

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

W. H. JACOBY, Publisher.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

[Two Dollars per Annum.]

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W. H. JACOBY,

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Choice Poetry.

THE INDEPENDENT FARMER.

Let sailors sing of the windy deep,
Let soldiers praise their armor,
But in my heart this toast I'll keep,
The Independent Farmer;
When first the rose in robe of green,
Unfolds its crimson lining,
And round his cottage porch was seen
The honeysuckle twining,
When banks of bloom their sweetness yield
To bees that gather honey,
He drives his team across the field
Where skies are soft and balmy.

The black-bird creak behind his plough,
The quail pipes loud and clearly,
You orchard hides behind its bough
The home he loves so dearly;
The grey old barn, whose doors unfold
His ample store in measure,
More rich than heaps of hoarded gold,
A precious, blessed treasure;
But yonder in the porch there stands
His wife, the lovely charmer,
The sweetest rose on all the lands—
The Independent Farmer.

To him the Spring comes dancingly,
To him the Summer blushes,
The Autumn smiles with mellow ray,
He sleeps, old Winter hushes;
He cares not how the world may move,
No doubts nor fears confound him;
His little flocks are linked in love,
And household angels round him;
He trusts in God, and loves his wife,
Nor grieves nor ills may harm her;
His nature's nobleman in life—
The Independent Farmer.

THE FAT GIRL'S JUMP.

OR, HOW TO DO UP SOMNAMBULISM.

I was just twelve years of age; and the most unqualified rogue for mischief that "old Kentucky" could produce. It was at this time that I was sent to a country boarding school, some thirty miles from my birth-place, Louisville; and an agreeable school it was, for it had only two departments, and they simply consisted of male and female. Our tutor and tutress were the kindest souls in Christendom, and never indicated a heavier punishment than that of sending the guilty one to bed supperless, or depriving him or her of the privilege of the recess. Then there could be no wonder in our imposing upon such good nature—but for my adventure.

There was only a door (that, of course, locked) that separated the dormitory of the boys and girls; but the kind builder had not omitted to place a ventilator over the door, and, as luck would have it, the good tutress had covered it with a small green baize curtain upon our side. After enjoying a fine dance upon the green, and that, too, under the prettiest moonlight that ever shone, we were assembled in the chapel for prayer, and then sent to our separate dormitories—the girls, some fifteen in number, taking one flight of stairs, while we eighteen or twenty of the greatest scamps alive, took the opposite flight—our master and tutress returning to their room. A few moments found all in bed, and strange to say, perfectly quiet. We had lain so but a short time, when we heard a sudden creak, like a bedstead put in violent agitation, and this was followed by a suppressed and general titter.

"By golly! boys, there's fun among the girls," I exclaimed; "and here's what's going to have peep at em."

In a moment every bed showed a sitting figure. I bounded out and ran off softly to the key-hole—but the fallen angels had stuffed it with a rag; and that was no go.

"Never mind boys; easy now, and I'll give you all a sight."

I softly drew a table and placed it against the door, and with the greatest difficulty and stood a chair upon it—for the table being small, the chair made almost too great a stride for it. However, I mounted, and raising the corner of the curtain, the whole scene was visible to me.

The girls had placed two beds some six or eight feet apart, and laid a featherbed on the floor between them, and they were then exercising themselves by jumping from one bed to the other. There was one fat girl, about as broad as she was long, and no way calculated for physical exertions; but she got upon the bed and stood swinging her arms to and fro, making every indication for a desperate jump. By this time I was out on the floor, and my place at the curtain supplied by another spig of mischief. He leaned down and whispered—the fat girl was going to jump.

"Oh, golly!" said he, "if Fan only falls west she'll roll over nice!"

I was determined to see this; and climbing up again, we both occupied the turturins pile. With one hand over our mouths, and pinching our noses, to prevent a burst of laughter, we stood breathless, waiting

the awful calamity.

"There she goes, by jingo!" I exclaimed. She didn't though—for her feet just resting on the round of the bed, she balanced but for a moment, and fell backwards, head down and feet in the air, rolling and puffing in the air like porpoise, but displaying no mean agility for so embarrassing a situation.

We could hold in no longer, but shook with laughter. The chair tumbled, and down all came together, with a crash like a young peal of thunder.

"To-bed—to bed, boys," says I, "and leave the rest to me."

In an instant all was quiet, everybody was in bed sound asleep, with the exception of myself. O! such attempts to snore as might have been heard—but we were all used to playing the possum, and I now concluded to give the approaching tutor and wife a sample of somnambulism.

