from her. He then asked to be shown the room from which she was called, and a small place like a recess on the stairs landing was pointed out to him. There was just room in it for what was used as a bedstead, but which was in reality a heap of filth, and the piece was in a most disgusting state. Persons who live near state that it is at least fourteen years since the poor creature disappeared, and they speak of her as being then about fourteen years of age, and a lively, intelligent girl. Although she is now, therefore, twenty-eight years of age, she is not so tall as an ordinary girl of twelve—having rather diminished in stature than grown during her long and dreary incarceration. As soon as the facts of the case became known to Superintendent Gillet, steps were taken with the view of bringing the matter before the proper authorities. At the meeting of the Board of Guardians on Monday, the case was brought before them, and an investigation was ordered to be made. The father is in comfortable circumstances, and well able to support his daughter properly.—Sheffield Independent.

Drunk, but Don't Know It.

In accounting recently for the strange vagaries of the Lincoln Administration, and the popular support accorded them, some New York papers said that the nation is "drunk." Forney, in his Washington Chronicle, indignantly denied the charge, and said:

"The nation is not drunk. The fact that public balls are prevalent; that theatres are enriching their managers and lessees; that gayer and amusements are everywhere the rage; these facts do not prove that the nation is drunk. All this may be true, while friends and relatives are dying on the Rapidan, or in Tennessee, yet not convict the people of drunkenness."

It is proverbial that the drunkard is, of all men, least aware of his true condition, and when most intoxicated he is most persuaded that he is perfectly sober, and that everybody else is terribly inebriated. This is the state in which the Administration and its supporters now are, and it is folly for any sane person to try to convince them of their situation. Forney continues thus:

"But of what greater crime than drunkenness are they guilty who, seeing their houses in flames, struggle to prevent the introduction of the firemen, and keep abuse upon the authorities who direct their movements?"

Mr. Forney, being drunk with the rest of his party, don't see that the "firemen" of whom he speaks, are pumping oil on the flames of this civil war, instead of water, and that they are properly opposed by sober and reasonable people, who don't wish to have their property and all destroyed by a set of crazy fellows who have go hold of the engines.

What Becomes of Dead Horses.

Some people will no doubt be astonished to learn that large fortunes have been made every year since the commencement of the war, out of the dead horses of the Army of the Potomac. The popular idea is that when Rosinante yields up the ghost, he is buried in some field, or left to moulder into mather earth in the woods somewhere. Not so. He has made his last charge, and gnawed his last fence rail, but there is from \$20 to \$40 in the old fellow yet. A contract for the purchase of the dead horses in the Army of the Potomac, for the ensuing year, was let a few days ago, to the highest bidder, at \$1.76 per head, delivered at the factory of the contractor. Last year \$300,000 was cleared on the contract, and this year it is thought \$100,000 can be made on it. The animals die at the rate of about fifty per day, at the lowest calculation.

At the contractor's establishment they are thoroughly dissected. First, the shoes are pulled off; they are usually worth fifty cents a set. Then the hoofs are cut off; they bring about two dollars a set. Then comes the caudal appendage, worth half a dollar. Then the hide, which is worth that sells for. Then the tallow, which is possible to extract tallow from the army horses which I think extremely doubtful, unless he die immediately after entering the service. And last, but not least, the shin-bones are valuable being convertible, into a variety of articles, such as Kane-heads composed of pure ivory, such as Kane-heads, hoods, &c. By the time the contractor gets through with the "late lamented" steed, there is hardly enough of him left to feed a bull pup.

Hereafter kind reader, when you see a dead "boss" don't turn up your nose at him, but regard him thoughtfully, as the foundation for a large fortune in a single year. He may individually, be a nuisance, but "there is that within which passeth show"—\$100,000 a year.

Scrouched a Little.

Miss Fitznancy, elderly maiden, charged Mr. Cleaver, the gay young man accustomed to carry home her marketing, with having forcibly kissed her in the entry of her own house. Mr. Cleaver, though proud of his personal appearance, was short, considering his whiskers; heft even in French boots, only four feet eleven Fitznancy, on the contrary, ran up a foot higher, and stayed there, being of a remarkably rigid deportment. She swore the abbreviated yet amorous butcher kissed her by assault, and hauled him up for it. Butcher, with some expression of disgust, more emphatic than necessary, denied the charge. Butcher was fat, lady wasn't. Cleaver had an snipthip to the "scraggy" women, and rowed he hadn't kissed her and wouldn't. Money couldn't hire him to.