"Now don't laugh for the world, boys, and see me do the thing!"

I raised the table on its legs, and getting on it, was concluding my speech that I had written and committed to memory, for the day—and here the tutress of young ideas entered, but still I continued—

"Friends and fellow students: Overwhelmed as I am, with gratitude for your kind attention, I cannot refrain from expressing thanks, yes warm heart-felt thanks; and to you, dear sir, (this of course meant the tutor, and at the point is my vacant staring eyes were upon him,) will my heart ever yearn. I look upon this moment of my life with a pride that swells my young bosom almost to bursting; and when manhood shall close my youthful career, and my country shall call me to her halls of legislation there will I exercise every truth and virtue of my heart instilled into my heart by your kind and fatherly tutoring—These boyish years of joy will yet swell to a zashing stream of ambitious glory—and then will I look back to these days, and you upmost in my thoughts, exclaim, 'twas you, yes, you, sir—that made me what I am!'"

"Bravo! Bravo! my boy," they both exclaimed.

I got off the table now, seeing I had the game in my own hands, and walking slowly to the window, gave myself up to deep sobbings, and really appeared much affected.

The tutor approached me and called me softly by name, but I answered him not; and turning slowly from him I walked to the other side of the room, avoiding the rays of the lamp which the mistess was directing upon me.

"He is asleep, my dear," exclaimed the tutor, "and it must have been the dragging of the table over the floor that made such a rumbling noise. Give me the lamp, and go bring me a basin of water—I will effect a lasting cure upon our somnambulist."

I heard many suppressed titters, and could see sundry corners of sheets going into sundry mouths. This nearly destroyed my equilibrium; though I mastered myself, and again went to the window, though the mention of the basin of water caused a momentary shudder to shoot through my whole frame.

The good dame returned with what I magnified into an uncommonly large vessel of water; but it was no delusion—for in her haste she brought the "filterer," and I knew certainly it was a cold dacking I was to have. Could I escape it? I would try I walked first to one bed, then to another—the tutor following with the filterer, his wife playing "torch-bearer," while the heavy breathing of "possuming sleepers" added to the solemnity of the scene. I still walked on; turning away every time he proposed to douse me. They had completely cut off the retreat to my own bed, and I saw at once I should have to take it. I walked boldly out and placing myself before him, he upset the contents of the jug upon me.

I gasped caught my breath, tottered, and played the frightened boy so well, the deception was complete. I heard a merry laugh in the next room—my schoolmates on their beds rubbed their eyes and enquiring the matter.

"Where am I?" I asked; "what awful thing has happened? Did I come near drowning?"

Then looking up, my eyes encountered those of the mistess. I hung down my head, crouched my little form together, for I was minus my mosen't-mention-ems.—She sympathized with me, and left me in the care of the tutor, who afforded me every facility for drying my drenched skin and changing my robe de nuit. I took me once again to sleep. We were alone again; but never did I pass such a merry night—and not till long after the old upright clock had told the midnight hour did we close our eyes.

Upon awakening next morning, I thought for the first time of the laugh I heard in the girl's room, and on going to the door thro' curiosity, I found the rag was gone from the key-hole!

GOOD REPLY.—A country girl once riding past a turnpike gate, without paying the usual fee, the tollman halted her and demanded it; she asked by what authority he demanded toll of her; he answered that the sign would convince her that the law required exaction for man and horse.—"Well," replied the girl, "this is a woman and man, therefore you have nothing to expect?" and she rode off, leaving him the laughing stock of the bystanders.

Andrew Jackson.

No one feature of Black Federalism is more conspicuous than its constant, persistent and unblushing attempt to torture, pervert and misapply, to suit its wicked purposes, the expressions and sayings of distinguished Democrats. Such has been a leading characteristic of the party in all time past.

If ever man was opposed to New England Federalism, its policy, its tyranny, its hypocrisy and selfishness, that man was Andrew Jackson. If ever upon the head of any one individual, New England Federalism heaped all of its malevolence, its detraction its slander and its fiendish malignity, it was upon that of the Hero of the Hermitage.

He was descended from the Irish, a race constantly hated and persecuted by New England politicians, and which New England Know Nothings in 1855 attempted to deprive of the rights of citizenship in this country. He was the hero of the war of 1812—a war waged against the British and their murderous allies, the savage tribes of the Northwest and South. This war was denounced by New England Federalists, as wicked, ungodly, and devilish, New England preachers charged that it was the work of "James Madison, Felix Grundy, and the devil," and opposed it accordingly. It was pending this war that New England Federalism met in solemn council, at Hartford, Connecticut, to dissolve its relations with the Federal Union; and when the British soldiers were burning and sacking Washington City, and their allies, the Indians, were tomahawking and scalping our pioneer settlers in the Northwest and South, New England Federalists were holding out "blue lights" to inform British blockading cruisers when our ships would leave harbor so as to enable the enemy to make captures.

Andrew Jackson was the hero of this war, and brought it to a glorious termination at New Orleans, notwithstanding the efforts of Black Federalism to the contrary. For his distinguished services in this war the Black Federalists of New England never forgave him. He furnished another ground of complaint to Black Federalism in 1828. He committed the unpardonable sin of defeating John Quincy Adams, a New England Federalist, for the office of President—an offense only equalled in turpitude by a certain Thomas Jefferson in 1798, when he defeated the elder Adams. For acrimony, abuse, personal slanders and foul epithets, the Presidential contest of 1828 stands unequalled. New England Federalism exhausted even its own vocabularies for terms to express its hatred, its detestation of the old hero. Black Federalism everywhere joined in the hue and cry. The country was flooded with coffin handbills charging the old man with foul murder. He was called a gambler, a drunkard, a profaner of the Sabbath, an infidel, and wicked adulterer. Even the sanctity of his household was invaded. His wife was traduced and brought to the grave by the malice of her traducers. Embassadors, spies, agents and emissaries availed themselves of his hospitalities, to give currency to malicious libels. Nothing indeed that the malignity of Black Federalism could invent—and what can it not do?—was left undone to defeat the brave old man. It was in vain.

From that period forth the task of Black Federalism, during Old Hickory's administration, was to make war on him and his friends. Who does not remember the contest between him and that pet of Black Federalism, the United States Bank? Who has forgotten the threats of assassination made by New England Federalists, who even on Sunday attempted to incite the people to rebellion, saying that "revolutions did not know the Sabbath day?" Who does not remember the triumphant victory of the old man over all their machinations and malice?

It was in the latter days of his administration that South Carolina complained of New England protective tariffs and took steps to secede. It was then that Old Hickory, in view of the fact that the Constitution of the United States expressly conferred upon Congress the right and power to levy and collect tariff duties, gave utterance to the sentiment, now so much in vogue with Black Federalism, "The Federal Union—it must be preserved," and recommended to Congress to enact such laws as would enable him to enforce the collection of revenue and tariff duties, which that body, in the exercise of a plain constitutional power, had imposed.

For a moment let us pause and look at things as they then stood, in view of all the contemporaneous and surrounding circumstances, and then ask if among all the low devices, paltry tricks and unprincipled misapplications or isolated expressions of great and honest men to promote its evil designs, Black Federalism has descended so low as to use this language of the old hero in support of the present feidish war of subjugation against South Carolina, his native, and Tennessee, his adopted State.

At that period there was no higher law party—no Abolition party. Then the fugitive slave law and all other stipulations of the Constitution were respected by the several States of the Union. Then John Quincy Adams had not introduced his incendiary petitions into Congress. Then he had not declared eternal war upon slavery in the South, and said that it should perish, "even though civil war, disunion and the destruction of hundreds of millions of men, women and children should ensue." Then Joshua R. Giddings had not introduced petitions for the dissolution of the Union, on account of slavery. Then eleven Northern

States had not, as South Carolina proposed to do, enacted laws forbidding the execution of constitutional Federal encampments. Then a man could travel all over the North with his property, with safety to it and himself. In short, then the Northern States had not denounced, by their leaders and legislative enactments, the Federal Constitution as a covenant with death, and the Union as an alliance with the devil.

It was simply the case at that time of a Sovereign State proposing to disregard or nullify a Federal law, passed in pursuance of an express constitutional power, on the ground that it was unjust and oppressive to such State.

As President of the United States, sworn to preserve, protect and defend the Constitution thereof—an oath that he respected—he opposed the action of South Carolina, and asked for power to prevent it. It was in regard to this action that he said "the Federal Union must be preserved." What Union did he mean? Was it a Union such as resulted from the Federal Constitution—a Union of Sovereign States, equal in rights, equal in dignity, or was it a Union in which all of these rights were to be disregarded, all invaded, constitutional obligations and restrictions swept away, and the higher law of fanaticism to prevail? Did he mean to favor a Union held together by the sword—a Union of force—a Union of strife and contention—or a Union of love, of peace and harmony?