Cross examined—Lawyer inquires of the lady the circumstances—when, where, how? Lady replies with particularity. On Monday morning, at 10 o'clock, in the entry, resisted all she could, but he persevered and triumphed. Lawyer asked:

"Did he stand on any thing but the floor?"

"No, he stood on the floor; no chair, no stool, or anything else."

"But, madam, this is impossible—you are twelve inches taller. How could he reach your lips?"

Lady hadn't thought of that. But she was not to be tripped up by the glitzy lawyer of them so she replies:

"Oh, ha—well I know I—yes, to be sure! But then, you know, I scrouched a little!"

"Exactly! thank you ma'am. That will do. Nothing further, your honor."

Verdict for the short defendant.

An Affecting Incident.

Some three years ago, a household in our sister city Covington was thrown into commotion by the sudden disappearance of a daughter twelve years of age. She was tracked to the ferry boat, but whether she had passed safely over or was drowned, was not discovered. Patient and anxious waiting brought no tidings of her. The frenzied and unhappy parent although in moderate circumstances, sought the newspaper offices, and advertised a reward of \$1,000 to whoever should restore his missing child—All proved unavailing. Some time afterward the corpse of a young lady was found in the river near Vevey, about forty miles below here, hearing of it he went there, but it was not his daughter.

Time wore on, and no tidings came of the lost child. She was dead to them, but they could not visit her grave. About twelve months ago the stricken family removed to Mexico and took their abode in foreign country, foreign in language and customs, in features and in habits from that in which they had met with their great loss. It might wear away their thoughts from sadly remaining on the past, and enable them, in a region devoted to religious duties to look more hopefully toward the great future—There they still reside.

About a week since, a steamer arriving from Memphis, was crowded with passengers, who were upon the guards straining their eyes to gather into one look the multitudes of objects which thronged the public landing. One, however, a young girl budding into womanhood, sought the outer rail and looked wistfully over the naked shore of Covington, to where hid away, under a clump of trees, was the cottage of her childhood, hoping in vain to see the curling smoke to announce to her a warm welcome within. Quickly she passed over the ferry, where long since she had disappeared; no one noted or knew her, and she went without interruption to the door of her father's house. It answered not her knock, weeds had grown up rank and rough, where she had left flowers, and no signs of human life were to be found there.

It was the turn now of the wayward child to weep, and when by inquiry, she found how far and almost hopeless she was separated from her parents, she began to feel desolate. Piqued at some chiding or some punishment of her mother, she had gone upon a steamboat, where a female passenger hired her to go with her as a nurse—After a little while the war broke out, stopping all intercourse with the South by the river, and though she had that untired friends but seldom prove steadfast in trouble, and that the harshness of a parent is melting kindness beside that of a stranger, yet she was unable till lately to return. A kind lady of Covington has given shelter to the wanderer until her return is made known to her parents.—Cincinnati paper.

THE DEAD-LOCK IN THE STATE SENATE.

LETTER FROM EX-GOV. PACKER.

WILLIAMSPORT, PA., Jan. 13, 1864.

Hon. Wm. HOPKINS—Dear Sir: If in these terrible times the community could be surprised at any thing which can happen, they would assuredly be astounded with the bold and revolutionary attempt, now being made by the party in power, to override the constitution, and to usurp the powers of our State Senate.

Nothing can be plainer than the constitutional requirement that the "General Assembly shall meet on the first Tuesday of January, in every year," and that the "each House shall choose its Speaker, and other officers." Not only is the Senate authorized and directed to choose its Speaker, and the House of Representatives to choose its Speaker, but each House, (that is, every House) as it is constituted when the General Assembly meets, shall choose its Speaker and other officers. This has been the construction of those sections of the Constitution which have obtained without interruption, and without question from any quarter, from the adoption of the constitution, in 1790, until the meeting of the General Assembly, in 1864. The Speaker of a former "House" (as each branch of the Legislature is denominated,) only presides until the credentials of a new "House" are laid before him. Then he must retire. His duties have been performed, and his powers are ended. This is not only according to the constitution, but it is in strict conformity with the experience of the past.

John Tod, afterwards an eminent Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, and one of the first lawyers in the State, so read the constitution, when, at the meeting of the General Assembly, in Dec. 1815, he took his seat on the floor of the Senate, and was re-elected