To this there can be but one answer; and he, himself, furnished it at the time. He meant the Federal Union as it then was—the Union made by the Constitution. He meant a Union of peace, harmony, and love—a voluntary Union, and not a forced Union. To show that he never contemplated such an anomaly as a Union of States held together by the Strong arm of military force, and did not intend to convey such an idea by the sentiment referred to, it is only necessary to State that when he asked for power to execute this law, he, at the same time recommended to Congress so to reduce the tariff as to remove the grievance which he admitted to be intolerable—thus tendering to the disaffected olive branch of peace—the redress of wrongs which had caused the disaffection. And thus, too, showing that he expected to preserve the Union, not by force of arms, but by reason, justice, and equity.

His wisdom was shown by the result. The odious tariff was so reduced and modified as to remove any ground of complaint, and all disaffection ceased.

New England Federalists were electrified with joy at the prospect of making war on South Carolina, and endeavored to incite the old hero to this end by every species of hypocritical insinuations. He was made a Doctor of Laws by Harvard College, whose professors, but a few years before, had stigmatized him as an illiterate savage. When the old man favored the repeal of the tariff, of which South Carolina was complaining such a howl New England Federalists raised in behalf of their lords of the spinning jenny and horn spun millionaires was never heard. Yet the old man persisted in preserving the Union, by doing justice to all sections, and left the Presidential chair with the blessings of all upon his head—except those who belonged to the Black Federal Bank party. Stung, as they were, to madness, by his triumph over that corrupt monster, the United States Bank, they continued to abuse him even down to his grave.

To place, however, beyond any doubt, our assertion that Andrew Jackson never harbored or entertained for a moment the idea so falsely attributed to him, of preserving the Federal Union by force of arms, we ask our readers to read and preserve the following words of admonition contained in the farewell address of that departed patriot soldier to his countrymen, in reference to the very subject matter of which so much has been said—the preservation of the Union:

"The Union cannot be preserved and the Constitution maintained by the mere coercive power of the General Government. Its foundation must be laid in the affections of the people, and in the security which it gives to life, liberty, property and character."

These words, this sentiment, he desired to impress not only on the people then alive but on coming generations, and truly may they be called words of wisdom. This address was written but a few years after the South Carolina affair was ended, and all true admirers of Andrew Jackson, when they hear his old enemies, his old slanderers—Black Federalists—whether in the shape of preachers, politicians or shoddy contractors, with pockets stuffed with greenbacks, and garments red with blood, crying out for more shoddy, more blood, more devastation and waste, and falsely citing Old Hickory as authority for their wickedness, should ask them to read the foregoing words and, if they refuse, should denounce them as vile traducers of the memory of the departed statesman and hero.—N. Y. News.

How to get rid of your Corns.—Rub them over with toasted bread, and let your feet hang out of bed for a night or two, that the mice may nibble them. If the mice do their duty the remedy will be sufficient.

We regard it as the height of impudence for those who have been the cause of this war, and have hounded off to death those who had no share in producing it, to thrust themselves forward as the enlargers of those whose blood is upon their skirts.

I'M GROWING OLD.

BY JOHN G. BAKER.

My days pass pleasantly away,
My nights pass blest with sweetest sleep;
I feel no symptom of decay,
I have no cause to moan and weep;
My foes are impotent and shy,
My friends are neither false nor cold,
And yet, of late, I often sigh—
I'm growing old!

My glowing talk of olden times,
My growing thirst for early news,
My growing apathy to rhymes,
My growing love for easy shoes,
My growing hate for crowns and noise,
My growing fears of taking cold,
All tell me in the plainest voice—
I'm growing old!

I'm growing fonder of my staff,
I'm growing dimmer in my eyes,
I'm growing fainter in my laugh,
I'm growing deeper in my sighs,
I'm growing careless in my dress,
I'm growing frugal of my gold,
I'm growing wise, I'm growing yes—
I'm growing old!

Ah, me, my very laurels breathe,
And every boon the hours bequeath,
But makes me debtor to the years;
E'en Flattery's honied words declare
The scene he should fain withhold,
And tells me in "How young you are!"
I'm growing old!

Thanks for the years whose rapid flight
My sombre muse so sadly sings;
Thanks for the gleams of golden light
That taints the darkness of my wings;
The light that beams from out the sky,
Those heavenly mansions to unfold;
Where all are blest and none may sigh,
"I'm growing old!"

General McClellan's Letter.

The following letter from Gen. McClellan to President Lincoln is found in the official report of the former, directed to be published by resolution of Congress. It was written seven days after the battles of the Peninsula in the summer of 1862, and contains some excellent advice to Mr. Lincoln, which it would have been well for the country had it been acted on by the Administration:

"HEADQUARTERS, ARMY OF POTOMAC, HARRISON'S LANDING, VA., July 7, 1862. MR. PRESIDENT: You have been fully informed that the rebel army is in our front with the purpose of overwhelming us by attacking our positions or reducing us by blockading our river communications. I cannot but regard our condition as critical, and I earnestly desire, in view of possible contingencies, to lay before our Excellency for your private consideration, my general views concerning the existing state of the rebellion, although they do not strictly relate to the situation of the army or strictly come within the scope of my official duties. These views amount to convictions, and are deeply impressed upon my mind and heart.

"Our cause must never be abandoned—it is the cause of free institutions and self-government. The Constitution and Union must be preserved, whatever may be the cost in time, treasure and blood. If secession is successful, our disolutions are clearly to be seen in the future. Let neither military disaster, political faction, nor foreign war shake your settled purpose to enforce the equal operation of the laws of the United States upon the people of every State.

"The time has come when the government must determine upon a civil and military policy covering the whole ground of our national trouble. The responsibility of determining, declaring and supporting such civil and military policy, and of directing the whole course of national affairs in regard to the rebellion, must now be assumed and exercised by you or our cause will be lost. The Constitution gives you power sufficient even for the present terrible exigency.

"This rebellion has assumed the character of war; as such it should be regarded, and it should be conducted upon the highest principles known to Christian civilization. It should not be a war looking to the subjugation of the people of any State in any event. It should not be at all a war upon population, but against armed forces and political organization. Neither confiscation of property, political executions of persons, territorial organizations of States, nor forcible abolition of slavery should be contemplated for a moment. In prosecuting the war all private property and unarmed persons should be strictly protected, subject only to the necessity of military operations. All private property taken for military use should be paid for; pillage and waste should be treated as high crimes; all unnecessary trespass sternly prohibited, and offensive demeanor by the military toward citizens promptly rebuked. Military arrests should not be tolerated except in places where active hostilities exist, and oaths not required by enactments constitutionally made should be neither demanded nor received. Military government should be confined to the preservation of public order and the protection of political rights. Military power should not be allowed to interfere with the relations of servitude, either by supporting or impairing the authority of the master, except for repressing disorder, as in other cases. Slaves contraband, under the act of Congress, seeking military protection should receive it. The right of

Taking the Oath.

We trust we shall be always ready to do justice to the merits of a political opponent, if he have any, and more particularly if he be "one in authority." But our radical antagonists, unreasonable and exacting as they are, will hardly expect us to put ourselves to extraordinary pains to seek after virtues which may defy our keenest search, or represent them as existing, when they do not, for the mere purpose of glorifying the individual. However pleasing it might be to us to gratify vanity with a compliment, we cannot consent to do it at the expense of truth. So the Cæsar of the hour, who bestrides our State like a colossus, whose legions bow to him as a God, "creep under his huge legs and peep about to find themselves dishonorable graves," must not be surprised if we treat him as a very common sort of man, who, being placed in a position above his capacity, has done the State some harm.

He has been inaugurated for a second term. By he we mean A. G. Curtin, Governor by fraud, corruption and Federal bayonets; and we have just looked carefully over his inaugural.

Those who know him best represent him to be a man of "fine social qualities." That means, as we understand it, a clever fellow, who can pleasantly entertain a friend, make himself agreeable in a promiscuous crowd, or "set the table in a roar." These are excellencies of character which, although they cannot be called rare, are, nevertheless, to be admitted where they cluster in perfection—and it is, therefore, a great pity, a misfortune to be lamented by the State, His Excellency, and His Excellency's friends, that the plundering politicians had not let him alone to follow, in private life, the bent of his inclinations, and develop his peculiar "social qualities" without injury to the public. He would have better soiled the reigns of the Charleses or the Georges, when the wits and men of "social qualities" ruled the clubs, the scamps and the courts, than these prosaic times, in which, except in the court circles of Washington, virtue is still respected, and great qualities of mind held in higher estimation than wit and gallantry.

In his inaugural this genial Governor of ours "solemnly renews the prescribed obligation to support the Constitution of the United States and the Constitution of the State of Pennsylvania, and to discharge the responsible trust confided to me [him] with fidelity."

Well, having "solemnly renewed" the obligation, does our gay Governor mean to be any more faithful to his oath than he was during his first term? Granting that, through his want of judgment, or his party bigotry, or both combined, he may entertain the idea that he has been true to the Constitutions of the United States and of this State, yet it is hardly possible for him to believe, what no intelligent man who has watched the course of his first term of administration believes, that he discharged, with fidelity, the important trusts confided to him.

There is abundant evidence to prove his infidelity to that trust—evidence that admits of no controversy—and we repeat the question to him: Having sworn the second time to be faithful, do you mean to be so? Excellency, if judged by your past history, there is nothing to be hoped for you; you are a light man, frothy, volatile; and the tone and temper of your inaugural gives little evidence that increased years have brought to you increased wisdom. Nevertheless you may intend reform—you may design, henceforth, to be more prudent and faithful. If you wish to win a "confidence" you boast of but do not possess, believe us your future must be other than your past.—So we trust it may be.—Patriot and Union.

A WIFE IN TROUBLE.—The following is taken from the Sandy Hill Herald: "Pray tell me, my dear, what is the cause of those tears?" "Oh, such disgrace!" "What—what is it, my dear? Do not keep me in suspense?" "Why, I have opened one of your letters supposing it addressed to myself. Certainly it looked more like Mrs. than Mr."

"Is that all? What harm can there be in a wife's opening her husband's letters?" "No harm in the thing itself; but the contents! Such a disgrace!" "What! has any one dared to write me a letter unfit to be read by my wife?" "Oh, no. It is couched in the most chaste and gentlemanly language. But the contents! the contents!"

Here the wife buried her face in her handkerchief and commenced sobbing aloud, while the husband eagerly caught up the letter and commenced reading the epistle that had been the means of nearly breaking his wife's heart. It was a bill from the printer for three years subscription! To the Star of the North!

Two graves bury every error—covers every defect—extinguishes every resentment. From its peaceful bosom springs none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down on the grave of an enemy, and not feel compunctious throbs that he should have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him.

A bankrupt law is only made to aid second-rate and villains in defrauding honest people, and of course will be approved of by this villainous administration.

Many juries think themselves grand when they are petty.

A high life wedding lately took place at Richmond. A grandson of John Tyler and a sister of Jeff. Davis were the parties.

Read the article headed "Andrew Jackson" on this page.

Justice to the Merits of a Political Opponent.

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There is abundant evidence to prove his infidelity to that trust—evidence that admits of no controversy—and we repeat the question to him: Having sworn the second time to be faithful, do you mean to be so? Excellency, if judged by your past history, there is nothing to be hoped for you; you are a light man, frothy, volatile; and the tone and temper of your inaugural gives little evidence that increased years have brought to you increased wisdom. Nevertheless you may intend reform—you may design, henceforth, to be more prudent and faithful. If you wish to win a "confidence" you boast of but do not possess, believe us your future must be other than your past.—So we trust it may be.—Patriot and Union.

A WIFE IN TROUBLE.—The following is taken from the Sandy Hill Herald: "Pray tell me, my dear, what is the cause of those tears?" "Oh, such disgrace!" "What—what is it, my dear? Do not keep me in suspense?" "Why, I have opened one of your letters supposing it addressed to myself. Certainly it looked more like Mrs. than Mr."

"Is that all? What harm can there be in a wife's opening her husband's letters?" "No harm in the thing itself; but the contents! Such a disgrace!" "What! has any one dared to write me a letter unfit to be read by my wife?" "Oh, no. It is couched in the most chaste and gentlemanly language. But the contents! the contents!"

Here the wife buried her face in her handkerchief and commenced sobbing aloud, while the husband eagerly caught up the letter and commenced reading the epistle that had been the means of nearly breaking his wife's heart. It was a bill from the printer for three years subscription! To the Star of the North!

Two graves bury every error—covers every defect—extinguishes every resentment. From its peaceful bosom springs none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down on the grave of an enemy, and not feel compunctious throbs that he should have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him.

A bankrupt law is only made to aid second-rate and villains in defrauding honest people, and of course will be approved of by this villainous administration.

Many juries think themselves grand when they are petty.

A high life wedding lately took place at Richmond. A grandson of John Tyler and a sister of Jeff. Davis were the parties.

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